

# THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



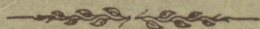
No. 61

DECEMBER 1934

FOURPENCE

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# The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

No. 61.]

DECEMBER, 1934.

[FOURPENCE.

## Editorial.

THE time of Christmas draws on apace, a time of good will and good wishes. The centenary year of our school is hastening to a close ; for it there will soon dawn not only a new year, but a new century. From us, then, at this time and from all former pupils there must go forth one wish, loyal, sincere and heartfelt, and o'ertopping all others, that this our school may "greet the unseen with a cheer" and as a well-tried traveller journey forward with courage and confidence along the progressive road, surmounting all barriers and climbing to fresh heights. We were much gratified to find that the Centenary number of our Magazine was so well received. (Several copies are still to hand and may be obtained at the school.) But it was obviously impossible, even in an enlarged number, to do equal justice to all periods of the school's history and it was inevitable that some distinguished names should be overlooked. This is still our centenary year, so you will find that this number in a sense, is still a Centenary number, for in the present issue we have taken the opportunity of including articles germane to the subject of our June celebrations.

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Enshrouded in the mists of futurity we see the dim forms of our successors, the editors of the school magazine during the next hundred years. What would we not give to

have speech with the ninety-ninth, him of 2034? When, possessed by the antiquarian lust, he digs into the archives, and turns over the pages of this number, what will he think of us? Will he envy or pity his predecessors of 1934? We at least would be loath to exchange our present lot for that of any other generation, past or future, especially at this time of year when everyone casts care aside and enjoys a season of festivity and good fellowship, which may be equalled, but not surpassed, in 2034.

Care is naturally associated with exams. They, in turn, recall forcibly to our mind the most recent school innovation, the new report cards. Once the wily "Weary Willie" used to detail to his fond parents a carefully selected list of results. Alas, no longer does this soothing and time-honoured deception serve to allay the parental suspicions. On every report card is printed the actual mark gained by the pupil, and most damaging evidence of all, the class average in each subject. Yet another reform or innovation would not be unwelcome. As was mentioned last year in our Christmas number, the duties and responsibilities of the school prefects are multiplying, while their praefectorial status is as nebulous and doubtful as of yore. Perhaps, however, the time for change is not yet come.

During the past terms the several school societies have flourished exceedingly. Under

young and enthusiastic presidents the literary societies are enjoying a most entertaining and instructive season. The attendances at the meetings are very good indeed, and at the joint meetings the science lecture room has been filled to capacity. While this is going to press the members of both societies are struggling with their preparations for the musical evening, the outstanding event of the season's programme. The standard of entertainment will undoubtedly be high. At the same time we recognise our limitations, and we are correspondingly grateful to Mr. Borland, who, during the first half of the term, was instrumental in bringing to the school the famous Griller String Quartette. It was their second visit to the school and their concert was greatly appreciated by a large audience.

The Cadet Corps and Guide Company are going strong. The former association bids fair to break all school records. The enrolment is 135, and it is to be hoped that every member will attend camp. Last year's camp was a great success and was thoroughly enjoyed by all members of the Corps. To Captain Marshall and his brother officers all credit is due; the enthusiasm which pervades all ranks is a striking tribute to their efforts. At the same time let it be said that we still look for a few more recruits from the upper classes. The sooner it is a recognised thing for every boy to join the Corps the better it will be for the school. Those who do not do so and who do not participate in the wanderings of the rugby, cricket and golf teams are sacrificing a part of their education which is of inestimable worth.

The Rugby and Hockey Teams have also been doing very well and have upheld the honour of the school in many a quagmire. The 1st XV. would, however, be extremely grateful if the school would accord them their full support, vocal and moral, by turning out in greater numbers when the team is playing at home. There is no doubt that a full-throated yell of "school" acts as a tonic to flagging muscles and straining lungs. We thank you in anticipation. The girls, we believe, are un-

defeated. Let them wait. One day the Rugby Club will borrow hockey sticks. . . .

And now it is time to wish you all, both staff and pupils, a very good Christmas holiday. When you read this magazine you will have already enjoyed both the dance and the musical evening, and now we hope and expect that during the next fortnight you will enjoy the very best of mirth, good cheer and festivity.

\* \* \* \* \*

We take this opportunity of extending to Miss Mary Smith our heartiest felicitations on her forthcoming marriage. During her years at the High School Miss Smith has gained a reputation for patience and quiet efficiency, and her departure will cause a gap in the ranks of the staff which will be very difficult to fill. We wish her all happiness and prosperity.

\* \* \* \* \*

Herbert E. Walker, formerly a pupil of the school and now a pupil at Strathallan has been chosen to captain the Scottish team in the Boys' International Golf Match at Balgownie, Aberdeen, next summer. We congratulate him upon his success.

\* \* \* \* \*

Congratulations to our distinguished F.P. William Keir. He graduated with 1st class Honours in Zoology in June, 1934. In August last he was selected for Probationary Appointment to Colonial Service as cadet in Kenya Colony.

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As we go to press we note, with regret, the resignation of Miss Peat. As her retiral, however, will not take effect until well on into next term, we shall reserve our appreciation and farewells till the Easter number. To Miss Turnbull, who has been appointed her successor, we extend our best wishes.

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By the death, on the 1st December, 1934, of Mr. David Hodge, a noted London journalist, the school has lost another brilliant F.P. Before entering journalism he was private Secretary to Mr. J. H. C. Hozier, M.P., after-

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wards Lord Newlands. He served on the staffs of the *Scotsman* and of the *Glasgow Evening News* and went to London as correspondent of the latter paper about thirty years ago. Five years ago ill-health forced him to retire from active journalism, but he very kindly and gallantly responded to our Editorial S.O.S. in June and sent us that charming article for our Centenary number, "In Barrieland." Our sympathy goes out to his widow and daughter.

We deeply regret the passing of a distinguished former pupil, Mr. Charles Barrie Mackie who, until three and a half years ago, was head English Master in Daniel Stewart's College, Edinburgh. He took first-class honours English at St. Andrews and entered the teaching profession as assistant in Dumfries Academy. During the war he served in Gallipoli and Serbia with the 5th Royal Irish Fusiliers and in Macedonia, for nearly three years, with the 1st Royal Scots. In 1921 he was appointed English Master in Daniel Stewart's College, and well did he serve that institution as a gifted and able teacher and as a friend and guide to the boys in his charge. After a patient and gallant struggle against increasing ill-health he retired three years ago, but was, to the end, keenly interested in everything pertaining to the work which he was forced so early to lay aside.

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### Distinguished Former Pupils

(Omitted from *Centenary Number*).

GEORGE K. SMITH. Elected to the Dundee School Board in 1897, returned in April 1900, and again in April 1903, as an ordinary member: elected Chairman in April 1906, re-elected April 1909, and again in April 1911.

DUNCAN C. MACGREGOR, D.D. Moderator of the Presbyterian Church of England, 1920-21.

EDWARD COX, M.A., LL.D., D.L., Chairman of Cox Bros., Lochee, and of the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Scottish American Trusts, and of the North American Trust Co., and Vice-

Chairman of the Caledonian Railway Company.

\* \* \* \* \*

An "Old Boy" writes: In the list of distinguished pupils in the centenary issue of this Magazine no mention is made of George Saunders, a pupil from 1869 to 1876. He was the son of the late D. H. Saunders, a well-known writer of "A Christian Democrat" in the "People's Journal." In 1876 he went to Glasgow University where he graduated in Arts and where his ability as a writer won him several special prizes for essays. From Glasgow he got a Snell Scholarship and was a student at Balliol under Jowett. He had as fellow students the late Lord Milner and several others who became eminent in the public life of the country. He happened to be in Berlin studying German when William, first German Emperor died, and he sent a description of the funeral on chance to the "Morning Post." It was so brilliantly written that the editor asked him to write on any subject in Germany in which he was interested. After a short time he was appointed correspondent in Berlin for the "Morning Post," and his contributions attracted so much attention that "The Times" was glad to secure his services as special correspondent. At that time Berlin was, under Bismarck, the storm-centre of Europe, and the position of Berlin correspondent to "The Times" was one of the most important in the journalistic profession. Of all foreign correspondents at that time Blowitz at Paris was the best known, but next to him Saunders at Berlin was a good second. When Blowitz died in 1908, Saunders succeeded him as Paris correspondent of "The Times." Before the war broke out he was brought to the head office of "The Times" and during the war he served in the Department of Political Information and other departments in the War Office. He died in 1922.

Dundee has produced many well-known journalists but none more scholarly, more accomplished in his profession nor more genial than George Saunders.

## Life and Letters: A Medley of Memories.

SHALL I ever forget that grey morning in September 1901 when I first walked up to the school and enrolled—like Wm. Morris, born out of my due time—in Class 8? I had had a few High School chaps for friends ere then, but such is the atmosphere and tradition of the school, I had made at least ten more friendships (which have never since been lost) before I had reached the pillars. I do not say that this spate of proffered friendship was altogether disinterested. Later on, I was to practise the same gentle art on other new boys. The first question as a rule was, "What class" one was in. Whatever the answer, there was an ejaculation of, "Oh, that's Maths. first hour!" And then in awful tones, "You'll get Meiklejohn." "Are you good at Maths.?" (this with a queer look, half of intelligent sympathy, half a sinister unholy amalgam of horror and glee.) When I had to deny the soft impeachment, they fairly made my blood run cold. "O, by Jove, poor chap, I'm sorry for you; I'm afraid you're in for it—he's a terror, there's nothing about maths. he doesn't know backside foremost and upside down, and he expects *you* to do the same. He hasn't one grain of mercy in him—takes no excuses—and doesn't he make the tawse whistle! Glad *I'm* in the other division." This was duly passed on to every new boy year by year, to the permanent disrepair of the backbone in some of us. Why Mr Meiklejohn should have been fixed on for this cruel fate, I cannot tell, and I hope the custom has changed its form by now. But I know my heart almost got back to equilibrium when I found myself placed that morning in Mr Lowson's division.

The four masters who then taught mathematics in the D.H.S. were Mr Meiklejohn, Mr Mitchell, Mr Lowson and Mr Mackenzie—and what excellent fellows they were!

The only thing I ever liked about mathematics was the teachers of it. I won't attempt to deny that even to this day it seems to me

that a man or a boy must have a great deal of low cunning to be able to see easily round or through a mathematical problem: but, out of deep experience of their goodness and good nature, I must exonerate all the gentlemen I have named from any share in this objectionable worldly wisdom. It might seem irreverent to ask, "Why is Mr Meiklejohn like the Forth Bridge?" But the fact is that the only terror in all my life that equalled that with which I looked forward to the highest maths. class here was that of my infant years when my first journey across that bridge had to be made. I had seen a lurid representation of the Tay Bridge disaster, with a sea running mountains high like the Bay of Biscay, and I melted for fear as I thought what the Forth must be. I may have been thinking subconsciously of the 4th dimension, but when I came to North Queensferry the sea was as calm as a pond and the bridge didn't fall in the very least. If I had known then that even so also I should come to count the dread Mr Meiklejohn one of the kindest and gentlest and most patient of friends, and that I should sit benignly and placidly and solidly at the foot of his maths. class (then the highest) for the two last sessions of my school life!

