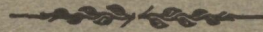


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No. 55 DECEMBER 1932 FOURPENCE

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The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

No. 55]

DECEMBER, 1932.

[FOURPENCE

Editorial.

IN this, as in past Christmas Numbers, the Editor takes upon himself the duty of reminding all readers that the season of mirth and merriment is approaching, and that we shall soon be discarding our school-books (if this is not already done) to take part in the joyous festivities of Yuletide. Yet what better reminder could we have than the activities of the school during the weeks before the publication of the *Magazine*? On Thursday afternoons in the "Palais McLaren" the ever-popular dance practices kept many from their tea; Class IX. lifted up their voices in carol-singing with Mr. Treasure; at the Lit. the successful Musical Evening was greatly enjoyed; and then came the Dance itself to crown all and to betoken the approaching end of the school year, 1932.

While on the subject of music we must not forget the visit of the Sammons-Tertis Quartette. This combination of highly-talented players gave distinguished renderings of the various items on their programme. A debt of gratitude is due to Mr. Borland, who has given time and trouble to the arrangement of these very successful concerts, which are now almost an institution in the school. It is

not every school which can boast of having world-famous musicians performing for its own special benefit, and surely he who has procured for us this unique privilege merits no small praise.

Our first term with the new Rector is now nearly over, and he is no longer new but speedily settling down and becoming better known by all. At the beginning of the session we wondered what sort of Head had been given to us, and how we should like him; now we know and are satisfied. It is gratifying to the sportsmen of the school to see the interest which he takes in all athletic activities. The Literary Society has already seen him and hopes to see him again. The School has been very lucky to secure such a Rector, and is likely to have a long period of prosperity under his guidance.

One outward indication of the new regime is that the teachers now wear academic gowns. Their scholastically robed figures in classroom and corridor give an added impression of dignity and intellectual pursuits to our ancient institution. It is rumoured, however, that the Rector merely wishes to ensure the comfort and well-being of the teachers, while effecting

some drastic economy in the heating of the school, to the discomfort of the unfortunate pupils.

Our highly trained journalistic faculty at once joins "town" in friendly assonance with "gown." The harmony of town and gown was exemplified in the interesting association between the Dundee Municipality and the Dundee High School on Armistice Day of this year. The official civic observance of the Two Minutes' Silence took place within the grounds of the Boys' School. All were agreed on the suitability of the place and on the impressiveness of the scene and ceremony, especially those who on that solemn occasion were remembering some who spent eager and happy days in the fellowship of the High School.

The Literary Societies have completed successfully the first half of their season's syllabus under the genial and capable leadership of their respective presidents. The wearers of the School colours on the hockey and rugby fields have acquitted themselves worthily, and a detailed account of victories and reverses will be found elsewhere in this number.

Now the *Magazine* is in your hands. The Editor sends with it his cordial Christmas Greetings to all readers. To F.P.'s at home or across the seas, he conveys the good wishes of the present pupils of the Dundee High

School for a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.



You ask me why the girls should not
Wear any frock they want to,
While boys turn up in colour schemes
That ever after haunt you.

Here is the answer though it may
Not be what you expected,
[And if I thought you'd think it true
I'd instantly reject it.]

You'd never work for looking at
Your classmate's new "creation,"
And fashion mags. would take the place
Of French books and Translation.

Morning would find you late for school,
You'd dream away the P.M.'s,
You'd spend most of your homework time
In shopping down at D.M.'s.

Whereas a boy that comes to school
In a suit that hurts the vision,
And stockings much too colourful
Is greeted with derision.

His classmates yelp and run indoors,
And set to work with great vim,
To bury themselves in school book bores
In order to forget him.

C. H. G.

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



THE RECTOR.

**Dundee High School
Magazine.**

The Rector.

WE are proud of the fact that Mr. Bain, our new Rector, is an Angus man. He was born at Brechin and educated at Brechin High School, where he soon distinguished himself in his studies and gained a worthy popularity through his love of sport. Leaving as School Dux, he proceeded to Aberdeen University, where he completed a brilliant academic course by graduating M.A. with first-class honours in Classics, and with distinction in Comparative Philology. He was, in fact, regarded as one of the most promising Arts students of his year.

We next find him, as an Open Exhibitioner in Classics, in residence at Christ Church, Oxford, where, still unsated, he drank deeper at the well of culture. He completed his B.A. course there in 1914.

From his earliest years Mr. Bain has been in close touch with education, his father, the headmaster of Bank Street School, Brechin, being an educationist of outstanding merit and one of the best practical teachers in Angus. It was not surprising, therefore, that on going down from Oxford he should turn towards teaching as a profession. In 1914 he was appointed assistant master at Epsom College, but before he could begin work there the outbreak of the Great War called him to a task more grim. He took a commission in the 5th Black Watch and served in France with the 5th and 4/5th Battalions, being later seconded from the Black Watch to the Royal Engineers Signal Service.

After demobilisation worries were over he was able to make a real beginning this time, and was appointed Assistant Master at Edinburgh Academy in January, 1920. Soon his worth as a teacher and an organiser was made apparent. He explored a wide field: he

taught Latin, Greek, French, and English with marked success, and showed fine tact and organising ability when acting for a time as Games Master. At the time of his leaving Edinburgh he was also School Librarian, President of the Debating Society, and President of the Junior Branch of the League of Nations Union. Surely a good all-round experience of boys, of what they ought to learn, and of what they like to learn!

In Easter, 1929, Mr. Bain became Rector of Kelvinside Academy, Glasgow, and that his influence there was very beneficial was revealed in the advance made by the School, under his rectorship, in all branches of its activities.

And now here he is amongst us at D.H.S., and already we feel that we know him well. That he is a man of good sense, is obvious, for has he not chosen a good school, to wit, our own? That he has the good of our games at heart we realise by his frequent appearance on the touch-line and by his able criticisms and advice in our little world of athletics; and did he not prove himself an efficient and sturdy rigger referee in a sea of mud on a rain-swept pitch one Saturday? By this time we have learnt also that he is a good speaker with that most precious of possessions, a sense of humour, and we find him very pleasant, easily approachable, and of ready sympathy: of his scholarship we have said little: his record speaks for itself; but it does not take long to estimate a man, and we greet him as a man's man, a boy's man, and one who should make for us a very "pukka" Rector.

On the opening day of the school the staff and senior pupils were introduced to their

new Rector by the Chairman of the Rector's Committee, Mr. C. C. Duncan, who welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Bain and hoped they would be happy amongst us. A little later the staff improved this acquaintance through the medium of one of the happiest staff social

functions yet held, Mr. and Mrs. Bain being their honoured guests. Lastly the Old Boys called on him to make his debut at their annual dinner on the 2nd December, which he did in a sparkling after-dinner speech in reply to the toast of the School.

The Study of Greek.

WHY is it that men call the Greek language a dead language? The phrase conveys an entirely wrong idea to those who have not studied that interesting branch of learning. In reading Greek literature we are reading of the most wonderful race that ever lived, men who discovered much from the past, and, by their strong emotions, created a new idea in the human mind, namely, to discover truth.

We may well ask what the Greeks have done for us? Look round the modern library or even the street. In every well-furnished library books of philosophy can be found. The word, and its meaning, are Greek. So will you likewise find books of biography, poetry, lyrics, dramas, epics, logic, astronomy and history. In the streets you will find "theatres," and in the theatres "orchestras," and the plays will be "tragedies" or "comedies" composed of "characters" who speak in "dialogue" with "scenery" to illustrate the scene and "music" to help them, and if the play is a musical comedy it will have "melodies" and a "chorus." All these words in inverted commas come into our language from Greek. The Greeks gave Europe the form of its culture.

Greek Literature is classed amongst the finest in the world. Goethe, the great German poet, said that the Greek books and writings of artistic value are marked by grandeur,

excellence, sanity, complete humanity, a high philosophy of life, a lofty way of thinking, and a powerful intuition.

The writings of the Greeks have one outstanding feature—their intimate simplicity, and the charm and beauty of this simplicity can only be revealed in its true light, if the reader has studied Greek and enjoyed the study.

