

THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. 73

DECEMBER 1938

FOURPENCE



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Editorial.

THIS has been such a breathless term that we find it rather difficult to realise that Christmas is almost upon us. The main reason for our being thus surprised by the venerable festival is the International crisis. The crisis has been a very considerable part of our lives in the past term. In those dark days, school was scarcely recognisable. Instead of standing languidly about the corridors, or looking through the railings before prayers or during the interval, we actively debated the situation, and the air was filled with "If Hitler's" in place of the usual "Give's a cog"s. The very teachers were smitten by the strange disease, and were to be seen paying one another hurried calls, or stopping in the middle of a lesson to gaze anxiously before them. On the Friday before the Autumn holiday, we were all measured for respirators, and the teachers and senior pupils instructed in fitting them. We were to be fitted on the Sunday, but by then the crisis was over, and by the Tuesday, we had forgotten all about it.

Mr. Wilson and Mr. Walker left the Classical Dept. at the beginning of the session to take up positions in Brechin and in Renfrewshire, while Miss Steel left the Chem. Lab. at the same time to become head science mistress at a girls' school in Derby. We much regret their going, but hope that they will be as successful and happy in their new positions as they were with us. Miss Steel's place has been filled by Mr. Wood. We must confess that we felt rather sorry for the man who had to succeed

Miss Steel and stand comparison with her, but Mr. Wood has done both admirably. In the Classical Dept., Mr. Stalker has become head master, and Mr. Taylor and Mr. Macgregor have joined the ranks. We have indeed been fortunate in securing the services of these two gentlemen. All the newcomers have entered into the work of the school with refreshing vigour, in sport as in other things.

Mr. Gibson and Mr. Wardlaw both took advantage of the holidays to be married, without the unwelcome attentions of the school, although it comes to our ears that Mr. Wardlaw's venture was not allowed to pass unnoticed at the cadet camp. It is hoped that neither have had, or will have, cause to regret their actions, although it is mournfully significant that Mr. Wardlaw is having his dinner at the school lunch room rather often just now!

We wish to offer our sincerest congratulations to Miss Hunt. She leaves school at Christmas, to be married to Mr. Maclean, lately a Maths. master with us, and now at Perth Academy. May she and Mr. Maclean be very happy in their new life.

In her place, we have to welcome Miss Betty Smith, who is already well known to us. We hope that she will be successful and happy in Dundee High School.

May we also congratulate Mr. Treasure on the publication of his new book of piano

pieces, and Mr. Gibson on his recent volume of lino-cuts *The New Furrow*.

The term is ending with a riot of school functions. The Christmas Dance and Children's Party, the Musical Evenings of both Literary Societies, a performance by the Griller String Quartet, a concert by the Scottish Orchestra, and a matinee performance of "Carmen" are all crowded into the weeks preceding Christmas. There was also an excellent performance in school of "Little Women" by Class 8 girls, in aid of the Reconstruction Scheme. The Old Boys' Club is also making renewed efforts on behalf of the Scheme with a fresh project for raising funds. We need not emphasise the importance of the Scheme, for upon it, as we all know, rests the future well-being of the school.

We wish all our readers a Merry Christmas and a very prosperous New Year.

We note with pleasure that Mr Marshall, our captain of cadets, has been appointed Chairman of the Scottish Committee, British National Cadet Association.

Mr J. M. C. Duffus, of Claverhouse, has again very kindly presented the school with a Christmas Tree. We should like to thank him sincerely for his continued interest and support.

Obituary.

We cannot well express the deep sorrow which we feel at the death of David Pearson of Class 9. Those of us who knew him, either as a member of the First Fifteen, or as a sergeant of the Cadet Corps, know how much his loss will be felt, but it is as a friend that we shall most miss him. For he was to us an example of that scrupulous behaviour and unruffled kindness which come only from a courageous mind and a clear conscience. His memory will live long among us. Our sympathies go out at this time to his parents and his brother, in their sorrow.

It is with much regret that we learn of the death of Kathleen Rea in Shanghai. She was a Secretary at the British Embassy, and remained at her post in what was at times the Shanghai War Zone. It is believed that the long strain caused the illness which has cut short a very promising career.

University News.

EDINBURGH.—William A. C. Mathieson graduated M.A. with 1st Class Honours in Classics. Wm. G. Pottinger, M.A., with 2nd Class Honours in English.

W. A. C. Mathieson has been awarded a Scholarship at King's College, Cambridge, and W. G. Pottinger a Scholarship at Queen's College.

Class Results (1937-38): Henry Jack, Mathematics Inter. Hons. Course, 1st Place (Medal) 1st Class Certificate. Applied Math., 2nd Place, 1st Class Certificate. Natural Philosophy, 1st Place (Medal), 1st Class Certificate. Laboratory, 5th Place, 1st Class Certificate.

J. S. Ritchie awarded Major Scholarship at Peterhouse, Cambridge.

John Brough awarded Major Scholarship at St. John's College, Cambridge.

A. C. Stalker has completed Part I for degree of F.F.A.

Ian Isles passed Part III. F.F.A.

J. C. Stalker has been appointed a Mathematical Master in Falkirk High School.

ST. ANDREWS.—C. B. G. Bowden graduated M.A., with 1st Class Honours in Economics and Mathematics. Awarded Tyndall Bruce Scholarship. Now at Cambridge.

James D. Duff graduated M.A., 2nd Class Honours, Philosophy.

R. S. Lumsden graduated B.Sc., with 2nd Class Honours in Chemistry.

Dorothy Brown graduated B.Sc.

Kathleen Brown graduated B.Sc.

William Hayens graduated M.A.

Class Results: James Keir, Medal, General Geography.

Henry Jackson, Medal and James Forrester Prize in Greek.

J. M. Fearn, Sir Henry Jones Memorial Prize in Economics.

DUNDEE.—Graduated M.B., Ch.B.: Bertha Macdougall, Isma Begby, David Recordon, Elizabeth Mackay, Preston Watson, Elvira Stohlner.

William A. Bell, graduated with 1st Class Honours in Chemistry.

John B. Wilson graduated B.Sc.

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Large Selection of Gentlemen's Sporrans
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10 REFORM STREET, DUNDEE.

Class Results.—First Class Certificates : Doreen Tulloch, General English (Medal); Allison A. Martin, General French, General German (Medal); John Martin, Special Mathematics, General Physics, General Chemistry; James Findlay, General Chemistry; May M. K. Smith, General German; James Y. Baxter, Final Chemistry; Wm. A. Bell, Hons. B.Sc. Course Medal and Carnelley Prize.

AT OXFORD.—I. P. Bruce has taken Pass Moderations (at end of 1st term).

COLLEGE OF ART.—D.A. : Mary M. Purvis, Mary E. Petrie, Aimee V. Wright.

GLASGOW AND WEST OF SCOTLAND COLLEGE OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE.—Betty Finlayson, Margaret Black Memorial Prize for best group I. diploma student; Lady Mechan Prize for

best Chemistry Diploma student. Mrs. Ian M. Grant Prize for best cookery diploma student (Group I). Mrs. Peter M'Lellan Prize for best laundry work diploma student. Gained distinction in needlework and chemistry, also Muirhead Scholarship (£60) to take up a course in dietetics.

Note.—Five D.H.S. F.P.'s at Cambridge—Bowden, Pottinger, Ritchie, Brough, Mathieson—all with Major Scholarships!

Mr Lowson Retires from D.T.C.

All good wishes to Mr Peter Lowson, lecturer, D.T.C., for a long and pleasant retirement. For many years he was 2nd Master in the Science department of D.H.S. and did much for the school by his ability, energy and gift for organisation.

Letter to the Editor.

Carter-Langly House,
Angus.

Dear Sir,

I should like to draw your attention to one of the growing evils of the school, the playing of a game called Rugby. Now, my Gerald returned home after a contest at this barbaric "sport" at Aberdeen, in considerable agony. One of the opposition had struck him with the foot upon the tibia, and had caused a considerable degree of physical suffering. It is time that the public were informed of some of the ghastly accidents that occur in this abominable "game." The son of my dear friend, Mrs. Holbrooke-Davies, was deprived of the faculty of sitting down. The poor boy was terribly depressed, as he was quite unable to attend Sunday School. This was entirely due to Rugby. I can vouch for the complete truth of that incident, as I was privileged to see it with my own eyes. There are other equally deplorable cases, but space and time are too short to enumerate them.

This game also appears to encourage slang, as my Gerald, on his return from Aberdeen, stated that someone had 'hacked his shin.' This is odious language and must not be allowed to pollute the atmosphere of Dundee High School. It is also very costly to keep a Rugby player in clothes. I actually heard of a boy, of noble lineage, too, who literally went through three pairs of trousers in a fortnight. And yet some people consider it worth while, in spite of the risk to such articles as valuable flannel trousers. I am confident that I am speaking on behalf of all the noble parents who send their offspring so trustingly to Dundee High School, in order that they may be made young gentlemen.

