

THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. 96

JUNE 1946

SIXPENCE

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[SIXPENCE

Editorial

THE Summer Term brings the School Year to an end. After the cricket and tennis matches, the golf competitions, the Church service, the evening Cadet Parades, the Sports, the Gala, and the Prize-giving are over, the School breaks up, sending some of its members to holidays before another year of school, some to spend a few weeks in the open before a winter's work for the Leaving Certificate, and some into the world.

We realise most when we are leaving how much school has meant to us. It is not mere sentiment to call a school such as ours a little world. At school we experience so many things for the first time. And all the while our teachers, older and wiser, if perhaps not so flexible than ourselves, consider our successive hopes and fear and joys and sorrows. They help to make our breaking-in easier.

This first summer term of peace has not been very different from the war ones. We children can ask what are the blessings of peace with good reason. Since the end of hostilities we have watched the representatives of our elders reaching disagreement after disagreement in their efforts to reach world security. Their disagreement is more serious than the non-appearance of the luxuries we looked forward to. Some peace-time features of school have, however, come back. The sports were bigger and brighter, with the Cadet Pipe Band in full dress once more, and there were prizes for the younger ones. The

Swimming Gala, crowded with pupils, parents, and friends, was not confined to championship events.

The school water-tank, the last visible remnant of the war, is farther on the way to removal than when the last issue of this magazine came out. The destroying drillers have done their work on the concrete sides, and have attracted pupils of all ages to watch them. By September our playground should be levelled again, and the restrictions in the size of the football pitches will have gone. It is a remarkable thought that there are now only a very few pupils who can remember at all clearly what the playground used to be like.

And the pupils who are starting their careers now and those who are coming up the school, what have they to look forward to? By the time they are grown we hope our school will have all its pre-war features restored, and new ones added. It is for them to see that our school takes its due place once more. To build a school that can boast of scholars, strong rugby, hockey, cricket, golf, and tennis teams and an excellent Cadet Corps and Guide Company is not a selfish aim, for prestige makes prestige, and prowess attracts the best.

Should this be the aim of a school? In the Summer Term, lying on the grass in the sun (we have had *some* sunshine this term), one may or may not be inclined to ask such a question. The Summer Term is, in spite of whatever ideas teachers may have, a time of less work and more play (except for those

whose Bursary Examinations do not begin until June), and a period of distraction from books and things social to pleasures of the countryside and thoughts of holidays to come. As one goes up the school, as one's attitude to time changes, the summer holidays telescope gradually from a long period of play to several weeks of breathing space, yet they are always eagerly awaited.

And (again lying down, but in the shade this time, watching the colours, listening to the birds, and smelling the thick warm smell of earth), we prove the saying that the looking forward to a holiday is often more pleasant than the holiday itself. But what should be the aim of the school? Does it really matter what the aim is, when one is going on holiday in a few days?

School News

MR ROBERT L. LICKLEY has been appointed Professor of Aircraft Design at the Cranfield College of Aeronautics. We congratulate him on his appointment.

* * *

We hear that John L. R. Kirkaldy has graduated B.Sc. with Second-Class Honours in Chemistry. Congratulations!

* * *

The School Pipe Band headed the Military Contingent at the Victory Day Parade on the morning of Juth 8th. In the afternoon they played at the Dundee Cadet Battalion Sports.

* * *

"The Mikado" has been our third operatic venture, and it was a great success. Regular productions of operas are becoming a

new feature of the school programme. Perhaps in the future we may see operatic and dramatic productions in alternate years. We regret our inability to report more fully the achievement in this issue.

Obituary

Dr. J. DUKE STEWART,

M.A., M.B., Ch.B.

We record with regret the death of Dr J. Duke Stewart on Friday, 7th June. Dr Stewart was an M.A. and M.B. Ch.B. of St Andrews. He practised in the city for over twenty years and was senior anaesthetist at D.R.I. He was invited in 1939 to address the American Society of Anaesthetists, but could not accept owing to the war. We tender our sympathies to his widow and son.

Victory Parade

The following is an excerpt from a letter home by G.G.D. We wish to thank his parents for permission to publish his account of this memorable event —ED.

DURING the evening of Friday, the 7th June, my friend's unrivalled eloquence was brought to bear on the importance of being early at our stance for viewing the Parade. Authorities such as his father's statements and the press were brought to reinforce his argument, and so we headed for the Mall by train at about 11.30 p.m. from Wimbledon. This feat we accomplished after an hour spent shaving and amassing clothes and sandwiches.

We met another friend at Green Park, whence he came with ground sheet and sufficient to eat and drink. This was at midnight,

when it was as dark as it ever was that night, and the streets were livid with decorations of all descriptions. The air resounded to the cries of the night revellers who were just on their way home.

Friday night was quite wild, up-town, and the usually stolid London citizens were all already half-daft.

We took up position at 12.30 opposite Queen Victoria's statue opposite Buckingham Palace. Being on the corner of the Mall and Constitution Hill, we were sure of a reasonably good view. About 2.30 a.m. it began to rain, whereat we moved under the trees into

Green Park, where we spent the night in perfectly dry surroundings. The Park presented an entrancing spectacle. There were about seven or eight large bonfires with groups of people around them, and viewed through the trees from the distance, they reminded me of what Robin Hood's merry men must have looked like around their camp fire in Sherwood Forest. The night was quiet after 1.30, and apart from that low hum of indefinite activity that is inseparable from London, there was little to disturb our rest. We were quite warm, and it was a fascinating experience listening to the occasional hysterical shouts from the bivouacs along the Mall and to the city Churches chiming the night away.

Dawn came early, about 4.30 a.m., and with it the trek to the pavements. We followed at five and commenced our long wait. To describe all that happened till eleven o'clock is an impossibility, and yet nothing did. All that remains in my memory is glimpses of London awakening, closing of the Mall by the police at 5.15 a.m., lights in the Palace at 5.30 a.m., the continual restless murmuring of the crowd, and the gradual disappearance of chill night. The sun was warm during the whole of the early morning, and the ambulance man immediately in front of us had treated 15 faints by eight o'clock.

Around 8.30 excitement was noticeable in the air. The press and radio and news reels had taken up their commanding positions, and eight double-decker bus loads of police arrived outside the Palace. By this time the crowds were very dense and people were beginning to appear on the roof-tops. Sand was laid on the route of the procession, and the A.C.F. took up their reserved positions.

Large cars or limousines began to arrive bearing notabilities whom nobody recognised, and about 8.30 the first of the many of the day's military bands played, **thousands** of Guardsmen, all in perfect step, behind the Saluting Base markers from Wellington Barracks to line the Mall.

Shortly afterwards a battalion of the Irish Guards (also on duty at the Palace) arrived in front of us. They were, as ever, the Guards. The First Gentlemen of Europe and no less.

About 9 a.m. the arrival of the foreign military representatives, including the Russian ones, was interrupted by the massed

pipe bands of the 51st and 52nd Divisions, one of the most glorious sights I have ever seen. Hundreds strong, they marched down Constitution Hill, round the Queen Victoria statue, and down the Mall, in perfect step of course. They were playing "Blue Bonnets Over the Border," and made a terrific impression on the lay English around us. Led, I think, by three drum-majors, headed by one with H.D. on his sleeve, and escorted by their own H.D. military police, all as proud as they could be, they gave a magnificent show. What a sight! Half-a-dozen bass drums, forty odd tenor drums, all playing in unison, with never a falter, they achieved an effect never bettered in the whole parade. The next incident was the arrival of the Horse Guards at 10 a.m. for the Royal Family. Meanwhile Lancaster A for Apple, with the markings of 50 Squadron on it, arrived to circle the Palace at about 1000 ft., bearing, I believe, Richard Dimbleby.

We had a good view of the Royal Family leaving, but conditions in the crowd were becoming oppressive, and, due to unscrupulous methods of those arriving late, we were not in such a good position as before. So we quitted our place in the crowd and bought ices from a marquee in the Green Park. The crowds were now 10, 12 and 15 deep, and thus we missed the mechanised column, although the heads of the various commanders were visible and the larger vehicles were easily seen. By this time we had retreated to the edge of the park, and, mounting a tree, viewed the remainder of the marching procession from a height of thirty feet or so.

The Royal Navy made a splendidly reassuring and comforting sight as they marched past complete with their ever-present nautical roll. The R.N. always carries these things through as if they were routine jobs, and indeed they appeared completely—well, not at ease—but just the same as ever, the Royal Navy, the only Real Navy. They were followed by detachments who displayed what I like to call deliberate abandon in their marching, but in their bearing they had a dignity of their very own.

I forgot to mention the superlative, thrilling band of the Royal Marines, leading the Navy in their customary white topees.

Then, after the civil defence and Land Army units, came rank upon rank of khaki in the men of the Royal Armoured Corps with

the Artillery, Engineers and Signals close behind. Then came the pride of the Army, a detachment of Guardsmen, whose bearing I could never describe, heading the infantry, bearing their regimental colours.

In the tree where I was sitting I could see the head of the Mall, and the cheering crowds there, and could thus see what was next in the column to pass us. It was thus I saw the pipe band of the Scots Guards (I think) lead the Real Fighting Men in the shape of the Scottish Infantry Regiments up out of the Mall. These boys got a real cheer all for themselves, which was remarkable in a highly emotional but not very demonstrative crowd. The unmistakable, cocksure Black Watch swagger, their cocky, "Wha's like us" bearing took the crowd by storm. It was great to see their kilts swinging as they marched past in the inimitable H.D. fashion! They were quite sure that the crowd was now watching the *finest* part of the *finest* army in the world march past.

After they had moved out of sight, we descended from the tree in readiness for the R.A.F. fly-past. By my watch the R.A.F. was just on time and the lone Hurricane

passed above us dead on schedule. The weather by this time was wet, and flying at that height could not have been easy, but it was brought off almost perfectly. The Sunderlands looked enormous at such a low height, and the flawless formation flying of the only Lancaster Squadron from Bomber Command was awe-inspiring. The other aircraft followed on in rapid succession. The speeds varying from the 150 m.p.h. of the Sunderlands to the 350 m.p.h. of the De Havilland Vampires, the fastest jets we have. The weather closed down during the fly-past with the result that timing broke down towards the end, and in view of the speed at which the Vampires were coming up, squadrons in front were diverted by half a mile on either side after passing the saluting base. We had a good view of them all—making a most impressive sight as they hurtled over. Just as the Spitfires were passing, the 51st and 52nd Pipe Bands marched back up Constitution Hill, which created a terrific panoply of sound, as you can well imagine.

After that we headed homewards in the pouring rain, just about dead beat, but feeling very satisfied with our view of the Victory Parade.
G. G. D.