But Mr Meiklejohn got me thro' my prelim. in Maths. for all that. I owe him *all the mathematics I know*, tho' that is the least of my indebtedness. At the same time, I would not have you suppose that I was merely a primitive fossil. Gleams of glorious lucidity were occasionally reflected from me. Mr Meiklejohn himself once testified that none in the school could put the face of truth on a patent falsehood with such undoubted conviction as I; I once proved a triangle ABC not only equiangular, but equal in all respects to one DBC, a segment of it, and no one detected the mistake (and I still question if there was one); and my star turn—which wreathes my heart

in satisfaction to this hour—was when Mr Meiklejohn (obviously without the foggiest ghost of a hope) bade me prove in class that any two sides of a triangle are less—no, greater—together than the third side, and I replied with startling promptitude, “ He says himself that the shortest distance between any two points is a straight line.” I still think I caught old Euclid napping that time, and I’m puzzled to understand why this proof of Bk. 1.18 was not discovered till 1903, and why no notice has been taken of the discovery since. Some men have got a D.D. for less. As to the practical value of mathematics, I have often applied this proposition when running to catch a train, but it is apt to trip you up if you have to negotiate the side of more than one triangle on your journey.

I shall come back to the Math. Class—in my paper, I mean; thank goodness not in very deed and truth—but first I should like very well to take a look round some of the other departments and features of our school life of those days with a view to making clear my first point (which, to the confounding of Euclid once again, has great magnitude). The trouble is that the record in my memory has so few constellations of incident. Many a royal romp in the Gym. under the care of Father Sturrock, or somewhat informal drill by the Sergeant—and though we had not then read the most thrilling of all school stories, Kipling’s *Stalky and Co.*, there stand out recollections of a day when to avenge a slight put on us by the “ Modern ” boys (they beat us in tug-of-war) two of us “ Classical ” stalwarts took an hour “ off ” and went up to the Chem. lab. and prepared a roomful of H<sub>2</sub>S fumes for their reception an hour later. No doubt there would be other escapades as unseemly and even more dangerous in the same place, for I have a vague remembrance of innumerable flasks exploding in my hands on a variety of occasions. I learn that Classics men are not now admitted to the Chem. lab. and it may be a good thing. Our cast of mind was too simple and ingenuous and

old-world for the inexperienced handling of such complex modern contrivances; due, of course, to our assimilation of Homer and Roman history; but I remember being greatly fascinated by chemical analysis in Class 8 and delighting in colours rather than in explosions and stinks, if that is of any interest. Some of us made extensive private experiments in colour-production among the chemicals, and the results were rather notable to the sight, but as we didn’t very often know what they were and were too modest to ask Dr. Murray’s expert opinion upon the fruit of our humble efforts and researches, I can’t tell you much about them now. Suffice it to say, that at the end of that session I took the prize of the chemistry class but was caught taking it and required to return it at once and hand it over to Alec Moodie, who was also athletic champion of the year.

My own brightest recollections are divided between the English and the Classics Class-rooms. I was afterwards to find at College, etc., that one gift the High School specially offers to its pupils is a feeling for literature and a desire after distinguished expression not always found in every other school, and that this is usually quite generously recognised by men who come up from these. It is not for me to argue whether the teaching or the atmosphere and dignity and tradition of the school is most accountable for this or whether there is a special Providence that sends a large proportion of literary geniuses to this school. The papers at the lit., and the monthly manuscript magazine of our highest English class in those days, bore some slight witness to our high-flying aspirations. Until very recently I had in my possession the last issue of that magazine, dated June 1904, and including a classical poem on the love affairs of Apollo of thirty-five pages length in very blank verse by myself. There was also a graphic frontispiece entitled “ Our New Rector ”—but, as the artist had never come under the shadow of Mr Mackie Smith’s department, I fancy that these two facts alone would have ensured

our magazine's suppression by the authorities if it had dared to appear in print or to attain any circulation to speak of. I remember my chum, Frank Brown, saying to me of our new Rector, "He seems a *firm* chap. It's a good thing we're clearing out."

We regarded him, I fear, as a kind of glorified new boy, and we only had one month of his régime (a very happy month, let me say, and a month in which we all learned something new about the classics). Whether it was Mr Maclennan's coming or our clearing out, to which credit must be given, I leave you to determine—but the fortunes of the school have improved steadily ever since that time. But let us kill one horse at a time—I was only at the English class. One never can forget those ambrosial afternoons in Mr Valentine's room across the way, preparing for what was then called the Honours Leaving Certificate Examination but really forgetting all about that as we drank deep for the first time of England's Helicon. Nothing even in University days constitutes a more golden age than these hours were for several others and for me. We had all read a good deal of Shakespeare already and so it was not chiefly Shakespeare that cast the glamour over us, though one always associates that class with our introduction to Falstaff and Coriolanus and remembers the enthusiasm that made at least three of us read the whole 37 plays through together before the month of examination arrived. Neither was it that romantic poetry was quite new to us—for years before I had played truant from another school on a bright summer's day to read *The Lady of the Lake*, and was advanced enough even now to refer in an essay to Tennyson's *Idylls* as "a Sunday School book." But it was an uncommonly dull week in which we did not even once feel as Keats says he felt when he first looked in Chapman's *Homer*—and no poet so suddenly electrified us then as did brave Keats himself—

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken,  
and it was here we first read not only Keats

but Robert Browning and Matthew Arnold and William Morris's *Earthly Paradise* (a very notable case), and the Rossettis; it was here we revelled in the mines of Bullen's Elizabethan anthologies: here too that we tackled in loving earnest both Chaucer and Spenser, saw the romance of that dull old buffer Milton in both prose and song, soared as best we might with Shelley, caught the spell of Coleridge's wizardry, the grace and delight of Pope (when we had finished kicking him) and woke up to the startling fact that Wordsworth was not the sort of Ella Wheeler Wilcox we had always thought, but the very voice of eternity. A list of even these poets' names may not mean much to some of you yet—perhaps I can better communicate the sense of our enthusiasm by telling how, growing dissatisfied with the limitations and abridgements of Stead's *Penny Poets* which we used in class, I would deprive myself of my daily lunch for weeks on end and embezzling the lunch funds (as I now see), made a bee-line for Mrs Macgregor's and bought up and read at the rate of a volume a day, the *Canterbury Poets*. It wasn't strictly moral, I'm afraid—yet I cannot truthfully say I was ever very penitent about it or regretted this early refusing to labour on the bread that perisheth only. The great books of our noble English prose opened to us in this class too (and many a ringing page of Ruskin came into class essays and lit. speeches as a result). I have read *Rob Roy* once a year since then, and George Eliot was another name to conjure with. It was the first time when some of us were captivated by a love of books for their own sake, when life and letters were felt to be more nearly the same great thing than idle youth or a Philistine world allows. And it stood another fair test—for it made us read more authors for ourselves and so enthralled us that we even found ourselves discussing our books on our Saturday rambles—sentimental peripatetics—by Liff and Longforgan, and Downfield, and Balmerino and Monifieth—R. L. Mackie with his Arthurian romances and O. T. prophets, Ross



*Standing.*—Philipovitch. Stevovitch. Matitch. Yovanovitch.  
*Sitting.*—Stamenkovitch. Orovitch. Dimitryovitch. Bozjakovitch. Brkitch.

**Serbian Boys at D.H.S. during the War  
(1917-1919).**

**Dundee High School  
Magazine.**

Husband with his Meredith and Robert Louis Stevenson and Henry Newbolt and some of us with Yeats or Barrie or Francis Thompson or Andrew Lang or Austin Dobson or Rudyard Kipling or Gilbert Murray's Euripides or Robert Bridges. Even Macaulay had his day and Dr. Johnson had many. But of these walks and companionships which were so great a part of life and letters for us then,

there is too little time to tell ; and I hesitate too, to divulge the interesting details of our explorations round the Vault and the green-market shows on many a Saturday night after the lit. meeting, lest it should be an example frowned upon—but it was Robert Louis Stevenson, the original "Sentimental Tommy," made us do it.

W. H. HAMILTON.

(To be continued)

## Serbian Boys at D.H.S. during the War.

IT was February, 1917, I was in Class VI.

The High School pupils had all heard that about twenty-five Serbian boys were coming to Dundee. They were to live in Fernbrae, which was a large house three gates beyond the foot of West Park Road. Mr. George Bonar, the jute manufacturer, had arranged for this home to be used as a Serbian Hostel. Half of the boys were to be educated at Dundee High School, and the other half at the Harris Academy. One or two went to University College.

How did these boys happen to come to Scotland to be educated ? It was an arrangement made between the Serbian Government and the Governments of France and Britain.

At the beginning of the war, the Austrian army suffered several severe defeats by the gallant little Serbian army under King Peter, and the Crown Prince Alexander (who was recently assassinated at Marseilles). Soon, however, the Serbian army had to slowly retreat some distance into Serbia before overwhelming numbers of Austrian troops. King Peter held counsel with his army, and told his soldiers that he would allow any of them who desired to return to their homes to do so, but Alexander and he were to face the enemy, alone if necessary. My Serbian friends informed me that only one man left the ranks

to return to his home, and King Peter drew his revolver and shot him dead.

The Serbian army now drove the Austrians right back out of Serbia and across the Danube, capturing thousands of prisoners.

Soon, however, events went desperately against Serbia. The Germans sent a strong army to help the Austrians, and Bulgaria entered the war against Serbia. Serbia found herself attacked in front by the Austro-German army, and behind by the Bulgarian army. Serbia was soon over-run by her enemies, her army almost wiped out, and her future manhood almost exterminated, as the Austrians when they captured a city usually tied what boys they could find back to back and bayoneted them one by one.

The Serbian Government now arranged to send some thousands of boys to France and Britain to be educated, and to form the nucleus for a future Serbia after the war. There thus began the terrible march through Albania of thousands of Serbian boys. Albania is a mountainous country, the winter was a very severe one, and the inhabitants a wild and blood-thirsty people. Hundreds of Serbian boys perished in the march through Albania. The survivors were gathered in the island of Corfu, and from there sent to various places in France and Britain. A number were sent to Scotland, and

so it happened that the Serbian boys arrived in Dundee.

