

THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. 74

MARCH 1939

FOURPENCE

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A Blend of choice Assams and Ceylons.

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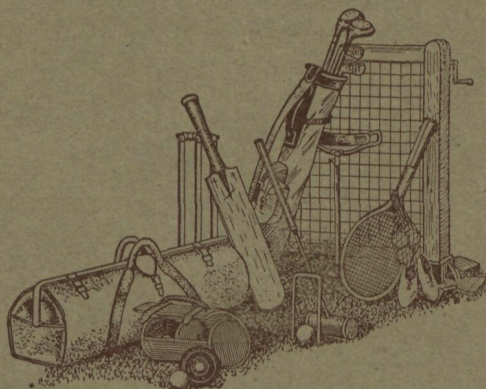
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TENNIS RACKETS RE-STRUNG AND REPAIRED.

13-15 REFORM STREET, DUNDEE.



The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

No. 74.]

MARCH 1929.

[FOURPENCE.

Editorial.

THE Spring Term is usually regarded as the term during which we work hard—at least, harder than at any other time—but the rigours of this Spring Term have been alleviated by several unwonted entertainments.

On the 26th January the Brussels Wind Sextet gave, for the first time, a concert in School which was very much enjoyed. There was a good attendance of both boys and girls. Our Head Prefect, however, has not been the same man since his linguistic efforts, in which he showed our appreciation in French.

At the beginning of March we heard a talk, by Mr. Donald Grant, on the state of affairs in Europe at the present day. This was both interesting and illuminating, as Mr. Grant explained for us the Berlin-Rome-Tokio triangle.

On 8th March three G.P.O. films were shown in School. One of these was about the use of the telephone internationally, while the other two showed the delivery of mails in Scotland by night and day.

This term we should like to congratulate three Old Boys who have recently risen to prominent positions at Edinburgh University: George Davie, Assistant Professor in Philosophy; and J. R. Philip and David Maxwell, Lecturers in the Faculty of Law.

Our congratulations also to Henry M. Jackson, who has been awarded a two-years scholarship for Lincoln College, Oxford. It is interesting to note that we have now, at

Oxford and Cambridge, six F.P.s holding major scholarships.

We should also like to congratulate Joyce Elder on winning the competition held by the Embroiderers' Guild in January.

We are looking forward to the Celebrations in June of our sept-centenary, and with these happy thoughts in mind we leave our readers, wishing them a pleasant Easter.

We are very pleased to include in this magazine a story from the pen of that well-known boys' author, Mr. Herbert Hayens, and also an article and photographs of a trip by air to South Africa by Mr. J. M. C. Duffus, who, by the way, has kindly consented to show a film of the same at next session's Lit.

Congratulations to Lieutenant McLaren on his well-merited promotion to Captain.

As we go to press, we must acknowledge receipt of an excellent article on Careers by Wallace Attwood. This will appear in the next issue.

A High School pupil who played a great and varied part in the life of Dundee for many years has passed away in Dr. R. C. Buist. We can ill afford to lose such citizens. To his family we offer our sympathy.

Our Sept-Centenary Celebrations—June 1939.

"*EXEGI monumentum*" might have said the

Abbot of Lindores when, some seven hundred years ago, he laid the foundations of education in Dundee. "*Exegi monumentum*" might have said, too, that body of wise men who, a hundred years ago, set up our present School. This year, especially, we look back with pride over the centuries and feel more strongly a spiritual bond with those schoolmasters and pupils who, a-down the years, worked and taught and studied and so kept alive, and often burning brightly, the lamp of learning in our city.

We look back; but we must also look forward, for to us, too, has come the call to build yet again, to enlarge and modernise our School that it may more competently carry on its great tradition.

So it happens that while celebrating the sept-centenary in June we are also, as a School—teachers and pupils—making an effort to raise part of the funds required to create a new and greater D.H.S.

Below you will see in outline what form our celebrations in June are to take and what schemes we have devised to bring in that all-important money. In the furtherance of these we crave the help and co-operation of all parents and of all friends of the School.

These are days of crisis, of tumult and peril.

How trivial often seem life's ordinary business and affairs. We cannot, you may say, attune our minds to this matter of School building. But is not this the very time to pause and take mental stock of our ideals, liberties and culture? Now, when these are threatened, we can assess them at their true value—and that is beyond price.

Here, then, is D.H.S., a tried and tested cultural institution, a School which, we believe, gives a truly liberal education. While providing generously a sound educational training for the average pupil, it can also, by virtue of its independence and freedom from hide-bound restrictions and regulations, give every facility for the special development of individual talent.

We who know and are of the School value its independence and freedom. Those distinguished scholars and men of mark who are numbered among its old boys have been ever ready to give thanks and pay tribute to its teaching and inspiration. We wish, then, to enlarge its bounds that it may march with the times while keeping its individuality and character. We believe that, given by reconstruction the necessary additions, it will continue to play a very important and necessary part in the cultural life of the city—a part which, indeed, can be played only by the High School of Dundee.

Our Sale of Work.

WHAT exactly does a sale of work do?

Everyone must have asked this question. It is an excellent way of increasing the financial position of various institutions.

None will dispute the need of funds for the

reconstruction and modernising of the High School buildings.

Everybody in School is working with one aim and object, to increase the sum already collected.



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10 REFORM STREET, DUNDEE.

We, Class VI., have divided ourselves into several groups and, with the generous help of Miss Coupar and other members of the Staff, we have organised a Sale of Work for Saturday, 6th May, 1939, from 10.30 a.m. till 1.30 p.m., and from 2.30 p.m. till 5 p.m.

Do, therefore, arrange to meet your friends for morning coffee or afternoon tea which will be served in the dining-hall.

I feel sure you will find the goods displayed very sensible yet dainty.

The "Flower" stall will be a special feature, for no one can resist spring flowers. Come and buy our beautiful lilies and primroses. Then, I think, we must all confess to having at least one sweet tooth and the sweets on sale at the "Cakes and Candy" stall will be a speciality.

For "Tiny Tots," the "Dollies' Corner" should be interesting, for if dolly needs a new summer frock that's where to buy it. "The Lucky Dip" will add mystery to the fête, while bargain-hunters will find all they desire at the "Well-worth's stall." Many examples of skilful handiwork will be seen at the "Knitting and Needlework" stall.

A series of competitions was arranged last month for which generous prizes were offered. One card had the names of film stars printed and numbered down the margins while in the centre was a large square containing the number of squares corresponding to the number of stars' names. The competitor wrote his or her name opposite a film star. Then that person would hunt up the corresponding square and rub it lightly with a pencil. A certain number would appear not more than 6 and the competitor gave the indicated number of pence to the School fund. Similarly in "Name the Dog" competition the winner had her name opposite the lucky

dog-name. Perhaps the most interesting of these contests was the "Song Competition" which was arranged by Miss Falconer. In this competition each competitor was given 44 incomplete songs, e.g. :—

If it rains in Glasgow as rain it can,

Make haste to the shop of "*The Umbrella Man.*"

Quite a lot of money was collected by selling home-made toffee, marshmallows and coconut ice.