A Homecoming

LET me take you to a place I know well. Peace reigns in this place, yet life is not lacking. Life is everywhere—in the water, in the air, and on the ground.

I will not bother you with the name of the place. Let us simply call it the Salmon Pool. The dark water of the river comes into the pool, not rushing and cascading as is usual, but with a natural easy flow which is deceptive to the wader. The water may enter quietly enough but it certainly does not leave in that way. The end of the pool is rocky, treacherous and the water swift when it falls to pools beneath. The fall is not exceptionally high although the salmon find some difficulty with it. My favourite bank is sandy and pleasant, the sand giving place to willows two or three feet from the water. The opposite bank is vastly different, the bank being formed by rocks and tufts of tough grass. Fir trees come right to the bank there and little room can be found to rest on that bank. Along this bank is a deer fence so presumably deer shelter there in winter.

This pool is a salmon lie. In the waters of the pool the salmon rest. Tired by a long run and a high waterfall, the weary fish rest before continuing on the long journey. But salmon are not the only inhabitants of the pool—parr are everywhere. There are a few smolts and grilse about and an occasional brown trout. Sea trout and kelt can be seen when the water is clear.

To see the parr darting here and there near the shore is a beginning to real river life. They consider this pool their home and will they not return to it when heavy, dignified salmon? Many will not reach maturity but those who do will return. Thus, when I see a salmon struggling over the rocks at the end of the pool, I look at it not as a scene of beauty and cleverness but a scene of joy. The salmon is returning home after the battles of life waged far away in the Atlantic. Why do we not therefore rush out and proclaim him as a hero, hang up flags and shout and cheer? But then, would he appreciate it? IAN J. MACBEAN (F.I.I.)



**The Late WILLIAM P. BORLAND, Esq.,
M.A., B.A.**

**Dundee High School
Magazine**

The Late William P. Borland, M.A., B.A.

IN THE past, Dundee High School has been fortunate in counting among the members of its staff men and women of strong vigour and personality who left a characteristic impression upon the pupils whom they taught. Old boys and girls of a previous generation constantly make one realise that there were giants in the old days, and that it is this gift of colour and individuality which becomes moulded into a tradition and stamps upon a school a personality of its own. In these days of wider and easier intercourse and more general regulation lines of distinction have been softened a little, probably in the staff itself, and certainly between staff and pupils, but the old tradition persists. And one of the chief upholders and makers of the character of the school was undoubtedly Mr Borland.

William P. Borland was born in Prestonpans and received his early education in East Lothian. After a distinguished career at Edinburgh University he was appointed Assistant Master in English in Perth Academy in 1898. While there he began to play no inconsiderable part in the practice and development of music, literature and the arts, and many friendships thus formed remained a strength and delight to him all his days. In 1907 he was appointed to a similar position in the High School, and sixteen years later, on the retirement of Mr Valentine, he became headmaster of the English Department, which he guided with vigour, enthusiasm and loving care until 1944. He might have given up in 1943, and felt himself that he was in need of a rest, but at the request of the Board of Directors he agreed to continue for another year. It was a characteristic decision. In the difficulties of the war the school must come first. Three weeks from the end of the session he was taken ill and made only a partial recovery. He died from a further attack on 9th April last.

In spite of his many outside interests Mr Borland's work always came first. Again and again old pupils have told me that it was from him they imbibed their first love of English literature and their first appreciation of English style, and have gone on to recall some lesson or poem which his exposition had imprinted on

their minds. He had no use for spoon-feeding or the recapitulation of his own or other people's ideas. He would mark down mercilessly answers which were merely memorised from books. I have heard him criticised for "flinging the pupil into things." It is in some ways a hard method, like cold baths, but for those who can stand it, it develops a literary health and robustness which no homeopathic treatment could ever induce. And fortunately there seem to have been many who liked and profited by his ways. This sterling, almost puritanic honesty of thought was his chief mark. He set a high standard for himself and demanded the same from others, both in work and conduct, for he had a sort of abhorrence of anything that savoured of subterfuge or deceit. Yet with his strong-mindedness there were combined kindness and forbearance, especially when he was convinced of another's sincerity. During the war years his help and advice were invaluable, and the school must be ever grateful for his work and effort in those difficult times.

Mr Borland's interest in the liberal arts was not confined to the school. For years he was Secretary of the Dundee Chamber Music Club, and did much to spread the love of music in the city. It was this connection which made him the pioneer in bringing leading musicians to give concerts in the school, a practice which has now been followed elsewhere. He was also for many years Secretary of the Dundee "Symposium," a small literary coterie to which he gave many papers himself, often on the more interesting by-ways of English or Scottish literature and history. His interest in the Arts Club sprang from his devoted attachment to beauty in its pictorial form, and it was he whose friendship and admiration formed and carried out the project of a Cadzow Exhibition which led to many of the leading galleries securing examples of Mr Cadzow's work.

Often Mr Borland said that he hoped to continue and extend such activities as these during his years of retirement and to take up again pastimes for which he had found little leisure, such as golf and cycling. He had always been a keen walker with a deep love of

the countryside, and it was no easy matter to keep up with his elastic step. To the end, in spite of illness, he continued this exercise, and found delight in re-reading the great books, love of which he kept on imparting to others. He paid us many visits at school, especially when there were musical or dramatic displays, and was greatly touched by the letters and visits of old pupils, some of whom would go and give him the pleasure of a musical evening together. They had learned to know his kindly, affectionate and sympathetic heart. His strong will would

never give in to his disability. He preferred to savour the best of life rather than prolong it without the associations and pursuits which had made it worth while.

"Nature I loved and, next to Nature, Art :
I warm'd both hands before the fire of life ;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart."

Our sympathies are with Mrs Borland and his family, and there remains with us the memory of a strong character and a lover of everything beautiful.

I.M.B.

Andrew S. Simpson, Esq.

FOR twenty-three years Mr Simpson taught bench work and engineering in the High School. In October, 1942, he retired; he died at his home in Carnoustie on the 22nd of April of this year.

Many pupils will regret his passing, recollecting the good and useful instruction that they had from him. He was both a craftsman and a teacher; economical in the use to which he put material, deliberate in regard to details, these qualities were shown both in his own skilled work and in the results of his teaching. These qualities, indeed, were a once seen and recognised, but there were others not so readily noticed, at anyrate by pupils. There was a certain humorous twinkle in his eyes which, if one knew him, denoted an enjoyment of fun, a good joke, an appreciation of the humorous side of life. And indeed his interest was broad enough to justify the use of the word "life" in this connection. To understand the man one must consider his range of activities and interests.

Early he was associated with amateur dramatics, taking part in the productions of the Martin Harvey Dramatic Club and the

Mount Vernon Dramatic Club. Occasionally something of this talent would appear in him. I recollect once his spontaneously dramatising an excerpt from the Aberdeenshire classic, "Johnny Gibb." This indicates another interest of Mr Simpson's, for he was knowledgeable not only of Scots but of Scottish literature. For music, too, he had a talent, and for many years he was organist of Leuchars Parish Church. Here the variety of his talents and activities can be but enumerated. I can do no more than refer to his prowess at golf, his knowledge of radio mechanics, his ability as a speaker, his participation in local government—for a time being a member of Carnoustie Town Council—and his interest in the founding and maintaining of the Glasgow and West of Scotland Society in Dundee.

To catalogue thus is, perhaps, to distract attention from the character of the man, for what was appreciated by his colleagues above all *was* character. Mr Simpson had maturity of judgment, balance, and a humour that was decidedly Scottish. This we will remember.

G. B.

Nous Saluons Nos Amies du Lycée de Jeunes Filles, Orléans

IT is with a feeling of sincere pleasure that we take the opportunity of sending, through this issue of the Magazine, our greetings to the pupils of the Lycée de Jeunes Filles, Orléans, France. For, as will be seen from the letter which we publish below, we are about to form, under the auspices of the Dundee-Orléans Fellowship, a correspondence link between the girls of the Lycée and the girls of Forms III. and IV. of Dundee High School. But, first, a word of explanation.

Shortly after the liberation of France, there arose in many cities throughout Great Britain spontaneous movements to assist those French towns which had suffered particularly heavily as a direct result of military operations. These movements eventually took the form of the "adoption" of certain war-damaged French cities by towns of comparable size in this country.

The example of Glasgow, Edinburgh and Perth, to name only a few, has now been followed by Dundee, where recently steps were taken to form a fellowship with the French town of Orléans. This fine old town with its historical associations with Joan of Arc, escaped, unlike Caen, the full impact of war, but nevertheless suffered severely, owing to its strategic position, from bombing by both the Allies and the Germans. Now by this association of the cities we hope to be able to alleviate in some measure the hardships so bravely and willingly borne in the cause of ultimate victory. Committees have been formed, representative of many interests in Dundee, and this summer a special deputation will visit Orléans itself, where the idea has been enthusiastically received, to find out what form our assistance should take.

Included in the motives of the fellowship is, of course, the desire to establish the closest possible relations, social, cultural and commercial with the citizens of Orléans, and it is in this direction perhaps that we as a school will play our principal part. With this correspondence-link, the idea of which came from our friends in Orléans, we hope we are only at the beginning of a scheme which will bring

both pleasure and profit and contribute to that better mutual understanding so necessary to the post-war world. We are grateful to the girls of the Lycée for the initiative of their suggestion. If we can match their enthusiasm, the success of the plan is certain.

On the occasion of the start of the new venture, we are very pleased to include in this section of the magazine translations from French by senior pupils and contributions from Mr Laird and Mrs Halliday, a vice-president of the Dundee Branch of the Franco-Scottish Society. One day, perhaps, we may have the pleasure of publishing an article from Orléans itself! D. R. P.

To a Group of 15-17-year-old Dundee High School Girls

Orléans, Monday, 27th May.

Dear Friends,

We are the schoolgirls of the 2nd form of the Orléans "Lycée." You certainly know that Dundee and Orléans are in friendly communication; as for us, we are very pleased to correspond with you, and we hope it will be very pleasant for you and for us.

We thought that it would be better to correspond with you by groups, not individually. Each group would send a letter once a fortnight, for instance, and tell you about everything interesting happened in this fortnight, about films, books, lycée stories, and so on. So we shall learn more details about the life in Dundee, and you about Orléans life, and it will be more agreeable.

We are divided into four groups, five or six girls in each; there are:—

Group Delattre de Tassigny; head, Jeanne Pasquet.

Group Queen Elizabeth; head, Micheline Huet.

Group Montgomery; head, Liliane Soulas.

Group Leclerc; head, Josette Godat.