I remember the day they came. It was in Mr. Meiklejohn's classroom. I was sitting second from the top in the third row of desks. The desks at that time were large, and comfortably seated two pupils. On that day we all had a desk to ourselves. Mr. Meiklejohn was writing on the centre blackboard, a boy was standing up at his desk awaiting to be questioned. Suddenly the door opened and Mr. MacLennan, the Rector, walked quickly in. He was followed by about a dozen Serbian boys. The Rector and Mr. Meiklejohn exchanged a few words, and Mr. Meiklejohn told the boys in the first row to sit beside the boys in the second row. The Serbians then sat down in the vacated first row of desks, sitting two at each desk. They seemed strange at first. They were big boys with the build of the average boy in Class X. They varied much in size and appearance. We in Class VI. seemed rather small beside them, but we soon got accustomed to their presence. They adapted themselves wonderfully well to the work of Class VI. They remained at the High School until the spring of 1919 when they returned to Serbia.

As regards their ability at the work, they varied as does a class of our own boys. Some were smart and picked up the work quickly, others had considerable difficulty. On the whole they all did remarkably well at mathematics. I remember them well in Mr. Borland's class. They usually occupied the back row. They were more interested in history and geography than our own boys, and showed a surprising appreciation of our literature and poetry. Shakespeare's plays they seemed to enjoy, as everyone does, but grammar they detested.

They took the Commercial Course in the School curriculum as far as possible, and like

all of us had a great regard and affection for Mr. MacKenzie.

They were taught French by Miss Agnes Smith. I remember them well in that classroom. The desks were very small and close together. My own legs were assuming somewhat lengthy proportions at this time, and it was impossible to sit at the desks in anything approaching a dignified manner. The front half of the desk tilted up and the seat also tilted up, and in order to rise, it was necessary to tilt both these parts gradually before one could stand erect. The same process was repeated on sitting down. It was therefore a considerable and somewhat noisy effort for one of the Serbian boys to stand up and parse a verb, or answer a question. I sometimes think it would be impossible to find a better teacher of French grammar than Miss Smith, and certainly we all, Scots and Serbs alike, attained a high standard of efficiency. They never seemed, however, to read French with ease, and teaching them French must have been difficult as they did not seem to have a natural aptitude for the French language, which was not surprising considering they were Southern Slavs.

They all joined the Cadet Corps and were good at drill. At gymnastics, however, they did not excel.

Our games did not seem to appeal to them much, or rather I should say our School games, because they were good at tennis and golf.

One of them was very good at Rugby football, but the others did not excel at either rigger or soccer. Cricket bored them as a game, however they were not alone in feeling indifferent to the game.

Their efforts at boxing were too funny for words. They could not adapt themselves to the proper style, but wriggled and hit out in



**Camp Camaraderie—Cortachy,  
July 1934.**

**Dundee High School  
Magazine.**

alarming manner. When a Serbian fights he prefers a knife or a chair to mere fists.

The Serbian boys appreciated greatly the kindness shown to them by members of the School Staff. Four of the lady members were exceedingly kind to them. They were a Miss Jackson who taught English and occupied the room next Mr. Borland, Miss Agnes Smith, Miss Brown and her sister. This was a most useful and fruitful piece of war work these ladies did, and it was much appreciated.

The Serbian boys were quite a happy family at Fernbrae Hostel. They played games together and danced their native dances. Their bodily health was good, but the great white scourge of tuberculosis claimed a victim or two.

They were all members of the Greek Orthodox Church, but while in Dundee they attended the Cathedral Church of St. Paul. They had weekly instruction from a curate in St. Paul's.

I understand the Dundee Serbian Hostel was one of the best conducted in the country. From the beginning they were very fortunate in the staff. Miss Begg, the matron, was a kindly lady whom they all loved. Mr. Vanlitch, the Serbian minister, was a true friend to them all and had considerable power. He could stop a fight without any difficulty, and at one word from him a chair or a poker was quietly laid aside. In some hostels it was necessary for medical aid to insert a stitch here and there following the settlement of differences of opinion. The Serbian is easily roused to anger, but as easily pacified.

During the last year at Fernbrae, the Hostel was fortunate in getting a very exceptional English Master, a Mr. Carter, a very fine man and a member of the Society of Friends, who had a great influence for good over all the boys.

From the beginning there was always Mr. George Bonar who lived near the Hostel and who was a never-failing friend and adviser to both staff and boys.

The summer of 1918 brought great excite-

ment to the Serbian boys as the Allied Army began their advance on the western front. The Allied armies in Macedonia also began to advance, and gradually all Serbia was won back again.

In the spring of 1919 the Serbians left Dundee. I remember the departure well. They left from the Tay Bridge Station. I was present along with two of my sisters at the station to say farewell. Included in our party were Miss Jackson, Miss Brown, and her sister. The train when it arrived was already full and people standing in the corridors. The Serbians were pushed into the corridors with hardly room to move. I remember how my attention was taken up partly in saying good-bye to Serbian friends and partly in watching tender farewells to sweethearts left behind.

The wisdom of the policy of the Serbian Government during the war in sending these boys to France and Britain to be educated has been amply shown by events since the war. These boys educated in France and Britain have been a great help to their country in bringing her back to prosperity.

A few months ago there was formed in Belgrade, the capital of Serbia, a club for men who were Serbian boys in Scotland during the war. Two of the Dundee High School Serbian boys are on the committee of this club.

Recently Miss Begg, who was matron at Fernbrae, paid her first visit to Serbia since the war. The Fernbrae Serbian boys in Belgrade held a Reunion in a restaurant in her honour. They sent me from that reunion a photograph of the restaurant, and each Serbian present has signed his signature on the back of the card.

Thus ends an interesting little chapter in the history of the High School. We can only hope the peace of the world will be preserved, and the events which brought this chapter to pass will never occur again.

WILLIAM J. FRAIN, M.B., Ch.B., D.P.H.

## Second Impressions of Britain.

I AM told that I received my first impressions of Britain about sixteen years ago, but I am afraid I can't remember them. I received my second impressions this summer on my return from a visit to France. They were coloured pleasantly by my eagerness to reach my native land due first to patriotic feeling and secondly to that sinking feeling induced by a slight swell in the Channel.

Before landing, we had to get into a long queue which stretched up and down stairs, round corners and finally out on to the gangway. As we crossed the pier I had the delightful sensation of stepping on something which did not sway from side to side or give under me. At the door of the Customs sheds, the sheep were separated from the goats—that is, British passengers got past with a smile and a nod from a pleasant-looking passport officer, while foreign passengers had to await the pleasure of an unpleasant-looking immigration officer. I can still remember the anxious faces of that surging horde of foreigners waiting for the immigration officer to make sure that they didn't want to work. The French do not have immigration officers (one point to them). Now came the ordeal of the Customs. A uniformed man with an owl-like face pushed a tin card in front of us with a gruff "Any of these?" The names of "these" the dutiable articles are printed on the card and include motor cars and magnetos. The notice concludes with the awful warning, "The penalties on smuggling are severe." The owl-faced gentleman now returned and pointing to two of our suitcases said, "Open these." After crumpling the clothes in them as much as possible, he put a yellow chalk hieroglyphic on them, then demanded what was in the third case and re-

ceived the reply "Books." With a triumphant "Ah!" he began to search for banned books and Tauchnitz's. Finding none he put another hieroglyphic and said in a deep voice, "What's that the boy's carrying?" Reluctantly and blushing I produced my sister's knitting case. Putting the hieroglyphic on this was more difficult as it was made of soft cloth with yellow stripes. At last we were free but the people at the door of the Customs house felt my father's and sister's pockets but again found nothing. They were spared the hieroglyphic, however. (Point two now goes to France. Their Customs officers looked only in one suitcase, are quite polite, and don't bother about hieroglyphics.)

At last we got into a third-class saloon and sank into luxurious cushions. Compared with the French railway's hard leather cushions, they were like beds, not seats (one point to Britain). It was a change also not to have to climb up high steps to get into the carriage as is the custom in France with their low platforms (another point to Britain). Soon the train started and after going through Newhaven Town we went through a deep gorge with deep cliffs on either side. At the other end of the gorge was the quaint old town of Lewes with its castle on the slopes of the Downs. Now we were in the Weald which is a very pretty example of the English countryside. Sussex is rather like Normandy, only there are fewer trees and orchards. The English cows seemed skinny compared with the fat French ones. No doubt that is why the French butter is so good (one point to France). But the French farms, although picturesque, are not nearly so tidy as the British ones (one point to Britain). Another thing I remarked was the smoothness

# SMITHS

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and silence of the train. In France the trains clatter and bang and rock violently. I think this is because our rails are better laid than those of France (another point to Britain). The serving of the train meals, though, is better in France. There they have one dining-car for the whole train which, by the way, is owned by a separate company. As our train was composed of saloon cars the Company had thought it expedient to serve meals in each car but had inadequately staffed the train. On the French trains, therefore, each passenger's separate whims are catered for, but on this train harassed waiters had to serve the same monotonous meal to each passenger (one point to France). Now we had passed the Weald and after going through deep cuttings and long tunnels we come to the more remote southern suburbs of London. The houses of these suburbs are far more substantial-looking than the houses in the suburbs of Paris, and I think are better looking. The flat zone begins nearer the centre than it does in Paris. When it does begin the flats are solid brick structures and not high flimsy, papery-looking ones like the Paris ones (one point to Britain). As we got further into London, I thought that it was much grimmer and foggier than Paris, yet it is more homely. I often associate this homeliness with the colour red—red buses, trams and trains, red guardsmen, red pillar-boxes and red brick. Paris, however, is a city more of greens and pale greys. When we reached Victoria—our destination—I saw the train set of the immaculate new electric all-Pullman

“ Brighton Belle ” which is the very latest in railway comfort. From here it was only a short distance to our hotel although it seemed a long way to carry heavy suitcases. Here I discovered why French hotels are cheaper than British ones although their cooking is so much better. The reason is that the money of the British hotel guests goes to pay vast armies of servants, bootsees, deputy bootsees, sub-deputy-bootsees, waiters, etc., while in French hotels there are only a few servants, and therefore all the money can go on the cuisine (one point to France). But it is the streets of London that are so different from those of Paris. There is more traffic in the British capital, but it is more orderly and keeps a uniform speed. There are far more buses, but this is because taxi-travel in France is so cheap and pleasant. The French taxis are lower-built and are every bit as comfortable as cars of the best makes (one point to France). Another thing I noticed was the absence of notices in foreign languages. In France nearly every public notice, warning, direction for use, etc., is printed in French and English, and very often in German and Spanish as well.

I have added up the points and find that France has won by 7 points to 6, but if I give Britain one point for not being militaristic and one for not having casinos, gambling machines and sponsored wireless programmes, then we have won after all. Perhaps, however, the next article of this type should be written by someone who is neither British nor French.

R. L. M. (Class IX.b.).

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

## Isles of the Mist.

**R**AASAY—one of the misty isles of the west coast—was this year chosen as the scene of a biological expedition similar to that which visited Rona in 1933. I was admitted to the party of students and staff of the U.C.D. as a nondescript member.