To those who have given and to those who intend to give we extend our warmest thanks. So please make a note of the date and time as without your help we cannot make our sale a success; and it is also satisfying to know that one may lend a helping hand.

JEAN S. RICHARDSON.

Reconstruction Scheme.

Class VI. Girls take this opportunity of thanking all those who have so generously supported them in their efforts on behalf of the School Reconstruction. A sum of £54 9s 9d has been collected from the following sources :—

Mile of Pennies	..	..	£22	2	9
Competitions	..	..	34	10	7
Sale of Sweets	..	..	0	14	9
Gifts	..	..	4	5	5
					£61 13 6
Half of Printer's account and sundry materials for 6th May..	..	..	6	3	9
					£54 9 9

We are much indebted to the following for gifts towards our fund—Mr. and Mrs. Falconer, Miss A. Smith and Miss Sheena Bruce.

HIGH SCHOOL OF DUNDEE.

Summer Term 1939—Sept-Centenary Year.

Saturday, 6th May—

SALE OF WORK in the School.
Organised by Class 6 Girls. Opened by Mrs
I. M. Bain. 10.30 a.m.—1 p.m. 2.30—5 p.m.

Saturday, 3rd June—

SCHOOL SPORTS at Recreation
Grounds, Arbroath Road. 1.30 p.m.

Tuesday, 6th June—

GIRLS' SWIMMING GALA at
Corporation Baths. 2.30 p.m.

Tuesday, 13th June—

BOYS' SWIMMING GALA at
Corporation Baths. 2.30 p.m.

Friday, 16th June—

EXHIBITION OF WORK in the
School. Art, Needlework and Handwork.
2.30 p.m. to 6 p.m.

CRICKET MATCH—Old Boys v.
Pupils, at School Recreation Grounds, Arbroath
Road. 6 p.m.

Saturday, 17th June—

GARDEN FETE at Recreation
Grounds. Physical Training and Games
Displays by pupils. General Inspection of Cadet

Corps. Sideshows and Entertainments, Teas
and Refreshments.

Sunday, 18th June—

PARADE from School of Pupils and
Staff to St. Mary's Church. 2.30 p.m.



In Early March.

(VILLANELLE).

The Leavings draw on apace,
'Though a doleful thought, we know
'Tis a thing we yet must face.

That each must take his place
In the silent numbered row,
'Tis a thing we yet must face.

When they open the red-sealed case
And wait for the bell to go,
The Leavings draw on apace.

And the thought of the dark disgrace
That filleth the heart with woe—
'Tis a thing we yet must face.

Then the departmental race
We consign to the wrath below—
The Leavings draw on apace.

While McCulloch with unctuous grace
Goes simpering to and fro
'Tis a thing we yet must face.

But let those who have run their race
Leer not as the others go—
The Leavings draw on apace,
'Tis a thing we yet must face.

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

You may as well have the advice of Dundee's Principal School Outfitters

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YOUR boy or girl can be fitted with the Regulation Outfit for any School, every garment being of finest quality. Knitwear is beautifully soft and perfect fitting—the famous "Braemar" make. Blazers and Caps are of Highest Grade All-Wool Flannel. Tailoring is by experts in Children's Wear, whose skilled knowledge allows for growing needs. A Caird garment is worthy of its price. It returns full value in lengthy and satisfactory wear.

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Flannel Suits
Youths' Lounge Suits
Youths' Sports Jackets and Flannels
Youths' Grey Cashmere Trousers
Swim Wear. Highland Wear



A. CAIRD & SONS, Ltd., 17-25 Reform Street, DUNDEE

TO PARENTS.

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

This is abundantly provided at LAMB'S RESTAURANT, which has successfully catered for three generations of High School Pupils, and to-day is better than ever prepared for this service.

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

The Dining Rooms are large and airy, and the staff take a particular interest in the scholars, who also get the full choice from a varied Menu at reduced prices.

In short, for a wholesome Lunch served in pleasant surroundings, and in a quiet and refined atmosphere, send the BOYS and GIRLS to

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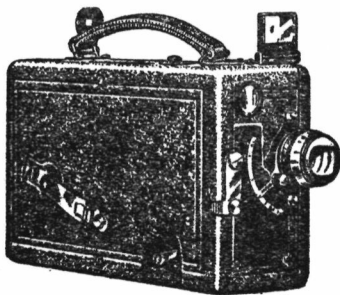
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By Air to Africa.

THE journey to Cape Town usually takes 14 days by sea, but in May, 1937, Imperial Airways, London, announced that Southampton to Cape Town could be done in 10 days ; so after some consideration, I booked my passage to Cape Town by air.

Air travel sounds quite simple, but the intending passenger soon finds out that the flight is, to a large degree, an endurance test.

On reaching Southampton by train from Dundee, the passenger is asked to step into the Customs' shed to be weighed together with his luggage, for only 200 lbs. weight is allowed. If you are of an average weight this presents no difficulty, but unfortunately I could carry only about 40 lbs. in luggage, including excess weight, which is very little for a 10 days' journey through Africa.

I might note here that the "Cassiopeia," the seaplane which took us out to Alexandria, the first stage of the African trip, was the first flying boat to leave for the new service to Australia.

About 20 passengers were embarked on this flying boat at Southampton, and some did not feel too happy about this new method of travel, as they boarded the launch which took them out to the "Cassiopeia," moored to a floating raft in the estuary.

The flying boat had a complete restaurant "amid-ships" hot meals being served similar to those on board ship at sea.

A long-range radio set was carried and messages could be sent to the Air Ports en route. This radio was mainly used for weather reports. A small promenade deck was used by the passengers while in flight.

At last the four powerful motors of the "Cassiopeia" were started up, and with about 2000 h.p. to help her, the flying boat rose gracefully from the water in about 30 seconds. You all know the terrific roar of the aeroplanes which you see so often in Dundee ; yet inside the cabin of the flying boat little noise could be heard. To have an idea of the size and beauty of the flying boat think of the "Maia" which was lying in the Tay last year.

Soon we shot through the fog and rain.

At about 6,000 feet above the fog bank, we came into bright and warm sunshine and gazed down on the clouds which looked like floating pieces of cotton wool. There was no sensation of flying for the first few hours, but after the stop for petrol at Marignane, the air port for Marseilles, air-pockets were apparent—and made the flying boat bump slightly. Over the South of France, the weather cleared and we saw the land laid out beneath us like a small model of a coloured map. Monte Carlo was clearly seen, and later in the afternoon Corsica was passed.

The flying boat was now rolling like a ship at sea, and bumping badly over air-pockets, so that many of the passengers were air-sick.

In the evening we arrived at Lake Bracciano—air-port for Rome, which was the first *night stop*.

The next day, *Sunday*, we were called at 4.15 a.m. in time for the Hotel Car at 5.45 a.m. to take us the 30 miles back to the flying boat at Lake Bracciano. (We had to leave in plenty of time as the "Cassiopeia" took off at 7 a.m.) The weather was bad with fog and rain and a wind which made the lake very rough, but the flying boat took off safely and within 45 minutes she rose to 13,000 feet to cross the Creation Mountain.