The greatest thinkers of the world were Greeks, who were gifted with beautiful thoughts which they have left to the world in strange, artistic lettering. This wonderful race devoted themselves to all the then known sciences, not least the science of right living both mentally and physically.

To learn Greek, therefore, is to find a doorway to a great and noble world of the past, a brave old world—"the glory that was Greece"; to learn Greek is to find an introduction to the most significant chapter in the history of the growth of the human mind. J.C. (Class VI.).



Two Things Needful—A Prayer.

There be that pray, there be that play,
And some can neither play nor pray;
Give me, O give me, God I always
The priceless gifts of prayer and play.

J.M.

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The Eiffel Tower.

A VISIT to Paris can best be completed by the ascension of the city's greatest landmark, the Eiffel Tower. By night and by day the great tower dominates the city; by day it appears rising aloft over all other buildings, and at night the flashing lamps of the Citroen advertisement glitter high above the other illuminations of Paris. From afar the tower is seen as an elegant slender spire, although from the ground at its base the striking feature is the gigantic scale on which it is built. This concord of size with beauty is the effect of true symmetry and perfect proportion, which link grace with immensity and so avoid any appearance of awkward monstrosity.

To gain the best view over the city the visitor must ascend to the third and topmost platform, nine hundred and six feet above the ground. A series of hydraulic lifts run right to the top, but anyone who is feeling specially energetic may climb by a narrow iron staircase which crawls up the tower through a maze of massive girders and complicated trellis work. Two of the four lifts go no farther than the first platform, situated at a height of 189 feet, but the remaining two carry on for 191 feet more to the second gallery where they, too, stop and a change of lifts is compulsory. A pair of balanced lifts cover the 526 feet to the third platform, each running half way.

When the visitor emerges on to the topmost platform, a magnificent panoramic view of Paris and its surroundings lies below him. The Eiffel Tower over Paris is like Wordsworth's Westminster Bridge. The "bateaux mouches" crawl along the silvery ribbon of the Seine far below; the towers

of Notre Dame shoot up from the "Île de la Cité" farther up the river; the imposing dome of the Invalides, keeping silent watch over the tomb of France's greatest hero, stands not far away from the foot of the tower; the Opera House uprears its glinting cupola across the Seine; the Pantheon, the Westminster Abbey of Paris, may be seen on the far side of the Luxembourg Gardens. From the secluded vantage point of the Eiffel Tower, the objects which caught the eye of the poet are seen in their Parisian form, and when viewed from a distance and at a new angle a further appreciation of them is acquired, which puts the finishing touches to the impression gained at closer quarters.

Nor are these the only sights of Paris which may be picked out from the great jig-saw puzzle down below. At the foot of the tower across the Seine lies the long curve of the Trocadero; on the other side at the end of the Champs de Mars is the large oblong building of the Ecole Militaire. Near the Pont Alexandre III. the curved glass roof of the Grand Palais is easily distinguished, the home of the French Motor Show and of many other exhibitions. In the heart of Paris is the Louvre; and as if the radius of the great city had been drawn from this centre, a long straight line cuts across towards the north-west. The eye can follow it through the Jardin des Tuileries to the Place de la Concorde and then up the broad Avenue des Champs Elysées through the Arc de Triomphe to the Place de L'Etoile; then out into the grateful greenery of the Bois. Beyond the Bois the white road to Versailles runs towards the west and then dips with the setting sun behind the hill near St. Cloud.

Paris from the air is an aspect of the city indispensable for a true comprehension of its beauty and charm, and this aspect is possible

for any who wish, thanks to the genius and perseverance of Gustave Eiffel, the engineer from Dijon.
W. M.

The Russian Revolution.

THE snow was falling, deep drifts lay on the railway track, a whistle was heard, the signal fell down, shaking some snow off its fallen arm, a spray of snow was whirled out from a snow-plough. The oncoming train was turning round a bend thronged with fir-trees. It was the Imperial train bound for the Eastern front. She glided softly into a snow-carpeted country station. Kerensky, a Russian official, entered the train, and went to the Czar Nicholas's compartment, where he presented an ultimatum to the Czar, saying that he should abdicate in favour of his son. The train was reversed and puffed through the far-stretching forests of white icicles till it reached Tsarskoye Selo, about twenty miles away from Petrograd. Here the Czar was commanded to stay until further notice.

The Czar and his family spent a lonely year and a half pondering over the future destiny of Russia. In the way of exercise the Czar and his doctor, one of the faithful members of his suite, used to dig the snow in the palace-garden and chop and saw trees. Kerensky, his jailor, paid him daily visits, trying to be as unpleasant as possible; for instance, on the first occasion that he came to see the Czar he abstained from shaking hands with him.

While these things were going on in the palace of Tsarskoye Selo, a provisional government had managed to restore order after the first three hectic days of utter lawlessness. The late imperial troops, assisted by the

Cossacks, quelled any disturbances and patrolled the bloody, debris-strewn streets, leaving behind an uncanny silence. No one was allowed outside after eight o'clock (P.M.) and woe to him who was discovered by them after that hour. Meanwhile the regiments gradually went over to the Bolsheviks, and the Czar and his family were transferred to Ekaterinbourg, near the Ural Mountains. The faithful regiments, the White Armies, under Admiral Kolchak, were fighting against the Red armies of the Bolsheviks. The White army marched in the direction of the Ural Mountains and the Red army pursued them, and they met in battle watched by the boatmen of the Volga as they passed down the river on timber rafts, bound for the warmer climes. As the White army was approaching Ekaterinbourg, the Bolsheviks began to fear that Admiral Kolchak would free the Czar and his family.

Fighting in the streets of Ekaterinbourg was becoming chaotic, and the Czar, his family, and suite were ordered to go down to the cellars of the Governor's house, as the fighting was becoming a danger. But, alas, when the Imperial family had reached the bottom of the stairs in the basement, a firing squad was standing there. The Imperial family and their seventeen faithful followers, knowing well their fates, were ordered to stand against a wall; the red-haired Jewish commissioner performed the gruesome task, the Czar fell, the Cesarevitch in his arms.

R. S.

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Television—A Modern Marvel of Science.

FIVE million people, we are told, are now licensed to own wireless receiving sets. How many of them know that Television, the younger brother of wireless, is only a little harder to understand? That is the fact which I shall try to demonstrate to you in this article.

In the television studio, the performer stands before a battery of photo-electric cells (of which we shall hear more later on in this article). These cells, which, in appearance, resemble an ordinary wireless valve, are often arranged around the four sides of a square, leaving an aperture in the centre. Through this aperture, a moving spot of light is reflected by means of a mirror-bearing wheel, and is concentrated on the performer's face, which thus reflects light to the photo-electric cells.

These cells perform the same function towards light as the microphone does towards sound, *i.e.*, they cause fluctuations in the electric current passing through them, which is then amplified and transmitted in the same manner as an ordinary wireless broadcast.

The television signals are received, detected, and amplified at the receiving station in the same manner as broadcast signals, but the output, instead of being connected to a loudspeaker, is connected to a Neon lamp.

This lamp is situated behind what is known as a "scanning-disc." This is a metal disc, perforated with a spiral of small holes, and is arranged to revolve at the same speed as the mirror-wheel at the transmitter. The incoming signals cause variations in the light radiated from the neon lamp and, as these rays of light are concentrated on the hole in the scanning-disc opposite the lamp, an exact image of the subject transmitted appears in

each hole as it passes the lamp. Owing to the speed of the motor, the movements of the performer are reproduced exactly, and are usually magnified by a lens fixed in front of the disc.

In some scanning-discs this is done away with by fixing small lenses in the holes, and even clearer images are obtained by using the "mirror-wheel" type of viewer, which, operating on a slightly different principle, reflects the images on to a ground-glass screen.

In this article, I have only sketched briefly the principles of Television, but those who wish to study the subject further should buy one of the many books now published which deal with Television, or read the articles published in several wireless journals.

"WILLIAM S." (Class VII.).



Per ardua ad astra.

