

THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. 70

DECEMBER 1937

FOURPENCE

61-70



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Editorial.

WITH the signature tune, "Here we are again," we present the Christmas number of the Mag. Christmas itself is drawing on apace, and with it its festivities and good cheer. Now that that dread horror, "the Quarterlies," is over, the spirit of rejoicing enters the minds of all of us, and even those poor "scholars," the Leavings Candidates, tell themselves hesitatingly (ah! what a thing is conscience) that March is still afar off. Let those who doubt it attend the Dance practices on Thursday night in the Gym., where many a burly youth thunders round the hall, entirely oblivious of the strains of the piano and sometimes of the maiden clinging fearfully to him.

At a time when rumours of innovations are floating about the School, we miss that innovation of last year—fire-drill. What has happened to the tinkle of the fire-bell, which we used to answer with such alacrity? We like to think of our fellow-pupils heroically finishing the last act of Macbeth before dashing out of the flames and smoke. This reminds us that the call for money towards the School Reconstruction Scheme has met as yet with no great success, so what about it, P.P.'s and F.P.'s?

We have grown used of recent times to changes in the staff, but we feel a deep pang

of regret at losing such old friends as Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Meiklejohn. So many years have they been associated with the old School that we have come to regard them as part and parcel of it. May they enjoy the long and prosperous retirement they deserve.

They were "very parfit, gentle knights."

To their successors, Mr. Catto and Mr. More, we extend a hearty welcome, and to Mr. Munro who has taken Mr. Maclean's place in the Maths. Department.

The girls of the orange legs have failed to attain the success of last year's team, but they are not downhearted and we wish them better luck next term.

The Rugger XV., likewise, has gained no laurels, yet there is a whole-hearted spirit prevalent among the players, which augurs better things for the future. One Saturday seven XV.'s entered the field to battle for the School colours—a noteworthy performance.

From both the Girls' and the Boys' Literary Societies come satisfactory reports, and the Guides and Cadets continue to flourish. We think it very important that pupils should take a keen interest in the School's extra-mural activities, especially the younger generation on whom the School of to-morrow will depend.

The end is in sight, tired reader; the editorial pen is running dry and so is the editorial brain. With a last flourish we bid thee farewell and all the best for 1938.

* * * *

Congratulations to Capt. W. L. Marshall on receiving the Coronation Commemoration Medal and on his appointment as Vice-Chairman of the Scottish Cadet Committee; and to Lieut. M'Laren on gaining the long Service Medal for 15 years' Cadet service.

• • • •

WANTED—Member of staff to act as President of a Philatelist Club. Apply to Mr Laird as soon as possible.

University Results.

EDINBURGH.

W. G. POTTINGER—2nd place, English (Hons. Course), 1st Class Certif. Awarded Patterson Bursary in Anglo-Saxon and Germanic Philology being 1st in Anglo-Saxon and 2nd in Literature.

JOHN D. POTTINGER—Gained 2nd Bursary to Edinburgh Art College.

W. A. C. MATHIESON—*Latin* (Hons. half course) 1st place; 5th place, Hardie Prizes for Latin Composition; 4th place, Hardie Prizes for English Essay.

A. D. ALEXANDER—*Latin* (Hons. Course) 4th Place; 2nd place, Hardie Prizes for Latin Composition. Graduated M.A., 2nd July, 1937, with 2nd Class Hons. in Classics; 1st (equal) Entrance Bursary to New College, Edinburgh. Awarded Black Scholarship £115 for 2 years. Shares of Blackie Scholarship for 1 year in Greece, also Jeffry Prize to provide a short visit to Greece.

H. JACK—Mathematics—2nd place, 2nd Ordinary Course.

Kathleen Jack—appointed assistant lecturer and demonstrator (bio-chemical department) in King's College of Household and Social Science, University of London.

William A. C. Mathieson has gained an Open Foundation Scholarship in Classics for King's College, Cambridge.

William G. Pottinger has gained a Scholarship in English for Queen's College, Cambridge.

ST. ANDREWS AND U.C.D.

J. KEIR—June, 1937—6th place U.C.D. Bursary list. Awarded Patrick Hamilton Residential Scholarship of £100 per annum.

GORDON LADD (U.C.D.)—Graduated B.Sc. with 2nd Class Hons. in Electrical Engineering.

J. M. FEARN—1st place (Medal) Economics (first year); also O.T.C. award.

HENRY JACKSON—Lowe Prizes in Greek.

BASIL WILSON (U.C.D.)—1st equal, 1st year Chemistry.

W. BELL—Medal, 2nd year Chemistry.

CONRAD LATTO (Medicine)—Capt. W. A., Low Memorial Medal and Prize, 1937. Passed final M.B., Ch.B.

PHYLLIS GRANT passed final M.B., Ch.B.

EUNICE HEATH passed final M.B., Ch.B.

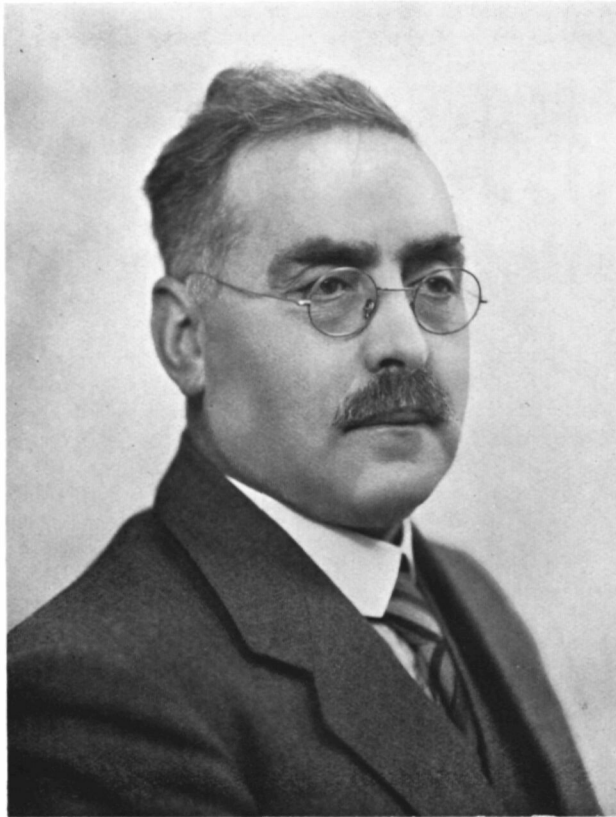
J. Y. BAXTER (Medal)—General Chemistry.
DOREEN TULLOCH (Medal) — General Chemistry.

GLASGOW UNIVERSITY—The Rev. George Bain Burnet, M.A., received Ph.D. degree for Thesis: "The Rise, Progress and Decline of the Quaker Movement in Scotland."

CAMBRIDGE—George C. Stalker graduated B.A. (Hons.) in Mathematical tripos, Cambridge.

ACTUARIAL EXAMINATIONS—Alistair C. Stalker passed entrance examination (October, 1937).

William V. Webb, passed with distinction in Part I (A. and B.) of the examination of the Faculty of Actuaries.



JOHN G. B. MEIKLEJOHN, Esq., M.A.

Dundee High School
Magazine.

John G. B. Meiklejohn, M.A.

A LITTLE over thirty-eight years ago, on the last day of the Session 1897-98, Mr. Meiklejohn was appointed Assistant Master in the Mathematical Department in Dundee High School.

It was his first school, but to those of us who encountered him in the Session of 1898-99, it seemed that he already knew all that could be known about the art of teaching. We never dreamt of trying in "Mike's" classroom the tricks that we sometimes played on new masters. But if we left him alone, he refused to leave us alone; we soon found ourselves working for him as we worked for no other master, not even for the redoubtable "Dooral" or the beloved "Charlie." Legends sprang up about one who varied so much from the common lot of men; poetry was written about him, not all of it complimentary. We little dreamed that this "mighty mystagogue of Math," as one of our poets styled him, was really a humble and diffident scholar. We did not know that every one of his six or seven daily lessons had been planned and rehearsed beforehand, and that he spent countless hours thinking himself into the minds of his pupils and devising new methods of making clear to them what was already clear to himself. As it was in Session 1898-99, so it was at the beginning of Session 1937-38, when he had become one of the most famous teachers of Mathematics in Scotland—he gave as much pains to the preparation of each lesson as if he were teaching it for the first time.

This inexhaustible patience, this infinite capacity for taking pains, accounts in large measure for his success as a teacher. If you ask him, however, where he learned to teach, he will tell you that he began long before he went to College, or even to school, when he was still a small boy on his father's farm in Caithness. Into the big farm kitchen on almost every evening in winter would come the neighbours, grave, serious-minded farmers and crofters, to sit hour after hour thrashing out political and ecclesiastical problems. These strenuous intellectual tournaments, in which the loose thinker and the disputant who did not know his facts were sure to be rolled in the dust, fascinated the youngster,

and imparted to him something of the joy of argument and the technique of persuasion.