The high altitude had a bad effect on some of the inexperienced fliers. I felt only a shortness of breath, but some passengers fainted and others were very ill, so that the stewards were kept busy. The windows were frosted over and the flying boat had a distressingly uncomfortable feeling. About noon we made a perfect landing at the Brindisi Airport, which was actually too far distant from the town for a visit to that famous seaport. The weather was now ideal, and while the flying boat was re-fuelled, we had lunch ashore. Off we went again and after flying for some hours made an exciting landing at Pefko, the airport for Athens. That ancient city was again miles away so we were unable to visit it. We re-fuelled at Pefko, and without any further ado made straight for Alexandria, the second night stop. The flight was uneventful and quite smooth, but I really think we were used to flying by this time.

During the flight the stewards handed out various papers—Immigration, Customs, etc., to be filled in, a procedure which took place every time a new country was entered. We made a graceful landing in the harbour and our wonderful pilot steered the flying boat through the ships lying in the harbour. We tied up to a buoy and a launch took us to the Customs' shed, where the *usual* Customs formalities were carried out with the *usual* delay.

Incidentally, by leaving Southampton on Saturday, 1st May, and arriving at Alexandria on Sunday evening, 2nd May, 1937, we had made a record flight. This journey would have taken the best part of a week by the ordinary means of travel.

We duly arrived at the Hotel Cecile. The heat was terrific, for it was then the height of the Egyptian summer.

After dinner, at night, I 'phoned Dundee, using the "Wireless Telephone" to Kemback in Fifeshire, the call being relayed to Dundee by wire.

I should say that our "troubles" only began at Alexandria, as the luxurious flying boat went no farther and old-fashioned Land Aircraft conveyed us the rest of the journey. Times were being constantly changed, and on one occasion three different times were used.

"Money matters" were also confusing, as we needed in turn, English, French, Egyptian, Rhodesian and Union of S.A. money. We were called at 1.45 a.m. on Monday, to leave for the aerodrome. The early morning was dark and bitterly cold when we left for the airport, about an hour's motor run from the hotel, and it was a far from happy little crowd that waited in a draughty hanger till the "Helena" was packed with mails and luggage. About 3.30 a.m. the aeroplane took off, the runway being lit by flares to keep the machine on the "Tarmac." We rose rapidly and soon were above the low night clouds and appeared to be flying alone in a world of our own. It was still cold, and the roaring of the engines did not add to our comfort, but it was fascinating to watch the blue flame of the open exhaust shooting from the pipes—quite an eerie sight in the gray dawn of the morning. About 4 a.m. we saw the lights of Cairo. Words fail to describe the appearance of that city from the air. It looked like a miniature

fairy city, the slender spires and domes of the temples lending it a strange enchantment. A little later we landed at Heliopolis, Cairo's airport, where we had a welcome cup of coffee.

To our astonishment we were informed that the "Helena" would not fly any further and we had to change to the "Hannibal." We took off from Heliopolis in the desert for Khartoum.

The air, even about 5.30 a.m. was very hot, and the African sun made the atmosphere well-nigh unbearable. In an hour's time we stopped for petrol at Assuat, and shortly after we rose again. Then the oil pipe of the star-board engine burst compelling us to return to Assuat. There we remained for two hours, nearly "boiled alive" with the sun. We wirelessly for help and another Imperial Airways liner came to our aid and later a car-load of Egyptian mechanics arrived, giving us much needed assistance.

Eventually the pipe was repaired and we took off again, flying only at 80 m.p.h. instead of 100 m.p.h. At 11 a.m. we stopped for breakfast and petrol near Luxor, and by this time the heat was sizzling, some said about 105° in the shade. We followed the Nile down to Wadi Halfa, when lunch was served at 3.30 p.m. The local mechanics attended to the machine and fuel was added.

We flew on seeing nothing but sand, a very monotonous journey with intense heat. Petrol was again running short and the pilot decided to land at Kareima, about 8 p.m.; there we had tea. This landing was made in complete darkness, there being no landing lights to guide us, for no aeroplanes ever landed here at night, as Kareima has only petrol supplies and is not a night-landing place. A discussion now arose amongst the passengers to request the pilot to stay the night at this spot, for the "take off" was very risky—the runway was so short, and there were no flares to guide the machine on her run.

We had, however, great faith and confidence in the Captain and decided to go on to Khartoum. The ground staff got very busy and put huge piles of waste and bushes on the ground, poured petrol over them, and made a big blaze. Motor cars also came with their headlights and pointed the way to safety. I was glad indeed to see the line of red lamps which marked the end of the runway dis-



[Photos. by Mr J. M. C. Duffus.

- | | | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. Shangani Memorial. | 4. Natives at Assouat. | 7. Junker 'Plane at Kimberley. |
| 2. Basuto Children outside Kraal. | 5. Victoria Falls on Zambesi River. | 8. School Children at Lovedale. |
| 3. Abantu Mother and Child. | 6. "Whisky" at Durban. | 9. Basutoland Natives. |

appear *under* the machine. In two hours' time we were circling over Khartoum, prior to landing. The lights in the cabin of the liner were put out and we saw the lights of the city beneath us shining and twinkling like enormous terrestrial diamonds.

In Khartoum it was the height of summer and again the heat was overwhelming. I was even too tired and hot to sleep, though you must remember I, with others, had been on that 'plane since 3.30 a.m. till 10.30 at night. It was a very long day for us.

On Tuesday, 4th May, we had breakfast at 5 a.m. and the car left for the airport at 6.20 a.m.

The airport was all sand, but there were a few trees visible and the plane came down to 1,000 feet or so, to let us see a great dam on the Nile and its workings.

There were now three pilots on the plane who relieved one another every 30 minutes as the heat and glare were so fierce.

Malakal was reached at 11.30 a.m. This is just a filling station in the desert. Here I saw the natives using a primitive draw well, with an old petrol can for a bucket. Lunch was served in a tent, and as some of the passengers, especially the ladies, had been feeling the heat and motion of the plane so much, we did not leave till 1.30 p.m. On the way to Juba, the plane flew very low and followed herds of elephants and giraffes and other smaller animals, also plentiful. We made a good landing at 4.45 p.m. just as the sun was sinking. We had dinner early and went to bed.

On Wednesday, 5th May, the plane took off at 6 a.m. We followed the White Nile nearly all the way to Entebbe and flew low to watch the hippos at play. Entebbe (Uganda) was reached at 9.30 a.m. precisely. Here we had breakfast at the airport.

It was a beautiful spot with green grass and trees—a pleasant climate and fairly cool. No doubt we thought it wonderful after seeing for days sand and scrub (*i.e.*, small stunted trees and bushes). We re-fuelled and after a good take-off, crossed the "Line" just before we flew across Lake Victoria, which is one of the world's largest lakes—equalling the whole area of Great Britain. The plane took about $1\frac{1}{4}$ hours to fly across the lake, which really resembled an inland sea. When we

crossed the "Line," some "wag" in the plane said "*he was sure he felt the bump!*"

At 10.15 a.m. we arrived at Kisumu. Here we left the "Hannibal," which had been our home for three days—or was it three years! We had to go through a kind of disinfecting chamber, the idea being to destroy any flies or mosquitoes, or their eggs, which carry fever.