Nous espérons que cette idée vous plaira, et que nous pourrions ainsi devenir de très bons camarades et nous envoyer des lettres tout à fait intéressantes. Si vous le désirez,

nous pourrions vous faire parvenir des journaux, des magazines, et même des livres.

Comme les vacances vont bientôt arriver, et que nous allons quitter le lycée pour deux mois et demie, nous pensons que chacune de nous pourrait avoir une correspondante particulière parmi vous. Ainsi, sans nous envoyer des lettres par groupes, nous ne cessons pas de nous écrire cet été.

Nous sommes toutes tout à fait impatientes de recevoir votre réponse, aussi ne tardez pas, je vous en prie. Nous vous envoyons nos meilleures amitiés.

Nous vous envoyons quelques photos des groupes, que nous avons prises tout récemment. Si vous le désirez, choisissez sur ces photos la correspondante que vous préférez et envoyez-nous vos adresses avec le nom de celle que vous aurez choisie. Nous pourrions ainsi correspondre tout de suite individuellement.

Translation from "La Mule du Pape" —Daudet

IF you never saw Avignon during the time of the Pope's residence there, you have certainly missed something. Never was there such a town for merriment, for bustle and excitement and holidays. From morn till night there were processions and pilgrimages along streets strewn with garlands of flowers, and decked with tapestries; cardinals arriving from the Rhône, with their banners flying in the breeze and their galleys adorned with flags; soldiers of the Pope singing in Latin on the squares, and the rattles of the mendicant friars; then, again, from top to bottom of the houses that huddled close to the great papal palace, like so many bees round their hive, all humming with the sound of their lace looms, you could hear the sound of the shuttle as it went to and fro, weaving the golden cloth for the priests' cloaks; the little hammers of the vase-makers; the instruments being tuned at the lute-makers; and the singing of the weavers; over all this noise prevailed the sound of the bells pealing and the drums beating incessantly yonder, near the bridge. For here, when people are happy, they must dance; and since at that time the streets of the town were too narrow for dancing, fifes and drums were taken on to the bridge of Avignon, and there, in the cool

breezes of the Rhône the people danced the days and the nights away. . . . Oh! happy days! Oh! happy, contented town! where halberds could not even cut, and where the State prisons were used for putting wine in to cool! Not a sign of want or poverty, nor even a thought of war!

K. E., F.V.

The Dragonfly

(From the French of Théophile Gautier)

Over heather wet with dew, briar bush and shady coppice,

Over hedges by the roadside where the little daisies shyly

Bend their heads in dream,

Over seas of rye-fields swaying where sweet breaths of fitful zephyrs

Stir the waving grain,

Over hill slopes t'ward the meadows see where trails of gaudy flowers

Deck the checkered plain,

Over heath and over moorland, o'er the lofty, lonely elm-tree,

Gently rocking to and fro flits the dragonfly. If she crosses in her flight some bright golden shaft of light

Shining thro' the misty veil of the far horizon

Then she sparkles

Then she glitters

Like a glance from Ariel's eye.

Singing woods and verdant plains with sweet scents o'erflowing,

Silken lakes and far blue hillsides, skies where clouds are blowing,

Mountains, rocks and vast expanses—empires of the air,

There with petal wings she dances, graceful, debonair.

Unconfined and unrestricted,

There she has her fling.

Mirrored lights of green and carmine

Tinge her pearly wing.

As in narrow family circles pines some maid for liberty

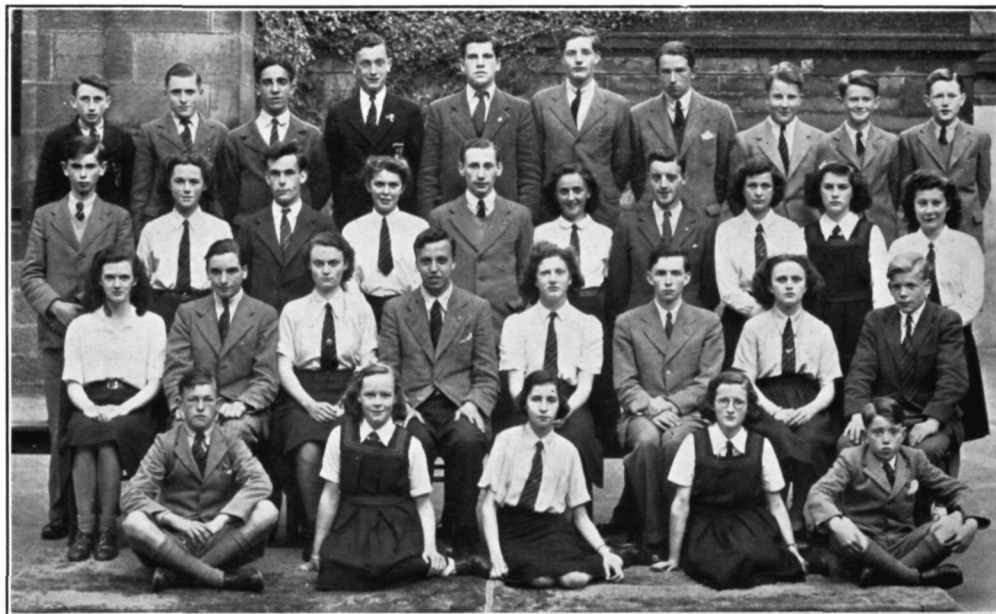
Has she not full twenty times

In her reverie

Longed to be a dragonfly

Sporting merrily.

S. M. B. C., F.VI.



Back Row—J. Knight (Swimming Champion); L. T. Smith (Best Shot under 14); R. S. W. Chawla, (Dux, Form III. Boys); G. R. Leddie (Don. McEwan Prize—Cricket); K. G. Lowson (Boase Medal—Golf); I. A. Duffus (Champion Shot); J. E. Powrie (Leng Medal—Singing); A. W. C. Lowden (Junior Swimming Champion); C. R. W. Gray (Dux, Gym.—Form II. Boys); K. J. Clark (Junior Champion Athlete (equal)).

Second Row—A. G. Robertson (Pirie Cup—Golf); C. R. S. Riddell (Leng Medal—Singing); D. M. Jamieson (Intermediate Champion Athlete); A. T. Farquhar (Dux—Needlework); G. W. Mottashaw (Champion Athlete, Loveridge Cup—Mile); D. W. Duncan (Tennis Champion); T. L. Buttars (Don. McEwan Prize—Cricket); P. M. Halley (Girls' Swimming Champion); A. I. P. Bell (Junior Tennis Champion); M. J. Cook (Dux, Gym.—Girls).

Third Row—K. W. Dobson (Chamber of Commerce Medal); I. Tosh (Bryson Prize in Technical Subjects (equal)); E. A. Robertson (Dux, Maths., Science); J. S. G. Blair (School Dux—Boys, Dux, English); S. M. B. Cameron (School Dux—Girls, Dux, French, Latin, Greek); K. E. Baumann (Dux—German); I. Brown (Dux—Art); R. P. G. Richardson (Bryson Prize in Technical Subjects (equal), Dux, Gym.—Boys).

In Front—I. M. Martin (Junior Champion Athlete (equal)); M. T. Gray (Junior Champion—Swimming); M. Jones (Dux, Form III. Girls); J. C. Stirling (Dux. L V. Girls); D. S. Morris (Dux, L V. Boys.)

Some Scots at Orleans

EARLY in May, 1429, the people of Orleans made a pilgrimage of gratitude round all the churches of their city to give thanks to God for deliverance. The siege which had lasted for seven long months had just been raised after a campaign of one week; and the faith and purity of a young girl had succeeded where the counsels of warriors and statesmen had failed. The procession was led by this girl whom we now know as St Joan of Arc, and by the Bishop of Orleans, John Kirkmichael, a Scot from Douglasdale, who was a warrior as well as churchman. Bishop Kirkmichael established this procession of thanksgiving as an annual festival, to be held on the 8th of May in honour of the Maid of Orleans and in memory of France's debt to her.

Kirkmichael was one of the few survivors of a band of Scots who had come to France some years previously in response to a desperate appeal for help from the Dauphin Charles, sore pressed by Henry V. The expedition came in Spanish ships to La Rochelle, the only French seaport not then held by the English. The leaders were John Stewart, Earl of Buchan, second son of the Duke of Albany, Archibald Douglas, Earl of Wigton and Sir John Stewart of Darnley. The Battle of Baugé in 1421 was mainly a Scottish victory. In this battle Kirkmichael "broke a lance" on the English leader, the Duke of Clarence, who fell in the engagement. But Baugé was followed by a series of disasters; at Cravant and Verneuil many Scots were slain. In spite of these defeats, Charles must have been impressed with the integrity and valour of his Scottish allies, for it is generally believed that the original Garde Ecossaise was formed by him in 1425—the forerunner of the famous body guard of the French kings, established in 1445, a corps of "mercenary soldiers whose loyalty won for them the confidence of princes who did not trust their own children."

In 1428 the English laid siege to Orleans. The names of several Scots are given among the defenders. Two brothers Douglas were killed on 21st October in repelling an attack, and their bodies were buried in the Church of Sainte Croix. A few days later, an entry was forced into the city by Scots troops under Sir Hugh Kennedy, a native of Carrick and a kinsman of the Bishop whose name is asso-

ciated with St Andrews University; supplies were successfully delivered by Sir Patrick Ogilvy of Angus. The following February, word came that a convoy of lenten fare, principally salt herrings, was on its way to the besiegers. It was planned that a combined force of French and Scots should attack this convoy; but through misunderstandings between the leaders a golden opportunity was lost and the "Battle of the Herrings" ended in complete disaster. The brothers, Sir John and Sir William Stewart, lost their lives in this engagement and were buried in the Cathedral of Orleans, in the Chapel of Notre Dame Blanche. Sir Hugh Kennedy was among the survivors. A few days later, Sir Patrick Ogilvy and Sir John Wishart made a sortie from the beleaguered city in search of food. They were accompanied by Bishop Kirkmichael, anxious to see Charles and persuade him to make a real effort to relieve the city. But Charles was in despair, and nothing could rouse him until he met the enthusiasm of a French peasant girl, described by one of her Scottish followers as "a humble maiden, a young virgin, before this the most timid and shrinking of all creatures, slender, of no great stature." On the 29th of April, Joan reached Orleans with a great convoy of provisions, declaring confidently, "We will take food into Orleans with ease, and not an Englishman will attempt to hinder us." By the 8th of May the English were in retreat.

We all know the love and veneration rightly extended to the Maid of Orleans by her own countrymen. She inspired similar feelings in the Scots who followed her banner. Her standard was designed by a Scot, of the name of Power, or Polwarth. Another carried her portrait about with him. A third, whose description of her has been given above, returned to Scotland after her death and became a monk in Dunfermline.