Climb, climb, till the peak be won,
Fight right on till the day is done.
No guerdon seek, nor "kudos" crave;
The fight's the thing: fight on, the brave!

They little see whose eyes set fast
On triumph false are inward cast.
Then outward, forward, upward strive
Who'd from the fight some worth derive!

'Tis sweet to rest in quiet vale,
The hill to spurn and woo the dale.
And cold the mountain peak, and bare,
And fierce the blast that bloweth there.

Yet ye are they who fain would stand
And brave the blast on every hand.
Self-victors first who one for all
And all for one will fight or fall.

W.

The Late Sir James Crawford Maxwell,

M.D., K.C.M.G., K.B.E., late Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of Northern Rhodesia.

BY the death at sea on 16th November, 1932, of Sir James Crawford Maxwell, M.D., K.C.M.G., K.B.E., late Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of Northern Rhodesia, the Dundee High School has lost its most distinguished pupil. He had left London with Lady Crawford Maxwell four days previously to visit his brother and sister in Australia.

Maxwell enrolled in the School in 1880, and was Dux of the School for Session 1885-86. He entered Edinburgh University in October, 1886, and graduated M.A., and in 1893 M.B.C.M., and later M.D. During his Arts Course he gained the Medal in Mathematics. After graduation he spent some time as House Doctor in Halifax Infirmary, and for a short period practised in the Potteries District in England. At the age of 28, he received his first Government appointment, when he was sent to Sierra Leone as Assistant Colonial Surgeon, and for about 30 years served in various capacities in West Africa. For his services in the operations against rebellious chiefs he was awarded the West African Medal and Clasp (1898-99). In 1900 he exchanged into the political service and became District Commissioner in Sierra Leone and later in Southern Nigeria. During his periodical leave at home he studied law and became in due course a barrister of Gray's Inn. He was promoted to be Colonial Secretary at Sierra Leone in 1920, and in 1922 was transferred to the Gold Coast in the same capacity. In the latter place from time to time he fulfilled the duties of Acting Governor. In August, 1927, he was appointed Governor-General and

Commander-in-Chief of Northern Rhodesia, from which post he retired on attaining the age limit in August of this year.

His earlier experiences formed a fitting preparation for the great work of the last five years of his life. Sir James took a lively interest in the development of the wide region over which he ruled, and his tenure of office was marked by the opening up of the great mineral belt in its northern district, in which he gave every encouragement. The world-wide depression has greatly retarded the progress of this work, but as a result of Sir James's exertions and wise discretion, the stage is set for a great forward movement as soon as the needed impulse of better times is felt.

The seat of Government in Northern Rhodesia is at present in Livingstone, in the extreme south, but steps have been taken, and are approaching completion, for the removal to a new site at Lusaka in a more centrally convenient situation both for business and transport. The change over had Sir James's wholehearted support, and a fortnight before his death he had contributed to *The Times* a most interesting article on the development of the Country and on the reasons why the Capital is being removed.

Officially his work was done although in our limited vision we might think he had a right to look forward to enjoying in this world many years of useful leisure—the reward of years of much useful labour.

As a boy at school, Jim Maxwell was of a shy and studious disposition and, except to one or two intimates, very reserved. He did



**The Late Sir James Crawford Maxwell,
M.D., K.C.M.G., K.B.E.,
late Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief
of Northern Rhodesia.**

**Dundee High School
Magazine.**

not join in School sports but was not averse to playing "tig" round the pillars at "minutes." At the University he had another High School pupil, Dr. W. E. Foggie, D.S.O., Dundee, as a classmate. The writer was also attending the law classes of the same University at that time and naturally saw much of his schoolmates. It was their habit to take long walks on Saturdays over the Pentland Hills, and arrive at their respective lodgings in rotation for their evening meal, and thereafter study some author. In these walks Maxwell gave evidence of immense energy and endurance, and the writer recalls that on one occasion, after a specially long walk, when they were reading Herbert Spencer's *Justice*, Maxwell started a long discussion, pointing out that while one could not quarrel or impugn the logical conclusions of Spencer, one could his premises, and proceeded to do so. He was, I think, disgusted to find that his two companions were too exhausted to debate the point and had fallen asleep.

It was the invariable habit of the above trio to meet on every occasion Maxwell returned on leave and dine together. Even during the war this habit was not allowed to lapse, and during the winter of 1914-15, when Maxwell was at home, he sought them out and they dined together at St. Ermine's Hotel, London. Foggie was at that time a Colonel of the R.A.M.C. at Bedford, and the writer a private in the Sportsman's Battalion at Hornchurch, near Romford. The last occasion was when he was home on leave in August, 1930, from Rhodesia, and little did we think then that it was our last meeting. In fact we were all looking forward to his retiral with eager expectation and to the cementing afresh of the kindly friendship of the days of our youth. But, alas, it was not to be, and there is left us but the memory of a great, courageous soul

and a warm-hearted friend and the example of a patriotic Dundonian who has helped to build our Empire in far-off lands.

In the trail of glory he leaves behind, we are proud to share. He was a Dundee High School boy. What he achieved, others may. No doubt his 35 years' service in tropical climes was responsible for his comparatively early demise. He literally spent his life in his Country's service. We honour his memory as we seek to emulate his example.

Our deepest sympathy is with his sorrowing widow so tragically bereft of her helpmate on the threshold of their well-earned leisure.

That his service to his Country was highly esteemed is evidenced by the honours he received at the hands of the King, *viz.*, C.M.G. in 1911, K.B.E. in 1925, and K.C.M.G. in 1930, and by the influential company which attended the Memorial Service held in All Souls' Church, Langham Place, London, on 24th November.

He was a very courteous gentleman, unpretentious and genuinely modest. He was an excellent speaker and said what he felt, regardless of the consequences. He thoroughly investigated the facts of the matter for himself, and having made up his mind what was best to be done, refused to be deflected from his purpose and was fearless in the expression of his beliefs.

Of him, *East Africa* said: "By his passing Northern Rhodesia loses a firm friend, and a Governor who has left behind him an enduring reputation for straight dealing, tireless industry, inflexible adherence to what he conceived to be his duty, and marked loyalty to his official subordinates."

GEORGE R. DONALD.

12th December, 1932.

“By the Right! Right Wheel!! Quick March!!!”

WE wind into and around and finally through Kirriemuir, birthplace of “Auld Licht Idylls,” innumerable bearded weavers and shaggy-eyebrow’d politicians, to reach a country high-way that promises to lead us safely to Cortachy some four miles west by north. To our right lies the golf-course, fronted with gorse and yellow broom, dreaming in the fullness of July: “Caddam Woods” to the left, great green domes of beech and elm and oak, we scarcely see. Sharply right, we speed past cornfields rejoicing in their pristine greenery, and an occasional cottage, sheltered by short hedgerow, thick with summer flowers, odorous with the heavy scent of honeysuckle. A quiet stretch of woodland—first elms, more beeches a sudden glint of sunshine, and we are over Prosen Bridge and at the gateway of the Camp.

Down a rutted, primevally-butressed, swampy cart-track we grate to debouch upon the fair, green sward of Forewards Park. A fair view to behold! Bowling clouds and blue sky fleeced with curling fibres of cirrus, friendly hills rolling like the sea, and in the foreground an undulating stretch of fallow pasture! To the left are trees and the river; to the right, slopes a brackened bank, fox-glov’d, planted with saplings, and, snugly nestling between them is a brave show of marquees and lines of “army-bells” of spotless thin, white canvas.