At Kisumu, a great confusion of times arose. Our watches showed 1.30 p.m., whereas it was actually 2.15 p.m.! due to a combination of G.S.T. (Kenya Colony time), and the variation of longitude and latitude. Lunch was served at the Kisumu Hotel and soon we were motored to the airport again, when we embarked on the all-metal plane, the "Andromeda"—a triple-engined plane and very fast. This plane held fourteen, but only nine of us took seats. It made a quick take-off, and at once climbed to 10,000 feet over the mountains surrounding Kisumu. The weather was now delightfully cool, and although the plane bumped a little over the air-pockets, no one paid any attention to it. Nairobi was reached at 3.45 p.m. in nice time for tea.

Thursday, 6th May, at 9.30, the plane took off in distinctly warm weather, and bright sunshine, and all looked set for a quick run to M'Beya, but things did not turn out as indicated, as you will see later.

During the flight we saw many herds of giraffes, zebras and other kinds of game. The weather was still ideal but about 11 a.m. heavy rain struck the plane, and large banks of fog enclosed us, so that we flew on in complete darkness. The sensation was far from pleasant. Then, as I looked out of the window of the cabin, the side of a huge mountain suddenly appeared through a break in the clouds. Instantaneously, the pilot banked the plane to avoid collision with the hillside. The hill in question was a shoulder of Kilimanjaro. The plane continued to circle and bank right round the top of a smaller peak, and finally descended lower till fine weather was reached at 5,000 feet.

We soon found out that we were heading again for Nairobi, as it was impossible to cross the ridge of mountains that day.

We landed at the hotel again, about 12.30 p.m., much to everybody's surprise, as the weather was ideal locally. Now I must admit

here that we all got a fright and thought a collision with the side of the hill was inevitable, but thanks to the skill of the British pilot we live to tell the tale.

After lunch, as a result of the exchange of many wires and phone calls, by the officials, we were ordered to spend the night again at Nairobi. The start for M'Beya was ordered at 6 a.m. the next day.

To put in the afternoon, I visited the Game Reserve and saw giraffes and many other kinds of animals.

The weather now had turned very warm, and I suffered from prickly heat—a most uncomfortable affliction.

Tuesday, 7th May, we turned up at the Nairobi Aerodrome at dawn (6 a.m.) but the weather was far from good. The officials told us, "No chance of a start till 10 a.m. at least." To make matters worse, we were not allowed to leave the aerodrome in case of the chance of a start. While it poured with rain, the passengers sat in the clubhouse of the "S.A. Aero Club," and cursed everything and everybody! At 11 a.m. (after a five hours' nerve-trying wait) a message came through to start. We flew very high, almost 12,000 feet and very fast, about 110 m.p.h., and crossed the mountain in safety, in fairly good weather. Looking down, I could see the coffee plantations, acre after acre of them. At the top of the hill, white men and natives could clearly be seen working in the fields.

After this great delay at Nairobi, things happened quickly. A short stop at Moshi for fuel; then lunch at Dodoma at 3.15 p.m. (45 minutes allowed for a meal and re-fuelling). M'Beya, the stop for the night was reached at 6 p.m. The seven hours' flight from Nairobi to M'Beya, including 55 minutes for stops, was, I think, a record.

No hotel was at M'Beya, but a "Rest House" gave us shelter for the night; but by this time I think we could have slept *anyhow, anywhere!*

The weather now was so cold that we were glad to gather in the small lounge *at the fire to get a heat!*

This little place is situated in a hollow of hills about 4,000 feet up. The village is 500 miles from the nearest railway and the airport 30 miles from the village.

The effects of the constant vibration were now beginning to tell, for one of the ladies had nightmare and screamed for help in the early hours of the morning. This alarmed all our wing of the building, and as we were to be called at 5 a.m. on Saturday, 8th May, I gave up all idea of sleep, and did some writing.

A short walk in this case took us to the plane. When dawn broke on the hills, the "Andromeda" took off at full speed. We made M'Peka for breakfast at 8.30 a.m. and Broken Hill at 10.35 a.m., where I snatched a meal of sandwiches and tea, being told that the chance of a real meal was remote, for, due to the delay at Nairobi, speed was the first consideration. Bulawayo had to be reached that night! At Lusaha 20 minutes to fuel—and Salisbury at 2.30 p.m., where food was supplied. Here a rest of 2 hours was promised due to the fact that nearly all the passengers were beginning to "crack up" with fatigue, irregular feeding, noise and nerve-strain. But alas for the Imperial Airways' promises!

We left again at 3 p.m., and after pushing the machine to its utmost, we arrived at Bulawayo at 5.15 p.m. in beautiful sunshine and moderate heat. The huge crowd to welcome us had many questions to ask as we were the first plane for many weeks to be late! The next day or two the Bulawayo papers were full of our adventures over the mountains!

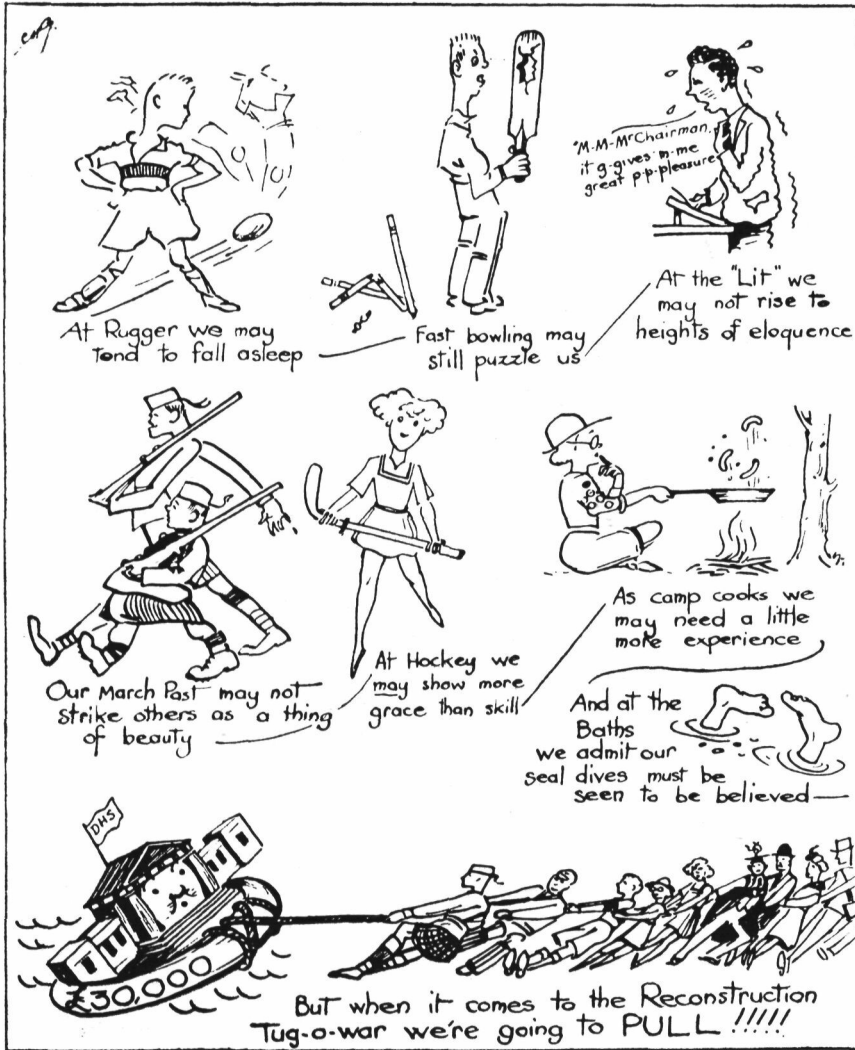
At Bulawayo I broke my journey for 10 days or so, to visit the Victoria Falls, Zimbabwe Ruins and some gold mines.