If this polite warning is not heeded, I shall teach Gerald to play netball, and shall send him to St. Leonard's.

I am, etc.,

PERTURBATA MATER.

K. P. D. (VIII).

Careers.

By WALLACE ATTWOOD.

END of the term! How many will heave a sigh of relief? Christmas—no more school, no more lessons, no more books for a fortnight!

How the terms fly—March, June and what then? A job! That, unfortunately seems the aim of every boy or girl on leaving school. A job, never mind what, anything that will bring in a few shillings a week, and impart a feeling of independence. The pity of it! Year after year, thousands of boys and girls drift into jobs. The years pass, some are still in these jobs, face to face with a blank wall, with no hope, no way of escape—just a job. Others, even more unfortunate, are in and out of jobs. Periods of unemployment punctuate their lives, and they seem endlessly to be hunting—a job.

You don't want a job. You want a career. A few shillings a week now with penury and uncertainty in the future is a poor prospect for a boy or girl who has laid the sound foundation of a Secondary School education. And a career can be yours if only you have the ambition, perseverance and grit. Look a few years ahead. What is your picture of yourself? Do you see yourself struggling along in a poorly paid job, or can you see yourself going steadily forward, every year seeing you more prosperous than the preceding one? Upon the decision you make at the end of the term—if not this term, then some other—will depend into what category you will be placed.

Don't keep your wishbone where your backbone ought to be.

Careers are not made by wishing, but by striving—by having a goal and persevering until you have reached it.

To help you choose a career is the object of this little talk. In this first one, only the Civil Service as a career will be dealt with—in future ones, accountancy, secretarial work, engineering, commerce, industry, etc., will be dealt with.

THE CIVIL SERVICE

Do you realise that the government is the largest employer of labour in the country? Do you know that every year, over 20,000

people, mostly boys and girls, enter the Civil Service? Of course, these posts are not obtained by merely wishing for them—but they are within the reach of every Secondary School boy or girl who strives for them.

Some people are deterred from trying by the bogey of "competition." Naturally there is competition—but life is made up of competition, and for the Civil Service it is very much exaggerated. Let us lay that bogey right away.

Take one of the most lucrative appointments—the Executive Class. At the last examination 1,479 candidates competed. That seems a large number. But, if we deduct those who obviously sat without knowing anything of the subjects—and surely such candidates can be ignored—the number is reduced to about 1,300. Still a formidable number. The number of appointments made was about 220, so that 1 in 6 obtained a post. Would you call that keen competition? Just imagine what would happen in the business world if an advertisement was inserted for a vacancy rising to a maximum of over £500 a year! Don't you think there would be more than 6 applicants? It is pretty certain the number would be many times 6. There is no keen competition. The boy or girl who is prepared to work can count upon success.

Now compare, for a moment, the advantages to be found in government service with those in private employment.

The commencing salary is reasonable, and increases are obtained regularly, year after year. No need to ask for a "rise."

Fluctuations of trade have no effect on your progress.

There is no fear of unemployment—that fearful spectre of the man in a "job."

Sickness is robbed of its terrors—no one is discharged while there is the slightest chance of recovery.

Old age is free from worry—an adequate pension ensures peace and comfort.

The hours of work are short—in most offices only seven a day.

The holidays are long—even some of the junior posts have four complete weeks a year.

Can you think of any private employer who could afford, even if he wanted, to offer such conditions to his employees?

But office work does not appeal to everyone. Of course, it doesn't. But the Civil Service caters for all tastes.

The vast majority are of a clerical nature, but the boy to whom an office desk is distasteful can turn his attention to the Customs and Excise, where the work is largely outdoor, and is concerned with the assessment of duty, or the Preventive Service, where the prevention of smuggling is the chief concern. Engineering attracts many boys, and the engineering posts in the Post Office offer a career that

can seldom be found in industry. The big advantage of this last post is that the technical knowledge is gained while the boy is on full salary—no poorly paid apprenticeship here.

Girls can adopt clerical work, shorthand typing, or even manipulative work, such as is to be found in the Telegraphist's post.

Economic conditions may, of course, compel a boy or girl to seek immediate employment which will bring money to the home. But, even in such cases, the Civil Service offers a way of escape from poorly paid jobs. If leisure time is put to the best use, success at Civil Service examinations can be secured.

Don't then, be satisfied with a "job." Plan your career, and in planning it, consider carefully the many advantages of the Civil Service.

Shipbuilding.

SHIPBUILDING is one of the most ancient of crafts, but its technique continues to change as the years go by. Almost every craft that is known to-day is employed in the construction of a ship.

The training for a shipbuilder must therefore be a very comprehensive one, and in the preparations for same schooling plays a very big part. The possession of a Higher Leaving Certificate is nowadays the standard that is aimed at, Mathematics and Science being the more important subjects.

The usual commencing department in a shipyard is the Drawing-Office, where the apprentice readily becomes acquainted with the various parts of a ship, but, in addition to drawing-office training, it is essential that the successful apprentice should follow one of two courses. The most desirable course is to enter the University and obtain a Science Degree, with Naval Architecture as the special subject. This degree can be obtained in three years, and, during the University vacations, the apprentice should return to his work at the shipyard.

The second method is for the apprentice to

attend Technical Evening Classes during the whole of his training.

In addition to the Drawing-Office, it is very desirable to obtain training in the yard, learning something about the various crafts, the important departments being the Mould Loft, Shipwrights' and Platers'.

In addition to shipbuilding experience and practice, it is desirable that apprentices should have some knowledge of electricity, plumbing, insulation, blacksmith work and decoration, and, where it is not possible to get practical experience, these subjects should be studied either from books or by Evening Classes.

A shipbuilder's training must, therefore, of necessity, be a long one, and even on the completion of an apprenticeship it is desirable that journeymen should avoid specialising in any particular subject for a few years at least, in order that their general training may be more complete.

Apart from leading posts in shipbuilding establishments, many remunerative appointments for well-trained men are to be found in the Board of Trade, Lloyd's Register of Shipping, and The British Corporation Register of Shipping.

H.M.

Reconstruction Appeal.

THE Organising Committee have now completed their work, and the Appeal has been issued to about 3,000 Old Boys and Girls of the School, Parents of Present Pupils, and others, who should have interest in the project. It may be that, in searching through old registers, etc., several names of Old Boys or Girls have been omitted or overlooked. Changes of address may also be responsible for errors, but copies are available on request, and apologies for any such omissions are tendered.

Much following up will still be necessary and will be done, but the onus of seeing that the Appeal is successful now rests with those who have received it.

Undoubtedly the task is a big one, but it can be accomplished, and it is felt *will* be accomplished, as the average contribution required to ensure success is not excessive. It is appreciated, however, that to accomplish this moderate average, much larger sums will

be necessary from the senior and better established Old Boys and also from those public-spirited citizens generally, who, although they may have no direct connection with the School themselves, can estimate what its passing would mean to the City. If an adequate and prompt lead is given by those then there is no need to fear for the success of the Appeal, but such lead must be given to assure the many smaller subscribers that their efforts will not be in vain.

Professor Annan, in his excellent speech at the Old Boys' Dinner, said :

"It would be almost unthinkable that any change should be made on the School as we know it. It is unthinkable that the change which failure of the scheme would entail should come to pass. It is unthinkable that a school with such a glorious past should pass into history."

It is up to all of us.

T. R. L.

Beliefs and Superstitions of Nyassaland.

NATIVES, especially the Chinyanzaas, are probably the most superstitious race in the world. It does not take much to scare them with "ghosts," especially if they themselves have killed the person, who has "come back to life."

Again, if a black cat, which we generally regard as being lucky, enters one of their villages, they either all bow down and beg for mercy from the animal ; or they all flee from the village without even waiting to get their belongings. This strange ceremony takes place because the natives believe that a black cat means death ; and that on the night of the next full moon, all the people in the cat-haunted village will die, unless their god receives homage from them.

The Chinyanzaas have one very peculiar belief. They believe that if they feed their pets too well, the village god will put a curse on them. The tribes think that the punishment for feeding their pets too well, will be a bad season for their most important crop, gawiewa, which is used as we would use oatmeal.

The Matabele warriors believe that animals

have descended from human beings. After a warrior has died the natives bury all his weapons with him. They believe that after he has passed out of this world he will need his weapons in the next. After he has passed out of the next world he becomes an animal.

The witch-doctor of the tribe is supposed to be a person who has the power to do almost anything. The natives, mostly in the Kikau tribes, believe that if they ask the witch-doctor to bring rain or to bring sunshine, he has the power to do it. If he fails, they believe that it does not please him to "work magic" just then.