The camp, at first sight, appears almost deserted. Before we reach the tents, snatches of song, fragments of talk and laughter reassure us. Steak-pie, boiled onions and mealy-puddings, flanked with rice and raisins, are apparently things of the past. No ordinary

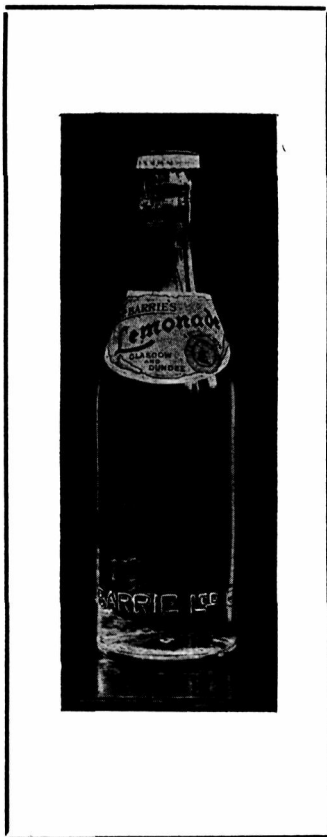
visitors are we, for we are bound for the Sergeant-Major’s tepee, distinguished from all others, we have been warned before-hand, by its rampant red lion of Scotland on a yellow background floating proudly from its pole.

We discover the tent. There the braves lie, feet to the pole, engaged upon their various vocations. The lanky auburn-haired Q.-M.-S. writes busily—in two day’s time brave adventure will accost him athwart the Great North Road. A pleasing sally from my English master of three or four years ago crosses my thoughts, “Tell me, when you waken in the morning, how do you twins know who is who,” or did he say, “which is which?” But you, gentle reader, know not why I digress! Ask the Q.-M.! Close to him the shaggy-headed Drum-Major snores avidly; a peach, pear and sardine supper amongst his “rookie” admirers the night before is taking its inevitable toll. The Pipe-Major, restless, full of useless information, studies the “Broughty Guide” disconsolately and longs for Wednesday. No. 1 Platoon Sergeant cleans his short Lee-Enfield—to-night, apparently, will see him Sergeant of the Guard. The Orderly-Sergeant, close to the door, ready alike for bugle-calls, whistles or a bombardment of shouts, both ears flapping, is busy desecrating innumerable sheets of Woolworth’s notepaper with gossip, vows, prospects; tropical prospects, pleasing fantasies, vows and more gossip. An odd figure or two, blanket-shrouded, a derelict gramophone, two or three kit-bags, a rugger-pill and a mallet fill the tent—where was our Sergeant-Major?

Fearful to disturb the privacy of the Olympians, we withdrew in the direction of

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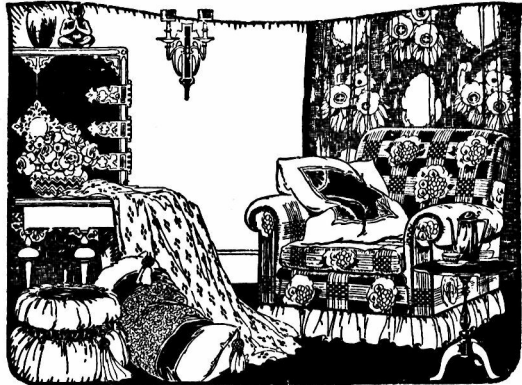
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the "Naggers" to enquire of them when and for how long we may converse with the S.-M. Gingerly we picked our way to the back line, and opened the flap of "Nags, Bags and Scraggs." Horrific odour! Staggering effluvia!! Is this Scotland? "Can you tell me where the Sergeant-Major is? He is not in his tent!" Grunts, snores, snores, and grunts! More insistently the question is repeated. Long Tim, half his length draped grotesquely round the tent-pole, at length condescends to open a bleary eye. Again I repeat my question. He comes together with surprising agility and informs me from a more or less semi-upright position that the Sergeant-Major, Heaven help him, has gone to pow-wow in the Officers' Tent some twenty minutes since about Night Operations. I thank him hastily and withdraw. I wander back to the beflagged tepee and gaze in upon a confusion of flying legs, haphazard arms, passionate ejaculations, animal shoutings and hysterical laughter. "Dirty sweep. . . . Kowels, you rotten blighter. . . . Get him, low! . . . Ow-ow-owch. . . . Ger-off my chest, Midge you blighter. . . . Crash! Watch my rifle, you sinkers. . . . Mind the peaches." At length the tent grumblingly sorts itself out; Orderly Buff-sticks, mouthing demi-semi-official language, rights the tent-pole; Drums retrieves blankets with fifteen to twenty per cent. interest, and all settle down to listen to "Snooks," the returned Sergeant-Major. By this time he has lost kilt and tunic and emerges placidly in bathing-costume and beret.

His eye meets the merry twinkle in mine. "I say, you fellows, here's that blighter, 'The Rat.' Steady up!" We make our entrance, brave withal but feeling somewhat sheepish. The kit, blankets, rifle, knives, forks, spoons, clutter—the tent that was ours! —belongs to them and we are outsiders. Are

we though? The talk begins, eddies around, envelops us, and presently we are of it. The gramophone jazes; Drums, from his blanket, doles out peaches; Pipes attempts vainly to talk of Broughty. Here is camaraderie—here you're given K.'s pack for a pillow, L.'s mug for a "swig" of Kola, M.'s rug for further comfort, and from above the smell of canvas to make you drowsy. . . . And presently, down the slope to the mess-tent, to a boisterous, happy-go-lucky, *al-fresco* tea!



Let Winter Come.

Glorious winter, free and wild,
 Welcome season so reviled!
 Let them weep who craven-hearted
 Sigh for seasons late departed.
 Spring is but a fickle jade,
 Green and gaudy, brightly rayed,
 Summer called when passing proud,
 Autumn when with age she's bowed.

Gone are these and in their going,
 Come, O winter. Snowing, snowing,
 Wrap the earth's unsightly scars,
 Screen its wreckage from the stars:
 Loose the foaming rivers bounding:
 Lash the briny deep resounding.
 All the world is your domain,
 Yours to purge of every stain.

Shriek throughout the woodland valley:
 Sweep the grimy urban alley:
 Leave them bare but leave them clean,
 Chastened, but of healthier mien.
 Who save you of seasons called
 So the subject earth enthralled
 Bound and frozen to your will,
 Or such reverence could instil?



The Christmas Vac.

Gone again are our vexations,
Quarterly Examinations.

Deo ago gratias

From the bottom of my class,
Multas, plures, plurimas.

Beloved Vac., ich liebe sie,

Soon we'll all be on the spree.



Round the Class-Rooms.

Boy (reading)—“ I met a lady in the meads.”

Teacher—“ An ordinary lady ? ”

Boy—“ No, sir, she was beautiful.”

Essay on “ Books.” (Class VI. girl recommends books to read to Class IV. girl.)

“ I used to be haunted in a nightmare, and saw with horror the legless John Silver walking about.”

54 B.C.—But where was Julius ?

“ The Romans first came to Britain in 54 B.C., with Augustine at their head.”

The unspeakable Scot !

“ Rosabelle meant to cross the Forth in order to fill the wine glasses in order to prevent her husband from chiding.”

The heights of ambition !

12th October, 1932.

Dundee High School 1st XV. v.

The Royal Navy.

Noblesse oblige—as the Class IC boy said when he tipped Willie Paterson (VII.) a penny for tying on his shoes after Gym.

Girl (overheard repeating Guide Law)—

“ A Guide must be a friend to all other animals.”

Class VII. (Napoleon—the gangster—at Ratisbon)—

“ The Chief was pleased that his plan had worked when the boy fell dead.”

Reflections on the last meeting of the Scottish Parliament—

“ Auld lang syne.”

“ The end of a perfect day.”

At Drawing—

Simpson (*re* G. L.'s large water jar)—

“ Please, sir, will you remove Ladd's mug ? ”

Teacher—“ Don't be rude ! ”

Essay—“ The Old Shepherd ” (who was not Gilbertian)—

“ What can he do up there in the hills all day long ? Being a man who can always find something to do he will do it.”

"Diviners were people who were fond of praying."

1689 and all that!

"Killiecrankie was a battle fought in the north of Scotland. Prince Charlie was killed there and the Highlanders won."

Modern History—

"Alfred the Great ordered all men to have firearms according to their rank."

Q.—"Who succeeded James II. on the throne of Great Britain?"

A.—"Mary and Jane."

French (class IV).

brûle.

Teacher—"What kind of accent is that?"

Boy—Triplex."

Miss A. Sm—h:—

"Br—d—e, what does *un sou* mean?"