On Wednesday, 19th May, I resumed my journey by air, leaving the Bulawayo airport at 9 a.m. for Jo'burg, with a stop for lunch at Pieterburgh and arrived at Germiston airport for Jo'burg in record time by 2 p.m. However, the delays at the Customs and Immigration Offices were so great that I did not reach the "Langhame Hotel" till 3.30 p.m.

At Jo'burg I descended the "East Geduld Mine," about 3,000 feet deep. The cages descend at 30 m.p.h. The pressure of air is felt on the ears, at 2,000 feet. I now can say I have been up in the air and down in the ground.

After touring round Southern Africa, including Durban and many other places, I

Heave !



arrived at Kimberley, the well-known diamond centre, where I spent several days.

On the 6th June, the Imperial Airways' car took me to the Kimberley airport at 8.45 a.m. on Sunday morning. The bright sunshine promised a good flight to Cape Town, and the plane was a Junkers three-engined all-metal machine, and very fast.

Beaufort West was reached at 12 noon; petrol was taken in and the passengers had

lunch; then off again for the 300 mile hop to Cape Town, over the Hex River Mountain, some 10,000 feet high. The mountains viewed from the plane were of marvellous but terrifying beauty. The thought of what would happen if we had a forced landing frightened us, but we passed over in fine style. Cape Town was reached at 2.15 p.m., and so ended my first long journey to Africa by Air.

J.M.C.D.

The Orkneys.

SOME people think that the Orkneys are flat, dull and uninteresting. I do not, for although it is true that there are few trees and hills, on a bright summers day when the sun is shining, the short grass and the bluey-green sea form a tranquil and beautiful scene which even the most colour-blind landsman could not fail to appreciate.

The weather up there—well,

When it is good, it is very, very good,

But when it is bad, it is horrid.

In the summer the weather is, as a rule, sunny, warm and windless, but in the winter when the biting "northers" sweep down suddenly and relentlessly on the unprotected islands many of the courageous fishermen are swept to their doom in their little fishing boats.

The inhabitants themselves, consisting mainly of fishermen and farmers, have a strong Puritanic strain in them for, though by no means dour, they have a certain solemnity of character and demeanour which suggests Puritanism. They are a hardy and courageous race.

Kirkwall, the largest and therefore the most populous town is a pleasant place, containing the one and only cinema in the islands. It has a row of fine lime trees on either side of the narrow main street. It is situated on the island of Scapa near the famous naval base of Scapaflow' where the German Navy sought and found a grave.

On market-day in the islands there is a great bustle and noise when the small farmers bring

in the fruits of their toil and argue with prospective buyers in Gaelic or very broad Scots. I remember one grizzled old fellow who argued in unrecognisable English for nearly one and a half hours over the price of a cart-load of wool brought in by him.

As I sailed away from these peaceful islands and looked back at the somewhat forbidding cliffs with the sea-gulls and many other species of birds wheeling high above the waves swirling around the treacherous rocks I thought that if I wanted a place peaceful and almost undisturbed by political strife I should choose the Orkneys.

JOHN SHEPHERD.

Me Miserum.

A month, a month, my kingdom for this month,

To pass and with it pass my gathering fear,
That I shall fail, and yet another year,
Of striving, labouring, swotting have to bear.
A month, I say, who will deny my plea
That I should have some peace and do no work?

Only the master, glaring at me, says,
"Two weeks, you know, no time, my boy, to shirk."

Pity the man upon the brink of death

Facing a horrible end in agony,
Clutching his throat, stumbling, gasping for breath,

Pity indeed for him—so pity me!

A. T. P. (Class IX.).



ART. (Class IV. doing Indian Design).

TEACHER: "What would be an Indian symbol for war?"

PUPIL: "A tomahawk or a burning arrow, sir."

TEACHER: "Yes—and for Peace?"

VOICE: "Mr. Chamberlain, sir."

HEADING FOR NEW SHEET, by Class IV. boy:—
"Lettering Pest, 1939."

SMALL CHILD: "My Granny's dead."

MISS M——: "Oh, I'm sorry."

SMALL CHILD: "You needn't be; I've got a gold watch and chain."

LOWER SCHOOL: "Pride comes before a foal."

"Columba landed on Burnt Island."

"Henry VIII. was not liked by his people because he was always squeezing them in taxis" (for taxes).

"Aunts feed on caterpillars."

"A daffodil is different from other flowers because it has a boiler."

MATHS. (Class IV.B.).

MR. M——: "You know what rations are?"

McL.: "Yes, sir, slices of bacon!"

CAIRD: "The triangles are homeopathic."

DITTO. (wrestling with Euler line): "Now consider the Δ NBG."—*!?

TEACHER (History): "The Jacobites rose under a leader connected with this city—who?"

SHEP.: "Claypots, sir."

EXAM. (IX.): "Mahomet's message was 'There is but one God.'" (And he did rub it in!).

"In the *Merchant of Venice* Shakespeare introduces the tragic scene of Jessica's elopement."

CLASS I.C. (as Rector walks through the rooms)

LITTLE BOY (sympathetically): "Mr. Bain, would you like to be a teacher?"

SAME LITTLE BOY (a week later): "Mr. Bain, would you not like to be Sergeant?"

CLASS IV. (Art).

MR. GIBSON: "Put on a pale wash of colour."

PUPIL: "Will black do?"

A. Crawford swamps his poster with a wash of blue.

MR. GIBSON: "Is this a blue look-out or a blue wash-out?"

MR. PATON to SHEP.: "Run through the present tense of 'bouillir.'"

SHEP.: "Boo!"

(An unpending apology): Class IV. boys' poster:—

"Boos at Frank Russell's."

* * * *

ENTHUSIASTIC HOCKEY SUPPORTER: "Come on, School! Up, School! Shoot yourself, School!"

* * * *

FRENCH (Cinderella story).

BOY (translating): "*Tu auras bientôt de jolis souliers et une voiture à deux chevaux.*"

"You will have beautiful shoes and a horse and cart."

* * * *

CLASS V.

MR. PATON to BEV. during lesson on present participles: "Ever hear of a *thé-dansant*?"