At Milne's Institution, Thurso—the only school he has ever known except Dundee High School—he showed no special interest in his work till he was about fifteen years of age. Then there flamed up in him a sudden intense enthusiasm, not for Mathematics, but for languages, first Latin, then French, Greek, and English in that order of preference. When, having gained a valuable bursary for students from Caithness, he went up to Edinburgh University, he had no intention of specialising in Mathematics. But as soon as he entered the Ordinary Mathematics Class he came under the spell of Professor Chrystal. Readers of Barrie's *Edinburgh Eleven* will have heard of the influence which Chrystal exercised over even non-mathematical students. As for Mr. Meiklejohn, he was doomed. From that hour Mathematics marked him for her own. He gained all the medals in Chrystal's classes that could be gained, won the Newton Scholarship, and in 1898 crowned a brilliant college career by graduating as Master of Arts with First-Class Honours in Mathematics.

He confesses that in his very early days at Dundee High School he applied three or four times for other posts. Happily for the School, in every case an older man was preferred. He accepted the omen, burned all his testimonials, vowed that he would never ask another one to be written for him, and resolved that his life work should be to study the needs of the High School pupils. His friends, especially those who were competent to take the measure of his mathematical abilities, have often regretted that choice. It meant that he had bade farewell to academic renown—that university professorships and honorary degrees and a fellowship of the Royal Society would never be his portion.

Mr. Meiklejohn has never regretted it. Perhaps he remembers that the proudest title which the proudest prelate in Christendom can claim is "Servant of the servants of God." For thirty-eight years he has been proud to serve the School.

This forgetfulness of self, this deep and ready sympathy with others has not only made him, more than anything else, the marvellous teacher that he is; it has enabled him to endure trials and disappointments which would have soured or broken a smaller man. And if there were times when he had to force himself to remain *à l'austère devoir pieusement fidèle*, the laborious days, the nights of unremitting study, were sweetened by the influence of the gracious lady who was his wife. To that influence he attributes all that is worthiest and most enduring in his work, and those who had the privilege of being admitted to her friendship will not gainsay his contention.

Mr. Meiklejohn's work, however, has not gone without recognition. In 1902, after he had acted as interim headmaster for a year, the Directors appointed him Headmaster of the Mathematical Department. If they ever entertained even a fleeting regret—which they never did—they would soon have been disabused by the reports of H.M. Inspectors. These reports were always what Mr. Meiklejohn calls "flattering"; in recent years they have become what with equal modesty he describes as "most complimentary." But more than these panegyrics he values the respect and affection of his pupils. Even those who, like myself, would never have passed Higher Math. but for his guidance, could take in some degree the measure of his intellectual gifts, and carry into other departments of study the scorn of slovenly thinking and half-hearted work which they had learned in his classroom. But those who were better

fitted to profit by his rare gifts—the honourable muster of his medallists, for example, which includes two of his own children—become eloquent and then silent when they try to tell how deep they are in his debt.

Some even of this company may make the mistake of thinking that Mr. Meiklejohn is a mathematician and nothing else. It is true that most of the French and German books that he reads are mathematical treatises, but he often turns to history or philosophy or even poetry. The Swimming Club owes much to his interest and example. He can handle a boat, and he is an accomplished gardener. And he was a "hiker" long before that horrible word was invented; he has explored the remotest glens of Ross and Inverness-shire and northern Perthshire, and knows every peak and stream in those wild and lovely regions as well as he knows the labyrinthine intricacies of Durell's Algebra.

But it is hard for most of us to picture him against a background of Highland loch or suburban garden. We feel that he belongs to the School, to Room XIII.B with its atmosphere of chalk and ink and unremitting intellectual effort. That is how we shall remember him, brooding over and adroitly directing the humming class, his hair somewhat tousled, his black gown powdered with chalk. Room XIII.B will see him no more, but

" His work continueth,
Broad and deep continueth,
Great beyond his knowing ! "

R. L. M.

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

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Portrait, School and College

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Vale!

ON the 26th November the Staff met in Draffen's Rooms to honour and take farewell of two veteran colleagues, who must rank among the worthiest and most esteemed masters ever associated with the High School, Mr. John B. Meiklejohn and Mr. Alexander Mackenzie—or with more affectionate familiarity, "Mike" and "Big Bob." We were glad to welcome Mr. MacLennan among us; it was most fitting that he should be present at such a gathering.

In many ways it was a solemn occasion. In every school masters come and masters go, often it would seem without making any distinctive mark on the life or work of the institution; but this was no ordinary leave-taking. For forty years these two men had served the School well and faithfully; their names are household words in thousands of High School homes; they have set their stamp, their hall-mark, on the minds and hearts of myriad pupils; nor will their memories quickly fade so long as affection and respect count for anything among us.

After an excellent dinner we passed into the lounge and to the main business of the evening. The Rector first paid fitting tribute to the excellent work and record of Mr. Mackenzie's department. He referred, also, to his early enthusiasm for hockey (gained in many a keen struggle in the harsher and harder game of shinty) which led to the successful launching of High School hockey. Mr. Mackenzie had a passion for statistics and had collected many valuable records of the School. "Why not set to work on a history of D.H.S.?" suggested Mr. Bain. Lastly he dealt with the great influence of his character, so cannily Highland, so "couthily" Scottish, and withal so benign and so wise. Mr. Mackenzie was then presented with a wireless set, in token of our affectionate esteem, and with it went all our good wishes for a long and pleasant retirement.

In reply Mr. Mackenzie recalled his early days in the School. Appointed in 1900, he was then one of six new teachers; others were Dr. Murray, Mr. Lowson and Miss Anderson. Many of the staff then wore

beards, and most of the junior boys kilts. There was no recreation ground. The boys had learned Rugby football somewhere, but the girls had no recreation of any description. He saw the beginning of hockey and was present at the first game ever played by D.H.S. girls. He recalled the opening of the playing fields and the introduction of the mid-week scheme for recreation. Next he dealt with his work under the three rectors, and paid tribute to their character and abilities; then he went on to give a special meed of praise to Miss Peat and Miss Duthie. As a superannuated man he said he would miss the morning prayer, the Christmas and Easter services, and the lively discourses at the High School lunch table. If anything had helped to keep his spirit young, he said, it was the influence of the youth around him. Into his retirement he would take many happy memories from the High School. He then thanked the Staff for their good wishes and gift.

Turning to Mr. Meiklejohn, the Rector spoke of his great work in the mathematical department, work so greatly planned and so splendidly executed and so fruitful of good results that it led to his being recognised by pupils, teachers and inspectors as one of the greatest mathematical masters in Scotland. Time was, too, when the Boys' Swimming Club and the Boys' Literary Society had much to thank Mr. Meiklejohn for. Concluding, Mr. Bain asked Mr. Meiklejohn to accept, with our best wishes, a radio gramophone in token of our regard and respect.

Replying, Mr. Meiklejohn spoke of the good old days before the Leaving Certificate became an obsession. Pupils then worked for their subject and read more widely. He had begun teaching for the sake of his subject; he had ended by teaching for the sake of his pupils. He expressed great sympathy for those who, through no fault of their own, could derive no benefit from the class. "To that section," he said, "my heart goes out because it is not being fairly treated; it is being asked to do the impossible."

Outside the domain of mathematics he had striven to do two things—to impress on pupils the value of time and its irreversible nature,

and to teach them not to deceive themselves.

He was thankful for many things, he said, good health and good relations with staff, pupils and the three rector. After expressing his appreciation of our good wishes and gift he ended on this note: "Maintain the scholarship of the School, not merely in the top class but from bottom to top, and you will secure a position in Dundee more durable than that which stone and lime will obtain for you."

Finally Mr. MacIennan added his apprecia-

tion of the worth and work of the two masters, and recalled most appropriately how great was the help and inspiration given by Mrs. Meiklejohn to her husband in his life and work, and how correspondingly great was the loss to him when his helpmate was taken away—a loss very deeply felt but bravely borne.

The meeting then drew to a quiet close. Many handshakes, many sincere good wishes. Good-bye "Mike"; good-bye "Big Bob"—good and faithful servants.

Forty Years On.

"**M**ANY Happy Returns of the Day, Grandma! I hope I did not disturb your siesta"

Thus I, once Catherine Margaret Creighton Wright (commonly known as Tony) was greeted by my young spark of a grandson.

I had just been dreaming of the old High School days, when the youngster awoke me.—"What a jolly class ours was! Nearly all the girls married—Margaret Hutton went to India; Marion Low to Germany; Doris Yule to Africa; while Olive Johnston is a noted lecturer in an American University. I shall be glad when the 'Reunion' comes, so that I can see them all again. Curiously enough, they have nearly all married the boys they hated."

"Oh! Grandma, I nearly forgot. I was at Frankie L——'s house when an old lady and gentleman came. They were distant relatives and when Mrs. L—— introduced me to them, the gentleman told me he used to teach you."

"Why, that must be dear old B——. He was a great sport of a teacher!"

"Um, yes! I have heard that before. Did he teach Aunt Mary's mummy?"

"Yes, and a lot of very wonderful people—Prof. Jones, The Very Reverend Moderator

Smellie; Alex. Anderson, the famous K.C.; the noted specialist in tropical diseases, Dr. G. McCall; the daring Air Ace Jack Crawford; the world's heavyweight boxer, Scott Nicoll; and the present Prime Minister, Jimmy Laird—and dozens of others who were not in my class."

"Golly! I wish he'd taught me—but here's the air mail just dropping the letters. My! what a handful of letters, and all for you; and they seem to have come from all over the world. I wish stamps were used now as they were when you were a girl. It must have been fun collecting different kinds."