B———"A pig."

Godfrey, reading French, misses out *ne*.

Greater W. to lesser W. (half asleep)—

"What did he miss out?"

Lesser W.—"Ne pa(s)!"

The higher criticism!

"Dr. Barrow was a minister who kept all his sermons, and they were published and were said to be true."

"Brutus used to walk about at night scratching his head with his arms folded."

(Of course, strange things were seen before the death of Cæsar.)

"The bacchanalian rioters think too much

about pleasure and just dash into things."

Alas, yes!

Miss S——:—"What is a round number?"

Dena—"Nothing."

"O Wert Thou—"

O wert thou in the Maths. Class,
In VII.B, in VII.G?

O wert thou in the cauld blast
Of B + C and D + E?

Where plus by plus remaineth plus,
And *that* e'en such as I can see;

But minus one self-multiplied
Remaineth one—too much for me!

O wert thou in the Latin Class,
In VII.B, in VII.G?

O wert thou in the cauld blast
Of "aut" and "an," and "num" and
"si"?

Where "malo"—I should rather be—
An apple tree—or mast at sea—

Is even me, yea even me,
—A bad lad—in adversity!

Madcaps = Children with their Nightcaps.

Have you heard?

—"Now, when the talking's over."

—"What's the first just—now?"

—"May I have the supper dance, please?"

—"For to-morrow then Howat!"

—"But, joking apart, boys ——"

—"Beat a man, draw a man, and pass!"

—"You're enough to make an archangel take
to drink!"

—"It's just common sense, you see."

—"Whe—e—e—eps!!"



"GEE! I wish WE
played for the 1ST Fifteen."

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FINEST

QUALITY.

Customs of the People of the United States

(By a New York School Boy).

THE one fact which surprises foreigners most when they visit this country is the speedy way in which everything is done. The average American wants to get to his destination quickly, even if he has time to spare when he arrives. Automobiles rush headlong through the streets of busy cities, often with disastrous results. Many Americans want fast music. If a man is making a telephone call, he wants fast service. An athletic spectator at a ball game enjoys the fast plays most. When a person goes to church, he likes to have the services "short and snappy," as the expression goes.

As a result, the traffic problem of the large American cities has become very serious, and in many places overhead and underground highways have been built in an attempt to relieve this difficulty.

This one quality of speed all Americans have in common ; but American customs differ greatly because of the fact that the new world is a combination of all the customs of the old. Here is a poster advertising an Irish dance ; up the street walks a parade of some Russian organisation ; across the street is an Italian restaurant, while next to it stands a Chinese laundry ; as we walk along we see a building with Greek characters written in the windows ; a little further up is a German theatre. And so it goes. The French, the Scotch, the Spanish, the Swedish, are all in America, and still they are all Americans.

The Fourth of July is probably the greatest American holiday. On this day the Americans celebrate their independence. Formerly this

day was observed by the setting off of fireworks. This dangerous practice resulted in the loss of many lives yearly, and at present most cities have a law against the manufacture, sale, or use of fireworks.

During the past few years travel by motor bus has increased greatly, and trips can now be made to any part of the country in this manner. The use of airplane travel is growing rapidly, and means of communication have greatly improved.

Theatre-going is practised much more in this country than in most foreign countries. Most theatres run only motion pictures, but in the large cities there are always several theatres where plays or vaudeville performances are given.

Fire-fighting equipment is, of necessity, speedy. The fire department can be on the scene of a fire within a few minutes ; but there are seldom serious fires.

Postal service, likewise, is fast and accurate. Extra employees are hired during busy seasons, such as Christmas and Easter, and special delivery, special handling, and other special services are provided.

And here the natives, or their descendants, of the various countries live ; here they talk together, laugh together, and live together ; and here they have coined their efforts, their habits, and their customs, and fused them into one great nation. This is the most remarkable fact concerning America, for America is the only nation in the world which is a combination of all other nations.

Glass You Cannot Break!

Because a French chemist once accidentally dropped a chemical bottle, safety-glass was discovered! The contents previously held by the bottle had evaporated and left the inside of the bottle coated with a celluloid—like enamel. Now every new road vehicle must have this “safety-glass,” and every vehicle, no matter how old it is, must have this glass fitted by 1937. Triplex as this, glass is called, really consists of a sheet of celluloid sandwiched between two pieces of glass, a secret solution being used to bind the glasses together.

Both plate and sheet glass are used to make Triplex, and each sheet must undergo a severe test before leaving the works. Last year's output from the Triplex factory exceeded 2,000,000 square feet.

If you look at a sheet of Triplex you will notice a black rim all round it. This prevents the glass from discolouring, and is made by passing the edges of the sheets beneath swiftly-revolving carborundum wheels which cut a groove one-eighth of an inch deep, the groove being then filled with a special kind of pitch.

Hand-polishing puts the finishing touches to Triplex.

Among the first well-known car makers to fit Triplex to his cars was Henry Ford. His decision to do this came about as the result of a motor accident in which he was involved. On hearing the news a British firm despatched the following cablegram: “Regret to hear of your accident, trust you have not been cut by broken glass. Fit Triplex and be

safe.” Within a short time every Ford car made was fitted with Triplex.

The war showed many uses for safety-glass. Goggles, wind-shields, ships' port-holes, and even gas-masks were made with this wonderful glass. When Sir Malcolm Campbell broke the world's land speed record at Daytona Beach, his car, Blue-Bird, was fitted with an unbreakable stream-lined windscreen. So the fact that no French manufacturer saw the possibilities behind the bottle dropped by the French chemist, gave Britain a new, important, and flourishing industry.

H. MILLAR (Class VI., Boys.).



Twilight on the Lake.

The soft, dim dusk steals silent o'er the lake.
The frowning hills in awful majesty
Stand close about its margin; and a grey,
Thick mist begins to hide them. Now awake
The dread, ill-omen'd owls; now, too, the
crake

From marshy haunts doth harshly, drearily
Repeat his call. A light breeze, mournfully
Sighs 'mong the tombs half-hid in yonder
brake.

The purple heather now is almost black.
The moon through pale mist shines, and
Hesperus

Deep in the vault of heaven 'gins to rise.
A flock of wild geese, almost past, turns back,
Descends into the swamp to eat and sleep;
They make the night air shiver with their cries.

J. B. (cl. VIII.).



The Earl of Airlie visits the Camp and inspects the Cadets.

**Cadet Camp,
Cortachy, July, 1932.**

**Dundee High School
Magazine.**

King Lear (à la mode)

Act III., Scene VIII.

- [With Apologies to William Shakespeare.]
(Enter GUNMEN with GLOUCESTER.)
- Regan* : Double-crossin' banana ; it's the big shot.
- Cornwall* : Put the 'cuffs on him.
- Gloucester* : Say ; where d'ya get dat stuff ?
Hold yer hosses, friend. This is my dive ; cut out the rough stuff.
- Cornwall* : Shackle him, you dim-bulbs.
[GUNMEN tie him.]
- Regan* : Snap into it—Rotten four-flusher.
- Gloucester* : That's a lie, you no-account moll.
- Cornwall* : Anchor him to this pew—
youse— REGAN *tweaks his nose.*]
- Gloucester* : Y-you——!! Insultin'——!
- Cornwall* : Git this—what letter hev ya from across the Pond ?
- Regan* : Come clean—we got the dope.
- Cornwall* : What's yer business with them bootleggers that are hornin' in on my racket ?
- Gloucester* : I got the dope here but I ain't sure what the guy means. Ya ain't got nuthin' on him.
- Cornwall* : Cunning.
- Regan* : Four-flusher.
- Cornwall* : Where's the big noise ?
- Gloucester* : In Atlantic City.
- Cornwall* : The world's gonna go dark fer you —Boys, hold the chair—I'm gonna give him the works.
- Gloucester* : If any of you guys wanna live, help me—Ouch ! Gimme a break, boss.
- Regan* : What a mess—— Now the other one.
- Cornwall* : It's comin' to ya——
- Gunman* : Hold yer hosses, boss ; I've been a lead-slinger fer ya since I wuz so high. But I warn ya. Give him a break, or——
- Regan* : Gettin' yellor, eh ?
- Gunman* : If you were a man I'd give ya a dose of lead—— Whatcha mean ?
- Cornwall* : Dirty gutter-snipe.
- Gunman* : Go fer yer gat an' take yer chance.
- Regan* : Gimme your rod—— The poor boob.
[Takes a revolver and shoots him in the back.]
- Gunman* : Ow !—— They g-got me, chief. —— Ya still got one eye to see him dance on the hot-squat.—Ouch !
- Cornwall* : Maybe he'll peach—— Out with the other—— Ya won't stare at me now, huh !