It is of interest to note that the lady who was until recently Secretary of the Dundee Branch of the Franco-Scottish Association claimed relationship on her mother's side with Bishop Kirkmichael.

But not all the Scots who visited Orleans in the early fifteenth century went there to fight. At this time Universities were springing up in different cities of Europe, and many Scots went abroad in pursuit of learning. When the three earliest of our Scottish Universities were founded during the 15th century. They were

modelled on the Universities of the Continent, and many of the first Scottish professors had gained teaching experience abroad before taking an appointment at home. Thus one of the first teachers in St Andrews, Richard de Cornell, had been a student of Canon Law at Orleans and had lectured at Avignon. Students in mediaeval Universities were divided into "Nations" (a practice which still holds in Aberdeen) and each Nation elected a Proctor to represent it in business meetings and to keep minutes of proceedings concerning it. In some of the Continental Universities Scots were included in the German Nation, along with Poles, Finns, Bohemians, Scandinavians and Swiss. We may assume that the Law School at Orleans was highly popular among Scottish students, for before 1425 Orleans had a Scottish Nation, and the names of three Scottish proctors are found before 1430.

In conclusion, I cannot do better than quote from a French lady, Mlle. Paule Henry-Bordeaux, who visited Scotland between the two recent wars and left an account of her impressions in "*Fantomes d'Ecosse*," translated under the title of "*Scotland Through French Eyes*." Her journey was a pilgrimage in memory of Mary Queen of Scots, and most of the book is devoted to that ill-starred queen, but there are also references to Prince Charles Edward, the ballads and Sir Walter Scott. While her picture of Scotland is one-sided and she arrives at some conclusions which will astonish many Scots, her book is a notable tribute to the "Auld Alliance," and many passages are written with a sympathy and understanding unusual in one of another race. Yet hear her own words in her opening chapter:—"Scotland is the country where one feels happiest at being French. . . . Here we are allies. After all, they do count, the many battles won or lost together, the many common hopes and projects and the many dead who have sealed the union with their blood!" A few pages farther on we find her visiting Edinburgh Castle, deeply impressed with our national War Memorial. In the Hall of Honour she reads with emotion the histories of the Scottish regiments. "And I linger before the Royal Scots, formed in 1633 with the Scottish companies who had been serving in France since the fifteenth century and with the battalions recruited two years later by order of Charles I. . . . Thus the guard of the Kings of France, the faithful

archers of St Joan of Arc, after returning to their Scottish homeland, served to form the regiments which, three centuries later, were to come back and fight with us once more. Wonderful destiny, which begins on the French frontiers and leads back there."

MORRIS BARR HALLIDAY.

Pre-War France

I WRITE these notes about the France I knew and loved, the France before 1939. What effect her humiliation and suffering has had upon her people and upon her economy I do not know and cannot assess, but that she will rise again and triumph over her faults and weaknesses I am certain; it is in her nature and history to do so.

"La France est le plus beau royaume après le ciel." So runs an old French saying and, always excepting Scotland, I can verily believe it. The rich pasture and "bocage" of Normandy, the lake and the high Alps of Haute Savoie, the beautiful rocky coast of Brittany, the "garden" of Touraine, the plains of Beauce and the Landes, the warm exotic beauty of the Mediterranean Coast—what a rich variety for the lover of scenic beauty! And with the regions vary the products, the dialects and the nature and temperament of their peoples.

To know the French people you must avoid the crowded holiday resorts and the conducted tours—there you will meet only the type who make their money out of the visitors and are far from scrupulous in fixing their charges. From them you may easily gain a false and bad impression. Other tourists wish to do as they do at home. I have heard English people boasting of the English breakfast and English cooking in their hotel—they also will learn little of the real France. No, you must leave the holiday resorts, seek the quiet of the country and settle down for a time to live among the people.

The strength of France resides in her peasants—and remember that France, since the Revolution, is a nation of smallholders. Hard working and frugal, the peasant farmer is passionately attached to his fields. Like our own men of the soil he is a slow and deliberate thinker, blunt in speech, independent, and unquestionably master in his own domain. Of book-learning he has little, but he knows thoroughly his fields and will live plainly, almost meanly, in order to lavish on

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them all the good he can afford. He is conservative and does not care to change his farming methods which are often old-fashioned. His hard work and plain living often bring him a modest prosperity; but he puts his profits to improving his farm. One of his sons will carry on the work of his father and so from generation to generation.

I know the Normans best — "*les bons Normands*," the Parisians say with a little deprecating shrug, for to the other French the Normans are even yet a race apart, and are regarded as well-off, clannish and rather selfish. Certainly the average peasant farmer does very well off the rich soil of Normandy, well watered by the west wind, and the bigger farmers are often rich men. They are prodigious eaters of beef and drinkers of cider; no wonder they are big men, red-faced and burly. Even the smallest "smallholder" has his orchard for apple trees, a cow, two or three sheep and poultry. When the grass is high he will graze his cow on the wayside grass, ambling placidly along with time no object. In the autumn, when the cider apples are ripe, an apparatus for crushing the apples travels round the little farms as a threshing-mill does here. Later, when the apple juice has fermented, he is allowed to distil so much of it into a liqueur, "*Calvados*." The good Norman pours his glass of "*Calvados*" into his cup of coffee before drinking. Normandy cider is not sweet and varies in strength according to the quantity of water added. The fermented *pur jus* is very potent. In the good old days cider was so cheap and plentiful that in some restaurants there used to be bread and cider "*à discretion*." In the season everyone in Normandy drinks cider, talks cider; poets write songs about cider; picture postcards depict the gathering of the apple crop—*les bons Normands*!

To the visitor from Britain, Normandy is naturally rich in historical interest. L'Eglise St Etienne at Caen holds the tomb of the Conqueror (or a least one bone, for robbers had opened the tomb and left only that) and in the same town is (or was) the beautiful Abbaye aux Dames built by his queen. Bayeux contains the famous tapestry. Two things you notice at once about a Norman Church, its simplicity and its strength—sometimes the walls are fourteen feet thick—half house of God, half fortress.

One cannot stay long in the country dis-

tricts of France without becoming aware of the all pervading influence of the Church, the simple faith and devotion of the peasant and the kindness and the simplicity, often amusing, of the curés. Remember that most of the curés and the nuns of France come from peasant stock. Government officials, on the other hand, are usually regarded as anticlerical! Even a humble roadmender, so it was whispered to me, was better to drop his religion if he wished to keep his post. Among the devout and simple villagers there were many stories of miraculous happenings and many harmless superstitions. For instance—an evil spirit had entered the church, for when the curé tried to shut the little box on the altar containing the Communion bread and wine he found that the lid flew open. Again he tried; same result. He sprinkled holy water and exorcised the evil spirit. All was well, he closed the box, the lid remained closed. Amusing also was the local curé's defence of poaching. He had been invited to lunch at the Chateau. During the course of an excellent meal I suddenly heard a heated argument break out between the curé and Monsieur Migneaux, his host. Monsieur had complained bitterly about the poaching going on in his woods, but many a hare and pheasant (poached) had found their way to the curé's table. So the good man stoutly defended the poachers on the ground that the earth is the Lord's and the produce thereof and that all people were free to share in it. Monsieur could not agree.

A word about the people of the Château and their friends, a word that would apply to many of the old families of France. They were cultured, with excellent taste, kindly and generous without a trace of snobbery. But they had their prejudices. They loved France, but they had no use for the republic; they laughed at it. They hated and half-feared the Jews and the Freemasons. On the other hand, there still seemed to be a plethora of cheap titles about, too many barons for instance. One or two still kept up the old practice of giving two fingers when they had to shake hands with a social inferior. Their day, I should think, is now past for ever.

Travelling by rail in Normandy you use the "*Ouest-Etat*," the most maligned state railway in the world. The French laugh derisively at the mention of it. Picture postcards show friends in mourning gathered on the platform to say adieu to the doomed traveller,

while a skeleton is ringing the bell for the train to start. "Pas de couronnes!" says the traveller as he leaves his weeping friends. The rumour runs that the "Ouest Etat" buys the P.L.M. rolling stock when it is ready for the scrap-heap. Travelling by it—bumped, shaken and thrown about at the bends—one can readily believe it. One can also understand why there are so many railway accidents in France. Except on important lines such as the Calais-Paris, Paris to the Riviera, and the P.L.M., neither rolling stock nor permanent way seems to be kept in good repair—not a good advertisement for state railways!

Before I leave Normandy here are two things I did not like—treating small birds as game (how would you like a thrush served up on a big plate?) and thick sour milk as desert! But there were plenty of other delicious things to choose from so I soon learnt wisdom. And perhaps it was not a bad training for things to come!

Across the border to the south lies Brittany, a contrast in many ways to the richness of Normandy. Most of it is a hard, rather barren and bleak plateau, but like our Cornwall it has lovely coast scenery, splendid coves and land-locked harbours. It is a delight to the eye to see the red-sailed sardine fleet coming into a little harbour like Douarnenez. But in a hot noonday sun when the tide is out, well, the harbour is distinctly malodorous. The Bretons are a simple, pious, courageous folk; they are the best sailors and fishermen in France.

Southward we go to the garden of France, Touraine, rich in vineyards, rich in medieval castles, but lacking in pastures and therefore lacking in dairy produce. There you discover a sun with a bite in it that sends you scurrying across the street to seek the shade: nasty, malignant mosquitoes soon discover you. But the castles make up for it all. I lived for three weeks in Chinon, where Joan went to see the Dauphin. The little village nestles under the Castle, and at all times of the day, if you looked up, there was the frowning fortress, ruined, indeed, but still grim. I began to realise what the power of that castle for good and for bad must have meant to the citizens in medieval times. I wish I had time to tell you about the castles with their dungeons and torture chambers and secret escape tunnels; they are intensely interesting and wonderfully preserved. Go and see them when France is herself again and petrol is off the ration.

The Loire is a sluggish river and the fish are like the river, little fight in them and rather tasteless; which brings me to the Frenchman and his fishing. All Frenchmen, I think, must love angling, and in this, if in nothing else, they, an emotional people, display monumental patience. Give them an old canal or a river and they will sit for hours watching the little float placidly bobbing about in the water. I have seen hundreds of Frenchmen thus employed; I have yet to see one catch a fish.