One August night a train slipped out of the station, bearing in its rear carriage several students and staff of the College and a few nondescripts like myself with the necessary luggage and cases of scientific instruments. By next midday the party had arrived at Kyle of Lochalsh—the jumping-off place for Raasay and the Isles—and by about two o'clock we were ploughing up the sound on the last stage of our journey. Soon Raasay loomed up ahead, its massive bulk, occasionally obscured by the driving rain and mist which was sweeping over the region.

At Raasay we were received by the pier-master, Mr. Macrae, and escorted to the empty houses which were to be the home of the party during its stay on Raasay. Of the members of the expedition, all but two had elected to stay in the comparative comfort of the house. Of these two I was one. We were camping. After frenzied searching about for a suitable spot, we pitched our tent in a site chosen more for convenience as regards nearness to the others than for its assets, for it had none. However, we grew used to its disadvantages, except that provided by the persistent attention of the midge which seemed to have taken a liking to that particular part of the island and particularly to our tent and its environs.

Raasay is an island quite well inhabited, and in the south corner, particularly modern. At

one time an iron-mine was worked there and its lines of trolly-track, power houses and other plant still remain in quite good repair, though the mine itself was closed down after the war. There was of necessity accommodation for the miners, but after the mine ceased work their houses were left empty and it was in several of these that the expedition was housed. As for the inhabitants remaining I suppose they do a little fishing and there is at least one farm, but I cannot say I ever saw them doing any work. Of course each household has its cow or cows and every day we used to hear them driving their cattle up the road past the tent, about half-past six or seven o'clock before *we* were up.

The island is, in its south-west corner, quite well wooded and is watered by the Glen Burn. Round the south coast is a strip of vegetated land, trees and such like, and quite good grazing ground can be obtained in several places. But the main vegetational feature of the island is heather or marshy heath which covers all the higher lands except the extreme north where the conditions are similar to those on Rona. There is one high hill, Dun Caan (1460 feet), having on its summit the remains of a sheet of basalt which once covered this part of the island. From its summit a considerable view of the surrounding islands and sea and a good idea of their topography can be obtained. The land curves slightly to the east and therefore a better idea of the terraces of that coast is got from the slightly lower hills on the south-east coast.

Some curious phenomena are to be seen. A story appeared in the paper concerning a "volcanic" eruption which had taken place in a part of the island noted for the crevasses

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and holes which covered it. We visited the spot and it was discovered that the rumbling of the eruption had been caused by stones falling down the crevasses, and the so-called "steam" was the white dust caused by the breaking up of the stones in falling—an explanation quite interesting and simple when one comes to think of it and much more satisfying than the embellished account published. I saw, too, at least two examples of the hanging valleys so often mentioned in geography text-books, and the waterfalls proceeding from the mouth of these valleys in one case actually fell straight into the sea over a cliff about 30 or 40 feet in height.

About the middle of the first week a visit was paid to Rona, the party travelling there by motor-yacht. All the people who had visited Rona before were eager to renew their acquaintance with its joys and though I had not previously visited it I was as eager as the rest for it had been well described to me. I was not disappointed, for its very loneliness and ruggedness attracted me in a way which I cannot describe, and having once tasted its joys I shall not rest till I am back again. The day was warm and sunny and everything was smiling as if in welcome. The Macraes over at Big Harbour were glad to see all their last year's acquaintances and brought out photographs and talked of the old subjects. I do not suppose they have much now to brighten up their lives, and our advent will have given them food for discussion which will keep them occupied for a long time. The inhabitants of the lighthouse were equally glad to see us, for visitors are scarce there, and though they

have a wireless set a human face is a more pleasant thing.

After the return from Rona I proceeded to make use of the time left to me as best I could. I accompanied some of the students on their expeditions but their occasional lapses into technicalities proved too much for me. So, in the company of a boy of about my own age who was himself a keen collector, I spent many interesting hours clambering about amongst the rocks and cliffs of the seashore or tramping the hills. But time was too short, for I had but a week to spend there, and so there are doubtless many interesting facts which I missed which besides being a loss to myself is also a loss to you, reader, which is our misfortune.

Thus one morning we found ourselves seated rather disconsolately on our baggage on Raasay pier waiting for the morning boat to appear. All too soon it did and before long Rona was but a line on the horizon; Raasay was merging into the background of Skye. The steamer pounded on and the white houses of Kyle appeared over the bow. We were back to all the bustle and hurry of modern life with its smoky towns and stifling crowds. My holiday was over.

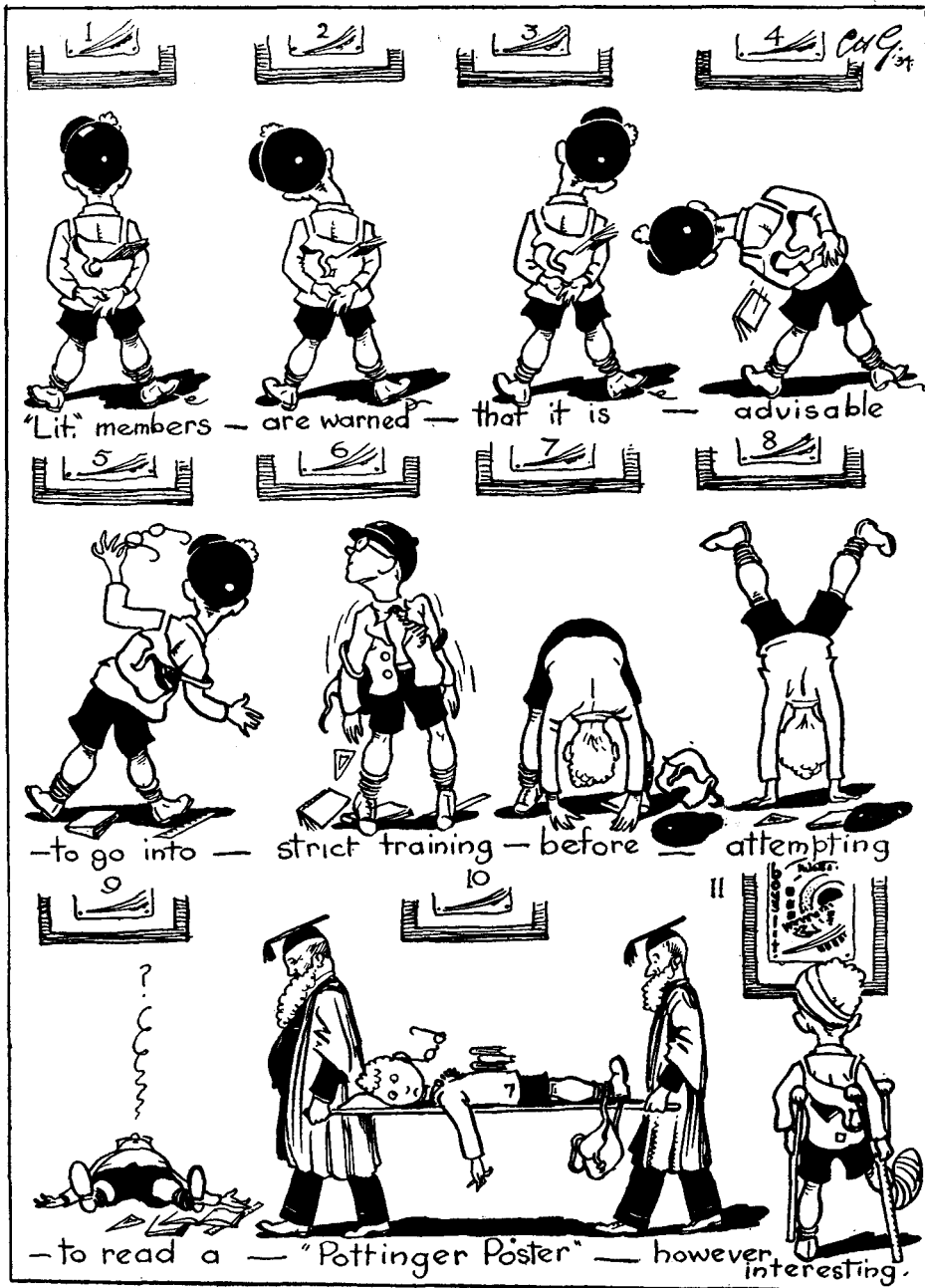
\* \* \* \* \*

We were dreamers dreaming greatly in the man-stifled town:

We yearned beyond the skyline where the strange roads go down.

Came the Whisper, came the vision, came the Power with the Need,

Till the Soul that is not man's soul was lent us to lead. —RUDYARD KIPLING.



"Art may tell a truth obliquely."—(Browning).



The Latin grace.

Pupil :—" There was a teacher said the grace to-day, but I could not make out what he said—something about ' cat.' "

French teacher (talking about hiatus).

" If a nigger had trousers and a jacket and a space between, what would be in the space ? "

Pupil—" His braces."

Latin teacher trying to show F—w—ll the correct pronunciation of Algeo (to be cold).

" Like Algy—don't you know the story about Algy ? Algy met a bear, the bear was bulgy, the bulge was Algy. Now, what does Algeo mean, F—r—ll ? "

F—r—ll—" To make bigger."

M—k—zie on Huxley :—

" Good teaching does not make up for the results that follow."

" If a man studies science only he will become perhaps mad, because he has no other interests in life."

(Ca canny, Science Dept.)

Q. What does " you've spilt a bibful mean ? "

A. (Bright pupil) " You've said a mouthful."

G—d—rey (translating) *Suppôts de Satan* = Limbs of Satan.

Q. What government department controls the Police ?

A. The department of public peace.

(The Belisha Complex ?)

Q. What type of tax is the entertainment tax ?

A. A tax on spirits.

" A General Strike is when the Members of Parliament won't do what the Prime Minister wants them. Then there is a General Strike."

(Poor Old Ramsay !)

" Sir Roger thought that all boatmen should have wooden legs so that they would not try to overturn the boat and swim ashore leaving the helpless victim in the water."



## The Old Men and the New Year Bells.

*The Bells.*—Silver, silver, silver, silver,  
And cold, and cold cold.

*The Old Men.*—Never again, never again,  
never will the old,  
Old year  
Sneer at us,  
Jeer at us,  
Beat at us,  
Cheat us.

*The Bells.*—Hear, hear, hear, hear me,  
I am the new,  
Never again will you  
Hear me  
Ring, sing the old.

*The Old Men.*—Aha then, aha !

We will pack  
Our trouble up,  
And toss a farthing  
For luck.  
We will toss up  
A farthing for luck.

*The Bells.*—Hear me !

I am the new,  
And have not a chiming moment,  
Not a moment,  
Not a flash of my ring in its  
chiming  
For you. For you  
Are the old.  
I am the burning and new ;  
And you are the old.

### On the Dundee High School.

Gray walls has she of patient, native stone,  
Grace for adornment and a pillared pride ;  
And planted flanks, out from the hall far-  
thrown,  
And deep-browed stateliness less high than  
wide.  
Thus earth-embracing, may she yet abide  
When the steel-ribbed swinging Babels  
fall  
Shattered by wars or worn by Time's slow  
tide.  
And still half-heard, unhurried 'mid the  
call  
And clamour of the mill her summoning bell  
shall toll.