The witch-doctor of the Kavarondo tribe was once shown a gramophone for the first time in his life. When asked what he thought it was, he replied, "The devil in a box." For three years the Kavarondo tribe worshipped that gramophone. But after three years of rough usage, the instrument fell to pieces. The witch-doctor was not satisfied until a new gramophone was sent out to him from Cape Town. How funny it would be if we had witch-doctors !

M. A. C. (Class VI.).



Some Pet Aversions of the School Day.

IF there's one thing that claims my dislike more than another, it is the sound of an alarm clock. On school mornings, it has such a harsh and imperious ring that it denies you the comfort of one extra moment of bed. It is the dream-shatterer in chief. It catapults you suddenly from bed to bedlam. Surely something better can be devised for shaking you from somnolence in these civilised times.

When you tell your parents for the "Nth" time that the latest ugly dent on the hateful timepiece was due to an accidental collision with your hand, thus bowling it over on the linoleum, the explanation ceases to carry conviction. In truth, you've bashed its tell-tale sides on the unyielding floor in a fit of anger. But it seems to have the attribute of Tennyson's "Brook"—it goes on for ever.

Then again, who does not grunt and sweat under the weary burden of school books each morning? Here is a novel opportunity for a benefaction. Cannot someone, out of the infinite goodness of his heart and the bulkiness of his bank account, provide transport for the daily collection of our cases? Is it really inevitable that we should have to sling over our shoulders or have tugging at our arms a bag or case containing about two pounds avoirdupois of mixed languages, another pound or two of Murray's "Modern Geographies" (plus atlases), and the manifold other books that, when weighed in the balance, are found haunting—nightmarish, in fact.

Those who make a somewhat belated appearance at the tram terminus in the morning, and who have to make a frantic and undignified dash for the retreating car, will wholly appreciate what I mean. One arm is all but wrenched from its socket by the sheer weight of the school case, and the other fares little better when an almost despairing clutch is made at the centre rail of the tram platform. Yes, it's a clear case for a benefactor. And, of course, if arrangement were made for the collection of cases in the morning, it would necessarily follow that redistribution would be made by transport in the evening. It's a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Then I have what I may term a devotional dislike. This may sound a little irreverent, but let me disabuse your minds of any such

thought. I dislike keeping my eyes open when prayer is being offered, and, indeed, I reverentially close them in church. But in school, emphatically NO! It's a case of "*Autres Temps, Autres Moeurs*." In sheer self-preservation, I keep my blinkers raised, my eyes keenly on the alert. To pay rightful homage to the occasion—I speak from experience—is to court a sudden deftly-struck blow from nowhere. Sometimes the attack is more subtle, but just as devastating in its result. A little flick with hand or foot can play havoc with your equilibrium if you are caught unawares, and so I've found there's safety-first in irreverence.

Perhaps I'm telling tales in school. Perhaps my fellow-pupils know nothing of these antics, but I'm sure that's a very BIG perhaps.

Let us take examinations next. Here I am animated with feelings of utmost sympathy for our teachers. I won't say I dislike examinations, I hate them! But just think of our hapless mentors who have to burn the midnight oil stabbing here and there with the appropriate crayon and trying vainly to put the brightest complexion on a sorry mess. Think, too, of their valiant efforts to strike a cheerful class-room note next morning, notwithstanding that that self-same class's examination stock has slumped badly. Think also—and this is where WE do the thinking—of the difficulty of hammering out new and credible excuses for maters and paters for those low percentages. Really, it's all too depressing.

To enliven an otherwise dull paper and ensure to myself at least a little mead of applause, I had purposed to dwell on some popular dislikes in the school curriculum. Take Maths, as the prime favourite for a hymn of hate, with physics as a close runner-up for the doubtful honour. To me these subjects smell of fire and brimstone. For others, Geography and History are pet aversions. They can never recollect whether the Ghats are mountain chains associated with India or are horrid insects found in abundance in marsh land. They would like to believe that "1066 and All That" is the most authentic history ever penned. Music, too, strikes a discordant note in some of us, and as for languages, universal

acceptance of Esperanto would be a merciful deliverance.

I could go on cataloguing them until my comments were drowned in a crescendo of approval, but I think I have said enough to indicate my personal dislikes, and to suggest some others in the unlikely eventuality of your not having enough of your own.

I reserve my final dislike for the person

who raises a voice against the school. Speaking as a comparative newcomer, I am proud to say I have seen more of the happy-family atmosphere within the portals of the High than I have experienced elsewhere, and I can perhaps ascribe this to the deeper traditions which the school enjoys. Therefore, I repeat, to those who would talk disparagingly of our school, I offer my HEARTIEST dislike.

One Peaceful Night.

ANOTHER candle guttered out, and only one was left to light the tent. The rain fell dismally on the canvas, and the night wind made the pale candle flame flicker alarmingly. Among the wavering shadows on the sides of the tent were dozens of daddy-longlegs and beetles and earwigs. Now and then, some remark was made, but we were all trying our hardest to fall asleep. At last, unable to bear it any longer, we sat up and looked at one another.

"I'm not going to sleep with all those beasts in the tent," said P.

"No, neither am I," said K.

Silence followed, broken only by the sound of an insect being squashed, gathered with paper and pushed out underneath the brailing.

"When I think of that horrible story of the man who had an earwig in his ear," began M.

"What!" we gasped. "Hurry and tell us about it."

"Oh, well, it isn't much, really," said M., rather wishing she hadn't said anything, for we three looked scared. "An earwig once got in a man's ear, and it walked right through his head and out at the other ear. Only, the unfortunate thing was that it stopped in the middle, and laid eggs in his head, and then the eggs hatched and the little earwigs went crawling about the man's head, and he went mad."

"Well, that settles it," I said. "I refuse to go to sleep until I put cotton wool in my ears."

Of course, there was only one person who had cotton wool, so we had to wait until she pulled out the entire contents of her haversack and produced some. Each of us received

two tiny bits, which we stuffed in our ears. Then we resolutely said, "Good-night" and lay down again.

Meanwhile the rain kept falling, and the insects gathered and gathered.

Then P. sat up once more. "I just *can't* go to sleep with this dreadful stuff in my ears," she said.

"Neither can I," said K. "I know. Let's put our towels on our heads instead."

This seemed quite a good idea, so the cotton wool was removed and tossed out to join the heap of dead insects, and we wound our towels round our heads. Once more there was silence, except for the wind whistling through the dyke and the noise of the falling rain.

This time, M. broke the silence. "It's awful," she said. "My head's all hot and stuffy, and I can't get it comfortable on the pillow."

"I know," agreed K. "And besides, what good would a towel be if a rat came in?"

"A rat!" shrieked M. and I.

"Yes," said K. "We saw one running along the dyke when we were washing up the supper dishes."

But this was too much for me. "I'm at the door," I said, "and I have no intention of being bitten by a rat, so you can just suffocate, because I'm going to shut the flap up altogether."

I crawled out and pulled the flap so tight that not even the very leanest rat could ever hope to squeeze through it.

"Well," said P., "you've shut the rats out, but you've shut the beasts in, so that's not



Cast of "Little Women"
Presented by Class VIII. Girls

Dundee High School
Magazine

much good. Also, the air in here is just dreadful. I can't breathe."

"Never mind," said K. "Nothing matters as long as we don't get bitten by rats or go mad."

"We *are* mad," said M. "Four seemingly normal girls who are all absolutely terrified of a few insect and a rat or two. *I'm* not afraid, anyway," and she flung the towel to the foot of her bed.

Not to be outdone, we three followed suit, and I even opened the flap a very little.

"Well, good-night, everybody. Blow out the candle," said M., "and if any of you talk again, I'll shoot you."

"Yes, I said, "and if a rat gets in and bites me, I'll shoot *you*."

"Grumph! Grumph!" snored P.

"Wheeeeeee!" snored K.

Camp Nocturnes.

TO external observers, Camp this year was much the same as in any former year—slavery all morning and emancipation all afternoon, but to anyone possessed of cat-like eyes and lynx-like ears (*cf.* W. L. M.), the nights at camp were unusually restless.

The first nocturnal adventure was when the "1937 Mission" eluded the camp guard and precipitated the tabernacle of this year's "Mission" upon their sleeping craniums. The raiders escaped, but three nights later, when a similar attack was projected, "1938" were lying in wait, and, after a short but decisive skirmish, "1937" retreated from camp with the toe-marks of Messrs. Lang and Wardlaw imprinted upon their anatomies.

Between these two invasions, a Class VIII tent, disturbed at midnight in the middle of a Camp Cantata by our night prowling adjutant, were invited on a route-march, which ended only with the appearance of the sun. So beware, all ye who indulge in midnight oratorios when Thos. McLaren is near.