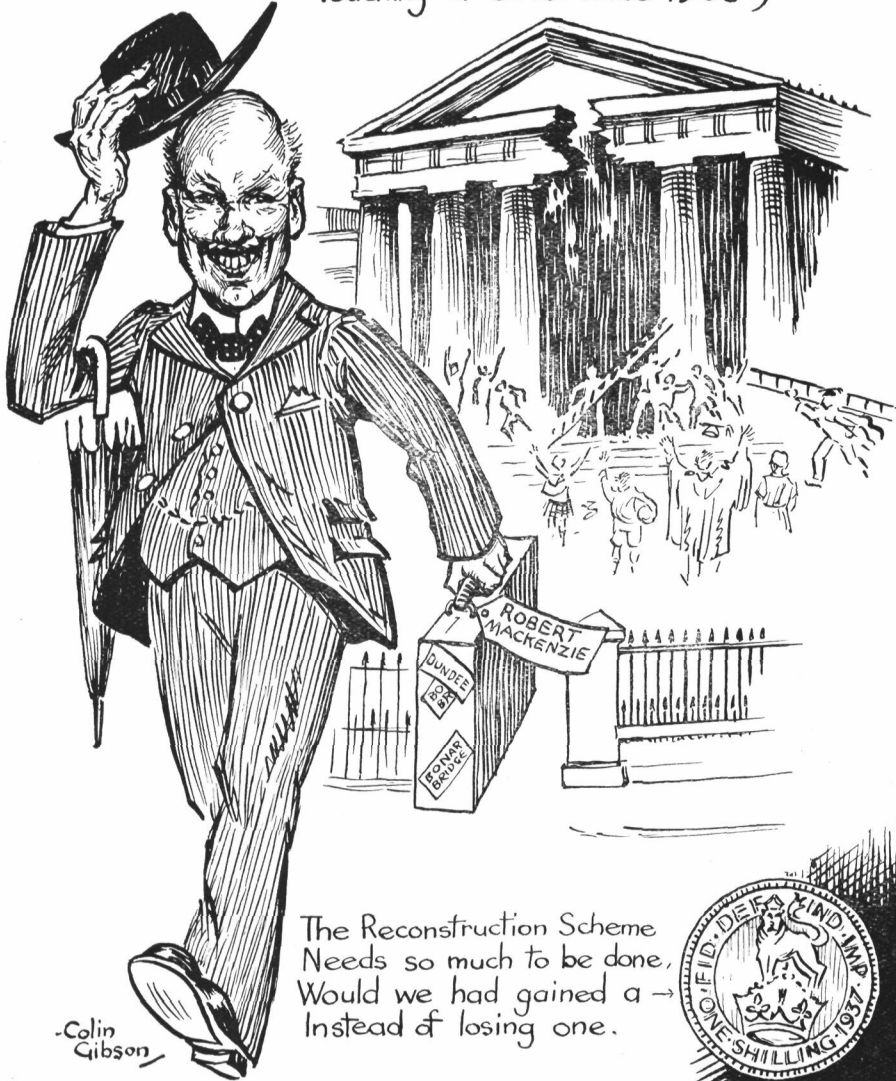
"Yes, it was good fun but the postage stamp was abolished twenty years ago. Now we pay £3 per annum and send as many letters as we like. I think it is better so. Another thing that was abolished about the same time was the coal fire; we pay so much per annum now for electricity and use as much as we like. Newspapers in my day used to be great things, but television and wireless reduced their popularity."

"Oh! See! Here's a big parcel arriving for you! I wonder who it's from? I hope there are sweets in it."

"Well, sonny, many things have changed in the last forty years, but a little boy's love for his stomach is not one of them."

T. W. (VII.).

(Mr Mackenzie has retired after teaching at D.H.S. since 1900.)



The Reconstruction Scheme
Needs so much to be done,
Would we had gained a →
Instead of losing one.

ANOTHER HIGH SCHOOL
PILLAR GONE!

Dundee High School
Magazine.

Reconstruction Scheme -- The Plans.

I AM frequently asked why there is so much secrecy about the plans for the reconstruction of the High School. To such a question there is only one answer. There is no secrecy. Any one who is really interested can see, discuss and criticise the plans and make suggestions at any time. The Architects are always ready to have them available. While the main lines have been definitely fixed and have received the approval of the Education Department, there can be no objection to adjustments which the Architects and the Department consider an improvement on the present proposals.

The plans were drawn by Messrs. Allan & Friskin, A.R.I.B.A., 26 Castle Street, Dundee, who have a wide experience of school-building and an intimate knowledge of the requirements of the Department. As accepted, these plans are the latest of a series of alternative designs submitted to the Directors. The frontage of the School remains as at present, except for two windows inside the portico, one on either side of the main entrance. There is also a projection running out from the east and west doors almost as far as the railings, in which accommodation is found for cloakrooms and staff rooms. Such provision will be an immense boon and will replace the lean-to sheds, old-fashioned lavatories, and inadequate staff rooms in use at present. Standing back as they do, these extensions will not interfere with the clean-cut frontage of the main building; and they enable a large space to be cleared at the back of the School where the Physics Laboratory and the greater part of the Workshop and Gymnasium will also be demolished.

The main feature of the new building is the central Assembly Hall, entered from behind the portico. The stair leading to the Chemistry Laboratory disappears, and the vestibule is used to provide a room and office for the Rector, a waiting-room and a Janitor's room. The advantages of this arrangement need no elaboration. Behind these again one enters the main corridor, which extends round the whole School and off which the rooms on the ground floor will open. It will thus be possible to get from one end of the School to the other without going outside and without passing

through rooms when work is in progress. The Hall lies to the north of the main corridor. It occupies the space where the Science Lecture Room is situated, but is wider and extends right back to Bell Street. The floor space will provide seating accommodation for about 700. At the back of the Hall is a stage with all the necessary fittings for musical or dramatic productions, and with wings and dressing rooms of suitable dimensions. To the right and left of the north end of the Hall there are lower sections in order to admit an adequate air current into the playgrounds at the back. The section to the east will contain lavatories and cloakrooms for the Lower School, while that to the west will be used for internal approaches to the Hall, cloakrooms, etc. Farther west the ground floor will be occupied by the new gymnasium, which will extend to the north-west corner of Euclid Crescent and Bell Street. Above this building, bounded on the north by Bell Street, space is found for three Art Rooms, all with windows to the north in accordance with the modern practice. Further east, a staircase leads from the lower corridor to the floor above the Hall. It is here that extra accommodation has been provided. At the north end there are two Science Laboratories, with balance room and store room attached, all on the north of a corridor running east and west. Then there is a corridor traversing the middle of this central block from north to south to a point above the present vestibule. The room at the southern extremity is designed as a Junior Laboratory, and north of that there is a series of rooms on each side of the corridor. Here accommodation is found for another Science Room, a Library, a Pupils' Reading Room, and additional rooms for ordinary class purposes.

The construction of this central block means a slight change in elevation. No change will be seen from the immediate front, where the new buildings, as the Chemistry Laboratory at present, will be hidden by the pediment, but from an angle the new buildings are bound to be more prominent. The Architects have already demonstrated this alteration, which has been accepted as comparatively inconspicuous.

On the east and west wings structural alterations are of a minor character. Two rooms on the ground floor of the west wing are designed for technical subjects, one for bench-work and the other for technical drawing. On the first floor the present Art Room is converted into three Class Rooms, while a Commercial Room and a Board Room are placed in the south-west corner. East of the pillars the front block and both floors of the east wing will be used for the Lower School, both boys and girls. A Kindergarten Room is provided and adequate accommodation for all stages, so that there will be no need for any of the junior classes to wander as at present from room to room. By this arrangement it will be possible to segregate the Lower almost entirely from the Upper School, with very great gain in the diminution of movement and distraction. There will be a separate entrance from the east side of Euclid Crescent.

The transference of the Lower School and the provision of extra accommodation over the Hall will greatly decrease the pressure on the Girls' School and bring the traffic problem within reasonable dimensions. No extensive alterations are contemplated there. The south wing of the second floor is being remodelled to make better use of the existing accommodation for needlework and music. On the first floor it is intended to use the Hall as a Dining-room, with Kitchen attached, and the corner room to the south-east for Cooking and Housewifery Classes. It will probably be necessary to have this section isolated from the rest of the School more completely than at present. Better accommodation is provided for cloakrooms and lavatories. There will be a waiting room and a room for the Lady Superintendent within easy access of the entrance, a sick room, staff rooms and a maids' room. These plans, however, do not entail any change in the present lay-out of the corridors.

Meantime, even before the main scheme is

started, much is being done to modernise the School and bring the equipment up-to-date. The old-fashioned galleries in some of the rooms have been swept away. The sewing rooms have been equipped with tables and chairs, cupboard accommodation, modern sewing machines and electric irons, and the old inconvenient desks have been scrapped. Easels and drawing desks have been supplied to the Art Department, and the old long forms replaced by individual stools. The technical department has been provided with drawing tables of the most up-to-date pattern. In the two infant rooms individual tables and chairs have replaced the ill-fitting desks. Two other rooms of the Lower School have been supplied with desks adapted to the ages of the pupils, and a number of rooms in the Upper School, including the Science Lecture Room, have been redesked. New blackboards of the most up-to-date design have replaced several which have served their day and generation. All these steps are in the right direction, and it is proposed to continue the policy in order to diminish the cost of re-equipment when the bigger scheme is set on foot. It may mean a saving at that time of anything up to £2,000 or £3,000.