GLOSSARY.

Banana, dim-bulb	= fool.
Moll	= woman.
Rod, gat	= gun.
Hot-squat	= electric-chair.
Four-flusher	= cheat.

THE TWA JEEMIES (IX.).

MACFARLANE LANG'S CHOCOLATE "FOURSOME,"

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2D EACH.

Dundee High School Old Boys' Club.

THE Second Annual General Meeting of the Club was held in the Science Lecture Room of the School on Monday, 17th October, and was well attended.

Mr. James Scrimgeour, the President of the Club, occupied the Chair, and paid reference to the loss the Club had sustained through the death of 6 Members during the past year. In particular, he referred to the tragic death of Mr. James Tawse Brown, and to his most genial personality.

The various Reports and Accounts were unanimously approved. The following Office-bearers were appointed for the ensuing year :—

Honorary President—Mr. Robert Fleming.

Honorary Vice-Presidents—Sir James Alfred Ewing, K.C.B., F.R.S. ; The Very Rev. Wm. M. Macgregor, D.D. ; The Hon. Lord Anderson, D.L. LL.D. ; Sir James Walker, F.R.S., LL.D. ; John MacLennan, Esq., M.A. ; T. H. Smith, Esq., M.A., D.L., J.P. ; Ian M. Bain, Esq., M.A., B.A. ; James Scrimgeour, Esq., B.L.

President—T. S. Murray, Esq., D.Sc.

Vice-President—H. Craigie Smith, Esq.

Honorary Secretary and Treasurer—C. E. Stuart, C.A., 11 Panmure Street, Dundee.

Honorary Auditors—Messrs. Moody Stuart and Robertson, C.A.

The vacancies in the Executive Committee were filled, and the Executive Committee now consists of :—

James Cadzow.	A. Lickley Proctor.
Hugh J. Carlton.	James Scrimgeour.
Lewis I. Collins.	C. C. Spankie.

E. W. Christie, Junr.	George B. Smith.
A. S. Drummond.	H. Craigie Smith.
T. C. Ferguson.	T. H. Smith.
William Keir.	Dr. George R. Tudhope.
W. G. Laird.	Leslie B. Weatherhead.
Dr. Murray.	

Honorary Member—Mr. J Ross Taylor was unanimously appointed an Honorary Member of the Club in view of the outstanding services which he had rendered to the High School F.P. Clubs.

We regret to announce the death of :—

J. Tawse Brown, 2 Oakwood Terrace, Dundee.
1896-1906.

T. J. Justice, 9 Muirfield Street, Fairmuir,
Dundee. 1890-1893.

George D. Thompson, 18 Bellefield Avenue,
Dundee. 1885-1890.

Membership :—

Life Members	106
Annual Members	339
			<hr/>
			445
			<hr/>



To Golfers.

There is a proposal to form an "Old Boys'" Golf Club. We had some enjoyable fixtures last season and look forward to more in the future. But it is suggested that a little organisation wouldn't do us any harm. With this end in view a meeting will be convened in the spring to set things going. If you are interested and want an invitation, drop a Post Card to the Secretary—now !

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Newport and St. Andrews.*

28 UNION STREET, DUNDEE.

D.H.S. Old Boys' Club Annual Dinner.

THE Third Annual Reunion Dinner of the Club was held in Draffen's Restaurant on Friday, 2nd December, 1932. The President, Dr. T. S. Murray, was in the Chair, and the Rector, Mr. Ian M. Bain, was the guest of honour. The former Rector, Mr. John MacIennan, was also present, and there was a goodly representation of the Staff.

The Company numbered 116 all told, and included many Old Boys who had made their mark in life, many who had left School so recently that they had difficulty in maintaining an easy manner when conversing with a master, and some who had come from the ends of the earth. All availed themselves to the full of the opportunity of giving and receiving news of the School and former schoolfellows, while all regretted that many were absent who might well have been present. It is hoped that the Membership may continue to increase by leaps and bounds and that next year a far greater proportion may find it possible to attend the Dinner.

In proposing the Club, Dr. W. E. Foggie paid a tribute to the founders and congratulated the present officials on the success of their work. He referred to his own school-days and to the many improvements in the School since then and to the important work which the Club might do in the further development of the School's many activities.

"The School" was proposed by Mr. H. J. Carlton, who spoke of the difficulty of recapturing "that schoolboy feeling" and the impossibility of assessing the value to a man of the great heritage which he entered into when as a boy he became a pupil of the High School. The toast was honoured with the utmost enthusiasm, and the fervour shown in the singing of *Schola clara* made up for

deficiencies in the Latin and the musical ability of the singers.

The Rector was called upon to reply to the toast and he was greeted with loud and prolonged cheers. He poked gentle fun at those who extended the history of the School back into the distant past, and with humour and yet with great effect he pointed out the difference between the body of a dead tradition and the spirit of a living tradition. One received the impression that Mr. Bain had a comfortable feeling that the High School tradition was a secure and stable edifice; that though incomplete it was strong and even beautiful; that as soon as he had surveyed it completely he would devote all his energies to building it higher and that he would be grateful for the help which he realised the Club could give.

Those who heard the Rector are convinced that he is a worthy successor to Mr. MacIennan, and that already the School has become a passion with him. He, on his part, may rest assured that the members in their own spheres are willing and indeed anxious to be of assistance.

The Chairman's health was proposed by Mr D. J. R. Bell, who began by posing as a plain, blunt man, but who at the close of his speech left the terra firma of the farmer and invaded the high realms of imagination and allegory. His characterisation of Dr. Murray as the son of the School who, putting aside all thoughts of self-interest, devoted his energies to the service of the Mother he loved, was very apt and very touching. The toast was celebrated with great heartiness and was followed by the singing of "For he's a Jolly Good Fellow," and three cheers.

In his reply Dr. Murray mentioned his

impending retiral and spoke of the delight which had been his during his years of teaching at the High School.

The musical part of the programme was sustained by Mr. James Leighton, Mr. W. Marshall and Mr. E. S. Treasure, while Mr.

W. G. Laird told the golfers a few things about the game which they all knew but had never put into words.

The Dinner was terminated in time-honoured fashion by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

Presentation to Mr Maclennan—6th Oct., 1932.

ON this date a representative gathering of Old Boys, Old Girls, and directors met in the City Chambers, under the chairmanship of Lord Provost Johnston, to mark in suitable form their appreciation of Mr. Maclennan and



his work. The retiring Rector was presented with a cheque and a number of valuable volumes on his favourite study, while Mrs. Maclennan received at the hands of Mrs. Kinnear a beautiful brooch.

Lord Provost Johnston expressed the City's grateful acknowledgment of Mr. Maclennan's splendid services to the High School during his twenty-eight years of office, and its good wishes for a pleasant retirement. The Rev. Dr. Ferguson then spoke as follows:—

"We are met to-day to do honour to a great schoolmaster, to a distinguished scholar, and, if I may yield to apt alliteration's artful aid, I would add to a great sufferer also.

Once again we would express our sympathy with Mr. Maclennan in all the physical discomfort from which he has suffered these last twenty years. And I shall to-day venture to say to his face what I have more than once said behind his back. That when we consider how he has driven the High School of Dundee at such a tremendous pace, and with such a master hand on the steering wheel, with the poor health that he has had,—why, if only he had had ordinary normal health, like the rest of us, he would have been certain to make the pace so hot that the force of gravitation would have been clean overcome altogether, and the School would have flown right off our terrestrial sphere to twinkle like a star in the illimitable blue!