The main incident in Camp night-life, however, was the greasing of the slipways for Lt. Wardlaw's ship of matrimony. List, while we describe the ceremony. The Night Hawks

of the Mission and the Canteen, suitably garbed, swooped upon the nest and flew off with their victim. Then the bridegroom-to-be had his feet symbolically anointed and washed with Cherry Blossom and washing soda crystals. Transported to the Banqueting Hall of the Order of Night Hawks (Canteen), he was regaled with Dingleberry Wine and tinfuls of Fruit Salad. Laudatory and congratulatory speeches were offered and replied to, and, after a song from the fated victim, the wedding cake was cut, distributed and greedily devoured (the Night Hawks leaving a piece for the Captain and his "Pigeon"). The ceremony was then concluded.

The sequel, however, was perpetrated in daylight. After the extensive and expensive tributes of the Night Hawks, S—— cheated them all by marrying another woman. In the Mess Tent, all objections having been overruled, the Rev. "Whisky" Smith joined the faithless groom to his new choice, "Corporalless" Scrimgeour. In less than a month, he bigamously married his first choice, well out of reach of the High School Cadets!

Between these and other outstanding incidents, Camp life went on as usual, but it is the silvery nights which we shall always remember, not the golden days!

"Little Women."

SEVERAL months ago, the Girls of Class VIII felt the urge upon them to show their interest in the Reconstruction Scheme of the School, in some more tangible form. As a result of their energy and co-operation, they were able to present two performances of the play "Little Women," in the Hall of the Girls' School, on Saturday, 10th December.

In the unfolding of the delightful story of the March family, the girls displayed no mean dramatic ability, and proved that they had conceived a fine understanding of the characters in the play.

Much credit is due to the producer, assistants, actors and all helpers, who gave so unsparingly of their time and energy to make the performance a success.

It is estimated that, from the proceeds, a sum of £45 will be handed over to the Treasurer for the Reconstruction Scheme, and again we say, "Well done, Class VIII."

The Case of the Marie Lente-Vite.

(From the Chronicles of Baron von Euster-Beuster.)

IN the lounge of the Hotel Grosse Saucisse, Paris, four men were sitting in deep thought and deeper armchairs; they were M. Anatole Chou, the well-known French financier; Baron von Euster-Beuster, famous German criminologist; and his two equally famous assistants, Karl von Kovbotel and Jacob Gomeril. Let us drift closer, in the silent manner of the cine-cameraman, and hear their learned discourse.

"Of course," Chou was saying, "when I heard this, I realised that the Marie Lente-Vite was a cert. in the Great Monkey-Nut Race from Santa Galumphia, in Brazil, to France, and I placed 1,780,000 francs with my bookmaker in the hope that my expectations would be fulfilled. But it has come to my ears that a certain gentleman, named Walter Fizzog, is particularly keen that the Marie Lente-Vite should not win the race. He has, in fact, determined to stop her by setting fire to her cargo, which, as you will realise, is highly inflammable. Therefore I have called in your aid in the matter."

"I see," said the famous hoodlum-buster slowly. "This is Friday. Can you inform me when the race starts?"

Chou extracted the day's *Echo de Paris* from his pocket. "On Tuesday morning, at eight o'clock," said he. "It is impossible to prevent Fizzog from starting with the ship."

"I think I can," said the Baron, with emphasis. "Leave that to me. Now, if you have no objection, I will ask you a few questions . . ."

* * * * *

Next morning at 6.30, three men, their passports showing that they were technical navigation experts, appeared at the Aerodrome du Pont-Jaune and embarked in a waiting aeroplane.

At 8 o'clock on Monday morning, the three "experts" disembarked at Santa Galumphia, and speedily disguised themselves as amorous senioritas.

* * * * *

It is Monday night at seven. Upon the beach at Santa Galumphia, no sound is to be heard save the gentle crooning of the Santa Galumphia Beach Band, playing the soothing melody of "Vunza Nuffer Mi." The sailors of the Marie Lente-Vite and her rivals are disporting themselves along the shore, accompanied by the glamorous senioritas, bouquets, pieces of eight, etc., etc. But stay!

Who are these three young sailors who are conversing in hushed tones with their senioritas (to say nothing of the bouquets, pieces of eight, etc., etc.)? They are the three most responsible members of the crew of the Marie Lente-Vite, to wit Yara Palooka, the bosun; Vota Blita, the mate; and Howya Doin, the Chinese cook. Of what serious matter do they converse so earnestly with the amorosos? Wait and see, but kindly refrain from looking at the end of the story in order to ascertain.

* * * * *

It is a dark and moonless night. All is still in Santa Galumphia. No sound is heard on the Marie Lente-Vite, save the snoring of the second dog watch. Even the clamouring of Gimea Banana, the ship's monkey, is hushed. On the forehatch, Jeremiah, the ship's cat, reposes in blissful slumber, dreaming, no doubt, of a terrific feast of monkey-nuts when the ship has reached harbour ahead of all rivals.

From behind a pile of sawdust, monkey-nuts and garbage, three figures stealthily approach the ship, looking around them apprehensively at every step. They reach the fo'c'sle, and von Kovbotel taps the anchor with a threepenny bit six times. It is a signal! There is a sound of a match being struck inside, and presently Yara Palooka, Vota Blita and Howya Doin emerge, Yara carrying the ship's mascot, a ginger pup named Albert. Howya Doin also bears in his capacious jersey a box of ship's biscuit, several tins of condensed milk, a six-purpose tin-opener and a can of rat-poison.

Cautiously Yara Palooka and Vota Blita raise the fore-hatch and Kovbotel and Euster-Beuster begin to descend. . . . Suddenly a



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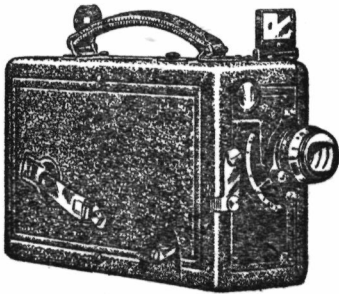
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chorus of terrific howls and caterwaulings is heard. Jeremiah, who has been disturbed by the raising of the hatch, is engaged in mortal combat with Albert. The noise grows in intensity, and presently Gimea Banana joins in with dismal howls and chatterings.

With great presence of mind, Howya Doin seizes the offending animals, and throws them into the fo'c'sle. Their song dies away, but from aft another, still more discordant, is heard. It is that of Tokin Boloni, the skipper. . . .

Quickly Howya Doin pushes Gomeril down the hatch, and throws the provisions after him. Palook and Blita slam down the cover, just as Tokin Boloni appears with a cat o' nine tails in one hand and a .6 rifle in the other.

"What do you etceteras think you're doin' here at this time o' night?" he roars, kicking Howya Doin in the abdomen. "I'll larn ye, youse lads. I'll have ye put in irons at the end o' this trip."

"Ah couldn't sleep, boss, an' Ah came out 'ere for a breath o' fresh hair," begins Yara Palooka.

"Couldn't sleep be blowed," growls Boloni. "Take 'em away." And with a few remarks about — who thought they could — well — him, he returned aft.

* * * * *

The day is Friday. Already the Marie Lente-Vite is 157 miles ahead of her nearest rival, the Elisabeth Bete-Noire. Tokin Boloni has already begun to celebrate his ship's triumph, and is gradually lapsing into a state of semi-consciousness. In the exuberance of his intoxication (Thank you, Mr. L--rd.), he fails to perceive that the third mate, one Walter Fizzog, has disappeared below decks. . . .

Meanwhile Fizzog is employing himself usefully in throwing lighted matches among the monkey-nuts. When he has completed this task to his own satisfaction, he ascends to the upper regions, and commences to examine the ship's one and only dinghy; then he innocently begins to make journeys back and forwards between the galley and the dinghy, each time returning to the galley with a somewhat lighter step than when he had gone. . . .

* * * * *

In the fore-hold meanwhile, Euster-Beuster, Kovbotel and Gomeril are valiantly attempting to extinguish the smouldering mass of monkey-

nuts. All seems vain. The fire is gaining every minute. . . .

It is night. All is peace on board the Marie Lente-Vite.

The figure of Walter Fizzog emerges from the fo'c'sle. He carries a dark-lantern, Albert and a lifebelt. He launches the dinghy, throws Albert in, and follows with the paraphernalia. He rows off. He has escaped.

Below decks, Euster-Beuster, Kovbotel and Gomeril are still valiantly attempting to cope with the smouldering monkey-nuts. Suddenly the hatch above opens. The faces of the Man in the Moon and Yara Palooka are seen in the opening. The latter descends, followed by Vota Blita and Howya Doin. They carry hoses and fire extinguishers. . . . In a few hours the fire is OUT. . . .