Over to Haute-Savoie to Aix, Annecy, and St Gervais-les-bains. Now you have left the quiet of the countryside of the medieval village for the grandeur of the Alps and the cosmopolitan life of the hotels. But it's jolly when you are young. How well the days are filled! You play tennis or go excursions during the day; in the evening you dance. In the valleys the heat is almost tropical, and the bright green lizards whisk and dart about, but above the valley, where the hotels are, the air is invigorating. Even so, if you wish to climb seriously, you must start about three a.m. Again, with a guide you may climb during the night to see the sunrise on the Alps. The mountain scenery is magnificent, but to a Scot it lacks variety of colour. Day after day you see the shining white peaks, the green valleys, the blue sky, and the lovely pink clouds of morning and evening. I was remarking once on the magnificent scenery when an artist chimed in, "You're a Scot, aren't you? Well, there's nothing here to equal the gorgeous colouring of your Scottish hills and moors in autumn." He was right, and I never forgot it.

I used the word cosmopolitan. In the same hotel were visitors from France, England, Holland, Brazil, America. It was amusing to observe their way and hear their opinions. I remember a Yankee professor who used to drink champagne abundantly and then lecture to us on the properties of radium—a mixed crowd, but pleasant, often amusing and sometimes instructive.

These are some scattered jottings from my memories of happy days in the pleasant land of France. Wait a little, give her time to heal her scars and recover her old buoyant, radiant spirit. Then brush up your French and go and see her many beauties and meet her friendly people. Tell them you are a Scot; they will like you the better for that.

W. G. L.

Some High School Characters



Junior Section

BIRDS

I saw Robin Redbreast. I threw crumbs to him and he sang a song of thank you. I kept feeding him until he became quite tame. He came when I called him and he made his nest in my bedroom. I didn't tell Mummy.

I.R. (LV. A)

Robins have red breasts and they go in the snow. There is not very much for the robins to eat in winter, so if we put food for them we can make friends with them.

P.H. (LI. A)

BABIES

Babies are very small. They play with rattles and sometimes with dolls. They say Goo-goo and many other things that would make you laugh.

I.M. (LI. A)

I like babies when they are playful, but when they are cross they are terrible.

I once knew a baby who was terrible. He tore things and chewed things although he was small.

M.D. (LI. A)

THE STAR

I see a candle up in the sky,
It is a star away up high !
Yon star sheds its light o'er everything
Till dawn breaks, and the birds sing.

And now 'tis dark but the light is there,
It gleams on the winding river so fair,
But soon 'twill be dawn, when the light
fades away,

The sun takes its place, for then 'tis day.

S.D. (L III. G.)

EVENING

The stars are coming slowly,
One by one, two by two.
The little birds are nestling down,
But the nightingale is still awake,
It is singing small children to sleep.

R.A.S.D. (L II.)

MY PUSSY

I love my little pussy
With his fur as soft as silk,
And every day he loves to lap
Some lovely, creamy milk.

At night when I am snug in bed,
He's on the roof-tops high,
Meowing as loud as he can meow,
Under a starry sky.

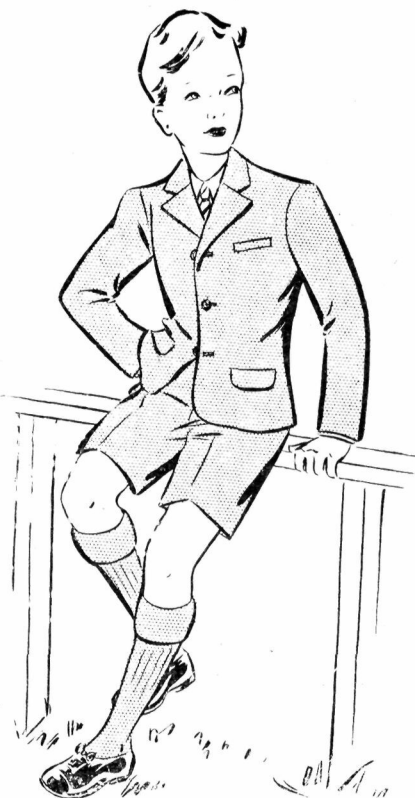
S. DAVIE (L III. G)

A NIGHT ON THE HILLS

I was staying on a farm near Grantully when I had an idea—my chum and I would go on a midnight "hike." Jimmy and I decided to climb a hill behind the farm and go on until we came to Grantully Loch. I was excited when the time came. It was a very beautiful night with the moon and the stars shining. It was cool and was not dark. Everything looked soft and eerie, everything. We reached a wood with marshy ground and every time we took a step it was either squish or squash. As we were walking through some rushes something struck my foot. It was a snake. I grew panicky and tripped with a splash in the mud. My friend helped me up and laughed at me. We soon, however, managed to get out of the wood and as we looked we saw the sun rising. I was thankful in a way but said nothing. There were not so many bats now and hardly any owls. When we reached the loch we pitched our tent and made a fire.

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The Scarecrow



The rooks now clutter up the sky,
 Let them go about.
 I stand and stare ; nor ask me why
 I stare the stars right out.

The seeds that scatter in the air
 Lodge on my bald top,
 Summer brings a shock of hair
 Winter takes the crop.

Spring comes again to find me there
 I stare upon the sun.
 Scatters the dust the mad March hare,
 I stare and will not run.

The cock upon the vane has swung,
 North, South, East and West.
 The stars, the moon, the sturdy sun
 Daily take their rest.

But I start up in starless cold
 Stand up as men lie down
 And watch the world turning old
 With hollowed eyes and frown.

G.B.



FORM II.—Girl on “If I Had a House of My Own”—This room would contain a large, round table and oak chairs with Queen Anne’s legs.

FORM III.—EXERCISE—Correct the malapropism “The Government of Britain is a limited mockery.”

ANSWER—“The Government of Britain is an unlimited mockery.”

Query at Sports

SMALL BOY—“Please, I didn’t see anybody playing golf to-day. When did they win the medals?”

FORM II.—Q.—Name the document signed by Maria Theresa.

A.—Prismatic Sanction.

L.V.B.—*Le fumeur est une homme qui ne fume pas dans un “ne fumer pas” compartiment.*

L.III.G.—Lloyd George started letting women over twenty-one years of age.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer’s duties are to sit in an office.

Form VI. Doing Organic Chemistry

J—A—, on being asked what he is making, “Ethyl Analine. Don’t ask who she is—she’s Ester’s sister.”

From An Exam. Paper—

“Burns wrote the Cottars’ Saturday Night Out.

Lines Written During Higher Leaving Exams.

O man in brown, why creepest thou
’Tween desks and round the hall,
While we recall where Hastings is,
And where was Antonine’s wall?

Suspiciously you glower at us
When any move we make,
Or as we search for rubbers and
In pencil-cases rake.

While hard we try to figure out
Just what on earth are “joules,”
From the playground emanate
Screams and yells and howls.

Someone clatters up the stairs
And scuffles at the door;
We wish that we could fade away
Or fall right through the floor.

At eleven o’clock there’s brought to you
A cup, a saucer, tea!
As we are sweating over French
And wishing it was we.

O man, we know it is a job
Responsible to do,
But I’m afraid that we’ll be glad
To see the back of you.

J.M.G.

L. II. BOYS

Q.—Describe frog spawn.

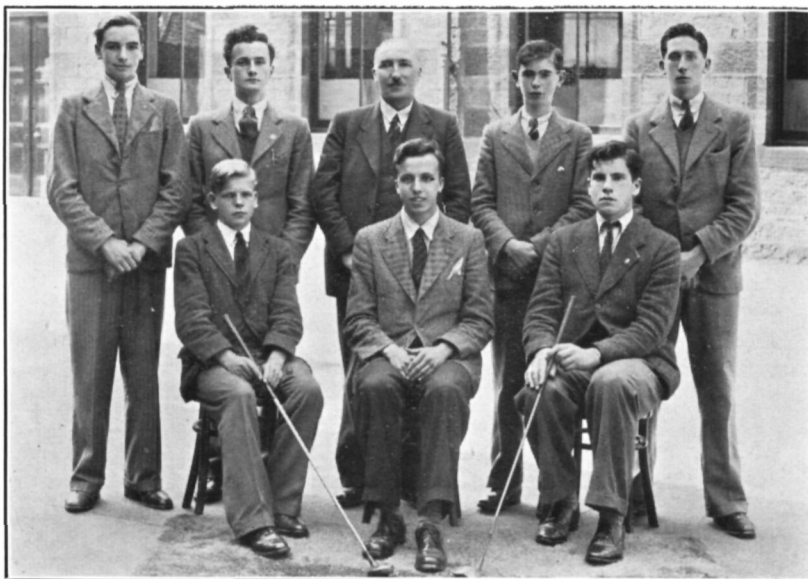
A.—Like a jellyfish with measles.

Q.—Describe a tadpole.

A.—A small fish that is streamlined.



G. Mottashaw—Champion Athlete (2nd Time) T. McLaren, Esq.—Sports Organiser (25th Year)



Back Row—I. Tosh. D. J. Patterson. Mr W. G. Laird. A. G. Robertson. F. W. Caird.
Front Row—R. P. G. Richardson. J. S. G. Blair (Capt.). K. G. Lowson.

Golf Team, Session 1945-46

Dundee High School
 Magazine

The Sports—1946

Perhaps something memorable might be found in every High School Sport's Day, but there is no need to query the memorability of 1st June 1946, for this was our first peace-time Sports Day for six years, and it was also Mr McLaren's twenty-fifth birthday as organiser and manager. We are glad to report that the weather respected the occasion, and that the programme was carried out according to our high expectation. The cadet band was much in evidence and, under Pipe-Major McLeish, made a grand show. In the races there were some close finishes, the Senior Championship being an open contest until the last event—the Mile, the winning of which gave George Mottashaw both honours. John Blair was runner-up. The Intermediate Championship was won by Derek Jamieson, the Junior Championship being shared between Kenneth J. Clark and Ian M. Martin. There was the usual excitement at the Inter-House Relay Race but the Tug-of-War was generally voted (judging by the noise) the success of the day. Lindores won both events. At the conclusion, the Rector introduced Mr Hardie, one of our directors, and Mrs Hardie. In a short speech, Mr Hardie brought home to us the desirability of being "a good all-rounder" rather than a specialist, and commended our efforts. Then Mrs Hardie presented the prizes. Finally came a little ceremony which especially pleased us all—an appreciation of the long years of service, effort and efficiency of Mr McLaren, who, thereafter, received gifts from pupils, staff and directors. One thing alone pleased us more—that Mr McLaren does not *show* the burden of a quarter of a century's labours.

G.B.

The Swimming Gala

THE Annual Swimming Gala was held in Dundee Central Baths, on Tuesday, 4th June, at 2.30 p.m. There was a large attendance of parents and pupils. Both entrants and spectators showed great enthusiasm and the building echoed to the splash of water and enthusiastic shouts. Form III. took the first place in the honours' list, the Senior Boys' Championship being won by James Knight and the Senior Girls' Championship by Pamela M. Halley, both of that Class. Alan W. Lowden of L.V. won the Junior Boys' Championship, while Maureen P. Gray of L.IV. won the Girls'.