Others have these ; and more than these, a  
name—

A name and shape coeval with the walls—  
A shell, after five hundred years the same  
As when the earliest scholars filled their  
halls.  
And thus perhaps a ritual worship calls  
The eager hearts of sons stamped in that  
mould.  
But she was builded in a land where falls  
And fades the pomp of sacrificial gold,  
And love for form and shape and fashion fast  
grows cold.

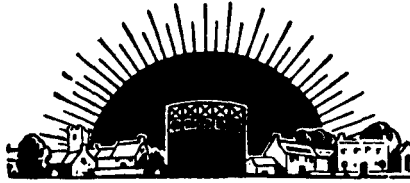
Here is an essence strong yet less defined,  
An agelong continuity of thought,

Careless of stone and founded in the mind  
Of common clay and spiry vision wrought ;  
Grown in a tribe that set all else at nought  
Save that the sons should reap where  
fathers sowed—  
The credo of the earth-born dream-sired Scot  
In whose rough breast a vision ever glowed  
That once in mystic Celt and deep-eyed  
Northman bode.

Backward through time an origin I sought  
Till lo, upon Tay's darkling savage strand  
'Mid smoke and whirling mist a gleam I  
caught  
Of a pale priest who, with upraised hand,  
Prayed thus : " Lord, send Thy light upon  
this land."  
There came a little child, round face, eye  
bright,  
Led by a man, bearded, gigantic, grand :  
" Father, though I be blind, let him have  
sight !"  
And through the clouds a wat'ry beam touched  
all with light.

The pious chanting of the brotherhood ;  
Then tumult : a revolted monk forswears  
The yoke of Rome ; the Covenant's outcast  
brood  
Raise harsh, sweet voices from their desert  
lairs ;  
Graeme's gallant laugh and iron Knox's  
prayers—  
All these make music, turbulent under rule,  
Self-disciplined when free. And through  
these airs  
A driving drone from Dominie and School  
Broke by a truant laugh beside the fly-flecked  
pool.

That wayward laugh, that unsuspected pool  
Were the free joys of him who ne'er became  
Like some, " a muddied oaf," " a flannelled  
fool."  
Others adore " The School " and vaunt its  
fame ;  
May we preserve within the School that flame  
That made a land whose soil was poor and  
steep,  
Rich in her children ; richer in the dream,  
The flame itself ; this may we ever keep.  
Progress depends on sires who sow that sons  
may reap.



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## Dempster of Dunnichen : A Celebrated *Alumnus* ?

"NOT to name the school or the masters of men illustrious," Dr. Johnson declared in his *Life of Addison*," is a kind of historical fraud, by which honest fame is injuriously diminished . . ." To lay claim to great men on grounds of tradition or a local family connection, where no historical proof can be advanced in support of the claim, is the opposite kind of fraud, but one not infrequently practised by schools. To have a notable man, by the generosity of his biographer, bestowed upon a school that has shown little ambition to claim him is probably a third kind of fraud ; but the benefaction being of an unusual kind it is only fitting that the school in question should regard it with more than passing attention.

The name of Dempster of Dunnichen was a familiar one to our grandparents. Even his *soubriquet* of "Honest George" still lingered as a memory among them, and his portrait, painted by his cousin, George Willison, and commissioned by the Town Council of Dundee in 1786 as a tribute to his services as M.P. for the constituency, was for long an object of interest in the Council Chamber, and, later still, in the Art Gallery of the Albert Institute. For long, however, recollection of Dempster has been on the wane, and the various measures of social advancement which he assisted to promote, and which earned him the admiration of his contemporaries, have fallen into complete oblivion. Not before time a biographer has been found of Dempster and his work in the person of Mr. James Fergusson, Younger of Kilkerran, whose collateral ancestor, Sir Adam Fergusson of Kilkerran, Dempster's most intimate friend, had, fortunately for posterity, preserved the letters written him by Dempster over a period of fifty-seven years. This happy chance has proved the salvation of Dempster, and in *Letters of George Dempster to Sir Adam Fergusson*, Mr. Fergusson has not only published

the rediscovered letters, but has linked them up in such a way as to present a fairly complete portrait of an unusually interesting and entertaining personality.

George Dempster, later founder of the model village of Letham, Member of Parliament, Secretary of the Order of the Thistle, a Director of the East India Company, and an indefatigable worker on behalf of the Highland Fisheries, the making of good roads and the improvement, by means of lime and open drains, of poor and waste lands, was born at Dundee, in 1732, in the family mansion in Gray's Close, which at that time belonged to his grandfather, a merchant and banker in the town and proprietor of the estate of Dunnichen near Forfar—the reputed site of the battle of Nechtan's Mere. It has been variously stated that he was educated at Leuchars and at the Grammar School of Dundee, and at both, before his matriculation at the University of St. Andrews in 1748. Whether he ever attended the Grammar School of Dundee is uncertain. The connection of his family with the town would, at first sight, render his attendance highly probable. On the other hand, the reference to Leuchars suggests his having been placed with a private tutor and renders doubtful his conjectured enrolment at the Grammar School. Mr. Fergusson, however, following the statement in Chambers' *Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen*, has leant towards the former probability and added him to the roll of celebrated *alumni* of the school.

This is all very well, and all living *alumni* of the school will, no doubt, feel that they are in all the better company as a result ; but there is an unpleasant feature about the ascription which ought not to be lost sight of. It is not to the credit of the High School of Dundee that anyone—whether a biographer of a noted Angus man, or other enquirer—should be unable to report with certainty whether Dempster, or, indeed, many another, was, or

was not, a one-time pupil of the Grammar School of Dundee. Dempster, it so happens, is an *alumnus* of whom any school might be proud, but while other biographers may prove as generous as Mr. Fergusson not all their donations may prove as acceptable; and should some future historian of notable rascals, footpads and resurrectionists choose to ascribe the education of an odd half-dozen such to our ancient foundation, the High School may come to enjoy an even greater notoriety than the wooden horse of Troy.

The Centenary Number of the School Magazine, it is agreed on all hands, was a highly creditable compilation—creditable alike to the school which fostered the first sparks of varied genius disclosed by some eminent contributors, and to the immense pains of the Editor in supervising such a compilation. It is with hesitation, therefore, that one advances anything in the nature of criticism of that magazine; but the fact remains—and it is no fault attributable to the Editor, or, perhaps, to any definitely ascertainable individual in any period of the school's history—that the School Roll of Honour as it exists and can be exhibited is both scrappy and incomplete. The deaths of eminent men in diverse walks of life which have taken place since last June have called attention to amazing omissions, and the present biography of Dempster presents a further example of the unsatisfactory nature of the Roll.

It ought not to be impossible, if the task is undertaken by several hands, slowly but definitely to discover exactly who are *alumni* of the Grammar School and of the other schools now incorporated in the High School. At the same time a complete record ought to be started forthwith of living, or recently deceased *alumni*, who either have attained to eminence or seem likely ultimately to move in an *air of glory*. These two tasks, if conscientiously carried out should do much to determine the *personnel* of the school Roll of Honour, and when the next Centenary Number of the School Magazine is called for—if not before (and those of us who

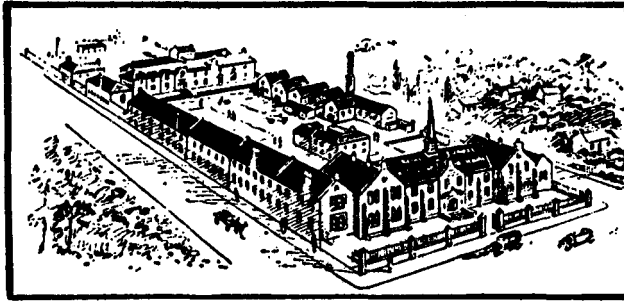
cannot anticipate reading a second such number will hope *before*)—a complete and interesting Roll ought to be forthcoming.

To return to Dempster. Uncertain as we are of his status as an *alumnus*, there can be no uncertainty about his worth or the charm of his personality. His activities all through his life were concerned with promoting the welfare of others. After a time at the University of St. Andrews, he removed to Edinburgh and attended Law classes with a view to proceeding to the Bar. In 1755 he was admitted Advocate and in the following year set out on the grand tour accompanied by his friend, Adam Fergusson. In Dempster's case, the tour came to an abrupt end, for he was recalled by the death of his father which necessitated his returning to Scotland and attending to family affairs. The friendship between him and Fergusson, however, continued until the death of the latter in 1813, and resulted in the series of letters preserved at Kilkerran.

From 1761 to 1790 Dempster was Member of Parliament for Perth Boroughs—a group of five boroughs in which Dundee was at that period included. He was of independent rather than of purely Whig sympathies, and as he refused to sell his vote to any party, earned his once-famous *soubriquet* and his immense contemporary reputation. His efforts for the improving of the Highlands by support of the Fishing Industry, the introduction of new manufactures, the making of roads, and the reclamation of heath-land, as also his ripe wisdom where the affairs of India were concerned, should not have been so undeservedly forgotten. In recalling attention to the work of Dempster, Mr. Fergusson has done all students of the Eighteenth Century real service; and whether or not Dempster was an "old boy" of the Grammar School, his position as "Member for the Town" makes his career one of peculiar interest to all Dundonians.

Of all Dempster's views, however, perhaps those of greatest interest to a school are those connected with the proposed education of his

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nephew and intended heir—another George Dempster. These are expressed in a document which he sent to Sir Adam Fergusson, and give an interesting account of the type of education Dempster believed a Scots country gentleman should receive. Young George was to study with a private tutor and not to attend a school—a resolution which almost suggests that Dempster himself was not an *alumnus* of the Grammar School. He was to be taught Latin, French, Dancing, Writing and Arithmetic. His recreations were to be riding, fishing, shooting and paying calls with a view to getting to know other young people in the neighbourhood of his home. Once he had mastered his subjects sufficiently he was to proceed to the University of St. Andrews to study Languages and *Belles Lettres*, and later go on to Edinburgh to study Philosophy and Law. The grand tour was to follow.

Sir Adam Fergusson was alarmed at the absence of Greek from the boy's curriculum and wrote to remonstrate with his friend. Dempster replied that the difficulty with which his nephew learned Latin, by application of from "sometimes 7-8-9 hours" a day at "grammar rules and their exceptions," led him to believe that little good would be done by compelling him to undertake a second task of a similar kind—"More grammar rules, more vocabularies, more histories of people dead 2,000 years, of nations extinguished, more old poets before the boy knows what poetry is . . ."

Still Sir Adam was unconvinced. He admitted that "a man may be very wise, very good and competently learned without knowing Greek," but he suggested that Greek might prove a useful means of passing the time at a later period in the boy's life, and that as such it was preferable to "backgammon, piquette or tric-trac." Dempster was not to be persuaded and the argument he advances against

the learning of a "dead" language is an interesting one.