* * * * *

On the ship's triumphant arrival at Le Havre, Euster-Beuster & Co. became the heroes of the hour. They were awarded the Legion of Honour for conspicuous heroism, and congratulated by the German ambassador. Much more to the point, M. Anatole Chou presented them with a piece of paper which they exchanged at the nearest bank for other paper of a crisp and official nature. . . .

Some time later, a sensation was caused by the discovery of the much-mutilated body of an Englishman which was found on the beach at Le Havre. The name on his passport was Take-Itfrom Mee, but from photographs, he was identified as the notorious criminal Walter Fizzog. From which the reader may be left to draw his (or her) own conclusions.

Twenty-One.

The thought of being forever free,
Possessing now the house-door key,
Really to think as one may please,
To act one's wish with perfect ease.
Ah, Blissful Hour, some five years hence,
Time—lead me to my recompense.

What recompense? 'tis hard to find,
Freedom of thought but *not* of mind;
On second thoughts, it seems to me
'Tis better to be young *yet* free.
Freedom in body, not freedom of will
Seem to be dearer to me still.

A. P. (CLASS IX.)



Maia and Mercury.

The 10th Class Latin had just come into school, after viewing the departure of "Mercury" for the Cape. What was their surprise when among the first lines that challenged them was the following :

"*Haec ait, et Maia genitum demittet ab alto*"—"So spoke Jupiter and down from heaven he sent Maia's son.

(Maia's son on a successful flight to Africa !)

What about "*Sortitiones Vergilianae*" ?

"*Prestante Domino.*" = With a master in charge !

Mr. Munro (explaining angles in trig.): "Now let us look carefully at nothing (0°)."

Geo. B. : "The kids turned on the spits."

The Science Department is going back an age—from "Steel" to "Wood."

Translate : *J'ai vu deux jolis ânes que conduisait un paysan.*

Pupil : I saw a man behaving like two donkeys.

Teacher : Translate "*mal à la poitrine.*"

Pupil : A chest expander.

Mr. Adjutant (angrily to cadets) : "What do you think you're playing at ?"

Voice from rear platoon : "Soldiers, sir !"

JUNIOR SCHOOL :—

(Q) What do farmers get from sheep ?

(A) We eat their mutton and we wear jumpers made from their fleas.

Examination wisdom : "St. Dunstan was a very religious man. He built a little hut up in the North, and stayed there and read the Bible. The king found out that he was doing this and made him prime minister."

"When a knock is heard, she tells Macbeth to go and change into his night attire very calmly and as if it were done every day."

"Lady Macbeth is no fiend. She proves this when she has to take drink to go through with the murder."

"Ethelred the Unready was a very weak King. He did not want to fight, but instead of fighting he made poetry and got people to sing for him. The Danes conquered England and Ethelred had a flea to France."

Teacher : "You wouldn't say 'My pencil is broke.' What would you say ?"

Pupil : " My pencil is burst."

Armistice Day.—Little girl to Mother : " Is this the day we have two minutes' peace ? "

History—Class V (A short time after discussion of tortures, etc., in Stephen's reign).

Teacher : " What do you mean by the age of Chivalry ? "

Boy : " The time when you were shrivelled away."

Maths. Master to Gr-nt (who has been absent for a week and who has just disturbed the class): " You may be very funny to the others, but you've got a week behind."

Ditto : " Whenever you make a construction, always use an H.B., a B.B. or a B—anything else pencil."

Translation from French : " Gaston is wearing a striped plover."

Geraldine : " The neck that made that white robe wan."

Pupil : " She was foreign-looking, with a beautiful white neck—unlike the ladies of our country."

Teacher : " What do we know about Henry VIII ? "

Pupil (influenced by film ?): " He loved chicken."

A *bucher* is a man who sells dead mutton.

Q. : " What is a T square ? "

A. : " A stand to put a teapot on."

" The story of Beowulf was written just before the Norman Conquest. At that time, men like Adam Bede were writing."

JUNIOR SCHOOL.

(Very young man comes back without a note.)

Teacher : " Why weren't you at school yesterday ? "

Young Man : " I was just fed up with the school."

" People in the Fenland earn a living by growing cops."

" When a railway meets a mountain, it is called a sunset."

" The Crusade was a band of people marching to the Holy Land to preach to God."

" You want to know about Nubia. It is in Africa. I do not know much about Nubia, so now I shall tell you about China." (A long answer about China follows.)

" Macbeth murdered Duncan and went to bed feeling quite pleased with himself."

Little Girl : " Miss M'Naughton doesn't know my name."

Elder Sister : " What does she call you ? "

Little Girl : " Now Annie."

" Gauchos are great riders ; they are supposed to have been born in a saddle."

" Alpaca is a three-legged animal covered with wool. It strays wild on the Andes."

R. Millar : " Please, sir, do we get our drawings home with us this year ? "

Teacher : " Oh, no ! Not in Class V."

R. M. (as an afterthought): " My mother will miss her annual laugh."

A 20th Century Shakespeare.

Hamlet.

ACT I

SCENE I. *Behind a hedge, near a platform at Elsinore. Francisco having a surreptitious puff. Enter Bernardo.*

Ber. : H'ya, Toots !

Fran. : Aw, cut the wisecracking. Here, push your mouth on the end of this.

Ber. (inhaling freely) : Waal, there's nothing to beat a good Willy Woodbine. Seen any suspicious characters ?

Fra. (disgustedly) : Not a skirt within miles.

Ber. : Then nip your fag and go hit the hay.
(*Exit Francisco.*)

(*Some moments elapse while Bernardo picks his teeth.*)

Enter Horatio and Marcellus

Mar. : Listen, Pug-ugly. Horatio reckons we're holding out on him about the spook.

Hor. (expectorating violently) : 'S'lot o' hooley !

Ber. : Oh yeah ! Is that so ? Squat and take a load o' this. (*They squat.*) Suffering alligators!!! If it ain't the old josser himself ! Come right in, sonny, come right in !

Enter Ghost

Mar. : Get talking, Horatio, you used to go to school once.

Hor. (shaking where his socks should be) : S-S-S-Say, b-baby, ain't it about time you w-were t-t-toasting your t-tootsies ag-gain ?

Exit Ghost, vertically downwards

Hor. (emboldened) : So you won't talk, huh ? It looks the real goods to me, all the same. Let's get hiking an' spread the royals to Hamface.

Exeunt

SCENE 2. *Room of state in the King's shack. Claudius, King of Denmark, reclining on a divan, with Gertie on his knees. Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Ophelia and the rest of the gang.*

King : Well, I guess I ain't gonna spoil Gertie's blouse blubbering over old man Hamlet. I learnt how to take it at the High.

Ham. (in his usual subtle way) : Yah ! you festerin' hunk o' lice-ridden third-rate pig hash !

King : Stow the compliments. By the way, that low-down slug, Fortinbras has been muzzlin' in on our racket. Hey ! Voltimand ! Cornelius ! Trickle off an' get his uncle to put the black on him.

Cor. and Vol. : O.K., Big Shot.

King : Beat it. What's bitin' ya, Laertes ? Will a dime cover it ?

Laer. : Aw shucks, boss, palm me a few grand to go hit the high spots in Paris. It's O.K. by the Old Man.

King : Say, who d'ya think I am ? Nuffield ? Here's a coupla bucks. Now go hit the trail.

Exit Laertes, snakewise, on his stomach

Hey ! Look, Gertie ! Hamface's growing a soup-strainer !

Ham. : Aw, lay off it. Can't ya see I don't wanna play ball ?

King : O.K., Einstein. C'mon, folks, I gotta see a dog about a man.

Exeunt all but Hamlet

Ham. : Sufferin' Pete ! I sure do feel like a piece o' wet cheese-cloth ! What wouldn't I like to do wi' that double-crossin' gold-digger o' a mother o' mine ! Yeah, my old man sure had them all underneath his right thumbnail. But now he's handed in his checks, I guess all I can do is keep my peepers wide on the buzzards.

(*He cocks a lug*)

Yoo-hoo !! Here come the Borstal Babies !

Enter Horatio, Marcellus and Bernardo

Hor. : H'ya, Face-fungus !

Ham. : Well, if it ain't li'l' ol' Horace ! Say I'd know that clock a mile off.

(*Scratches his left tonsil meditatively*)

What's the bug in your pants, anyhow ? Y'otta be in Wittenberg crammin' for your Leavin's.

Hor. : I sorta oozed along to see your old man kissin' the clay.

Ham. : Aw, quit the stalling, Horse-face.

Hor. (drawing himself up and assuming a



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Maryfield accent a la Oscar R-ms-y) : Sair, upon mai advent here Ai betook maiself off to witness the embracment of your matairnal quantity in Holy Paidlock—Ai mean Deadlock—Aw, skip it !

Ham. : Stow the soft soap, Bawface !