For the main scheme of reconstruction a sum of at least £30,000 is required, probably a good deal more, as prices have risen since the original estimates were compiled. Something like £5,000 has already been collected and we take this opportunity of expressing our warmest thanks to the donors. Doubtless part of the remainder can be borrowed, but heavy debt ought to be avoided at all costs. How can the money be obtained? Only by the active goodwill and generosity of all the supporters of the School and by the most friendly co-operation between the Directors, the Old Boys' Club, and the Old Girls' Club. The omens appear favourable. May the efforts that are being made be blessed with success.

I. M. B.

Party Frocks



Delightful Party Frocks for the Festive Season ahead.

To fit the girlie of 7 to 8 years there is this gaily spotted White Net Frock, over White Rayon Taffeta. An attractive style, with two bands of Green on the skirt and little bows up the bodice ... **49/6**

Exquisitely dainty Party Frock in Apple Green Taffeta, with a panel of Pink up the front. It has a flared skirt, edged with a pleated frill, and puff sleeves. To fit a girl of 10 years. **52/6**

For the "wee tot" a sweet little Taffeta Frock in Sky Blue, with frills and puff sleeves of Net edged Pink. The wee, tight-fitting bodice is trimmed with a bow at the back. To fit a girlie of 5 to 6 years ... **35/6**

Draffen's

DUNDEE

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A Glimpse of the Paris Exhibition.

PARIS—even the word sounds soft and enchanting, more romantic and more entrancing than other words! When Paris is mentioned one thinks of battles of old; revolutions; of the Louvre and Versailles with the luxurious courts of all the Louis; of arts and science; and of the Seine. But history vanishes in the warm black nights and is replaced by fairy-tales.

A great glimmering palace, lit by millions of fairy-lights, sprayed by delicate changing-coloured fountains, and peopled by picturesquely robed Orientals comes into view.

Excitable French; blazé Americans; dusky savage-looking turbaned Indians and African soldiers equipped with rifles; Italians, Egyptians, Bulgarians, Germans, Russians, Moors and British are there, all admiring and some criticising.

Myriad silver stars shine on the black canopy above, but golden ones twinkle on the flood-lit ripples below.

A dull purr loudens. A motor boat appears crowded with excited sight-seers returning from an evening cruise on the River of Light.

But it is in sunlight that a garden of flowers attracts us towards Italy's Pavilion, where a fountain plays in the marble courtyard.

We have come down flights of steps from the main entrance at the Trocadero, where a huge white monument of peace combines the flags of forty-two nations. In the distance rises the Eiffel Tower and nearer, from among the varied Pavilions, that of Germany and of U.S.S.R. stand out, Germany's crowned by a golden eagle and that of U.S.S.R. symbolised by a man and woman in stride holding a sickle. From across the river "Britain" peeps at those two mighty erections.

Unfortunately we can only, within limited time, explore a few of the many Pavilions.

The Egyptian one is very interesting, the walls being hung with carpets of peculiar design, ancient writings and quaint drawings. There is a model of the excavated Heliopolis and treasures from tombs. Then Czechoslovakia—an entirely glass pavilion—is a dazzling sight. It seems to advertise "glass houses."

The peasant sculpture and wood-carving of Yougoslavia and Roumania is surprising, and we marvel at the fine lace and costumes of Hungary.

Norway and Canada reveal the wonders of timber—natural, grained, figured and polished; their winter equipment of furs, skis and sledges thrill us.

But Belgium soon brings us back to civilisation, with its daintily set-out pottery, china and silver, besides coloured furniture of ultra-modern design.

To this Germany offers a contrast. Its exhibits are more mechanical, showing the latest models of cars and engines. The walls display much propaganda, but a heaviness prevails in their arts.

U.S.S.R., too, maintains a powerful dignity. The first glance falls on two huge statues—those of Lenin and Stalin. Inside orderly set-out books and pictures of the great results of Sovietism in agriculture and machinery are arranged on heavy tables.

Totally different is Britain in week-end mood. Golf, football, hockey, riding, tennis, fishing and shooting with their various outfits and implements used are shown. Plus-fours and tweeds are draped on rather stiff-looking models, but show how some Britons look! Curious tartans, bagpipes and plaids among heather and spinning wheels suggest August 12th. Household ware, china and books of our great modern writers furnish shelves along the side of the "ship," and at the exit chairs await us on the sunny deck.

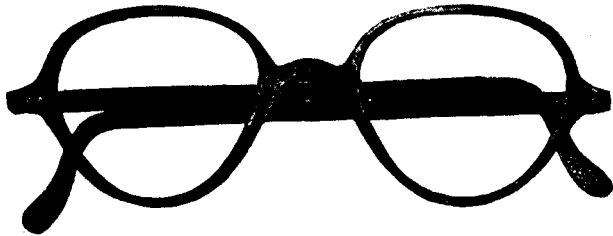
There is a pavilion of "Light," and one of "Air," with an immense aeroplane, while another has a train and full-sized engine in section, the works of which are explained by changing coloured globes.

Expensive restaurants, "native" tea-rooms, and colourful booths with wines from the colonies call for attention.

Little trains of motors chugging along the broad avenues, continually tooting for space, convey us to the exit where throbbing taxis await. On goes L'exposition de Paris till the misty mornings of October, when the Autumn tints will add to the fairy-like appearance of the "Palace of Light."

VIII.G.

Push on to do more, to know
more, and to see more.—*Woods*



The want of suitable glasses is often the cause
of that "can't-be-bothered" feeling

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Dance Practice.

WHILE visiting a schoolboy friend the other day I noticed that several dates on his calendar were conspicuously marked with red ink. There was the 1st September, the beginning of the School term; there was the mid-term holiday; but the one that attracted my attention most was covered with the sign of the "Skull and Cross Bones." It was the 17th December—the day of the School Dance! What a train of thought it aroused within me—the flurry of boys in their attempts to get partners—the practices—the dance itself!

This great event would result in utter chaos were it not for the energy of the Physical Instructress who teaches the clumsy, flat-footed boys the intricate steps of the "Lancers" and other dances, on the Thursdays preceding the most important social event in the School calendar. Let us imagine

a stranger looking through one of the gymnasium windows at the first of these practices.

He sees boys rushing up the stairs helter-skelter and hastily changing their shoes. Such tense excitement fills the air that dancing pumps are forced on the wrong feet, laces are broken and expressions become eloquent. The order is given to stand against the wall; but everyone is affected by a strange disease—the inability to remain still; some chase each other round the gym., some wrestle and some perform simian antics on the wall-bars. Our stranger is peculiarly perplexed by the bustle. What can it mean? Why are normal persons appearing so distracted?

Then there suddenly appears a group of girls! How true is his Parthian shot: "The female of the species makes a half-wit of the male?"

F. ADVENA.

Seaweed.

MOST people know that iodine is extracted from seaweed, but are they aware that seaweed is a nutritious food? Iodine is needed if our bodies are to function properly, and not become stunted in growth as is the case with certain tribes far distant from the sea.

The Japanese have special industries for producing certain delicacies made from seaweed. One well-known dish is "kombu," which can be stewed with meat or sprinkled over rice. The people can even make a kind of tea from "kombu." But the main seaweed delicacy is "kanteen." This is the jelly obtained by boiling seaweed.

To come nearer home we find the Irish, also, make a jelly from seaweed.

All these seaweed preparations are money-making concerns. But they are also well-known for their health-giving properties. In

Scotland the crofters who dwell on the West coast have a preparation called slake, prepared in the following way. The seaweed is washed, sliced, and then boiled until it is quite tender. It is then served with butter, vinegar and pepper, or, if preferred, stewed with onions and leeks. Another variety of seaweed food is made from dulse. The seaweed is again washed, but in this case it is then dried. On drying, the dulse becomes covered with a white powder which helps to sweeten the plant. Finally it is boiled in milk to which flour has been added.

As I have already mentioned seaweed is very nourishing because of the iodine, the natural salts and the vitamins it contains. To many of us seaweed dishes would seem tasteless but, nevertheless, they are more nourishing than the tinned foods of to-day.

D. Y.



CLASS VIII.—FRENCH.

Mr. B—ce (pointing to pupil): "You!!"

Sleepy Pupil (sotto voce): "La Brebis."

* * * *

"Mary, Queen of Scots, was put to death for forging letters."

* * * *

"Elizabeth did not like Mary because Elizabeth was reformed."

* * * *

"Zane Grey was the Nine Days' Queen."

* * * *

CLASS IX. (doing graphs).

D—c—: "Why do you have to use Y.O.Y. when drawing graphs?"

Mr. M—: "You don't. If you were drawing a graph for Boyle's Law you would use P.O.P."

* * * *

Teacher: "The British Government during the Industrial Revolution prevented the poor from making combinations."

* * * *

Q. What is the name of the adjective from Ceylon?

A. Celanese.

* * * *

(Perseverance doesn't always win.)

"Horse-drawn car/rid cari/dges carri/ages carri/dges coaches are seldom seen."

* * * *

TEXT BOOK.