"The illustrious Grecians of whom you wish him to read the heroic achievements never learned one dead language. Their historians and poets who have preserved the memory and sung the praises of those heroes never studied one dead language. Nor did the Roman worthies, for their Greek was probably learned as the French is by us, in Greece itself."

Alas! for Dempster's educational projects! While the old friends debated the child for whom they planned, sickened and died. Sir Adam Fergusson died also, and Dempster was left, a lonely, but still lively old man. To the last he remained interested in whatever might advance the social, agricultural and industrial improvement of Scotland. As he grew older he became increasingly fonder of writing epigrams, which though not specially witty are often graceful and nearly always amusing. His account of himself catching "podlies" at Angus Baia, Broughty Ferry, is delightful, and reminds us that the charm of the Horatian world is to be found in our own day and our own neighbourhood.

Even before Sir Adam's death we find Dempster writing:—

"I love the sun, the moon, the face of the heavens, and the earth. I love its inhabitants, and propose little satisfaction in the chapel of Restenneth, either in my quarters or company;" but adding: "A' thing's packt up. I keep just a few changes of pleasures, and amusements, loose in the pockets of my greatcoats." One of these, he continues, consisted in writing to his friend. For the last five years of his life that resource was denied him, and when, in 1818, he was laid at length in his grave in Restenneth Priory, though his love of nature and of man no doubt was very keen to the last, the part-blind old man may have been less reluctant to seek such quarters. W. FRASER MITCHELL.

## A Trip to Cairo.

ON returning from Calcutta, where we spent a flying visit of about ten days, we decided to return home by the shortest route, across the Continent of India, by the Imperial Mail, a journey of forty-one hours by train to Bombay. There we embarked on the S.S. *Mooltan* for a fortnight. We were delighted to hear we could break our journey at Suez, and by taking advantage of a famous Travel Agency's facilities we disembarked at the Port in the early morning. A steam launch took us across the water, a distance of about two miles to Suez. Cars were awaiting us to take us to Cairo. The major part of the journey from Suez to Cairo lies over rather monotonous desert, but the monotony of mile upon mile of sand only serves to make the traveller appreciate all the more the beauty of the approach to Cairo, which is a residential outskirts known as Heliopolis. The green grass, beautiful flowers and magnificent buildings of this suburb were indeed a contrast to the ninety-five miles of desert previously traversed. Heliopolis is an important air centre on the Imperial Airways Services.

After refreshing ourselves at Shepherd's Hotel we visited the Museum which contained many massive statues of ancient Egyptian Kings, including those of Rameses I. and II., and many others. The Dragoman or Guide, who spoke English remarkably well, gave us the history of the many exhibits, the chief of which are the relics of King Tutankamen.

His gold coffin and jewels are kept in a large glass case, jealously guarded by special Egyptian Police, and, I am told, by the invisible ray which, if broken, gives the alarm immediately to all points.

We duly admired the solid gold coffin, which

is said to be worth fifty thousand pounds and gazed with awe at the death mask, also made of gold. As mentioned, we saw many jewels, and one of the many ornaments was the Scarab or Beetle, which was held to be holy. As a sign of power and majesty, the Cobra and the Vulture featured on the King's head-dress and possessions.

A visit to the Native Bazaar followed, where some curios were purchased.

After lunch, we proceeded to the Pyramids at Giza by car, a drive of about three-quarters of an hour from Cairo.

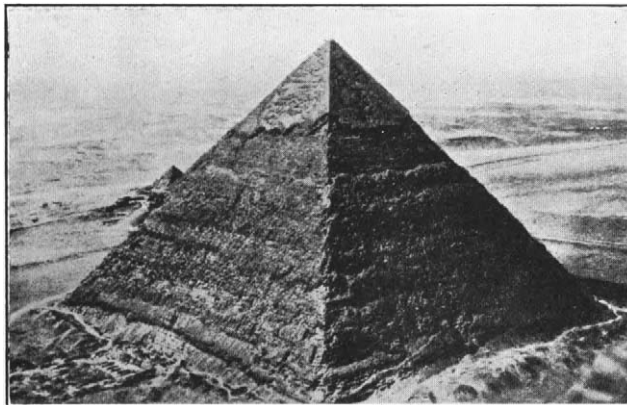
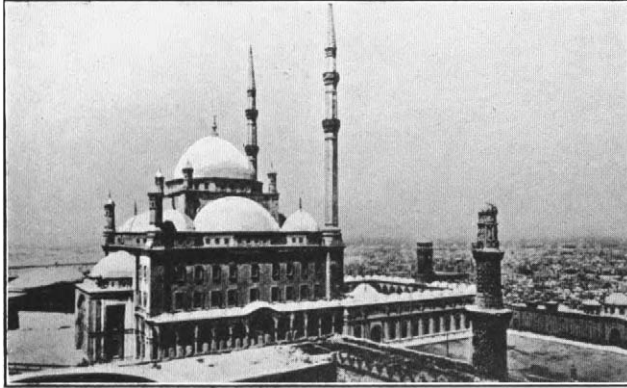
We found camels waiting for us and with a little difficulty we mounted them and arrived at the foot of the Pyramids.

The highest Pyramid is four hundred and eighty-nine feet high, nearly sixty feet higher than St. Paul's Cathedral, London, and the base occupies twenty-one Egyptian acres. Proceeding a little further we saw the Sphinx, the origin of which is lost in antiquity. On foot we saw the Temple of the Sphinx, which has only recently been excavated.

Just a glimpse of the city was seen in the evening light, and we all admired the view of the many domes and minarets, which were silhouetted against the evening sky. The cry of the Muezzin calling the faithful to prayer faintly reached our ears.

It was with reluctance we left this fascinating scene. Six o'clock found us in the train for Port Said, and after a very hot and dusty four hours' run across the desert, and along the banks of the "Canal," we again boarded the *Mooltan*. Thus ended our quick tour to Cairo.

JAMES C. DUFFUS, Cl. VII.



*(Photos and block by courtesy of J. M. C. Duffus, Esq.)*

1. Cairo Mosque.
2. The Great Pyramid.

Snapshots from a  
Trip to Cairo.

Dundee High School  
Magazine.

## Cortachy Camp—July 1934.

**R**AIN to start with. As we stand paraded in the back playground ready for the great school-boy adventure of Cortachy Camp, some of us "rookies," some hard-bitten veterans, we feel the rain swish in our faces, but what care we? "We're the High School mob and we don't care if it snows ink." The optimists say, "It ain't gonna rain no more," and they are right. For ten blissful days thereafter not a drop—day after day, sun, heat, tan, and (or) blister!

We are cadets of 1934 and proud of it—and glad of it. No more foot-slogging from Kirrie to Cortachy. Mechanised transport for us, science in the service of the soldier. True, we have not yet aspired to tanks, but our charabancs stand at the High School gate. "Cortachy; John, we're not walking." The army of to-day's 'orl right.

And so away to a new life for ten days. Sheltered by the hills and separated by many country miles from streets and houses, from the "detested" comforts and coddling of civilization, from the hard confining limits of ancient desks, from the jargon of sine, tan, cosine, hic, haec, hoc, participle and gerund, the laws of Charles, Boyle and Grimm—and all that! Blessed thought!

At last we swing in by the gates of Airlie Estates, sniffing gleefully the hill air now sweet after rain and scented with the refreshing tang of pine and bracken and the goodly smell of the earth. A glimpse of the Castle, a farm, a few gates, not a few bumps, and we're there.

Hats off to the advance party, or rather salute the pioneers! They have been hard at it since 8 a.m. and they have done marvellously. Pickaxe and shovel have been plied with a will and all the tents are pitched; and many fell on stony ground! Soon we are hearing all about it. Perhaps we were well out of the advance party after all! Then were there hurryings to and fro, while kits were sorted out, and bustle, and pleasant excitement. Hear

the shrill piping and plaints of Will Mathieson, chief of porbs, our worthy Q.M. Sergeant, as he tries to get his canteen into some semblance of tidiness; behold the rising of the Dorchester, that house which, day by day, added to its luxury and pride till smelling of hair oil and modern insolence it was voted a Babel in our Eden and summarily condemned by a visiting medical authority.

At last, most of the impedimenta being stowed away, we do ample justice to our first meal in camp. Guard is mounted with due ceremonial. Attention for a moment! The solemn notes of the last post, most beautiful and most melancholy of calls, rise from our quiet meadow, over the river and up to the wooded slopes; the happy clatter breaks out afresh; then lights out. From the hills of Cortachy night creeps gently down on our little host, wisps of summer mist trail their blue-grey length over the field, the Esk babbles somnolently a soothing good-night, and save for the pacing sentry silhouetted against the red gleam of the cook's fire, the camp is at rest. But not all are asleep; the excitement of the first night under canvas drives sleep from some young heads; one or two eager-eyed twelve-year-olds are found zealously polishing their buttons at 4 a.m.!

Halcyon days follow. Who will forget them? Even their steadying routine and discipline are a pleasure; nor will even the "pauvres fatigués" gainsay this now! The awakening notes of reveillé at 6.30, the run through the dewy fields, the cool swish of the wet grass against bare ankles, the vigorous bending and stretching and knees-up at P.T., the double back to camp with an appetite growing keener every minute, the serious work of the morning parades (the sun is hot, but you stick it and feel more the man for sticking it), the great day for the youngsters when rifles are issued—what a holocaust of phantom enemy warriors as Junior X grows slicker with

the breach-bolt. Extended order! Will the sun-baked intelligence ever grasp the true meaning of these arm flexions? The sergeants roar, bark, and file their tongues ever sharper, the "knots" become less frequent, and more easily untied.

Gosh, what a heat! The camp bakes, the meadow bakes, but there under the arching foliage lie the inviting pools of the Esk river. Bathing parade! Whoopee! Splash, splash, splash. "Disgusting," said the Esk trout and cleared out for good. "This is the life," said the cadet as he took another header.

You remember the long July afternoons in the heat when the camp at times resembled almost a nudist colony, when one followed one's own sweet will, a laze, a hike, mallet cricket, or another attempt on the Esk trout which weren't there.

At times some pleasing intelligence reached us from the outside world, or some people from the city (poor souls) came to visit us. Col. Comdt. Kidd enlivened us with his cheery presence, inspected us very thoroughly, and gave us some good advice about sunburn; we missed our friend, Col. T. H. Smith, but though he was unfortunately unable to visit us he failed us not with his strawberries. A welcome gift of tomatoes and lettuce also arrived from Mr. Dryden, Dundee. Parents likewise drove up bearing gifts; we were pleased to see the parents, but we came to fear them when "bearing gifts." (Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes), for sun+unlimited

tuck+unbridled youthful appetite=a sick cadet. Of eleven tins of fruit which entered one tent, seven were perished before dawning. "Sic transit" the next day of course. But a remedy for tummy-ache was ere long discovered, secret, unpalatable and wonderfully efficacious. Result, no more sickness, not a hiccup! The Rector visited us, once to judge the platoons for the platoon cup, and on a second pleasant occasion (strawberry day), he brought Mrs. Bain to see our show. We were also inspected by Lt.-Col. Henderson and Major Smith of the T.A., and by Lt.-Col. Bignold de Creagan, Secretary to the B.N.C.A. Naturally they went away highly satisfied with us and with our camp.