The usual excitement was aroused during the Relay Races which were won by Form III. Girls and Lindores House. The Rector presided, and at the conclusion of the Gala introduced Miss Edith Lee, one of our Directors. Miss Lee made a short speech in which she gave a word of encouragement to all. She then presented the prizes.

A Country Scene

HERE in the cool, grey, swift-flowing waters of the burn, a miniature waterfall makes its way rapidly over the stones and ends in a deep calm and pleasant pool which is crossed by an old wooden bridge. The surface of the pool is broken with the rings made by numerous fish that come up to catch the flies.

By the side of the burn, bright yellow buttercups and the paler primrose grow in wild profusion among the bright green grass, while in the fields the daisy seems to lift its yellow eye towards heaven. A black beetle scurries across the patch and many coloured butterflies flit in and out among the gay spring flowers.

The trees too have their share of beauty in their green foliage. When you see all these wonders of nature it makes you happy to think that after all the best things in life are free.

IRENE WHITON (F. I.)

A Cathedral

THE strains of an organ floated down the aisle. Two small choir boys attired in purple cassocks and ruffs about their necks, were carolling to the morning.

The stained glass windows were coloured wonderful hues. The ceiling was adorned with shields on which were painted coats of arms of many of the cities of America. The sunlight filtering through the windows danced on the stone floor and formed many exquisite patterns. I heard and I saw, and I went out to the streets with a new feeling in my heart.

FRANCES DONALDSON (F. I. A)

The Dundee High School Old Girls' Club

WE TAKE this opportunity of sending our greetings to all members of the club.

Last winter's Re-union was the first evening social function of the club since before the war and took the form of a military whist drive.

The Annual General Meeting in March took place in the hall of the Girls' School this year and, after the business, tea was served, and "The Family Album" performed to the great enjoyment of all present.

In April, under the auspices of the Old Boys' and Old Girls' Clubs, a dance was held in Kidd's Rooms. This venture was a great success.

At the Annual General Meeting the following Office-bearers and Executive Committee were elected :—

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

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

President—Mrs James Lee.

Vice-Presidents—Mrs Leslie Weatherhead and Mrs Kemp.

Hon. Secretaries—Miss Margot Cosh, 5 Magdalen Place ; Dr. Kathleen Jack, 86 Grove Road, Broughty Ferry.

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

Executive Committee—Miss Agnes Mudie, Miss Winifred Cooper, Miss Jean Ritchie, Mrs Brush, Mrs Gordon Rea, Miss Gwynne Soutter, Miss Jean Richardson, Miss Moyra Treasure, Mrs A. T. Millar, Miss Dorothy Adams, Mrs Wm. Robertson, Miss Ella Hutchison, Miss Sheila McCall, Mrs Rattray, Dr. Winifred Smith (*ex-officio*).

The following have joined the Club since 1945 :—

Kathleen K. Allan, 7 Clive Road, Kingsway.
Elizabeth J. Black, 37 Clepington Road.
G. R. Brothie, 1 Clive Road, Kingsway.
Doreen M. Bruce, St. Clair, Carlogie Street, Carnoustie.

Morag A. Campbell, St. Fink, Blairgowrie.

Allison M. Crawford, 49 Camphill Road, Broughty Ferry.

Elizabeth M. Doe, 3 Roxburgh Terrace, West Park Road.

Miss R. Falconer, 35a Clepington Road.

Ethel P. Ferguson, 298 Strathmartine Road, Downfield.

Dr. Annie A. Fulton, 21 Glamis Road.

Joan S. Grant, 27 Rockfield Street.

Isobel Henderson, 31 Albany Terrace.

Anne McKerchar, 1 Invermark Terrace, Barnhill.

Annabella McLagan, Abernethy, Inchture.

Maureen I. McMaster, 119 Pitkerro Road.

Elizabeth A. Menzies, 14 Dundee Road West.

Sheila Nichol, The Manse, Muirhead of Liff.

Jean Pullar, 9 Muirfield Place.

Dorothy Rattray, 33 Albany Terrace.

Eileen Rattray, 33 Albany Terrace.

Margaret R. Reid, 66 Alpin Road.

Margaret Runciman, Tigh-na-Rathad, Inchture.

Mrs Margaret Sira, Somerville House.

Mrs Van Wely, 3 Constitution Road.

We announce with pleasure the following marriages :—

Miss Mary Borland to Mr Francis Jackson.

Miss B. Finlayson to Mr William Edwards.

Miss Annie Foreman to Captain Hope.

Miss Vera Lane to Captain Alan Whitehorn.

Miss Aida Macaulay to Mr Edgar W. Tilney.

Miss Catherine Morgan to Mr Poller.

Miss May Pate to Mr A. W. Inglis.

Miss Mary Strachan to Mr Patterson.

Library Notes—Summer Reading

NOW that summer is here once again, our thoughts turn to free time, leisure, and perhaps to an opportunity to read books we have meant to read for a long time but have never had time. We all have our own particular tastes in books, but there are certain books which are specially suited to holiday reading.

Travel books of all kinds are enjoyable at any time, but read in the right open-air

atmosphere an excellent book like "The Surgeon's Log" can transport us over the seas to the Far East. There we can appreciate the more colourful side of the East without experiencing the necessary discomfort so well known to those who have seen the real thing.

But we need not travel so far afield. There is endless interest to be gained from books on our own Scotland which, when read in the open air, are all the more enjoyable.

Yes, travel books are "the thing" for summer reading. They help to satisfy that desire to get away from our ordinary day-to-day life and feel new experience.

Apart from travel books, however, there is much which is suitable for summer reading, so that there should be no end of interest for all from books during the summer months, whether they be on travel, agriculture or philosophy out of doors.

CROFTING AGRICULTURE FRASER DARLING

This book is invaluable to the crofting farmer. Dr Darling, who has first-hand experience and a great sympathy with the crofter's problems, explains the principles of putting poor soil into good heart and of growing crops suitable for the difficult conditions of the West Highlands of Scotland. He also gives the crofter much needed encouragement and sound advice.

The book is beautifully illustrated with photographs of Highland scenery and crofting conditions. It is well worth while reading for those who are interested in gaining an insight into the conditions prevailing in the life of the crofter.

THE COMPLETE HILL WALKER— W. J. PALMER

In this book Mr Palmer has tried to develop the ordinary footpath rambler into a mountain climber, capable of tackling, with safety and success, any problem likely to be met among our British hills at any season and under any weather conditions. Unlike some other writers about climbing in Britain, he knows exactly the facts and advice that young hill climbers need, and his thoroughly practical experience is not only in hiking but also in rock-climbing and cave exploration, and should be of great worth to all interested in open-air activities.

In the book the author has summarised equipment needed and also rock-climbs and mountain passes, many of which are illustrated. The many interesting anecdotes and still more valuable hints and suggestions make the book of inestimable value to those who wish a better knowledge of the hills.

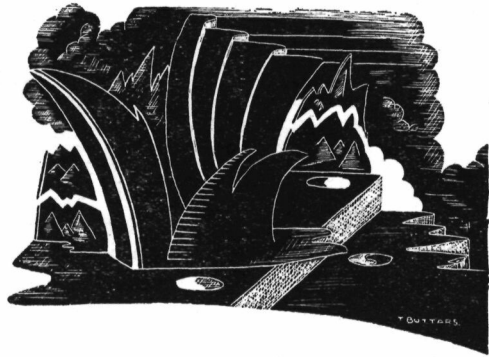
AN INTRODUCTION TO PHILOSOPHY— W. A. SINCLAIR

This is a very interesting little book, no more than 151 pages in length. It is in simple and non-technical language, and has the desirable quality of not leaving the general reader in doubt about what is really meant. The book provides an expla-

nation of almost all every-day occurrences, and by its thorough explanation of such philosophic theories as perception, one comes to realise that things such as tolerance are no mere conventions. They are absolute necessities since we must make allowances for the fact that other minds perceive differently from our own.

Although this book gives but a brief outline of a vast subject, it admirably serves its purpose in acquainting the reader with philosophy, which, for many, only exists as a word of doubtful and mysterious meaning.

Summer Storm



Music Notes

CHURCH SERVICE

THE Annual Summer Service was held in St Mary's Parish Church on 19th May. The Girl Guides and Cadet Corps paraded at the service. The praise was led by the Senior Girls' Choir under the direction of Mr Treasure at the organ. The anthem, "Our Father, God," and the solo, "I will sing of Thy Great Mercies," sung by Anne Thomson, were beautifully rendered. Dr Duncan gave us a most inspiring address with the text, "To whom much is given, of him much shall be required."

MUSIC SUCCESSES

Since the last edition of the Magazine, the following successes in Pianoforte examinations have been recorded, and congratulations are due to the successful candidates:—
Grade 3—Zetta Bell, F. III. (with credit).
Grade 2—Helen Cruden, F. I. (Pass), and Helen Johnstone, F. II. (with distinction).
Grade 1—Helen Peattie, L. I.V. (with credit).
H. H. C.

" THE MIKADO "

By the time this magazine appears in print, our opera will be an event of the past, leaving, we hope, some pleasant memories behind it, but I leave it to others to record their impressions of the performances.

I would like, however, to take the opportunity of thanking, on behalf of the Music Department and the whole Company, all those who gave so generously of their time, to help us behind the scenes.

To Mr Douglas Robertson, our very capable stage-manager, and his assistants, who were responsible for the scenery and the general smooth-running of the show—to the members of the Dundee Operatic Society, who, along with that ever-ready, ever-willing, and hard-working band—the ladies of the Staff—undertook the onerous duty of " making-up " the Company, as well as various other tasks—to Mrs E. D. G. McPherson (better known to us as Miss May Robertson) and the members of the orchestra, who gave such good support and help to the youthful cast—to the prompters, programme sellers, and ushers—and, lastly, to the large and enthusiastic audiences of parents and friends—to all these our thanks go out in large measure.

Once again, we acknowledge the great debt we owe to our genial producer, guide, and friend, Mr Arthur J. Millar, and to Mr James Cruden, who so ably assisted him in the production of the opera, and to both we tender most sincere thanks. It is to be hoped that, in the great chorus of appreciation which has been voiced by all who have witnessed the performances, and also by the real enjoyment which all the company received when taking part in the rehearsals (and often expressed to us), they may find some recompense for the many hours of hard and arduous work they have put in on our behalf.