"The greatest gift that Canute gave us was the gift of peace."

Q. "What was the greatest gift that Canute gave us?"

A. "Peas!"

(He had his hand, therefore, on the pulse of the nation.)

* * * *

Little boy takes home his first report card.

Father: "I see it's signed by the rector: do you know him?"

Boy: "No, but I know the janitor."

Father: "And does he speak to you?"

Boy: "Oh yes, he says, 'Get out!'"

* * * *

Teacher to little boy: "Are you Basil?"

Little boy, drawing himself up, "Master Basil."

JUNIOR BOYS' DEPARTMENT.

"The Nordic peoples brought such stories as *Baldwin the Beautiful*."

* * * *

"Lady Macbeth gave the guards drink and Birnam Wood began to move."

* * * *

"St. Columba came to Scotland to make love."

* * * *

"St. Cuthbert grew tired of the world, so he retired to the mountains where he had a garden and kept hens that were really ducks and preached in peace."

Art Dept.—Class IV., greeting on Christmas card.

Merry Xams!

WHO'S WHO—

(Or D.H.S. Criminal Record.)

A page taken at random from a literary work recently published dealing with the leading lights of the School.

GRANT, FANNY ("my old lad of the castle.")

Home address unknown; usually to be found at Ye Olde Castell Hostelry or Regal Cinema, Broughty Ferry.

Occupations: Grinnin', shootin', fishin'.

Amusements: Bridge, music (O sola Méo).

Remarks: An expert on figures. Hair might well be shorter. A good advertisement for Glaxo.

* * * *

MACQUEEN, WILLIE.

Occupations: Nil.

Amusements: Hunting B-yson and tap dancing.

Remarks: Is the complete Beau (Jest). Has a passion for large shoes and the Majestic. An ardent admirer of the late Jean Harlow.

* * * *

SPENCE, STEIN.

Occupations: Eating and eating.

Recreations: Ping-pong and eating.

Remarks: The guards would do well to copy his style of marching. Can give an almost lifelike imitation of a suet dumpling. Quite peaceful if fed with regularity.

* * * *

STALKER, CORNY.

Occupations: Eating paper and carving desks.

Amusements: Calculus and logs; pet aversion: Latin Grammar.

Remarks: Dangerous at close quarters. Has Communistic tendencies. (Since publication this subject has left School.)

* * * *

BRUCE, I. PRINGLE.

Occupations: Failing the driving test.

Amusements: The D.P.M. and Classics.

Remarks: Well known in Berkeley (pronounced Barclay) Square or perhaps Johnston(e) Avenue. An efficient secretary.

* * * *

LAWSON, J. A. R. (the Trusty Bachelor).

Occupation: Trying to find a partner for the School Dance.

Amusements: Trying to make the Rugby Funds meet, and the Cadet Corps.

Remarks: Is a well-known road-hog. Has a "perm" which is the envy of the girls.

Now this fine work of the literary pen
We owe to the brains of the great Class X.,
To Chief-Inspector J. R. L.,
To I. P. B. and Burns as well.
But let the victims find no blame
For they have won immortal fame.

* * * *

HAVE YOU MET—

Piccolo, Doggo, Auntie Mary, Bing, Geordie Claphands, Bully, Ruggy, Pongo, Pansy, Chugger, Hoppy, Cawnpore, Jasper, the Scandal-Monger, Nap?

* * * *

HAVE YOU HEARD—

Purely mechanical; That's your pigeon;
"You're humbugging me, sir!"; Aye Lads!
Take piece paper; Youse lads; Eedward,
Eedward, o-o-o-oh!!; You'll find yourself
in Queer Street?

On Getting a Black Eye!

Oh, forgive this intimation,
Of my eye's discoloration,
Put's my beauty in a station
Of complete disfiguration.

For when trying to be clever
Cycling in the dirty weather,
I came an awful cropper
And landed on my topper!

Do not follow my example,
Sure, I show a comely sample!
Or you'll have a nasty feeling
That you don't look too appealing!

TO PARENTS.

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A Visit to the Dentist.

YES! it was unfortunate but I was afraid we should have to part. Saying good-bye to a friend is always sad and this was a very old friend indeed. I had been acquainted with him for many years and many services had he performed on my behalf.

With a heavy heart and slow dragging steps I toiled up the stairs to the dentist. Ringing the bell I prayed fervently that the dentist would be engaged and would be unable to take me. The smiling assistant, who showed me to the waiting-room, dashed my hopes when he informed me that Mr. Pull-Em would be able to attend to me.

Collapsing into the nearest chair I surveyed the other victims gloomily. They looked back sympathetically. I glanced idly at a magazine which did nothing to allay my sorrow as it portrayed on almost every page glamorous film stars who looked more like advertisements for tooth-paste. After a few minutes the door opened and a boy came in with one hand clamped tightly up against his jaw. He sat down and groaned.

"Here is a fellow-mortal in the same agony," I thought and took a momentary interest in this new arrival. This train of thought was interrupted by a steady stream of dental sufferers. My spirits soared! It was now fifteen minutes from closing time. I had a sneaking hope that perhaps my turn would come too late. Furtively I glanced round counting the number of people before me. Yes! there was just a hope.

The door opened. "Next, please!" called the assistant. No one moved. "Who's next, please?" He caught my eye although I tried not to notice. Dragging myself up from the chair and casting dagger-glances at the others in the room, who grinned sheepishly, I followed him.

As I entered the surgery Mr. Pull-Em said, "Take a seat, please!" I sat down with a sigh. After much manipulation of levers the operation commenced.

"You sound cheerful enough," I thought, "for a man who is always looking down in the mouth."

"Open, please!"

I opened.

This apparently did not satisfy the master of the forceps.

"A little wider, please!"

I obeyed, and felt amazed at the elasticity of my facial muscles. Into this yawning chasm the dentist thrust the forceps and fastened them on the offending molar. He tugged, but that tooth remained as immovable as the Rock of Gibraltar. Again Mr. Pull-Em tugged, but the forces were equal and opposite so the movement was nil.

"Does that hurt?" asked Mr. Pull-Em.

Trying to appear brave I answered, "Oh, no, not in the least."

Just at that moment the raucous strains of a gramophone blared forth, "It's a sin to tell a lie."

Muttering "Nil desperandum" he held on to the forceps with his two fists and heaved.

"Ouch!" I yelled.

Triumphantly Mr. Pull-Em brandished the object of my agony aloft, shouting:

"Got 'im!"

I went down those stairs more cheerfully than when I came up. S. R. R. (VIII.).

A Cup of Tea.

FOUR out a single cup of tea, and examine for a minute, quietly, its broad, brownish expanse of dullish liquid. Nothing, as it seems, there of goodness or beauty. A very little milk, and a very little sugar, and a few leaves floating in delicate lines on the top ending in a point—not a perfect point neither, but blunt and unfinished, by no means an artistic symmetry. Made, as it were, only to be infused to-day, and to-morrow to be cast down the sink; and a broad curved saucer, thick and firm, leading up into the dull white mass of the cup. And yet, think of it well, and judge whether of all the beverages that invigorate in the cold of winter, and of all strong liquors, pleasant to the eyes and tasty to the palate—foaming beer and wine, strong ale and port, scented claret, champagne fine—there be any by man so deeply loved, by woman so highly graced, as those tender leaves of feeble black.

(With apologies to John Ruskin.)

"EAGLE" (IX.).

The Scottish International Guide Camp, July 1937.

IT was with rather mixed feelings I set out for the station on my way to Blair Atholl. To me this was an entirely new experience, going to a camp of over three hundred people and without knowing a single person there. At the station, however, I found six other Guides waiting, so by the time we reached Blair Atholl we knew one another quite well. We were met at the station by dozens of officers from the camp, and when we had sorted our kit and piled it on trek carts, we started for the site.

It was actually inside the grounds of Blair Castle, and was an ideal spot for a camp, as there was water laid on and plenty of wood. The field was roughly the size of Baxter Park, and was entirely surrounded by pine woods. There were also little clumps of trees dotted about the field. The camp was divided into twelve groups, each being named after a Scottish Loch and containing about thirty Guides.

The overseas Guides did not arrive until next day, so we had plenty of time to make everything shipshape for them. They arrived by cars from Glasgow, and we eagerly awaited each newcomer, taking note of all their different uniforms. Some people imagine that all Guides wear the same kind of uniform, but they differ widely. The Norwegians wear khaki, the Poles wear grey, and the American Girl Scouts wear green, while Guides in very hot countries wear white. Twenty different countries were represented: Scotland, England, Wales, Irish Free State, Ulster, France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Iceland, Norway, Sweden, Poland, Switzerland, South Africa, Egypt, Australia, New Zealand, Canada and the United States.

During the week we were taken for excursions to places like Balmoral, Glamis, Loch

Leven and Ben-y-Vrackie. Our visitors were shown as much as possible of Scotland during their short stay. Every night we had a camp fire, and the foreign Guides taught us some of their camp fire songs. We managed them all fairly well, but the Polish ones absolutely stumped us! The World Committee came for a few days, and Lady Baden-Powell gave a very nice address one night. Lord Baden-Powell's sister, Miss Agnes Baden-Powell, was also there.