(Mixes a White Lady and knocks it back expertly)

Hor. (casually) : Saw your old man last night. Looked a bit hot. Probably gettin' his hand in with a spot o' stokin'.

Ham. (making in panic for the door) : ——'s whiskers ! That coupla smackers I'm due him !

(He stops short and looks round suspiciously at Hor.)

Say, wise guy, where d'ya getta hold o' this dope, anyway ? An' how're you sure it was the old skinflint ?

Hor. (proudly) : I got a line on that mole under his left arm-pit, the moment I clapped peepers on the old Bluebeard.

Ham. : O.K., Sexton Blake. I'll be with you to-night. Front o' the old shack ?

Hor. : Same as usual. An' mind tote along some o' that Red Biddy. A guy needs some sustenance—pretty good that word—these cold nights.
J. H. (Eck), P.

Loneliness.

A SHINING blackbird flew down from the lime tree where he had been feeding on grubs. Yes, there was the dish in its usual place. He hopped over and looked into it. It was filled with bread and scraps from the house. Thoughtfully he eyed it ; there was enough for two ! He wondered if he could eat it all by himself. Soon they would notice that she was gone and they would only put out enough for one again. They did not waste much, those people in the house. He ate all he could and then retired to a certain bush where there was a nest, well hidden among the leaves. In it were two pale blue eggs with dark smudges on them. One lay cracked on the grass beneath. He wondered if sitting on the remaining two himself would do any good. No, they were cold already. The little half-formed things inside had had their frail spark of life blotted out. The blackbird flew up to his favourite chimney—not to sing, but to think and remember. A pleasant warmth came up to him, and the sun shone. If only those eggs were still warm. Their clammy coldness worried him. He had liked to go searching for the choicest tit-bits for her as she sat on the nest. It had been fun to hop about on guard before the nest, telling her what was happening in the garden

while she sat so quietly. But she was gone now.

He shifted his position, for he was growing cramped. He was all alone again as he had been for years before she came. There had been flying in the garden and going on expeditions with his neighbours, singing from this, his favourite chimney pot, and enjoying life and plenty of food. Then one day, another blackbird had flown down into the garden. Here was an intruder, but he did not fly at her and chase her out. Instead, he watched her hopping on the grass, looking for worms. He went towards her, noticing with appreciation her good colouring and faintly spotted breast. An unusual feeling stirred inside him, and he led her to his dish. All that day they hopped about together, and that night he went up to his chimney and trilled long to the dark evening.

She came again next day and they began to build their nest in a sheltered bush. He flew and hopped along the edge of the lawn gathering fine dry grass. Again and again he dropped bits from his full beak and had to pick them up, only dropping them once more. The nest grew, and he could hardly contain his delight, which sometimes grew to be too

much for him, so he went to his chimney and sang and sang for joy. They forgot to eat while the nest grew. Then it was finished and together they went to the dish where a double quantity of bread was laid out. Together they sang that evening, for the buds were bursting on the trees, and to-morrow she would go to the nest to begin laying her precious eggs. In the next garden the same was happening. It happened everywhere. So he trilled proudly.

While she sat in the nest, he kept guard and brought her the best pieces from the dish. She had little time to fly with him now. The eggs lay in the nest, three of them, pale blue and beautifully marked. The days flowed by, mounting into weeks. The eggs would soon be hatched. The people in the house did all they could to keep cats out of the garden, so there was comparative safety except for one disturbing thing. Some hooded crows were nesting nearby, but they would surely do no harm! Nevertheless, both birds kept an eye

on them. One day, when the two birds were flying not far from the nest where the eggs lay, they heard a rustling of leaves. Quickly they flew to their bush. There were two great crows, one on the ground, the other pushing one of the eggs to the edge of the nest. It fell without a sound, and the other crow cracked it with its beak. It looked round, and seeing the two blackbirds flying up, called to its comrade and they both flew away. When he went to the nest, the remaining eggs were unhurt. He had called for her, but there was no answer. She had gone.

He stood up on the edge of the chimney and stretched his wings. Perhaps she would come again next year. He looked down into the cold garden; it was empty without her. Yes, of course she would come next year. There would be no more crows. Suddenly, to his great surprise, he trilled a long quivering note, and flew down into the shadowed garden.

M. E. F. (Class VIII.).

Interstate by Sea.

SOME three years ago, when I was in Australia, I had the good fortune to make a voyage of a month's duration on an interstate cargo vessel.

I left Sydney on a painfully slow train to cover the forty-five miles between Sydney and Wollongong, whence I went by motor-bus to Port Kembla. This latter is a small town, about five miles to the south of Wollongong; the harbour is an artificial one, partially protected by a promontory, but it is open to easterly and south-easterly gales and so great is the swell that ships lying there are moored with 20-inch coir ropes!

The S.S. "Aroona," the ship which I was to join, was to be sailing next day for Newcastle and had discharged almost all her cargo of iron ore from Whyalla, South Australia. Her next cargo was to be steel for Queensland.

That same evening, we arrived in Newcastle harbour, the breakwater of which was built by the convicts of the early settlement. After negotiating a long and difficult channel we tied up at the Broken Hill Proprietary Co.'s wharf. This company is the richest in Australia.

Newcastle is mainly an industrial and coal-exporting town, but during the five days required for loading the ship I frequently visited the justly famous beaches where surf-riding is very popular. Life savers were much in evidence. On leaving Newcastle we coasted for the next two days in glorious weather, enjoying the scenery. This part of the country is rich in banana groves and dairying land. Overshadowing this district is Mount Warning, so named by Captain Cook when he first sighted it.

Our next port of call was Brisbane, 19 miles



Guide Camp
Kirkmichael, July 1938

Dundee High School
Magazine

up the river of that name, and situated on the north bank. The suburbs of the city lie across the river spanned by three fine bridges. (The "Aroona" was carrying steel and machinery for the completion of the third.)

The beautiful Town Hall is justly called the pride of the Brisbanites; its high clock tower reminds one somewhat of Big Ben. There are many beautiful drives from Brisbane, not the least of which is to One Tree Hill. From here I saw all the country lying to the east. Brisbane with its meandering river seemed quite close and the sea could also be seen shimmering in the distance. There are also many river trips in small motor launches, for instance to Lone Pine past many fine houses with their own jetties and private launches. But the houses stop and give place to semi-tropical scenery.

After bunkering at the coal wharves our ship left for Townsville. We sailed thence through Whitsunday passage and passed through many picturesque island groups. Just off Townsville is Magnetic Island, named by Captain Cook because of its effect on his compass. Townsville is built round a bold hill called the Castle Rock, near the coast. The town has a very fine main street with a line of palm trees growing in the grass strip down its centre. Behind Townsville is a plain with numerous anthills, looking like miniature mountains, upon it. Here, hundreds of bush-turkey roam freely. At Townsville I visited a private zoo and was rather frightened by an oversize in emus. There were also many Kangaroos, Wallabys, Koalas, Parrots and Cockatoos.

From Townsville we sailed inside the famous Barrier Reef the 160 miles to Mourileyn, a small sugar port. It is said that one might sail past Mourileyn in a motor boat and never suspect its presence, for a range of cliffs extends along this coast and the entrance to the port is only 150 feet wide. Inside, the harbour is quite large but very shallow and,

with only swinging room off the wharf for ships, the manoeuvre of berthing is difficult.

Here can be seen the peculiar "walking-fish," crocodiles, and "stag-horns." These latter grow on the limbs of trees and are highly prized as garden decorations in the southern States.

Leaving Mourileyn we proceeded to Cairns, a tropical town serving a rich agricultural area and a popular tourist centre. Every year thousands of visitors come up to view the beautiful mountain tablelands with their magnificent valleys and jungle scenery. It is from here that some of the best known timbers are exported as well as other products such as sugar, cotton, maize and copper. The road up to the mountains is a single track with six hundred hair-pin bends in 12 miles! All traffic on it is regulated, two hours being allowed each way.

Lucinda Point was our next port of call, 120 miles to the south. This is the port of Ingham, situated 15 miles inland, at one end of the 28 mile long Hindenbrook Channel, and exporting sugar. Lucinda itself is a small collection of wooden houses, several high molasses tanks, and a public house. It boasts a jetty, a third of a mile long with a narrow-gauge railway on it. A definite plan is followed in loading the sugar, which is brought to the ship in bags, each weighing about 100 lbs., and hoisted on board. The bags are lowered into the hold to a "table" of sugar bags. They are carried on the backs of the men and methodically stacked over the hold. I spent a good deal of time travelling up and down the jetty on the sugar trains, assisting with the shunting.