We hope that with his new leisure his health will be greatly restored, and that, we shall see him begin to show signs of that substantial girth and port, and corpulent habit that the

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great scholar usually acquires in his sedentary tasks.

And this leads me to my second point—the scholarship of our guest to-day—the great scholarship. I had occasion lately, in connection with the Moderator's academic career, to look up some Edinburgh University Calendars; and there I learned for the first time, the extraordinary brilliant academic record of Mr. Maclennan. I will not trouble you with any details. But I feel that all the glow and passion of the true scholar has been revealed in the enthusiasm with which he has taught his beloved classics in the High School.

But it is, of course, as one of our great Scottish schoolmasters, that we are met to honour him to-day in saying good-bye. He has had a fine staff all through, and we pay willing tribute to their help. He has had a wonderful wife, as he himself has testified in certain beautiful Odes. But making all allowance for all the help that he has received, the fact remains that his has been the master mind, the organising gift, the controlling hand, the driving energy, the 'ca through,' in all the success of the High School during this last quarter of a century. Five times first Bursar in Edinburgh these last twenty years is a record that no school in the provinces has attained.

There is a story told about Dr. Percival, the first great headmaster of Clifton, the creator of Clifton, the school of Douglas Haig, and of the Sharps, our own fellow-townsmen,—Percival and Maclennan have very many points in common. Percival had sent in his three best boys for six open scholarships at Balliol. And when the list was put up, Mrs. Percival was there to see how the Clifton boys had got on. I don't know if Mrs. Maclennan

was in the way of haunting Edinburgh Quadrangle on the day the Bursary results came out. But there was such a crowd round the notice board at Balliol that Mrs. Percival could not get near it. But she heard someone say, and that was really all she needed to hear, for there were three boys in from Clifton, remember, for six scholarships open to all England, "Clifton has got three, *the beggars!*" That, I think, must often have been the remark of the other schools in Scotland during those last twenty years: "Dundee High School top again; the beggars!"

That is only one aspect, of course, of Mr. Maclennan's work. There are many others of which I could profitably speak. But the last word is this—that no man can be a great schoolmaster who is not a man of the most absolute integrity and dependableness. And it is this rock-like manliness of honourable Christian character that has been the real foundation of everything in the success of the High School.

There are many behind the present speaker who will testify in the years to come along with their young folks that any success that these young folks may ever attain was directly attributable to the inspiring power, to the unsparing devotion, and to the tremendous conscientiousness of their old Rector.

On behalf of your many friends and admirers, sir, all up and down the world, I have great pleasure in asking your acceptance of this cheque and of these books."

In his reply, expressing his thanks, Mr. Maclennan paid a warm tribute to the directors and staff and to all those friends in Dundee and abroad who had helped and cheered him by their interest, encouragement, and sympathy.

Reports.

Rugby Club Report (1st XV).

Date.	Opponents.	Venue.	For.	Agst.
Sept. 17—	Kirkcaldy H.S. ..	A.	12	8
24—	Waid Academy ..	H.	39	0
Oct. 1—	Trinity College,			
	2nd XV. ..	A.	11	11
	8—D.H.S. F.P.'s 2nd			
	XV. ..	H.	0	14
	15—Perth Academy ..	H.	8	9
	22—Morgan Academy	H. Match	cancelled.	
	29—Madras College ..	H.	9	20
Nov. 5—	Robert Gordon's			
	College ..	A.	0	35
	12—Aberdeen Grammar			
	School ..	H. Match	cancelled.	
	19—Morrison's Academy	H.	17	8
	26—Bell Baxter School	A.	6	3
Dec. 3—	Trinity College, 2nd			
	XV. ..	H.	3	19

Office-bearers for the season were appointed as follows: John H. Crook, Captain; Frank L. Philip, Vibe-captain; Brian S. Tulloch, Secretary; Clement M. Scott, Treasurer; James R. Souter, Member of Committee.

Caps for 1932-33 have been awarded to J. H. Crook, F. L. Philip, C. M. Scott, J. R. Souter, and J. M. Fearn.

At the beginning of the season a larger number than usual of the previous years' team was available. Eight members had returned to school and prospects for the present season were promising. From the above results, however, it will be noted that we have been defeated oftener than we have been successful. We opened the season well, but by the middle of October we were experiencing difficulty as a result of accidents which had the effect of greatly disturbing team work, the injured players having filled the important positions of scrum-half and full-back in the side. Although this has its disadvantages it also has its good points in that it gives opportunity to younger players and at the same time allows us to discover latent talent. Forward, our play is of a good standard but can be still further improved by keeping more together as a pack and by harder following up from beginning to end of the game. Though inclined to be slow in their movements, the backs show promise in attack. Their defensive qualities, however, must improve greatly, otherwise any good work done will be nullified as a result of their weakness in tackling and "going down" on the ball. Improvement has been slow, but it has been fairly steady since September, and, provided we are able to field our full side, there is every reason to

hope that the second half of the season will be more successful than the first.

T. McL.

Rugby Club Report (2nd XV.).

The 2nd XV. started the season with a larger proportion of last years' side than usual. This is a distinct advantage, and the presence of experienced players was of great value, especially in the first matches. The forwards are bigger than they have been in recent years and have more than held their own against most of their opponents. The line-out work has noticeably improved and the scrumming is good. Kicking the ball too far ahead in a forward rush is their worst fault. This has cost them a try on more than one occasion. Behind the scrum the side is definitely weaker. The tackling of the three-quarters has improved somewhat, but their marking is not good, while they all, without exception, hang on to the ball too long and are very frequently caught in possession.

Owing to the demands of the 1st XV. the strongest side has been fielded only once. Unfortunately the captain was unable to play in the first four matches, and the regular full-back was injured a fortnight ago. So far the 2nd has played eight matches, won four, and lost four. All the games have been keenly fought out and not in any way one-sided. The team has done well and can do better.

Hockey Report.

We opened the season with a meeting of Classes VIII.-X. to appoint officials, and the following were elected:—President—Miss F. E. Whytock; Vice-President—Miss H. Jarvie; Captain, Marjorie I. Lowson; Secretary—Fiona McLaren; 2nd XI. Captain—Joyce R. Ingram.

After a few practices the 1st XI. was chosen:—H. Ferguson, A. Adam, J. Bowen, K. Brown, E. Adams, F. McLaren, K. Glass, M. Lowson, J. Cowley, K. Malcolm, J. Conn.

Our results up to date are:—

Oct. 1—	Grove Academy	Away	6—3
	8—Bell-Baxter School	Home	2—3
	15—Harris Academy,	Home,	4—0
	29—Morgan Academy,	Away,	8—3
Nov. 5—	Morrison's Academy,	Away	1—2
	19—Bell-Baxter School,	Home,	4—2
	26—Harris Academy,	Away,	2—3
Dec. 3—	Perth Academy,	Away,	1—1

Out of the seven League matches we have played we have won 3, lost 3, and drawn 1.

On 10th December, the Dundee and District Schoolgirls' League Trials will take place at the Grounds. D.H.S. will be represented by K. Malcolm, M. Lowson, F. McLaren, H. Ferguson,



**Girl Guide Camp,
Kirkmichael, July, 1932.**

**Dundee High School
Magazine.**

N. Adam. Reserves, J. Conn. J. Bowen, K. Brown, J. Cowley.

The 2nd XI. have done well in their matches—winning five out of six :—

Oct. 29—Harris Academy, 2nd XI.,	Away	1—0
Nov. 5—F.P.'s 3rd XI.,	Home,	3—4
12—Morgan Academy, 2nd XI.,	Away,	7—0
19—Bell-Baxter School, 2nd XI.,	Away,	10—1
26—Blairgowrie High School, 2nd XI.,	Home,	3—1
Dec. 3—Perth Academy, 2nd XI.,	Away,	3—0

The 3rd XI. played Newport School on November 12th at home, when they won 5—1.

We take this opportunity of thanking Miss Whytock for the time and patience she expends on us, and also Miss Jarvie and Miss Duff for their help both in matches and in practices.