One hardly needed to go outside the camp at all, for there was a post office in a big marquee and a shop where one could buy anything from a lanyard to a camp overall. Ice cream was also sold, and every morning Guiders came round selling our very own Camp Newspaper, called the *Camp Spy*. We always turned to the back page first, as the latest camp jokes were printed there.

On Visitors' Day, the foreign Guides gave a display of dancing and singing in their National costumes. The camp was crowded with friends and relations all eager to see this huge home of International "Sisters."

When at last the time came to say good-bye to our guests, the entire camp flocked to the station to do so. I do not know what the station officials must have thought, because the platform was one solid mass of Guides! The foreigners were being taken to Edinburgh for a days' sightseeing before returning home, and as the train steamed out of the station, we all sang "Will ye no' come back again." Never have I heard it sung with such sincerity, and all the rest of that day while we worked hard, striking tents and refilling refuse pits, our thoughts were with our sister Guides from across the seas, who had helped to make this such a wonderful camp.

J. C. E.



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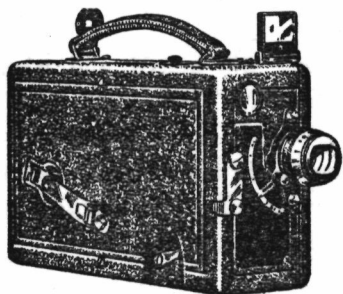
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With Apologies to Pope.

I sing—This verse, to "Bill," oh, Muse! is due,
Whose "Mag" gives work for idle hands to do.

And for reward I seek no better prize
Than that this verse may help to swell its size.
The closing bell rang out its welcome sound
And joy and mirth did everywhere abound;
By boys at once was sought the exit stair,
The girls to cloakrooms first did all repair,
And now unveiled the toilet stands displayed,
While queues before the mirror are arrayed.
The "only" comb arranges ruffled hair,
The little puff tones down the shining glare,
The hats adjusted, toilet then complete,
The maidens reach the door and then the street.

Straight home "sans" stop the fair nymphs
eager bound,
Excited cries, excited laughs resound.

* * * *

And now some weary hours on hair are spent,
Until the curly curl does what is meant;
Each moment's care increases all her charms,
"Now awful beauty puts on all its arms."
Before the mirror, toilet now complete,
The maiden views herself from head to feet.
A taxi calls and once again she tears
To cloakroom where she *finally* prepares.
"Now with her dazzling smile and comely
grace,"

She trips into the hall and takes her place.
And all this fuss—it's just made for the dance.
March comes!! Of fun this is her only chance.

I. P. F. (IX.).



Summer.

THE buttercups danced to their reflections
in the gently moving river and swallows
skimmed and hovered above. Farther up the
river, three cows stood at the ford, neatly

joined to their reflections, gently flicking a
lazy tail at the clouds of flies. The trees,
slightly moved by a shy breeze, touched the
river with leafy branches and caught the
floating grasses so that they twined round the
twigs and hung like a fringe there. The river
made hardly a sound except where it crossed
the ford and laughed softly over the mossy
stones. On the other bank, where the yellow
earth was spotted by rabbit holes and the grass
worn down in little paths and mazes by
myriad padding feet, the rabbits played and
the woodpigeons made gentle, soft-grey
cooing in the bright larchwood beyond.
Then there was the road, grey walled and
silent and beyond that, the larchwood con-
tinued up a purple-topped hill. Everything
was quiet and sleepy, only a cuckoo called, up
on the hillside.

Winter.

The grass along the river's edge is brown
and dead, the buttercups, now only empty
seed boxes on withered stalks, shake in the icy
breeze. The river's chuckle is changed to a
glassy tinkle, and there is cat-ice along the
bank. Dark trees hang naked branches low over
the grey water. Trampled and frozen is the
mud by the ford where the cows come down
every morning and break the thin new ice.
Where the rabbits played is a smooth white
blanket with occasional lines of paw marks
across its immaculate surface. The larch wood
is a grey haze of dead and leafless branches,
half hiding the still silent road whose white
covering is broken by black lines of wheel-
marks. Behind, the hill is smooth, a faint pink
in the cold sunlight, and the sky at its head is
pale greenish blue like the tones of a summer
sunset. It will never change though the earth
below may differ with every passing season.

M. F. (VII.).

Description of Camp—Facts and Fancies.

THERE was once a little girl, who met for the first time a little boy. She did not know what to talk to him about, so, for want of any better subject she asked him, "Do you like mud?" The boy said "No," and that was the end of the conversation between them. Now if that boy had been J. S. Nicol, the answer would have been "Yes" with a different result—and he would mean it.

Now this is not an essay on "Mud," but merely an excuse for something to say and pacify an anxious editor (I hate to see a man looking like that), and at the same time indulge in a little mud-slinging.

A mud lark! that's what it is and was!

So with full B.B.C. effects and incidental music—

"On the road to Cortachy,
Where the wily fishes play,
And the rain comes down like something
I should hardly like to say."

We take wings. Bump! we are there (only it should be squelch) and ploughing our way to camp we are received en route by Sergeant Elder (that's Corporal Muirhead behind the mud) and squad. They are as expert in filling in holes as digging them, and all done to the age-old recipe of Elder's Granny.

It is the same old labour squad whose annals are sung in the "Barrack Room Ballads" of yore; in the langue of parlez-vous "Les pauvres fatigués" and still going strong.

And that reminds me of my job—to find the "esprit de corps or take the pulse of the Army," as the Editor put it. I can still picture him withdrawing his foot wearily from the mantelpiece. "Well, didn't you hear me?"—this last in a tone I did not like; nasty, if you know what I mean. So I said, "O.K., chief" and beat a hasty retreat backwards.

So here goes; but I thought I had better get permission to engage in my search from General Headquarters (G.H.Q. they call it). I wandered into the officers' lines to see two smart young men with efficiency and merit written all over them. With the eye of a

Hore-Belisha I knew I had only to ask my permit. But no—I was wrong; the old régime was still extant and so I was directed with several caustic remarks to G.H.Q. There I received the required permission for my search, after the Captain had conferred with his Adjutant, who kept replying, "Aye, Aye, sir." "A sailor," I thought, "or closely connected with water." He was a piscatorial swain and from his own account one of no mean skill for I was regaled by a thrilling struggle with an enormous sea-trout (not the anaemic variety) whose dimensions grew as the story progressed. "Esprit de corps," said the man of "middle cut," "Man! the whole camp turned out; yes, they were behind me to a man." However I guessed he was in front of a camera with the company as a contrast to the fish.

At length I managed to get away and, passing one of the Beacons I mentioned previously, it mumbled:—

"Lord! teach me how to catch a fish,
So large indeed that I,
In speaking of it afterwards,
Shall have no need to lie."

While the other was resting from his vaunted toils, lulled by the sweet music of Noel Coward, entitled "Hot Stuff":—

"In the officers' lines, there are certain times
of day,
When the denizens retire,
To tear their kilts off and perspire.
It's one of the rules that the greatest fools
obey,
Because the sun is much too sultry,
And one must avoid its ultra-violet ray.
The rookies grieve when the great men leave
their huts,
For they're obviously, definitely Nuts."

"Mad dogs and labour squads
Go out in the mid-day sun,
Even Wooler's rabbit deploras this foolish
habit.
The canteen is never seen,
The sentry fires his gun
To reprimand each inmate, who's in late.
The mission tent, which the sergeants' rent,
Presents a pretty sight.



CHURCH PARADE.

**D.H.S. Cadets
Cortachy, July 1937.**

**Dundee High School
Magazine.**

They're in the mood to lie down nude,
 And sure they are quite right
 To sing a song or play ping pong,
 Is seldom if ever done.
 But mad dogs and labour squads
 Go out in the mid-day sun."

Chorus—

"Mad dogs and labour squads
 Go out in the mid-day sun.
 Lieutenant Larg doesn't care to,
 And Ady, wouldn't dare to.
 Pipey and Brother Tom sleep soundly after
 one,
 But the Captain detests a—siesta.
 In the officers' lines, when Big Ben chimes,
 There is peace right after two;
 In little trews, they have their snooze
 For there's nothing else to do.
 To move at all to Henry Hall
 Is seldom if ever done.
 Mad dogs and labour squads
 Go out in the mid-day sun."

Pipey and brother Tom! I soon found them out to be greeted with "Ciamar tha sibh" from Pipey and so I left him in medical hands.

The canteen!—the Boots' corner! the huts of the camp metropolis! Here I was sure of finding the "esprit," and so I ask for the man in charge—the Quartermaster-sergeant. But I was received with gestures of silence. He was asleep, worn out after handing out the heavy mail, and spending a sleepless night over canteen accounts and other competent business. The Drum Major offered to deputise and serve my needs or answer any questions. "What do you think of the training?" I asked. "For myself," he replied, genially, "I find it somewhat limited and inelastic, with a tendency to canalise in unproductive courses of squad drill and section and attack, the energy of the soldier of real intelligence. For the generality of the species, however, I imagine that the scheme is admirably adapted unless . . ."

"Thank you, Mr. Keir. So you think there is too much rigid adherence to a definite scheme of things"—the man had me going too!

"There you have—no doubt in ignorance—

placed a finger on the cancer worm, which is devouring the intestines of our finest men and sapping the mental integrity of our embryonic generals."