From Lucinda we sailed 300 miles south to Bowen, our last port of call. This is the centre of a large tomato growing industry, although it also is in the Sugar Belt, but its greatest source of wealth used to be its shipments of horses and polo ponies bred there for the Indian and Australian Armies. Hundreds were shipped each year in former times

but the number has considerably diminished. Bowen's jetty extends for about three quarters of a mile over sand and mud flats to deep water and on these flats can be seen soldier crabs in their blue tunics marching in irregular formations. These crab armies never seem to fight, however.

We sailed from Bowen, fully loaded, to Newcastle where the ship was to fill her bunkers before going on to Freemantle.

Unfortunately we encountered a gale which delayed our progress by $1\frac{1}{2}$ days and during which, the seas ran so high that they swept over the decks and even over the lower bridge. We were compelled to heave-to for 24 hours off the port, waiting for the gale to drop, to enable us to cross the bar.

I returned from Newcastle to Sydney by express train after a delightful and interesting voyage of about 2,500 miles. J. PHOENIX.

A Visit Abroad.

Le train pour Rouen ! Le train pour Rouen !

I had just heard, for the first time in my life, a Frenchman speak. It was the guard, poor tired man, if he had only known what excitement he was giving me, he might have looked a little happier than he did. After pushing and shoving, I found myself in a corner seat of the train, with a four-hour journey in front of me. Everything around me was strange. I looked for the familiar photographs of England's seaside resorts, but where were they ? In their place was the word "Etat," which was repeated all over the furnishings. I looked for the familiar "£5 penalty for anyone . . ." but it was not there. Nor was "To open window, lift and . . ." I looked at my companions and how different they were also !

Opposite me were two ladies dressed in the darkest mournings, over her head each wore a long black veil. Next to them was a gentleman, immaculately dressed and accompanied by his wife. They both looked as if they had stepped out of a fashion magazine. By my side were two little boys on their way home from school—and how good they were ! They both wore black berets and similar smocks, which reached down to their knees.

On their feet they wore black patent leather shoes. How different everything seemed ; I felt I was really in a foreign land.

I looked out of the window at the beautiful countryside that we were passing through. My eye wandered for miles over the flat countryside. Where were the hills or the neatly cut hedges, or the square, regular fields ? To gaze over the land was like looking over a sea without ever coming across any object to arrest one's attention. The fields were so small ; one moment, a patch of green ; one moment a patch of golden grain. Nothing seemed to be in order. It was as if someone had dropped a box of coloured bricks and they had rested in careless order where they had landed.

I was suddenly awakened out of my dreams by the shout of "Bayeux, Bayeux." I sprang to my feet and, lifting my case, made my way to the door. I saw a taxi and, feeling very excited, I asked if he could take me "Au Couvent des Benedictines ?" I was raced up streets and round corners and through long avenues of trees. The taxi stopped, and I got out. Before me lay the Convent and five weeks of glorious sunshine, happiness, and delightful new friendships.



A Clutch of Triolets.

Maths. Room

(Timor Moreis Conturbat me)

1xa

13 B

Accursed room,

To but see

13 B,

Plunges me

Deep in gloom

13 B—

Accursed room !

2xa

De Rectore

The Rector sings

At prayers each morning,

The notes and things

The Rector sings

His vocal strings

Full well adorning.

The Rector sings

At prayers each morning.

3xa

The Phys. Lab. Tea-Drinking

The Interval's the time

To catch them at their drinking.

(Admittedly no crime.)

The Interval's the time

When Callous feeling prime

Cares not what we are thinking.

The Interval's the time

To catch them at their drinking.

5xa

Traffic Regulations

Since traffic regulations are such fun,
We think they might be still more comprehensive.

Why not supply each Prefect with a gun ?
(Since traffic regulations are such fun.)
That Chugger might keep Anton on the run,
Instead of always taking the defensive.
Since traffic regulations are such fun,
We think they might be still more comprehensive.

Photographs of "LITTLE WOMEN."

We wish especially to thank Messrs
D. & W. Prophet for their kindness
and support in taking for us such excellent
photographs of "Little Women."
By an oversight we omitted to print an
acknowledgement with the photograph.

W.G.L.

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

For the New Year Party

The Party Season will soon be with us and we can help to make YOURS a real joy-night for the children.

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7/6, 10/-, 15/-, 20/- to 11 Gns.	27/6, 32/6, 42/-	per pair. Colours—Black,
		Brown, Beige, White.

HORNEY TRAINS, 4/11, 5/6,	ICE SKATES, 12/6, 14/6, 17/6,	Men's, Black only,
6/11, 7/6, 8/11, 10/6 to 52/-.	21/-, 25/6, 32/6, 65/-	20/- per pair

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The Dundee High School Old Boys' Club.

THE Eighth Annual General Meeting of the Club was held in the School on Monday, 17th October, when reports were submitted and the following office-bearers were elected for the year 1938-1939 as follows : Hon. President—Mr. T. H. Smith ; Hon. Vice-Presidents—Principal Macgregor, Dr. Murray, Messrs. John Maclellan, 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—Dr. Geo. M. Grant, Messrs. Lewis I. Collins, H. J. Carlton, Alexander Robertson, Leslie B. Weatherhead, R. S. Aiken, J. Y. Baxter, J. L. Y. Matthew, A. S. Rae, R. Stohlner, F. G. Young, W. S. Phillips, James Scott Nicoll, T. M'Laren, E. G. Ritchie, and the President, Vice-President and Hon. Secretary and Treasurer.

The Club membership at present stands at :—

Ordinary Members	..	373
Life Members	..	143
Honorary Member	..	1
		517

The Annual Dinner was held on the 2nd December and a Report appears below.

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, C.A., 11 Panmure Street, Dundee.

At the Annual General Meeting the question of changing the Club's colours was considered and fully discussed. It was agreed to remit the matter to a small committee with a view to the matter being thoroughly investigated.

Obituary.

We regret the passing of William Gow, M.A., B.A. (Perth) 1888—1890.

Old Boys' Club Annual Dinner.

THE Old Boys' Club held its annual dinner in Draffen's Restaurant on Friday, 2nd December, under the chairmanship of Mr. T. R. Lawson, president of the Club. About 70 members attended the function and there were the usual many happy reunions among groups of contemporaries and old friends. As we have come to expect at this gathering, the meal was an excellent one and the organising committee are to be congratulated upon the way in which all arrangements were carried through. The principal guest and speaker was Professor William Annan, C.A., of Edinburgh, who proposed the toast of the School and the Club. In introducing the speaker, Mr. Lawson explained that Professor Annan was one of those old D.H.S. boys who had left Dundee and risen to eminence in another city. Professor Annan spoke at length of the School as he knew it and of the need for our staunch support of the

Reconstruction Appeal. "It is unthinkable that a School with such a glorious past should pass into history" was the phrase he used in summing up the position. This toast was replied to by Mr. Frank W. Michie, a former master at D.H.S. recently retired from the post of H.M. Chief Inspector of Schools for the North of Scotland. Mr. Michie told of the splendid way in which the School had gathered funds in a previous generation for the provision of Recreation Grounds and also spoke at length of the present appeal and expressed his confidence that the School would once more rise superior to the emergency.

In proposing the toast of the "Guests" Mr. Andrew W. Mudie, C.A., struck the right note and charmed his hearers with a brilliantly witty parody of what the Memorandum and Articles of such a meeting might be. He had an excellent foil in the Rev. J. H. Duncan, one of the directors, who replied to the toast

in an equally witty and entertaining speech. His tale of how he fared in his attempt to offset the William Wallace tradition by inventing a Malcolm Canmore one for his own old school (Forfar Academy) convulsed the meeting. Making what we believe was a maiden speech, Mr. R. S. Aiken proposed the health of the Chairman in a very pleasing

way to which Mr. Lawson replied in his usual modest and characteristic manner. He intimated that Professor Annan had suggested that all original subscribers to the Reconstruction Fund should double their original donations and had set the ball rolling by doubling his own. This was met with hearty applause.

The Dundee High School Old Girls' Club.

A very happy evening was spent in Draffen's Rooms on Friday, 23rd September, on the occasion of the annual reunion of the Old Girls' Club. The meeting was held early in September so that younger members, many of whom are at the 'Varsity, might be present; and they certainly took advantage of the change of date, and attended in large numbers. About 170 girls of all ages were cordially received by Mrs William Allan, President, and Miss Lee and Mrs Carlton, Vice-Presidents, and sat down to a sumptuous repast.

After dinner Mrs Allan made the presidential speech in her own inimitable way. Her racy remarks and flashes of humour kept the company in gales of laughter. Referring to the long line of distinguished and brilliant presidents the Association had had, she said she could claim to be neither distinguished nor clever. She confessed that she had on one occasion won a prize—as a matter of fact she had tied with another pupil, so it was only half a prize. The prize was for an essay on leisure time, and, as she was not a student, she had much leisure time. Hence she won the prize. On being asked by a dear old lady teacher, whom many of us can remember, whether she would like the Bible or the *Pilgrims' Progress*, she said, "neither, but I would like *Grimm's Fairy Tales*." She got the *Tales*, and no one ever enjoyed a prize more.