BEV.: "Yes, sir, a toe-dancer."

* * * *

"MAC" to CLASS VI. (speaking about Cadet Camp): "Do you not think I would rather be with my family?"

VOICE: "Bring them up, sir."

* * * *

MR. GIBSON to Class IV. boy): "You know what smelling salts are?"

BOY: "Yes, sir, what you put in your bath."

* * * *

ENGLISH (Class VIII.).

SMELLIE: "In Shakespeare the tragic hero falls and drags down his immediate surroundings."

* * * *

(EXAM.).

"She leaves the room where the music is snarling." [No wonder!]

* * * *

CLERIHEW.

This country's air defences
Are mostly just pretences,
For at the recent crisis
All our masks were different sizes.

* * * *

What the Printers did to Mr Duffus.
"At Helliopolis.....the temp. was 1050."

Theme and Variation.

A CLUTCH OF TRIOLETS.

He smiles	Is Sgt. Smith
On all.	A man of Glories?
The whiles	Yea, in good sith
He smiles	Is Sgt. Smith
His guiles	A man of pith
Appall.	And mighty stories.
He smiles	Is Sgt. Smith
On all.	A man of Glories?

The Sgt. rings the bell
Except when he forgets it,
And glad are we to tell
The Sgt. rings the bell
Full punctually and well
—And if forgets—regrets it.
The Sgt. rings the bell
Except when he forgets it.

The Ninth Pillar of Wisdom.

This noble Pile has columns eight
And Portico of Doric feature,
—A Sgt., standing by the gate.
This noble Pile has columns eight
Which frequently support his weight
As lolls he there—a godlike creature.
This noble Pile has columns eight
And Portico of Doric feature.

The Sgt. homeward plods his weary way;
The gates are closed; another day is finished.
A saddened man, his temples tinged with grey,
The Sgt. homeward plods his weary way
To seek a scheme which will augment his pay
By losses on the Clyde so much diminished.
The Sgt. homeward plods his weary way;
The gates are closed; another day is finished.

Nil Nisi Bonum.

Despite a strong right arm,
We've found that Jessie's human.
She never does us harm
Despite a strong right arm;
Indeed a certain charm
Attaches to the woman.
Despite a strong right arm
We've found that Jessie's human.

Vicissitudes.

More blessed me to-day,
 Will he curse me to-morrow ?
 Let it be as it may
 More blessed me to-day,
 Yet the pleasure gives way
 To a savour of sorrow
 More blessed me to-day
 —Will he curse me to-morrow ?

Reprisal for a Deleted Triolet.

Since then this censorship we mayn't disdain,
 To us it is indeed no trifling matter.
 We cannot put one over on the Bain,
 Since then this censorship we mayn't disdain,
 Rejected are the products of our brain
 Lest people think our staff go on the batter.
 Since then this censorship we mayn't disdain
 To us it is indeed no trifling matter.

Propaganda Piece.

Three times a year and even more,
 We go to Reconstruction Dances.
 We cast aside all bookish lore
 Three times a year, and even More.
 Most valiantly indents the floor
 As at the "sergeant" * he advances
 Three times a year and even more
 We go to Reconstruction Dances.
 * (Genus "Dashing White"; not "Smith.")

Ballade of Ultimate Consolation.

Auld Nickie Ben, the Deil, came up one day
 Towards an A.R.P. official's bier,
 Who seemed to be content to be the prey
 Of Nickie Ben and never dropped a tear.
 As Nick began in smoke to disappear
 He shrieked triumphantly above the yell
 Of little devils welcoming their peer,
 "We need no A.R.P. work down in Hell."

"Deeply sepulchred under tons of clay
 "The fifty-pounder bombs we scarcely hear;
 "And as beside the brimstone lakes we play
 "We have no screaming sirens in our ear.
 "Oh! infinitely sweet—without compeer—
 "Instead of mustard gas, to have the smell
 "Of faintly burning sulphur and veneer,
 "We need no A.R.P. work down in Hell."

"For bomb-proof shelters we've no need to
 pay
 "To mitigate the sooty devils' fear,
 "Or (to employ them in another way)

"To store maturing casks of lager beer.
 "But still the point's indubitably clear,
 "There's really little else that we can tell.
 "Go break to Mr. More the glad some cheer
 "—We need no A.R.P. work down in Hell."

ENVOI.

"Prince, if the Empyrean's not too dear
 "To your immortal soul—then let me tell
 "As proof that Hellish life is not too drear
 "We need no A.R.P. work down in Hell."

Ballade of Reconstruction.

We might be bounded in a walnut shell
 And rule, in thought, an infinite demesne
 Had we, for instance, just the wit to tell
 The works of Burns from writings by Racine.
 What though our learning's not what it has
 been ?
 What though we've scarce progressed
 beyond the brute ?
 Who is here qualified to intervene ?
 —'Tis time a Reconstruction was afoot.

We have watched Caird do feats with HCL,
 Which, known by Wardlaw, would have
 caused a scene.
 We have known Grant, in sport, concoct a
 smell
 That turned our stock of chromic acid green;
 Cook seldom leaves his apparatus clean
 —A fault which with Miss Steel deserved
 the boot
 —But Wood promiscuously vents his spleen.
 —'Tis time a Reconstruction was afoot.

Desks, such as Mr. Borland's fit us well,
 Those in Miss Brown's we scarce can squeeze
 between.
 On such the Lindores' Abbot learned to spell.
 Those Physics desks—allies of Callous
 Jean—
 Too oft deny us slumber's sweet serene
 But now More's private schemes are bearing
 fruit
 —And soon—who knows—the others will be
 keen.
 'Tis time a Reconstruction was afoot.

ENVOI.

Thou whom the seven centuries have seen,
 Thou knowest rhyming is a fool's pursuit;
 But grant that it conveyeth what we mean—
 'Tis time a Reconstruction was afoot.



[Photos. by D. & W. Prophet.

Second XV.—*Back Row*—J. Sharp. D. Lawson. A. Beveridge. N. Clark. C. Smellie. T. McCall. A. Spence.
Middle Row—L. Frain-Bell. A. Peacock. R. Hunter (*Capt.*). I. Sinclair. I. Grant.
In Front—W. Jones. A. Binnie. L. Cuthill.

First XV.—*Back Row*—W. Watt. D. Caird. W. Ross. F. Sherriff. W. Frain-Bell. J. Stohlner. K. Milne.
Front Row—J. Laird. H. Macqueen. J. Duncan. I. Kidd (*Capt.*). J. Hutton. W. Osler.
Absent—D. Duncan. I. Donaldson.

1st and 2nd Rugby XV.s
Session 1938-39

Dundee High School
Magazine

A Fatal Blunder.

MARK KENNEDY sat in his office studying a sheaf of notes. He was tall and slightly built, with thick, brown hair, and blue eyes that often changed to grey. He glanced up quickly as a man who looked like a prosperous farmer came in.

"You sent for me, Chief?"

"Ah, sit down, Arnold, there's trouble brewing. The Home Office has learned that three members of the Circle have left Tatana for England."