"Quite"—and I made a strategic retreat only to bump into a red-headed corporal named Bruce, plunged deep in thought. "Sorry, old chap," I said, but he simply threw a far-away gesture—never a word!

"Do you enjoy route marches?" "No," he said. "Are they too long?" "Much," he replied, expanding a little. "Do you think—?" "Never," he said, vaguely—"that they are bad for the cadets." "Some," he said, brightening. "What is wrong with camp?" I asked. "They won't leave you alone," he replied, garrulously, and stumbled off exhausted.

"Excuse me," I then said to an intelligent-looking private who was on his mark for "cook-house." "Is the food all right?" "Fourth dimensional," he said, with a knowing wink, "plenty of carbohydrates, fats, proteins and vitamins—in fact, calorific." And when I saw him afterwards in the mess tent, I gave him a wide berth because I realised he must be endothermic. Later I learned that indeed it was the case for on a route march he changes step every wee while to work off the rhythm (*cf.* School dance).

* * * *

"Say, are you the guy looking for 'esprit de corps?'" asked a knowing youngster. I admitted the fact and he burst out laughing. "My! ain't you a sap—a corpse has no spirit—it's like finding the keys of the dixie or white-washing the last post. See!" And off he went whistling "They're tough, mighty tough"—and I had half an idea to examine his chest.

Somewhat dazed I wandered down the lines only to stagger into Ivan Robertson, peeled to the waist doing some shadow boxing. He was hitting himself such a fierce uppercut, that had he not covered beautifully with a magnificent left hook, he would have been down for the count. "Cratch my back!"

Coming out of a clinch he walked over and, towering ominously above me, said, "You certainly look nervous, buddy."

"What is your opinion on camp, Mr. Robertson." "Aw can it, you ain't that dumb." "You mean——" "Waul, ain't I just said it, it's O.K., big boy; but, say, what's the big idea of muscling into this joint, you ray of sunshine?" "I only want to ask you a few questions." "Make it snappy then—shoot the works." Taking this to be the required permission I asked, "What do you like best about camp?" "Reckon youse guys sure make me tired. There ain't only one thing that's worth a dime." "P.T.," I ventured. "You're telling me; hold your horses, baby, and give a guy a break, can't yer.

Ain't I giving you the lowdown on this racket. Nope, sirree!"

"Will I ask your mother?" Oh, yeah, funny, ain't yer? Waul, I ain't got no time for shooting wisecracks—scram, stranger." So I scrambled, forgetting all about the "esprit de corps" in the determination to keep the esprit in my own corpse.

But as I scurried towards the gate (getting a glimpse in the passing of my Belisha-faced pair in a brock) I knew "it" was there. I felt it. Great stuff, lads! Like grapefruit there's more in the army than meets the eye!

The Battlefields of Belgium.

I ARRIVED in Belgium by way of Ostend and using this as a centre made several very interesting tours. The best of these was a tour of the battlefields and war-cemeteries.

Much of the country still bears traces of the war. Houses are just being rebuilt in some of the outlying districts, and the roads are mostly unsurfaced. I traversed only one new road near St. Julien which was ten miles long without a bend or hill. This indicates the flatness of the country.

I visited that strategic position, Hill 60, which both sides strove so hard to win. Although scarcely more than a rise it commands a view of the surrounding country for many miles. The Germans first occupied it and the British were forced to dig an underground tunnel from their trenches back to the road in order to reach the latter in safety. The tunnel is still there and the spring from which the soldiers obtained water is still running. The Hill was blown up first by the Allies, then by Germans and again by the Allies. A short distance from here is "Hell-fire Corner," so named because the enemy subjected it to heavy fire as it was an important cross-roads.

Perhaps the most beautiful and yet the most pathetic sights are the war-cemeteries with their rows upon rows of graves, each surmounted by neat, white headstones or, if German, black crosses. These cemeteries are kept in perfect order and this tidiness combined with their simplicity constitutes a most impressive and moving scene.

In Ypres the west wing of the cathedral is

still in process of reconstruction. One entrance to the town is through the famous Menin Gate. Photographs, I feel, fail to do justice to the immensity of this memorial on which are inscribed the names of all the British soldiers who fell in the war. They are arranged under the companies in which they served. Here, every night, the Last Post is sounded. Money was donated for this purpose by Rudyard Kipling in memory of his son who perished in the war.

About thirty miles from Dunkirk is the huge German gun known as "Long Max." This gun is 115 feet long with a bore of 15 inches. It is sunk in a ferro-concrete well and the gun-crew lived in quarters with roofs 10 feet thick. Its construction occupied five hundred men for eighteen months, and a special camouflage of bushes and other foliage was arranged to hide it from Allied planes. It was originally intended to take it to Calais to shell England, as it could fire a distance of thirty miles, but when the Germans were held up it was built there and shelled Dunkirk several times. After every fifteen shots a new bore had to be inserted. When the final Allied advance came the Germans feared that the gun would be discovered and so they fired it against the ferro-concrete wall, hoping to destroy it by the recoil, but the only result was a huge hole in the wall.

In this summary I hope I have sufficiently interested you and raised within you a desire to see for yourselves these wonderful sights, as I hope you will.

J. H. M.

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Dundee High School Old Boys' Club.

THE Seventh Annual General Meeting of the Club was held in the School on Monday, 18th October, when reports were submitted and the following Office-Bearers were elected for the year 1937-38 as follows: Hon. President—Mr. T. H. Smith; Hon. Vice-Presidents—Principal Macgregor, Dr. Murray, Messrs. John MacLennan, Ian M. Bain, H. Craigie Smith, James S. Nicoll, George Scrymgeour; President—Mr. T. R. Lawson, C.A.; Vice-President—Mr. D. J. R. Bell; Hon. Auditors—Messrs. Moody Stuart & Robertson, C.A.; Hon. Secretary and Treasurer—Mr. C. E. Stuart, C.A., 11 Panmure Street, Dundee; Executive Committee—Messrs. James S. Nicoll, H. K. Symington, George B. Smith, W. P. Borland, Dr. W. L. Kinnear, Dr. Geo. M. Grant, Messrs Lewis I. Collins, H. J. Carlton, Alexander, Robertson, Alastair R. Kidd, Leslie B. Weatherhead, R. S. Aiken, J. Y. Baxter, J. L. Y. Matthew, A. S. Rae, and the President, Vice-President and Hon. Secretary and Treasurer.

A Sub-Committee has been formed to further the interests of the Appeal for Funds for the Reconstruction of the School.

The Club membership at present stands at:

Ordinary Members ..	361
Life Members ..	137
Honorary Member,	1
	—
	499
	—

The number of Life Members has increased, nine Old Boys having become Life Members since last July. This is a record.

The Annual Dinner was held on the 3rd December and was a very successful function as usual. Mr. J. Randall Philip, of Edinburgh, gave the toast of "The School and the Club," and Mr. Meiklejohn replied. Mr. H. J. Carlton paid tribute to the Chairman and in replying Mr. Lawson asked for the utmost co-operation from the members of the Club in the endeavour which the Executive Committee was shortly to make with a view to improving the present position of the Appeal Fund.

Mr. Alexander Robertson and Mr. Alastair Kidd entertained the Company, Mr. Robertson with impersonations, and Mr. Kidd with songs, all of which were greatly enjoyed.

A full List of Members is being circulated with this issue of the Magazine to all Members of the Club, and any corrections should be notified as soon as possible to the Honorary Secretary, C. E. Stuart, 11 Panmure Street, Dundee.

It is with much regret that we have to report the deaths of John N. Bissett (1867-1873), James Gray (1881-1884), David Masterton (1887-1892), Geo. B. Merry (1883-1889), Thomas A. Mitchell (1908-1910), Alastair F. Rioch (1922-1933).

On the Leavings.

At midnight dark a spectre stands
Close by my bed and holds my hands.
To me with sighs and hollow moans,
"Beware the ides of March," he groans.

He glides away, another comes
Into my ears this time he hums,
"To pass or not to pass!" he cries,
"That is the question": and he sighs.

Into the gloom a third ghost walks,
And wildly to himself he talks.
"Is this a pen I see before . . . ?"
And then he melts into the floor.

A lady with a light appears,
And is beset with many fears.
"Out damned spot," she cries in rage.
As though an ink-blot stains her page.

All night long I'm tempest tossed,
And "a pound of flesh" I've lost.
Now I decide, in future days
To read no more of Shakespeare's plays.
M. A. P.

Dinner at Seven, or Old Girls' Club Dinner.

"ONE of the happiest, jolliest gatherings we've ever had!"

This was said again and again, as the 200 and more members of High School Old Girls' Club, who had gathered in Draffen's Rooms on October 22nd, reluctantly bade one another good-night.

It was all so delightful. First, the assembling in the lounge and the joyous hailing of old class-mates. The years, no matter how many, seemed to fall away, and we were girls together again, as in our school days.

What a clatter of tongues, only slightly subdued, as we divided into two lots and sat down to enjoy the very excellent dinner arranged by Draffen's genial chef. Mrs. R. D. Mathers presided in one room, Mrs. Fairweather, Auchterhouse, in the other. Dinner over, and the loyal toasts of the King, and School having been given, we returned to the lounge, and settled down to be entertained.