H. H. C.

Old Boys' Club

TO celebrate the cessation of hostilities and the return to civilian life of Old High School pupils a Reunion Dance was arranged in conjunction with the Old Girls' Club. This proved to be a very successful function, and it is hoped that many others will be arranged in the future.

The Executive Committee has once more sprung into a state of enthusiasm and will welcome suggestions from our members as to how they would like to see the Club's activities extended.

We should particularly like a good infusion of new blood this June. Is 100% of the boys leaving school as new members of the Club too much to hope for? If this does mean YOU, YOU will get a Membership Form either from Mr McLaren or from the Honorary Secretary, C. E. Stuart, C.A., 11 Panmure Street, Dundee.

Deaths

George R. Adams (1923-31).

The Dancer





Back Row—D. Wilson. D. H. McIntosh. A. B. Moore. Mr W. More. T. L. Buttars.
 C. R. V. Doe. A. M. Wanless.
Front Row—R. G. Grierson. L. S. Drever. G. R. Leddie (Capt.). W. E. Stark. L. Ferguson.



Back Row—I. E. Cassaday. P. Gibson. J. J. Adamson. J. M. Grewar.
Front Row—E. A. Robertson. D. G. Patterson (Capt.). D. W. Duncan.

Cricket 1st XI., 1946
Tennis Team, 1946

Dundee High School
Magazine

Roll of Honour of Former High School Guides

With feelings of pride we publish a Roll of Honour of our former Guides. The list is as complete as we know it.

Balharrie, Gladys, F.A.N.Y.
 Brown, Kathleen, Sc./O., W.A.A.F.
 Brown, Dorothy, Cpl., W.A.A.F.
 Brunton, Mary, Wren, W.R.N.S.
 Brymer, Evelyn, Pte., A.T.S.
 Campbell, Sheila, Cpl., A.T.S.
 Cochrane, Betty, F/O., W.A.A.F. Died
 October 1945.
 Conn, Janet S., Lieut., R.A.M.C.
 Cooper, Florence, Flt./Lieut., W.A.A.F.
 Cooper, Catherine, Flt./Lieut., W.A.A.F.
 Duguid, Myra, L/Cpl., A.T.S.
 Dick, Marjory, Wren, W.R.N.S.
 Elder, Joyce, Sgt., A.T.S. (Mrs Pool).
 Farquharson, Winnibelle, Wren, W.R.N.S.
 Grant, Edith M., Jnr./Comdr., A.T.S.
 Harvey, Margaret, F/O., W.A.A.F. (Mrs
 Amberton).
 Heath, Eunice, Capt., R.A.M.C. (Mrs Ellen).
 Hutchison, Moira C. C., C/Ensign, F.A.N.Y.
 Henderson, Isobel, Wren, W.R.N.S.

Ingram, Joyce, Massage Corps.
 Inglis, Betty, Wren, W.R.N.S.
 Lane, Vera, Wren, W.R.N.S. (Mrs Whitehorn).
 Lemon, Catherine, L/Cpl., A.T.S.
 Main, Jessie, Sister, 2A R.N.N.S.—R.
 Miln, Gladys, V.A.D. attached Polish Army.
 McLaren, Lena, F/O. (Sister), P.M.R.A.F.N.S.
 McDougall, Bertha, Capt., R.A.M.C.
 Parker, Annie, W.L.A. (Mrs Johnston).
 Peter, Marjory, F.A.N.Y.
 Ritchie, Mabel, Physio-Therapist, Physio-
 Therapy Service.
 Rollo, Phyllis, Wren, W.R.N.S.
 Scrimgeour, Dr. Helen, A.T.S.
 Shepherd, J. Leslie, Wren, W.R.N.S.
 Stewart, Elaine, P/O., W.R.N.S.
 Turnbull, Jean, W.L.A.
 Wallace, Catherine, F/O., W.A.A.F. (mentioned
 in dispatches).
 Walls, Frances, C/Ensign, F.A.N.Y.
 Webster, Anna, Sister, P.M.R.A.F.N.S. (Mrs
 Chitty).
 Weir, Muriel, 3rd O., W.R.N.S.
 Weir, Linda, P/O., W.R.N.S.
 Whitton, Patricia, Wren, W.R.N.S.
 Wilkie, Joan, Wren, W.R.N.S.
 H.H.C. (Ex-Lieut.)

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Roll of Honour

Names to be added to the Roll of Honour list published in the March Magazine:—

L.A.C.W. Muriel Anderson, W.A.A.F.
 Capt. Ernest Barry, R.E.
 Lt. Keith S. R. Black, M.C., B.W.
 Cpl. H. Grahame Brock, R.E.
 5th Eng. George M. Brown, M.N.
 Cpl. Mary S. Clark, A.T.S.
 Major W. Gordon Clark, Military Government.
 Capt. A. Stewart Davie, R.A.M.C.
 Lt.-Col. David W. A. Donald, B.W.
 L/Cpl. Ronald A. T. Ellis, Fife and Forfar Yeo.
 Lt.-Col. William P. Ferguson, I.A.
 Capt. Thomas G. Heron, R.S.
 Lt.-Cdr. Douglas T. Horne, R.N.R.
 Capt. G. S. Johnston, Queen's Own Cameron Hdrs.
 Brig. John Kinnear, T.D., O.B.E., R.A.M.C.
 Midshipman Walter R. McNiven, M.N.
 Pte. Robert L. Mackie, Pay Corps.
 Sister Jessie G. M. Main, Q.A.R.N.N.S./R.
 Major John B. Malcolm, R.A.M.C.
 Sgt. John Masterton, Seaforth Highlanders.
 Sgt. Reginald G. M. Milne, R.E.M.E.
 Major G. W. Monro, R.A.M.C.
 Rifleman George B. Mudie, Ceylon Planters Rifle Corps.
 Sub. Jean Salmond, R.E.M.E., A.T.S.
 F/Lt. R. Fyfe Smith, R.A.F.
 Capt. George Stevenson, R.I.A.S.C.
 S/Ldr. G. C. Stevenson, R.A.F.V.R.
 L/Cpl. Frederick J. Sturrock, I.T.C.
 L.A.C.W. Catherine Tait, W.A.A.F.
 L.A.C.W. Betty Wilkie, W.A.A.F.
 Capt. David W. Young, M.C., R.C.S.
 Trooper William Youngson, R.A.C.

Corrections to be made to the list in March Magazine:—

Capt. Blair S. R. Black, B.W., Killed, Sept., 1944.
 Gunner David M. Brown, R.A., Died, Sept., 1943.

Sgt. Ian H. B. Carmichael, Royal Welch Fusiliers.
 A/A.B. H. Barrie Gibbs, R.N.
 Lt.-Col. John M. Grant, I.E.M.E.
 O.S. R. A. Ruddiman, R.N.V.R.
 Wren Vera Whitehorne (Lane), W.R.N.S.

AWARDS

Major David A. Grant, R.A., awarded M.C.
 Capt. David W. Young, R.C.S., awarded M.C.
 F/O. Catherine M. Wallace, W.A.A.F., Mentioned in Despatches.

INFORMATION REQUESTED

The following is a list of names of F.P.'s, whose war service has been recorded in previous magazines and whose names the Roll of Honour Committee are anxious to verify. I should be glad if F.P.'s concerned, their friends or anyone who can supply information about them, would let me have their addresses and verify, where possible, the information given in this list. The Committee would like the list of F.P.'s who have served in the Navy, Army, Air Force, Women's Auxiliary Services and Merchant Navy to be as complete as possible, and so, any F.P. who has not already done so, is requested to send in, as soon as possible, the following particulars:—

Name, Address, Rank as at V.J.-Day, Unit, Awards.

HELEN F. FALCONER, High School, Dundee.

Capt. Alex. Y. Adam, R.A.M.C.
 Chief Eng. Wm. Adams, Killed, Nov., 1939.
 (Continued on Page 24)

Reports

Cadet Report

During the summer term the Company has paraded at Dalnacraig, and training has been carried out in such a way as to develop the practical side of Section Leading and Map Reading. Suitable facilities for such training were available at Craigie Quarry and Kingsway. In the Certificate "A" Examination, 21 cadets were successful out of the 22 presented.

On Sunday, 19th May, the Company attended Church Parade at Dundee Parish Church, St. Mary's. It was creditable that the Junior Company was very well represented on this occasion.

The Annual Inspection of the Company was carried out on 24th May by Colonel I. M. Stewart, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., Commander, Stirling Sub-District. All ranks bore themselves well and the Inspecting Officer expressed his satisfaction with the efficiency of the Unit.

On 26th May, the Company was visited and inspected by Major General N. McMicking, D.S.O., O.B.E., M.C.,

who was deputising for Field Marshal Lord Wavell, Colonel of the Black Watch Regiment. After inspecting the Company the General asked that the cadets should march past him. Later, General McMicking addressed a combined gathering of cadets from Angus, Dundee, and D.H.S.

The Band has shown marked improvement this year and, for this, much credit is due to Pipe-Major W. McLeish. We were pleased that the Band led the Army Contingent in the Victory Parade, on Saturday, 8th June, and that they played during the afternoon of that day at the Sports held by the 1st Dundee Cadet Battalion, at Harris Academy Recreation Grounds.

We wish to thank Dr. Sprunt who kindly presents the piping prizes, and Mr Alec. Robertson for his gift of prizes for the drummers.

Since the middle of March we have had the good services of C.S.M. Halliday who is the A.A.I. for this area. We are grateful for the work done by the S.M. and appreciate his efforts on our behalf.

Shooting Competitions have been keenly contested during the session, and during the present term more than seventy per cent. of the Company has taken part in the King George V. Trophy Competition. We are indebted to Captain Halliday and Lieutenant Stark for the great interest they have taken in this sphere of our activities.

Unfortunately, there is to be no camp this year, but it is to be hoped that by the time another session has passed, we shall be able, once again, to attend camp under similar conditions to those which existed before the war.

We wish to thank the Officers for their guidance, and for their interest in us throughout the session.

C.S.M. SHARP

Rifle Club Report

Throughout the Summer Term the enthusiasm of the members of the Rifle Club has remained at a very high level. Encouraged by the success of the teams, all members have kept up steady practice.

At the beginning of term it was learned that the senior team had gained third place in the S.M.R.C. Spring Competition. The junior team also did well. A team was also entered for the Strathcona Shield competition, and gained fifth place.

G. R. Linton scored a notable success with second place in the *News of the World* individual championship for Scotland. We wish him every success in the Army.

Keen interest was taken in the King George V. Trophy which was competed for by 75 per cent. of the cadets; twenty-three seniors and ten juniors qualifying as first-class shots.

The session 1945-46 has been highly successful and the standard, especially among the junior members, promises well.