Arnold whistled softly. The Circle was one of the most dangerous secret societies in Europe.

"One is an expert chemist and one an engineer," Kennedy went on; "the third doesn't appear to follow any particular business. Of what they're up to we haven't the least idea. Here's a description of sorts, it's rather vague, but the best I can do. No doubt they are using false names and forged passports. I want you to find these chaps quickly and shadow them closely, but without alarming them. You can have Jenkins and Marter to assist you—they're both good men on the trail."

Arnold's eyes twinkled merrily. "A fairly soft job, chief!" he exclaimed. "Find three unknown men who may or mayn't be in England, and keep 'em from doing nobody knows what. That all?"—whimsically.

His chief laughed. "For the present," he replied. "But this is a really serious matter, Arnold, and we can't afford to fail. Here's a copy of my notes, for what they're worth, and now get to work."

When he had gone the inspector wrote a note for his superior and hurried home.

There he changed into an old suit, took a battered hat from the cupboard, touched up his face with a suitable dye, selected a heavy stick and left the house. For the next week he was missing and kept in touch with the office only by phone. Then an urgent message from Arnold brought him back.

"We've spotted your men, chief," Arnold began, briskly; "most of the credit goes to Marter. The chemist calls himself Leo Voisey, a native of Belgium. The second, Louis Laval, also a Belgian, travels in synthetic diamonds, no doubt keeping his eyes and ears open. The engineer, Hermann Schmidt, poses as a German, and he spends his time house-hunting, not in the city but round the outskirts."

"That's interesting," Kennedy said.

"And the chemist has paid a visit to Brierley."

Kennedy's face became grave, for Brierley-on-the-Moor was where John Carter, the brilliant research chemist, lived and worked. "That looks as if someone has heard of the XL," he remarked.

"What's the XL, chief?"

"Carter's latest explosive, the most powerful ever invented. If the Circle got hold of that they could blow up half Europe."

"Why not pick up these fellows and deport 'em?"

"That isn't what the Home Office wants. My instructions are to find out all about them and to pounce only at the last minute."

"Very good, chief," Arnold replied, "but we're running a pretty big risk."

That same evening the driver of an ordinary

delivery van rang the bell at the house on the moor, and after some delay the door was opened by a wrinkled Chinaman.

"What you want?" he demanded, suspiciously.

"To speak to Mr. Carter."

"Masta welly sick," the other snapped, and made to slam the door.

"What's the trouble, Tim?"—and a young fellow came quickly across the hall. "Oh, no, Mr. Carter's too ill to be seen. What's that? Very urgent business! Well, you must do it with me. I'm his assistant."

He opened the door of a small room and invited the vanman to sit down. "Now be quick," he exclaimed, "I haven't too much time."

"We've met before, Mr. Scott," the other said, pleasantly, "though you may have forgotten me. My name's Mark Kennedy."

"Oh, I remember now, inspector; but why this disguise?"

"Tricks of the trade"—and Kennedy laughed. "I'm trying to trace a certain Leo Voisey."

"Voisey!" Scott began angrily, checked himself, and grinned. "He came here not long ago with a letter of introduction from Professor Gayzer, one of Mr. Carter's early students. This Voisey's working on a wonderful new explosive, and he's heard of our XL."

"I rather expected that."

"Naturally I wouldn't let him see Mr. Carter. Then he started a long yarn about his stuff and ours, and how much he would have liked Mr. Carter to compare them. I didn't follow all his talk, and it was a long time before I grasped his real meaning. I could have kicked the rotter from Dan to Beersheba. He was offering me £5,000 for a copy of the formula."

"What was your answer?"

Scott laughed with the glee of a schoolboy who has brought off a successful trick. "I played up to the beggar, pretended at first to be very angry, then calmed down, let him talk me over bit by bit, and at last agreed. I'm to hand over the paper to-morrow. Of course I'm selling him a pup. I've patched up an old formula the governor tried out during the war. It's pretty hefty stuff, but there are dozens of stronger explosives on the market?"

"D'you expect Voisey to pay up?" Kennedy asked.

"Of course not, but I'd like to see his face when he tries out the stuff."

The inspector warned him of the risk he was running. "This man has been sent from Tatana on purpose to discover the secret——"

"Well, he won't do that anyway," the young man interrupted, with a careless shrug.

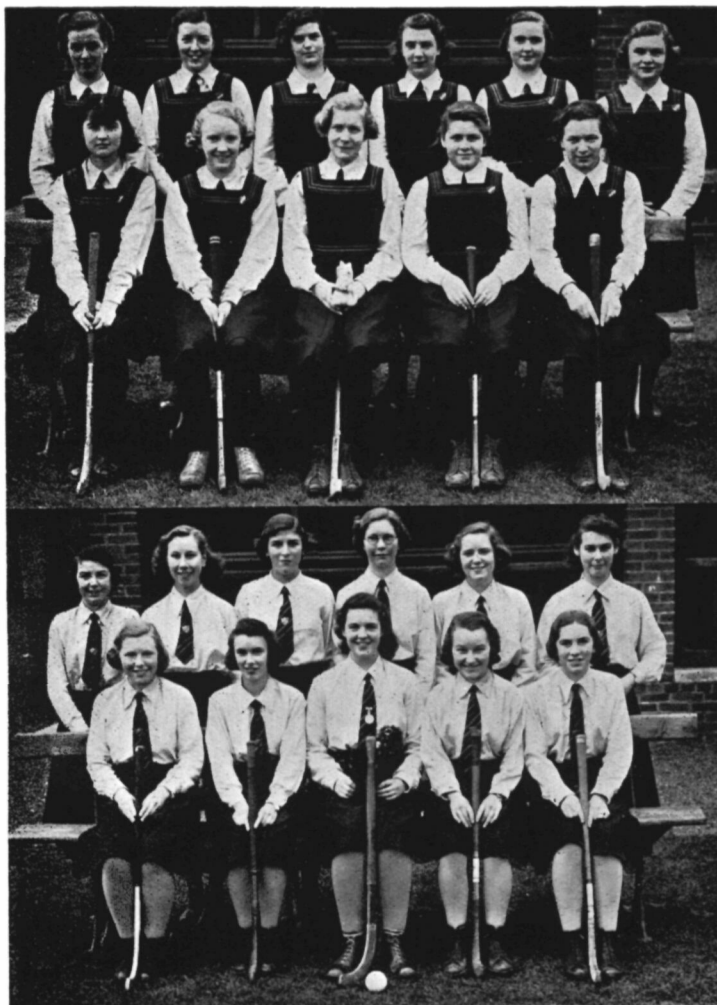
"No, and then your life won't be worth a pin's point."

"I'll take my chance"—lightly. "The rotter! to think I'd sell the old governor. That's what sticks in my throat."

"Sure he didn't see you were playing with him?"

"Quite; he believed I'd do any dirty trick for £5,000. Oh, there's another thing. I couldn't understand the game then, but it's clear now. Just before the governor's illness, Ah-Li-Soo, that's Timothy, heard a noise one night and went to investigate. He was hit on the head from behind, tied up, and gagged. Two men searched every nook and cranny of the lab.; never saw a job done more thoroughly. Timothy and I take it in turns to keep watch now, but nothing has happened since."