The address of the President, Mrs. Mathers, whose happy and genial personality did so much to make the evening a success, was greatly enjoyed. She began with a bit of "reminiscing," arousing much amusement by the contrast she drew between the High School of Victorian days—especially in regard to the styles of gym. dress and needlework—and the School as it is now. In one respect, the President regretted she saw little change, and this was in the lack of attention paid to the parent. In her opinion, closer co-operation between teacher and parent would be of immense benefit to both.

"And now I come," Mrs. Mathers went on, "to the really serious business." This, of course, was the subject of the necessary reconstruction of Dundee High School, and the problem of how the sum required is to be raised. One suggestion, originating, I believe, with the Rector, was that every old girl and

old boy might start in their own homes a "purly-pig" for contributions from the family. Even one shilling a week, given regularly, said the President, would, in the course of a few years raise a big sum and avert the unthinkable disaster of a Dundee without the High School.

At the close of her speech, which was warmly applauded, Mrs. Mathers read messages of good wishes from old pupils, including Miss Hilda Lorimer of Somerville College, Oxford, and Mrs. Mair, remembered by many as Jessie Philip; also one from Mrs. Phin, the Lady Provost.

The only other speaker was Mrs. Fairweather, who, addressing us happily as "Old girls, middle-aged girls, and young girls," moved a vote of thanks to the President and all the others who had worked so hard to make the evening a success.

Then followed a laughter-filled hour over an "Animated" Crossword Puzzle, the clues having to be guessed from a series of dumb-show actions, by members. Whoever evolved this idea had a brain-wave, for it was the funniest thing possible to watch the actors, in their weird and wonderful costumes, trying to put the clues over. We laughed until we ached, and if some of us went sadly wrong in our guesses, it certainly wasn't the fault of the performers.

Time sped by on golden wings, and all too soon came the signal for the School Song and a general break-up. So ended an evening we shall long and gratefully remember.

A. S. M.

We have received an interesting letter from Mrs. Barnard, formerly Beatrice Baxter, a pupil of the High School 50 years ago. We are very sorry that, owing to shortage of space, we have had to leave it over until a further issue.

Egyptian.



Irish Free State.



Norwegian.



Dutch.

Polish.

**Three Snapshots of D.H.S. Guide Camp, Ochtertyre.
Five Snapshots of International Guide Camp,
Blair Atholl, July 1937.**

**Dundee High School
Magazine.**

Reports.

Cadet Report.

The Company has settled down well to the winter's work. The annual camp, which was attended by 84 cadets, is now only a memory. The weather was the worst possible, but in spite of almost continuous rain, training was carried through, and the spirit of the camp was excellent. There was no serious sickness.

Colonel Kidd made the statutory inspection and spent a week-end under canvas. Colonel Guild, O.C. our parent battalion, also inspected the Company. His report is attached.

During this term the trained cadets have paraded at the Drill Hall. Both N.C.O.'s and men have become conversant with a number of evolutions in company drill, and the senior N.C.O.'s have been given opportunities to handle the Company. The two senior platoons are moving very well and rapidly acquiring that precision which only comes from an understanding of the movements. The recruits have paraded in the gymnasium. They are keen and interested, and give promise of making a very good platoon. The band has paraded as usual, the drummers being assisted by tuition from the drum-major of the 4/5 Black Watch band.

The enrolment this session is 158, and we rely on this record enrolment to give us a record session, and a record camp to complete it.

We are glad to record that the B.N.C.A. Long Service Medal has been awarded to Lieut. M'Laren. This is granted for 15 years' service to the cadet movement. All Lieut. M'Laren's service has been given to the High School Cadet Company. His unquestioned efficiency and his long military experience are invaluable assets, and we are more than pleased that he has been given this national recognition.

Report on Dundee High School Cadet Camp :—

The Corps was inspected while in camp at Cortachy.

Interior Economy—Excellent.

Turn Out—Very Good.

Training—Great keenness shown.

Discipline—Very Good.

Recreational Facilities—Good.

General Remarks—

Bearing in mind the financial difficulties with which contingents of the Cadet Corps have to contend, the results obtained are most praiseworthy and reflect great credit upon the Corps Commander and his officers.

It is also only proper to remark on the public spiritedness of parents of members of the Corps who are put to considerable expense by allowing their sons to join and to attend camp.

A Cadet Corps, run as is this one, is of great public service, instilling into its members both powers of leadership and acceptance of discipline, invaluable at all times, and especially in the present unsettled state of international affairs.

(Signed) MARJORIBANKS GUILD (Lt.-Colonel)
Commanding 4/5 Batt. The Black
Watch R.H.R. (T.A.),

Inspecting Officer.

DUNDEE,

20th September, 1937.

Guide Report.

When we resumed our meetings in September we welcomed 14 new recruits who are now Guides, and are working hard for their 2nd Class Badge.

Four new Patrol Leaders had to be elected this year. They are :—Swallow, V. Lane ; Skylark, J. Donald ; Woodpigeon, E. Russell ; Robin, J. Gordon.

Once again we can say to our swimmers—"Well done!" Both teams swam splendidly at the Guide Gala in November, and the younger Guides well deserved to win the Junior Cup. The seniors, though not quite so successful, were runners-up for the Kynoch Cup.

It was with great regret that we heard of Miss Jarvie's resignation from the Company. During her many years of loyal service she has done far more for it than we Guides realise. We shall miss her especially at camp where her untiring aid was far too greatly relied upon. In recognition of her services Miss Jarvie received a reading lamp from the Company. We take this opportunity of congratulating Miss Jarvie on her new appointment.

We have been working, with the aid of our Guiders for the November Badge Tests. There is keen rivalry for the Company Shield which is in the possession of the Woodpigeon Patrol.

Our "work for others" this year is knitting garments for the Samaritan Society. Apart from work we have many interesting games and dances.

We are very grateful to our officers for the amount of time and trouble they take to help us in all our work and games, and we take this opportunity of thanking them.

M. S. P.

Rugby Club.

Compared with last season, there has been a distinct improvement in the interest and enthusiasm for the game and the standard of play is also higher. Three School fifteens have had regular Saturday games and a number of Class games with other schools have also taken place. This is very encouraging, and it is to be hoped and expected that such enthusiasm will continue. As an example, one Saturday in November as many as seven School fifteens took the field. The juniors are keen, and for future years the prospects are good.

Although the 1st XV. have won only one game, this in no way reflects the skill and ability of the side. Since the beginning of the season they have shown remarkable improvement and display a team spirit which could not be bettered.

The 2nd XV. has done very well and is a good team.

On the whole the lean years appear to be over and the prospects for the future are decidedly encouraging.

Thanks are due to the members of Staff who so willingly gave their services.

Caps for season 1937-38 have been awarded to the following :—K. L. Philip ; W. A. MacQueen ; D. B. Grant ; G. Millar and I. G. Kidd.

T. M'L

Girls' Hockey Club.

As only three of last year's 1st XI team are back, we have not been very successful, but are hoping for better results in future. We have a very young 2nd XI this year, but they are very keen.

This year's office-bearers are as follows :—President—Miss Whytock ; Vice-President—Miss Fernie ; Captain—Margaret Purvis ; Secretary—Freda Ritchie ; 2nd XI Captain—Helen Norrie

The Schools Trials took place on the 20th November at our grounds. From the five players put forward the following were chosen for the Junior Midlands team :—M. Purvis, F. Ritchie, and M. Thompson was chosen for the reserves.

The results of the 1st XI matches up to date are :—

		<i>For Against</i>	
Oct	9—Bell-Baxter School ..	Home	1 8
"	16—Aberdeen High School	Home	4 2
"	23—Grove Academy ..	Away	3 3
"	30—Morgan Academy ..	Away	1 6
Nov	6—Harris Academy ..	Away	1 3
"	13—Aberdeen High School	Away	1 0
"	27—Bell-Baxter School ..	Away	1 3
Dec	4—Grove Academy ..	Home	Cancelled
2nd XI results are :—			

		<i>For Against</i>	
Oct	9—Bell-Baxter Sch. 2nd XI.	Home	4 1
"	16—Perth Acad. 2nd XI.	Away	0 1
"	23—D H S F P's "B" ..	Home	1 3
"	30—Morgan Acad. 2nd XI.	Home	1 4
Nov.	6—Harris Acad. 2nd XI.	Home	Cancelled
"	13—Grove Acad. 2nd XI.	Away	2 1
"	27—Seymour L. 1st XI. ..	Home	4 1
Dec.	4—Grove Acad. 2nd XI.	Home	Cancelled.

We should like to thank Miss Whytock and Miss Fernie for their help and encouragement in all practices and matches.

F. C. R.

Girls' Literary Society.

We have had a very interesting and varied programme this term. Our first lecture was given by Mr. G. H. Philip, a former pupil, and we enjoyed it very much. Then we had a Hallowe'en Party which always proves a great success.

Class VII. gave us an entertaining night and showed much talent. We were very pleased to see Miss Barrie there.

We next attended a lecture in town given by Grey Owl. He attracted a large audience and his lecture was delightful. We were going to have an open lecture following this, but owing to the fact that the lecturer could not come we had an open Hat Night instead, which proved very successful.

Mr. Clarke, of the Kodak Film Company, gave us an intensely interesting lecture on photography, accompanied by slides.

We have before us an entertaining programme and are looking forward to the musical evening on January 7th.

M. A. P.

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