The members give their profound thanks to Mr Halliday and Mr Stark for devoting so much of their time to the Rifle Club.

W.E.S.

Tennis Club Report

We have been very fortunate this year in having five of last year's team with us again. The team consists of D. Paterson (Capt.) and D. Duncan, E. Robertson (Secy.) and J. Adamson, I. Cassaday and J. Grewar. Reserves are P. Gibson and V. Cassaday.

Matches played so far are:—

Fixture		Matches F A	Result
Madras	A	2 4	unfinished
Harris	A	3 1	"
Morrison's	A	2 4	"
Harris	H	5 2	Win
Staff	H	3 3	unfinished

The team has again profited by two visits from Miss East.

The play for both Junior and Senior Championships went ahead quickly this year, thanks to the long spell of dry weather. The Junior Cup was won by A. Bell, and the Senior by D. Duncan. The Final for the Senior Cup was a very close match between D. Duncan and D. Paterson, the score being 5-7, 6-4, 6-4.

Play was also very close in the Final of the American Tournament which was again held on Victoria Day with great success. The game had to be abandoned, however, with the score 6-8, 8-6, and the honours were therefore divided between the two couples, J. Adamson and A. Sharp, I. Cassaday and A. Scott.

We would like to thank the F.P.'s for the use of the courts during the afternoon and evening.

We would also like to thank Miss Foggie for helping with the tea on Victoria Day, and for taking such a keen interest in our team. E.A.R.

Cricket Club Report

The following Team Officials were elected for season 1946:—

Captain	-	-	Graham R. Leddie
Vice-Captain	-	-	D. H. McIntosh
Secretary	-	-	Dickson Wilson
Treasurer	-	-	A. M. Wanless
Member of Committee	-	-	W. E. Stark

Our Cricket Season started under most unfavourable conditions. The cricket square was not in good condition, a state of affairs for which the dry weather had been largely responsible.

It looked as if many of our fixtures would have to be cancelled, but after a few postponed matches, we were able to play on pitches prepared on the edge of the square.

Despite the bad start, the 1st XI. has done well and to date has lost only three matches. Fielding has been exceptionally good and, as a result, the side has met with a considerable measure of success.

The 2nd XI. has not fared so well, but this young team shows signs of promise.

Our thanks are due to Mr More, Mr McLaren, Mr Stark, and to the members of the staff who have umpired our matches.

Caps have been awarded to T. L. Butters, D. H. McIntosh, D. Wilson and G. P. R. Leddie.

RESULTS—

Fixture	F	A	Result
Perth Academy	45	49 for 7	lost
Robt. Gordon's C.	64	128 for 8	"
Grove Academy	101 for 3	65	won
Bell Baxter	66	41	"
Madras College	95 for 7	64	"
Harris Academy	86	32	"
Morgan Academy	33	70	lost
Perth Academy	48 for 6	41	won

G.P.R.I.

Guide Report

The Guide work has been progressing favourably during the past months and the competition at the end of last term for the shield which was won by Bantam, Blackbird and Swallow Patrols, was keen.

On 24th May we had the pleasure of a visit from Mrs Bain and Mrs Robertson. Each Patrol demonstrated a branch of Guiding and showed our usual Drill and Patrol Work.

Twenty-four Patrol Leaders, Seconds and Senior Guides, are going to camp at Kirkmichael for a week. The party leaves on 1st July, and hopes to exhibit their Guiding to advantage there.

I should like to thank Captain Whytock and Lieutenant Gray for their help and enthusiasm through the year and for their work in connection with Camp. C.D.M.

Golf Club Report

Enthusiasm for Golf has been more marked this summer than for some years. It is very encouraging to see so many boys, not only from the Senior Classes, but from Forms II. and III. as well, playing golf. The School Golf Team has had a very restricted season, due to lack of practice and illness among its players. The Bursary Competition too called on Saturdays which would otherwise have been spent at golf. The games we have played have both been lost, but we hope to do better when we reach full strength. Kenneth G. Lowson won

the Boase Medal with an 88 on the 29th of May, and Graeme Robertson won the Pirie Handicap from Forbes Caird on the same day.

The number and ability of the younger golfers is most encouraging, and the prospects for really good golf being played in the next few years is high.

J.S.G.B.

Ranger Report

Company Meetings have been held as usual throughout the term, and thanks to the good weather we were able to spend most of our time outside.

One of our meetings was held with another Company at the Cowgate School where we heard a lecture on "Dress and Interior Decoration." A knowledge of this subject is required for our H.E.S. Certificate.

One of our members represented the Dundee Rangers at a Guide Parade in London.

The Company was again honoured this year when it was asked to serve tea to the Officers inspecting the Cadet Company at Dalnacraig.

In conclusion we should like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Mudie for her help and interest in the Company throughout the year.

L. MacB.

INFORMATION REQUESTED—(Cont. from P. 22)

A/P. W. E. Allison, R.A.F.
 Capt. D. S. Anderson, R.A.M.C.
 Col. James C. Anderson, R.A.M.C.
 Gladys Balhary, F.A.N.Y.
 Capt. J. M. Bannerman, I.A.
 Capt. Arthur C. Baxter, Gurkha Rifles.
 S/L. Alfred Bayne, D.F.C., R.A.F.
 2nd Lt. Alex. Binnie, B.W.
 Mary Brunton, W.R.N.S.
 Capt. Alan C. Bryning, Rajputana Rifles.
 P/O. David S. Buchan, R.A.F.
 Vol. Olive M. Buchanan, A.T.S.
 Sgt.-Major George Cameron, R.A.C.
 Betty L. Carruthers (Horne), W.A.A.F.
 3rd R/O. Murray D. Chapman, M.N.
 R/O. Douglas Christie, M.N.
 F/O. John L. Christie, R.A.F.
 Catherine Cooper, W.A.A.F.
 Florence Cooper, W.A.A.F.
 2nd Lt. D. D. S. Craib, Seaforth Highlanders.
 Douglas Crawford, R.A.F.
 L/Cpl. W. Cuthbert, R.A.C.
 Lt. Leonard R. Cuthill, R.A.C.
 Sig. George E. Davie, R.C.S.
 Marjorie Dick, W.A.A.F.
 Staff-Sgt. Alistair Dunbar, A.P.T.C.
 2nd Lt. A. F. Duncan, R.E.
 Lt. John S. R. Duncan, Essex Regt.
 Sapper M. G. H. Ferguson, R.E.
 Sec. Leader Etta Forbes, A.T.S.
 Cpl. Betty Forsyth (Ingis), W.A.A.F.
 Capt. Robert Fraser, I.A.
 Cpl. Wm. S. Gibson, R.A.
 2nd Lt. John Graham, Gurkha Rifles.
 Pte. Andrew Gray.
 Cpl. Charles R. W. Gray, R.E.M.E.
 Gnr. W. A. Hayens, R.E.
 O/S. Ian Hutchison, R.N.
 Joyce Ingram, Massage Corps (Rehabilitation).
 Lt. Alex. S. Jack, Nigerian Regt.
 R/O. David Guthrie Jack, M.N., Killed, Mar., 1941.
 Pte. David Jamieson, R.A.S.C.
 Col.-Sgt. Denis W. Kidney, B.W.

Pte. Ian K. Lawson, R.A.S.C.
 Pte. W. D. Leslie, Pretoria Highlanders.
 Cadet M. Lester, M.N.
 2nd Lt. James M. Low, R.A.
 Alex. McAra, R.A.F.
 Neil McAra, Scottish Horse.
 Sub/Lt. (A.) Donald Mackay, R.N.V.R., presumed killed, Norway.
 2nd Lt. George W. Mackay, Died, 1941.
 Capt. Duncan W. H. McKerchar, R.A.
 Cpl. Ian R. MacLagan, R.E.
 Capt. Fred. MacLennan, R.E.
 O/S. J. Ian McPherson, R.N.
 2nd Lt. David Maxwell, R.A.
 Lt. Ian C. Miller, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., Lost at Sea, Nov., 1941.
 R/O. Wm. M. Miller, R.N., Lost at Sea, 1941.
 Sgt. Stuart L. Morrison, R.A.F.
 Gnr. Wm. J. I. Mudie, R.A.
 Sub/Lt. Alan F. Muir, R.N.V.R.
 Cpl. John Muirhead, B.W.
 Eng. Robert C. Nicolson, M.N., Lost at Sea, 1941.
 Pte. Charles Parker, R.A.S.C.
 P/O. Wm. B. Pattullo, R.A.F., Killed, Oct., 1940.
 Marjorie Peter, F.A.N.Y.
 Bruce Petrie.
 Frank Petrie.
 Major Geo. F. Philip, R.A.
 Driver Norman Philip, R.E.
 Staff-Sgt. Wm. S. Phillips, Marine Police.
 Coder Gordon Phin, R.N.
 2nd Lt. J. Pottinger, R.A.
 Cadet James Potter, R.A.
 Ena Preston, W.R.N.S.
 F/O. Graham Ritchie, R.A.F.
 James S. Ritchie.
 Sgt.-Major Joseph C. Ritchie, R.A.O.C.
 O/S. D. Ivan Robertson, R.N.
 Col. W. A. Robertson, C.B.E., M.C., R.A.M.C., Died, March, 1942.
 Lt. John W. Ross, A.D.C.
 Capt. James M. Rutherford, R.N.
 Capt. C. Murray Scott, A.D.C.
 Capt. Thomas Sime, R.A.
 Capt. A. B. Smith, Intelligence Corps.
 2nd Lt. J. Binnie Smith, R.A.
 Cpl. John L. Smith, R.A.S.C.
 T. Preston Smith, R.A.F.
 Wren Jean H. Stephen, W.R.N.S.
 Crichton T. Stevenson, R.A.F.
 A. Stewart, R.A.F.
 Capt. Ronald Stewart, B.W.
 W. Stewart, R.A.F.
 D. M. Stilbles, B.W.
 Capt. David L. Struth, R.A.
 L/Cpl. Elaine Swanson (Mayo), A.T.S.
 Lt. J. Taylor, R.E.
 Jean Turnbull, W.L.A.
 Lt. C. Tyndall, R.A.O.C., I.A.
 2nd Lt. Wm. G. Walker, R.A.
 Surg. Lt. T. Preston Watson, R.N.V.R.
 Winifred Watson (MacNicol), W.A.A.F.
 James Weir.
 Linda Weir.
 Muriel Weir.
 A.C.W.1 Joan Wilkie, W.A.A.F.
 2nd Lt. George Willsher, Recce. Corps.
 2nd Lt. Douglas F. Wilson, R.T.R.
 W/C. J. S. Wilson, R.A.F.
 Lt. John C. Wilson, R.A.

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