F. McL.

Cadet Company Report.

The enrolment to date is 92, which is 10 short of last year's figure. This number, while considerably in excess of numbers five or six years ago, is not entirely satisfactory, and a much better response should have been given by Classes VII. and VIII. The weekly parades take place, as usual, at Bell Street and, for the Band, in the School.

It is with considerable gratification that we are able to announce that we are once again affiliated to the Black Watch, so that our activities should gain increased prestige from being under the ægis of a regiment famous for ever in the annals of British history.

Two teams have again been entered to resist all challengers in their efforts to wrest from us the four-times won Strathcona Shield. In the coming campaign we wish Sgt. Smith and his teams the best of luck.

The Annual Summer Camp at Cortachy was, as usual, most successful. Numbers were considerably down ; it is therefore up to us to see that the records we have made in the past four years for numbers are maintained. Colonel A. E. Kidd, in the course of his report to the School Directors as Inspecting Officer, generally expressed his approval of the work done in camp and of all the arrangements made for the Cadets' comfort. We received visits during the fortnight from our Convener, Mr. James Scrimgeour and from Mr. Bain, the new Rector. The second Tuesday of our stay was made a Red-Letter Day by Colonel T. H. Smith of Ayrshire in his usual most generous way—he brought a most delightful strawberry feast along with him. The Earl of Airlie also most kindly inspected the Company and commented in most complimentary terms on its appearance.

The Platoon Cup, presented by Colonel T. H.

Smith, was won by No. 1 Platoon commanded by Cadet-Sergeant J. Cooper. The Pipe Chanter, gifted annually by Mr. James Scrimgeour, was won by Pipe-Sergeant D. Grant.

The health of the Camp was excellent.

In concluding for this term I should like to comment on the very fine enthusiasm for Cadet work which permeates our Recruits in Class V. They are doing exceedingly well. It will also be good news for our Strathcona teams to learn that the Directors are giving us two new rifles for miniature work.

J. R. L.

Girl Guide Report.

We are now nearing the end of another successful term at Guides. In September we welcomed four new recruits who are now working hard for their 2nd Class Badge.

Three new Patrol Leaders had to be elected this year, and the Patrols now have as their leaders : Chaffinch, N. Adam ; Skylark, E. Forbes ; Bluetit, P. Mathers ; Robin, B. McDougall ; Nightingale, F. McLaren ; Swallow, A. Parker ; Woodpigeon, M. Lawson.

We have been working this term for the November Badge Tests. Our "work for others" this year is the furnishing of a doll's house which Mr. McLaren very kindly built for us. Each Patrol is furnishing one room.

We are very proud of our Swimming Team which won the Kynoch Cup at the Guide Gala. This is the second time in succession that we have won this Cup.

The Patrols are all working very hard to win the Company Shield which is at present in the possession of the Robin Patrol. In spite of our hard work, we manage to find time for many interesting games and enjoyable dances.

We are very grateful to our officers for all they have done for us, and we take this opportunity of thanking them for their unflinching interest in the Company.

M. I. L.

Camp Report.

We returned to Kirkmichael for our camp after two years at Edzell. Nineteen Guides with the officers left on Thursday, 30th June, on a dull morning, and as we approached Kirkmichael it rained in earnest and continued to rain for the next few days, but in spite of the weather we enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. It was so wet we had to spend Monday and Tuesday nights in the barn kindly given to us by the farmer.

We welcomed Dr. Murray on Thursday morning and in the afternoon Col. T. H. Smith, Miss Barrie and Mrs. MacLennan. Wednesday was visitors' day and, though the weather was not too good, we were delighted to see many of our friends. We have to thank them for the gifts they brought us.

On Sunday we went into Kirkmichael to Church, and on Friday we attended the village concert given by the pupils of the school. We all enjoyed the fine walks and having the freedom of the hills. Throughout the Camp each tent kept a nature log for which the Bluetits gained most marks.

We thank the officers for the good time they gave us, especially for organising so many games during the broken weather.

A. B. A.

Boys' Literary Society.

The Society is particularly fortunate in having Mr. Stalker as its President this Session. His enthusiasm and willingness to spare himself no inconvenience for the benefit of the Society is being rewarded by large attendances and keen debating every night. If this high standard is continued in the second half, the session should be one of the most successful in recent years.

Our opening meeting on October 7th, consisted of a lecture on "Orkney," by Mr. Frank G. Young, B.Sc., the son of a former master of the school. With the aid of some excellent lantern slides, he vividly described the aspect of Orkney, particularly the many curious rock formations on its coast. Mr. Young then went on to talk about the principal towns and some of the unique customs of the inhabitants. He concluded his excellent lecture by showing us some very interesting photographs of the German Fleet sinking in Scapa Flow at the end of the war. The Girls' Society was also present at this meeting which was much enjoyed by everyone.

Our next meeting was held on October 14th, and was devoted to reading extracts from literature. The readers all tended to favour the amusing rather than the purely edifying side of literature, but the evening was much enjoyed, nevertheless.

On October 21st we had another lantern lecture. It was given by Mr. J. B. Salmond, who took as his subject "General Wade's Roads." This was an extremely interesting and instructive lecture describing in detail how Wade linked up Scotland by means of his military roads—overcoming apparently insurmountable difficulties—and marked out the course of many of our modern roads. He also described Wade's methods of bridge-building, and his lantern-slides, made by himself, vividly illustrated a very enjoyable lecture.

A debate on the "Continental Sunday" attracted a large attendance to the meeting on October 28th. Mr. Tulloch supported the motion that the Continental Sunday should be introduced in this country, and he was opposed by Mr. Recordon. Several very clever arguments were brought up on both sides, and after much discussion the Society decided in Mr. Recordon's favour by 51 votes to 21.

The President was unable to take the chair at the next meeting owing to an important engagement elsewhere, and one of the Vice-Presidents, Mr. Brian Tulloch, took his place, to hear short papers read by Messrs. Simpson and Snodgrass. Mr. Simpson took "Bridges" as the subject of a very interesting essay, and Mr. Snodgrass followed him with an exciting account of an attempt made to climb the peak of "Kangchenjunga," in the Himalayas.

An innovation, in the form of an Open Hat Night, was introduced at the meeting on November 11th, and it proved to be a great success. Although the girls were somewhat less eager to speak than the boys, several questions were keenly debated.

A Mock Municipal Election was held on November 18th. The candidates were Mr. H. Philip (Moderate) and Mr. Jess Toobad, *alias* Mr. F. Burnett (Labour). These were seconded by Mr. Bayne and Mr. K. Burnett respectively. The candidates outlined their policies, Mr. Philip's being Peace, Pleasure, and Plenty, and Mr. Burnett's, Wine, War, and Women, and having been seconded, a brief discussion followed. On the vote being taken, Mr. Philip was returned by 47 votes to 19.

The last meeting which has taken place so far for this term consisted of papers given by members of classes six and seven. The speakers were Mr. Webb, on "The Welland Ship Canal"; Mr. Ferguson on "Expeditions to the South Pole"; Mr. R. L. Mackie on "Engines"; and Mr. Gaudie on "Hobbies." The high standard of all these papers augurs well for the Society in future years, and the large attendance of members was given a very enjoyable evening.

Up to the present the attendances have been good, the average being 58. The lower classes in particular have been regular in attendance and have always added interest to debate by their readiness to speak.

It is to be hoped that they will continue to show this enthusiasm and help to make this season as successful as it has promised to be. J.C.

Girls' Literary Society.

The Girls' Literary Society has had a very successful term under our President, Miss McNaughton. The first meeting of the year was an Open Lecture by Mr. F. G. Young, on "Orkney." This was exceedingly interesting and finely illustrated by slides. The other meetings, including several class nights, an Open Hat Night, at which many interesting questions were discussed, Hallowe'en and Dramatic Nights, have all been well attended. We are celebrating Musical Evening on Wednesday, 21st December, and hope it will be as successful as our other meetings have been.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss McNaughton and Miss Duff for the great interest they have taken in our Society.

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