We have a reputation to live up to (see report by Major-General Sir J. L. G. Burnett of Leys), and gad, sir, we're going to do it. Even in the best families, you know . . . yes, we were human after all, and there was an occasional slip from grace—ask les pauvres fatigués who would "dot and carry one till the longest day was done"—but they knew they were for it and they did their darg cheerfully, bless 'em and that's all there was to it.

Ten days of it and all too short, but how full of memories grave and gay! The sun, the work, and frolic of the day, the hot fields at noon, the cool waters, the tranquil hours on guard when earth breathes softly, the good companionship, the vigorous healthy exercise, the salutary discipline—ten days, foot loose and heart-free, when life was good and we really lived!

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**Girl Guide Camp,  
Moulin—Pitlochry, July 1934.**

**Dundee High School  
Magazine.**

## Dundee High School Old Boys' Club.

THE Fourth Annual General Meeting of the Club was held in the School on Monday, 22nd October, 1934, when Reports were submitted and Office-bearers for the year 1934-35 were elected as follows :—

*Hon. President*—Sir James Alfred Ewing, K.C.B., F.R.S.

*Hon. Vice-Presidents*—The Very Rev. Wm. M. McGregor, D.D.; the Hon. Lord Anderson, D.L., LL.D.; Sir James Walker, F.R.S., LL.D.; John Maclellan, Esq., M.A.; Ian M. Bain, Esq., M.A., B.A.; T. H. Smith, Esq., M.A., D.L., J.P.; James Scrimgeour, B.L.; T. S. Murray, Esq., D.Sc.; H. Craigie Smith, Esq.

*President*—James S. Nicoll, Esq.

*Vice-President*—George Scrymgeour, Esq.

*Hon. Auditors*—Messrs. Moody Stuart & Robertson, C.A., Dundee.

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

*Executive Committee*—Messrs. W. G. Laird, Fred Slimman, E. W. Christie, Jr., James Scrimgeour, H. J. Carlton, Dr. Murray, R. Manners Rorke, C. C. Spankie, A. T. Miller, W. E. D. Cowley, H. Craigie Smith, William Smith, W. S. Phillips, D. W. Kidney, A. S. Drummond, and the President, Vice-President, and Hon. Secretary and Treasurer.

The question of how the Old Boys' Club could assist Boys' Clubs in Dundee was raised and the matter is at present being gone into by the Executive Committee.

We much regret to place on record the death of one of our members, Alexander Finlay

Smith, 13 Mentone Terrace, Edinburgh—1883-1887.

The Membership now stands at :—

Honorary Member ..	1
Life Members ..	125
Ordinary Members ..	359
	<hr/>
	485

### Centenary Celebrations.

The success which attended the series of memorable meetings—sport and otherwise—which marked the Centenary Celebrations at the end of last Session must have given great gratification to those connected with the arrangements. From the Old Boys' point of view the memories reawakened during the Centenary Week brought back associations not easily forgotten. We again had the privilege of visiting the School, strolling through the old classrooms and shaking hands with our old teachers, and although we may not have had the former anxiety attendant on ill-prepared homework, we had undoubtedly the same affection coupled with reverence and respect for "Schola Clara."

The Church Parade, the Prize-giving, the Golf Match, the Cricket Match and other functions, have all come and gone, but the Centenary Number of the Magazine has come and stayed and it is only right to put on record the large number of congratulations which have been received by the Old Boys' Club from Old Boys far and near, and which have all been duly passed on to the proper quarter—Mr. Laird, our patient and painstaking editor, who achieved immortality with the Centenary issue.

## TO PARENTS.

**T**O be healthy, happy and fit for their studies, it is essential that growing Boys and Girls should have a wholesome and substantial Mid-day Meal.

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The meat provided is the finest, milk is of a very high grade from an up-to-date hygienic Carse of Gowrie Farm.

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# University Distinctions of Former Pupils.

## EDINBURGH.

A. D. ALEXANDER. 6th Place, 2nd Class, Greek ; Latin. 2nd Ordinary Course 5th ; Prose Composition, 2nd.

M. K. BORLAND. Graduated M.A., June.

G. E. DAVIE. Hardie Prize for Latin Verse.

WILLIAM A. C. MATHIESON. 2nd Equal Open Bursary Competition.

DAVID MAXWELL, M.A. Thow Law Scholarship ; Rhind Scholarship (Classics).

C. R. McLEISH. 3rd Civil (Roman) Law.

ENID M. ROBERTSON, M.A. Guthrie Fellowship in Classical Literature ; W. S. Society Prize in Latin.

EVELYN R. ROBERTSON, M.A. Black Scholarship in N.T. Greek.

DAVID M. G. STALKER, M.A. (Honours) :—

DIVINITY AWARDS (Edinburgh University and New College). Senior Hebrew (Fullarton Prizes) 1st Place ; Senior Church History (Hope Prizes) 1st Place ; Junior Dogmatics (Waterbeck Prizes) 1st Place ; Senior New Testament (Ettles Prize) 2nd Place ; Mackenzie Divinity Prize, open to four Scottish Universities for Essay on "The Secession of 1733," 1st Place.

G. C. STALKER. Mathematics (Honours Courses) ; Foundations of Analysis, 6th ; General Analysis, 8th ; Higher Algebra and Geometry, 6th ; Laboratory Course, 2nd ; Astronomy, 2nd.

MARGARET G. STEWART. Latin, Intermediate Honours Course, 2nd.

## ST. ANDREWS.

LOUISE SNODGRASS. Modern History, 12th.

J. H. F. WILSON. Modern History (Special Class), 4th.

D. G. PAE. Chemistry (Special Class), 1st Rank, 3rd Place ; Natural Philosophy (Special Class), 3rd ; Natural Philosophy (Special Class, Practical), 5th.

H. P. WATSON. Junior Anatomy, Honours, 1st

Rank, 4th Place ; Practical Histology, 1st Rank, 2nd Place.

## UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, DUNDEE.

W. KEIR. June 1934—Graduated B.Sc., with First-Class Honours in Zoology, at University College, Dundee. August 1934—Selected for Probationary Appointment to Colonial Service as Cadet in Kenya Colony.

J. H. F. WILSON. Philosophy (General Class), 1st Class Certificate, 5th Place.

BRIAN S. TULLOCH. Chemistry (General Class), 1st Class Certificate, 3rd Place ; Chemistry (General Class, Engineering), 1st ; Physics (General Class), 1st Class Certificate, 2nd Place ; Physics (Practical), 2nd Class Certificate, 4th Place ; Natural History, 1st Class Certificate.

WM. HUTCHISON. 1st B.Sc. (Engineering), 1st Class Certificate, 3rd Place.

ELVIRA STOHLNER. Physics (Junior Class), 1st Class Certificate, 2nd Place ; Botany (1st M.B. Class), 2nd Class Certificate, 5th Place.

BERTHA McDUGALL. Physics (Junior Class), 1st Class Certificate, 3rd Place ; Botany (1st M.B. Class), 2nd Class Certificate, 2nd Place.

R. A. B. RORIE. Physics (Junior Class), 1st Class Certificate, 4th Place.

CONRAD LATTO. Senior and Practical Anatomy, 1st Class (2nd Place) ; Systematic Physiology, 1st Class Certificate, 2nd Place.

B. A. McDUGALL and I. G. McCALL. Junior and Practical Anatomy, 1st Class Certificate.

THOMAS HOWIE. Medallist in Electrical Engineering ; Theory of Heat Engines and Machines, 1st Class Certificate ; Engine Design, II.C., 1st Class.

W. B. FORSTER. Engineering Design, 1st Class Certificate.

G. C. ABEL. Engineering Laboratory, II.B., 1st Class.

D. J. H. MORRISON. Engineering Design, II.A., 1st Class.

MURIEL FERRIER. Ophthalmology, 1st Class Certificate.

# Reports.

## Rugby Report, 1st XV.

To begin the session with a large proportion of the previous year's team on which to build is an advantage that seldom comes our way, but favoured in this respect, we were hopeful of a successful season. Despite this we were faced with the annual problem of finding a suitable back division as our nucleus consisted mostly of forwards. The usual experimenting brought a fair amount of success but it was not until well on in the season that this difficulty was solved. Co-operation between forwards and backs

has improved steadily and success has been well maintained. The pack is probably the best we have had for a number of years, and with a combination of weight, height and experience is playing good football. At half-back the side is well served and here experience should bring its reward. While, individually, the threes are quite up to standard, there is room for improvement in combined play. With quicker thought and action in general, and increased penetrative power in the centre in particular, the effectiveness of the quartette would be greatly enhanced. Our

full back is safe but unfortunately his services to the team have been impaired through his frequent injuries. Through a dearth of players of size and weight in the upper classes the 1st XV. is greatly handicapped in practice games. With stiffer opposition the play of the side would be speeded up and strengthened considerably. The School side should do well in 1934-35.

T. M'L.

#### Rugby Report, 2nd XV.

This year the 2nd XV. opened the season with very bright prospects, because they had at their disposal a wealth of talent recruited from that lively and energetic class—Class VI. of the previous year. Though light they possess undoubted football talent and the 1st XV. on occasions have made use of this in filling their vacancies. The personnel of the team has, therefore, varied somewhat from week to week and as a result a uniform standard of play has been impossible. However, the team—as a playing unit—has settled down remarkably well and steady improvement has been noted as the season progressed, especially in forward play. The team possesses an energetic pack, but with more understanding we should gradually see an opening up of the game with the backs demonstrating their recognised skill.

Here again at present, lack of co-operation is strikingly evident with too much individual work and too few completed movements as a result.

However, the will and the talent exist and with more experience as a team these faults should disappear.

The open winter has provided a full fixture card. Up to date seven matches have been played of which three have been won and four lost. Except for a disastrous encounter with Harris 1st XV.—a heavier and faster moving team—the games have been closely contested. There is always the satisfaction of a team in the making with brighter prospects ahead. So play up, 2nd XV., and get a push on !!

#### Cadet Company Report.

The enrolment to date is 135. This number is a gratifying increase on last year's strength, but the ideal condition of "every senior boy a cadet" is not yet attained.

Financial considerations have so far prevented a weekly parade in uniform, but we hope that these difficulties will soon be overcome. An interested parent has given, and one or two old and faithful friends of the Cadet Corps have very generously promised to give donations towards uniforms. We hope the Xmas spirit of giving may prompt some others to follow this excellent example. The Rector has very kindly arranged for us to have a full company parade on alternate Fridays, and this is proving invaluable for training. All ranks are enthusiastic. Efficiency and smartness on parade are dependent only on time and practice.