She emphasised the friendliness that had always existed between the High School girls,

both at school and in after-life, wherever they might meet. Speaking of the Reconstruction Scheme of the school she directed attention to an appeal being sent out by the Old Boys' and Old Girls' Clubs. She stressed the value of the small contribution. Few people could afford to give 100 guineas, and they wished it to be understood that 5/- or quite small sums were equally acceptable.

A pretty little ceremony took place when the retiring Secretaries, Miss Jenny Ferguson and Mrs B. C. Bowman, were presented with book tokens, concealed in bouquets of pink carnations, and were warmly thanked for their three years work for the Club.

Each member had been asked to wear a token representing the name of a book, and this was found to be an excellent way of breaking the ice, if any, and making the guests mingle freely together. Each person had to speak to everyone else in the room while trying to elucidate what the signs represented. Some of the symbols were very clever, some very abstruse and difficult to guess, and many of us breathed a sigh of relief when we came across those that were easy to interpret, such as, *The Four Feathers*, *The Little Minister* and *Down the Garden Path*.

A series of characters representing the names of well-known books brought a very happy and congenial evening to a close, and we all sang the school song, feeling once more that the friends we made at school were the best friends of all.

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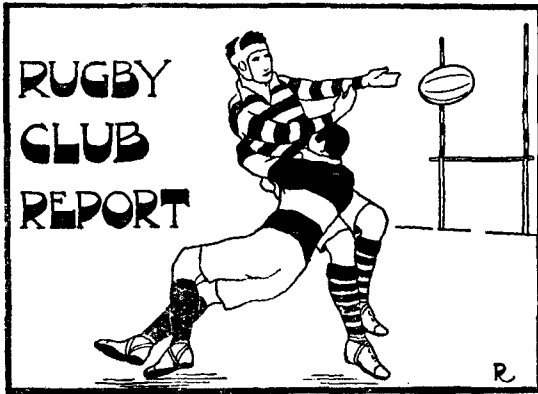
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Reports.



Caps for Season 1938-39 have been awarded to :
I. G. Kidd and J. M. Hutton.

Only five of last season's 1st XV. returned to School and the task of building a side has been far from easy. This year's side is younger, lighter and less experienced than is usual, and game after game has proved an uphill fight. Although lacking in weight the forwards have played well together and usually have given a very good account of themselves. Behind the scrum we have been less fortunate. Play has not reached a very high standard and there has been a lack of ability in attack but defensive play has been particularly good. Progress has been made however and experience gained for the future. Although the 1st XV. has not met with much success the spirit of the team has been very good indeed and enthusiasm has been keen.

Last year at this time we were encouraged because more boys than ever were playing rugby and we were putting more teams on the field than we had done in the past. This year we are in an even better position and, since the season began, six and seven fifteens have turned out regularly for games with other schools. It is most encouraging that this should be the case and it enables us to look to the future with increased confidence. The junior teams have done very well and one of them is, so far, undefeated this season.

We are more than half way through the season and it is to be hoped that enthusiasm will be maintained. It is encouraging to note that, although results might have been better, enthusiasm stands high and nearly 50 per cent. of available pupils are turning out to represent the School almost every Saturday.

Keep it up boys ! The junior fifteens of to-day are the first fifteens of the future and you can assure their success.

T. McL.

Hockey Club Report.

Only four of last year's 1st XI. are back at School with the result our team is very young but full of enthusiasm. Unfortunately we have not been too successful but as we have many fixtures to fulfil we hope for better results.

The 2nd XI. have been more fortunate, however, and out of five matches played three have been won.

This season we have been fortunate enough to witness the match between Scotland and the Rest which was held at our grounds. It gave all of us an opportunity of watching a really good game.

The Junior Trials took place on the 19th November with E. Russell and M. Thompson being chosen for the reserve team.

This year's officials are : President, Miss Whytock ; Vice-President, Miss Fernie ; Captain, Margaret Thompson ; Secretary, Evelyn Russell ; and 2nd XI. Captain, Helen Norrie. We should like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Whytock and Miss Fernie for their splendid enthusiasm.

M. G. T.

Netball Report.

Great enthusiasm has been shown in the School this term particularly in Class IX. and we hope it will continue. Under the direction of Miss Martin Brown a team was formed to play Dundee Training College. Owing to the weather this match was postponed but we hope to play it at some future date.

We would like to take this opportunity of expressing our sincere thanks to Miss Brown for her great encouragement and coaching.

M. M. B.

Cadet Report.

This session has started with an enrolment of 146 cadets and the winter work is now in full swing. The main body parading at the Drill Hall is moving well, and some of the N.C.O.'s are promising. The recruits have still much to learn before they are ready to join the company as a platoon, and the band is working hard to fill in the gaps in the piper ranks to attain its usual high standard.

This year we welcome Mr. McGregor into the company. Having been a sergeant-major in the Aberdeen University O.T.C. he is familiar with our work, and we wish him happiness in his cadet service.

In the national organisation of the cadet movement a new office, that of President of Scottish Cadets and Vice-President of the British National Cadet Association has been created this year. We of Dundee are

particularly pleased that Lt.-Col. the Rt. Hon. The Earl of Airlie has accepted office. We are indebted to the new president for many kindnesses in the past, not least of them being permission to camp on the Cortachy estate, and the lively interest he has always taken in the work of the company at camp.

As a general inspection is probable in the late spring, it is proposed to issue and fit uniforms very shortly after the New Year, and then to concentrate on work for the inspection. Every cadet will need to work at full stretch if the reputation of the company is to be maintained.

W. L. M.

Guide Report.

We have now come to the end of another successful term at Guides. As there was a record number of recruits this session a new Patrol had to be formed and the Kingfisher was chosen for its emblem. Four new P.L.'s were needed this year, and Doreen Kidney, Myra Duguid, Marjorie Fyffe and Winibelle Farquharson were appointed.

The Annual Guide Gala was held in October, and our Junior Swimmers succeeded in winning the Junior Cup, while the Seniors were runners-up for the Senior Cup. We are doing our usual Christmas Good Turn this year by filling hampers for poor families.

Competition for the Patrol Shield has been very keen this term, and the winners were the Robins. We congratulate them on their good team-work.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking our Guides for doing so much to make our company meetings so enjoyable.

J. C. E.



Boys' Literary Society.

So far, the Society has enjoyed a very successful term. Although membership is no higher than last year, the average attendance has been considerably greater.

On Oct. 14th, Mr. Norman Brown gave us a flying start with a very enjoyable address, "Beautiful Lakeland," illustrated with exceptionally fine slides. After a Hat Night of keenly-discussed questions Rev. E. S. Towill, B.D., F.S.A., delivered a very

interesting illustrated lecture, "Homes and Haunts of Robert Louis Stevenson"; this meeting was very much enjoyed by members of both Literary Societies.

The next two meetings kept up the high standard which we have had this session: on Nov. 11th, Messrs. Duncan, Kidd, Ross and Hutton entertained us with several extracts from literature; on Nov. 25th, we heard Mr. Mathers of Class X and Messrs. Smith and White of Class IX reading three very interesting short papers.

In a very lively Staff Debate on Nov. 25th, Messrs. Bruce and Taylor carried the motion "That the Cinema is a Menace," against Messrs. Catto and M'Gregor. A second very successful Hat Night was held a week later, the younger members taking a good part.

After this very successful first term we have the greatest hopes of one at least as good to follow, with the capable guidance of Mr. Paton from the chair.

J. M. H.

Girls' Literary Society.

The Society has commenced another successful year under the presidency of Miss MacNaughton.

Our first meeting was on 14th October, when both Societies met to hear Mr. N. G. Brown's lecture on "Beautiful Lakeland." This lecture was very much enjoyed and gave us a good send-off for the season.

A Spelling Bee followed which proved very popular.

The Rev. E. S. Towill gave us a lecture on "The Homes and Haunts of R. L. Stevenson," which was extremely interesting.

Our Hallowe'en Night proved very successful and there was a very large attendance. Class VIII. was responsible for the entertainment, while Classes IX. and X. saw to the catering and the decorations.

Class VII. gave us a very enjoyable evening's entertainment on 18th November.

The following week we held a Hat Night at which many questions both interesting and amusing were discussed.

At our last meeting on 2nd December, Classes IX. and X. held their Class Night. They set a noteworthy example to the young members with their talented and original programme.

We are holding our Musical Evening on 21st December and hope it will be as well attended as the other evenings have been.

We should like to thank Miss MacNaughton and Miss Lickley for the great interest they have taken in our Society.

J. M. D.