On 23rd June, the company was inspected by Major-General Sir J. L. G. Burnett of Leys, whose report is printed below.

We welcome Lieut. Maclean and Lieut. Larg, who will shortly be commissioned, to the officer strength. Lieut. Larg has already shown his zeal for the

company, and we can promise Lieut. Maclean an enjoyable, if strenuous, period of service.

Sgt.-Inst. Smith has relinquished his care of the band, and his place has been filled by Sgt. Donaldson.

The annual camp at Contachy was pitched on a new site, more remote from the highways, and the training was enjoyed by all ranks. The cadet and N.C.O. strength was 85, officered by the O.C. and Lieut. Wardlaw. Mr. Laird and Mr. Larg very generously gave up their time to attend, and we must take this opportunity of expressing our thanks for their help. We missed our efficient and cheery adjutant, Lieut. Maclaren, and are delighted to see him restored to health again.

The training for the general inspection in June was a very valuable preparation for camp. The hot weather made route marching inadvisable, but good work was done in drill, musketry, and simple manoeuvres. A 24-hour guard was mounted this year. All ranks willingly and cheerfully took their share of fatigue, orderly, and guard duties. This unspectacular and often uncongenial training is possibly the most beneficial part of the camp training. The band was again in charge of Sgt.-Inst. Smith.

Col.-Com. A. E. Kidd visited us for a week-end, and made his official inspection. We were also visited by representative officers of the B.N.C.A., and the Territorial Association. Mr. Scrimgeour, convener of the cadet committee, visited us on two occasions.

Mr. Bain judged the platoon cup competition, and awarded the trophy to No. 4 platoon, under Sgt. Caird. Chanters presented by Mr. Scrimgeour and Mr. Larg were won by Pipe-Sgt. Grant and Piper Rorie. We were fortunate to have Mr. Thomson of Dykehead, an adjudicator of wide experience, to decide this contest.

The health of the camp after the first week-end was excellent. During the first days a number of sick cases resulted from a combination of exposure to sun, "parcels," and the change of routine. We were very ably served medically by a representative from the St. Andrew's Ambulance Association.

We look forward to a steady increase of efficiency during next term, and a record camp to follow at the end of the summer term.

W. L. M.

#### INSPECTION OF THE CADET CORPS OF THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JAMES L. G. BURNETT OF LEYS, BT., C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., on 23rd June, 1934.

1. *Drill*.—Very good.
2. *Weapon Training*.—The School has, I believe, an excellent record as regards shooting.
3. *Manoeuvre*.—Not applicable.
4. *Discipline*.—All ranks displayed great keenness and enthusiasm.
5. *Turn Out*.—Very good indeed.
6. *Signalling*.—Not applicable.
7. *Arms and Equipment*.—Well kept.

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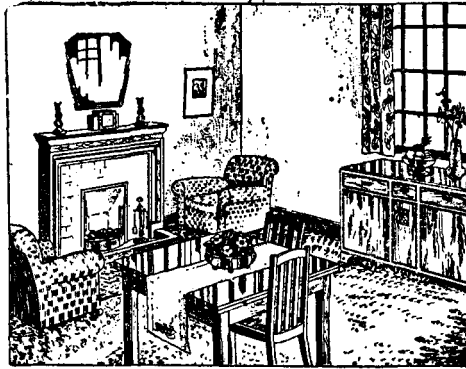
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8. *Recommendations as to Buildings, Stores, Ranges, etc.*—Not applicable.

9. *General Remarks.*—

I first inspected the corps.

They then marched past.

I then watched a series of displays—a physical training squad, guard mounting, kit inspection, company drill, etc.

In my opinion this Cadet Corps is well commanded, and has good officers. The boys are instructed sensibly and well. They have a high standard and great enthusiasm. These are maintained despite the fact that the Cadet Corps receives no financial assistance, and in fact little assistance of any kind.

I consider that the instruction given is such as to teach a boy self-reliance, self-respect and some idea both of giving orders and obeying them. These are useful qualities in any walk of life. I hope too that the instruction given will result in a good proportion of these boys taking commissions in the Territorial Army when they get older.

In my opinion the standard of this Cadet Corps is sufficiently high to warrant its conversion into an O.T.C. (Junior) Contingent should an opportunity occur.

(Signed) J. L. BURNETT, *Major-General,*  
*Commander 51st (Highland) Division*  
*and Highland Areas.*

PERTH, 28th June, 1934.

**Hockey Report, Season 1934-35.**

We have been unfortunate this season in being unable to secure the help of Miss Whytock during our practices, owing to her absence from School, but in spite of this we have on the whole done fairly well in our matches and are still at the top of the league, having lost only one point.

This year office-bearers were elected as follows :— President—Miss Whytock ; Vice-President—Miss Jarvie ; Captain—Jean Cowley ; Secretary—Dorothy Bowden. 2nd XI : Captain—Jean Turnbull.

The Schools' Trials take place on the 8th December at the grounds. D.H.S. will be represented by :— J. Cowley, J. Conn, N. Conn, M. Jamieson, K. Brown, D. Brown, J. Bowen, F. Cooper, D. Bowden. The match, Midlands v. North, is played at Aberdeen this year.

The result of the 1st XI. matches to date are as follows :—

Oct 6—Bell-Baxter School,	Away,	7—2
13—Perth Academy	Away,	6—4
20—Morrison's Academy,	Home,	13—3
27—		
Nov. 3—Harris Academy,	Away,	4—4
10—Morgan Academy,	Cancelled.	
17—Bell-Baxter School	Home,	8—2
24—Perth Academy,	Home,	6—3
Dec. 1—Morrison's Academy,	Away,	2—1

The 2nd XI. have also done well this season, having lost only one match. Their results are :—

Oct. 13—Morgan Academy,	Home,	3—0
20—Harris Academy,	Away,	2—1
27—Morgan Academy,	Cancelled.	

Nov. 3—

10—Harris Academy, Canceled.

17—Blairgowrie High School, Away, 3—4

24—Perth Academy, Home, 6—3

Dec. 1—F.P.'s "B," Home, 7—3

The 3rd XI. have played two matches with Grove 2nd XI. and won at D.H.S. grounds, but lost at Grove grounds.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking our coach, Miss Whytock, for her enthusiasm and help in matches and practices, and also Miss Jarvie and Miss Duff for refereeing other matches. D.J.B.

**F.P. Tennis Club Report.**

The Club has just concluded a most successful season. The weather was rather broken, but in spite of this the attendance was up to normal.

The standard of play has been much improved in the last season or two and this year we had the pleasure of seeing three of our teams go up into higher Divisions. The Ladies' Team was already in the 1st Division and maintained its position there. Club players also did very well in the Midlands Tournament.

We hope that now both the Ladies' and Gentlemen's teams are in the 1st Division, that we will have an influx of those who leave school in June, so as to give support to those teams.

The Club Championships resulted as follows :—

Gent.'s Singles Cup—Mr. F. W. How defeated Mr. J. F. Stewart in final.

Ladies' Singles Cup—Miss F. M'Gregor defeated Miss J. D. Robertson in final.

Mixed Doubles Handicap—Miss W. Malcolm and Mr. J. Crystal defeated Miss F. M. Fordyce and Mr. W. S. Phillips in final.

During the season a Tournament was held and was won by Miss M. Webster and Mr. H. Philip. Miss M. Howe and Mr. Geo. Ritchie were runners-up.

The Club are holding their Annual Dance in Kidd's Rooms, on the 21st December, from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. The Committee decided that this year the price of tickets should be reduced to 2s. 6d., buffet extra, and are sure that this reduction will be specially welcome to the younger members and their friends. Tickets may be had from Members of Committee or from Messrs. Kidd's.

**Guide Report.**

We are now nearing the end of a very enjoyable term at Guides. At the beginning of the session we welcomed so many recruits that we had to make a new patrol—the Thrush Patrol.

The Patrol Leaders now are :—Robin—Janet Conn ; Skylark—Kathleen Brown ; Thrush—Dorothy Brown ; Nightingale—Sheila Wenyon ; Swallow—Jean Cowley ; Chaffinch—Catherine Spreull ; Woodpigeon—Jean Turnbull ; Bluetit—Florence Cooper.

We entered both a senior and junior team for the Guide Gala. Both teams did very well, the seniors winning the Cup.

In spite of the fact that we have been working hard, with the help of our Guiders, for the November badges, we have found time to play many interesting games.

We take this opportunity of thanking the officers for their unfailing interest in our work. Unfortunately our Captain, Miss Whytock, has been ill for several weeks, and we all hope that she will soon be quite better, and able to be with us again next term.

F. A. R. C.

#### Camp Report.

This year we went to Moulin. There were about seventeen of us and four officers. We had never camped there before, and were fortunate enough to have perfect weather.

We went for several long walks, one to the Pass of Killiecrankie where we had great fun on the Wishing Stone. Another afternoon we climbed Ben-y-vrackie, and had a marvellous view from the top.

Wednesday was visitors' day, and we welcomed many parents and friends.

We were sorry that Colonel Smith was unable to come and see us, but he did not forget to send up his annual feast of strawberries which were greatly appreciated.

Mr. and Mrs. Bain visited us on Thursday, and we had a cricket match in which Mr. Bain joined.

We should like to thank the officers for the trouble they took to give us such an enjoyable camp.

F. A. R. C.

#### Boys' Literary Society Report.

The Society continues in a very flourishing condition, and although the membership is not yet quite so large as last year, it is hoped that there are still more pupils who purpose joining. The Opening Address was delivered on Friday, 12th October, by the Rev. T. S. Taylor, M.A., B.Litt. His subject, "History as a Hobby," was admirably dealt with. At the Hat Night the following week, the questions raised were discussed with the usual enthusiasm. On 26th October we heard papers from Messrs. Mackenzie, Mackie and Gauldie, all of Class IX., and on 9th November, the combined Societies held an open debate to decide whether or not the Cinema should be abolished. By a majority of some 40 votes the House decided against such a rash step. On 16th November, we were treated to a lantern lecture by one of our Vice-Presidents, Mr. Blair, who gave us an interesting and authoritative talk on the Argentine. The following week we were invited by the Girls' Society to an illustrated lecture by Professor Tulloch on the subject, "For Science, For the Homeland, and For Humanity." November 30th saw one of the most interesting meetings of the term, when we heard short papers by members of Classes VI. and VII. Messrs. Bruce, Hutton, Dewar and Elder all demonstrated considerable literary ability in their contributions. Two meetings remain to be held; an Essay by Mr. Brough on 7th December, and the Open Musical Evening on 19th December, preparations for which are well under way. We take this opportunity to thank Mr. Walker for presiding so regularly throughout the term, and also to congratulate our Artist, Mr. Pottinger, on the beautiful and artistic work which he has been producing each week.

R. S. S.

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