"Scarcely think they'll try again," the inspector said. Tearing a leaf from his note-



[Photos. by D. & W. Prophet.]

Second XI.—*Back Row*—V. Lane. B. Lumsden. M. Bowman. E. Robertson. B. Miller. M. Hutton.
Front Row—S. Rutherford. G. Brown. H. Norrie (*Capt.*). M. Duguid. R. McLaren.

First XI.—*Back Row*—D. Kidney. S. Davidson. L. Shepherd. M. Bruce. D. Yule. M. Donald.
Front Row—M. Low. J. Donald. M. Thompson (*Capt.*). E. Russell. A. Nicoll.

1st and 2nd Hockey XI.s
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book he jotted down some figures. "We mustn't be seen together," he explained, "but ring up this number at any time, and whoever takes your message will see that I get it at once. Can you trust the people in the house?"

"There's only Timothy besides the nurse."

"Good. Let me know if anything suspicious happens, and for goodness' sake take care of yourself. This business is far too serious to be treated lightly."

"Right-o, inspector, I'll be careful."

Ah-Li-Soo opened the door for him and he climbed to the seat of his van. He was pleased with what Scott had told him, but still felt uneasy about that light-hearted young man. Before midnight an officer was on duty outside the house.

The reports that came in next day suggested that events were moving rapidly. Hermann Schmidt had rented Homelea, a large detached house near St. Keyne to the north of London, and had taken the wife of Carlo Bettini, a shady Italian, to act as housekeeper. Louis Laval, besides selling synthetic diamonds, was buying expensive chemicals and apparatus in many different places.

The inspector issued instructions to shadow Carlo and to have a strict watch kept on the house. He felt sure that Voisey intended to find out whether the formula was correct.

He was still worried about the danger to young Scott when the men discovered they had been tricked. He sent for Amos, one of his sergeants, and told him his fears. "Scott's little more than a boy," he said, "and seems to look on the affair as a great lark. I want you to be responsible for his safety."

Amos saluted. "I understand, sir," he replied, "and you can trust me to be on hand if there is any trouble."

"I'm sure of that, sergeant," his chief said, with a friendly smile.

* * * *

Kennedy was busy in his office next day making plans and issuing orders when, shortly before lunch, the telephone bell rang and he lifted the receiver.

"Yes," he said, "who is it?"

"Scott speaking. I thought you'd like to hear that Voisey's got the papers; he's tremendously pleased. Going to work it out at some quiet place in Surrey, so he says. It will take six or seven days and then I'm to be paid. He'll get the surprise of a lifetime."

"Thanks, and now listen to me. Stay in the house; don't be drawn outside on any account. Understand?"

The sound of a cheery laugh floated back. "All right; I'll be a good boy, but don't keep me shut up too long. Ah-Li-Soo's getting on my nerves; he's carrying his wicked-looking knife around and making vicious slashes at imaginary burglars."

"Good for Ah-Li-Soo. Now, don't forget what I said, and ring me up if you see anything suspicious."

In the evening Voisey and his comrades, feeling perfectly safe, went to Homelea. They arrived separately, travelling by different routes and at different times, only Louis Laval, who had a bulky package to handle, coming by car. They sat down to a late meal in high spirits, not dreaming of the net being drawn round them.

Mark Kennedy, looking through his notes, was in equally cheerful spirits. Little remained for him to do except to watch and wait. Seven days more or less would see an end to their scheming.

St. Keyne was altogether new ground to

him and he wished to examine the situation of Homelea for himself. Arnold drove him to within half a mile of the spot and drew up in a little-frequented lane. "The house is on the other side of the road and two hundred yards or so beyond the village," he explained. "It stands on a slight slope with a big shrubbery in front and thick trees at the back. There are no other buildings near. The main gate fronts the road and there's an entrance at the side."

There was no moon and heavy clouds made the night dark. All the villagers seemed to be indoors, but the inspector, taking nothing for granted, proceeded warily and with the utmost caution. Turning down the lane at the side he passed the gate and with some difficulty crept into the wood; then he approached the building from the rear. The upper part was in complete darkness, and heavy curtains covered the windows of the basement, preventing him from seeing inside.

Treading with the noiselessness of a cat he worked to the front and having thoroughly examined the whole place, turned back.

"Everything seems O.K.," he remarked, on rejoining his companion, "but I'd like to have more men around."

"Too risky, chief," Arnold replied, backing the car.

For a whole week Kennedy waited quietly. Strict watch was maintained over Homelea and reassuring reports came in from time to time. A few tradespeople called and Mrs. Bettini did some shopping in the village; the men evidently were busy and worked late every night.

On the seventh morning Kennedy drew up his plans. "It mayn't come off to-night," he said, "but they won't be much longer. The men ready?"

"Yes, they know just what to do," Arnold assured him.

During the afternoon the inspector had a telephone call from Scott who appeared to be a little excited. "I've just left the phone," he said. "Voisey rang up a few minutes ago. He didn't mention where he was speaking from. It seems as though they'll finish to-day or to-morrow. I'm only guessing at that, but he wants me to be at 31 Garden Street, Battersea, at nine-thirty to-morrow night. He's anxious to settle my account."

Kennedy's laugh rang through to the outer office. "That's rich!" he exclaimed, "positively rich. Settle your account, eh! Our friend has a fine sense of humour."

"Oh, that's the idea is it? Hadn't thought of that. Lively sort of joker. Well, perhaps, I'd better not give him the chance."

"Certainly not. Stay where you are and don't leave the house till you hear from me."

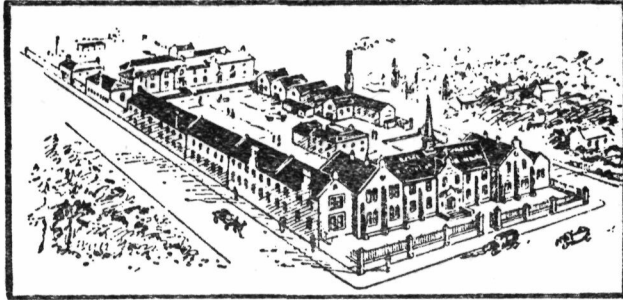
"Right, but I hope you'll soon get the business finished. Well, so long."

"So long. They've laid their plans to get rid of Scott," the inspector muttered, "and get away. Well, I've a hunch that they're counting their chickens before they're hatched."

The evening turned in dull and cloudy with a fine rain falling, suitable weather for the work on hand. In the front of the building only one shaded light appeared in an upstairs room, probably the housekeeper's. Outside all was quiet and not a single person could be seen or heard. The inspector debated for a short while whether to alter his plans and rush the house, but finally decided against it. The trapped men would fight desperately and no one could tell what would happen during the scuffle. Besides he was really in no hurry.

The narrow lane was darker than the main

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road, and he moved along cautiously intending to have another peep at the building from the rear. He passed the side gate, which was open, and then suddenly stopped. A faint blotch of light stood out against the dark background. He strained his eyes and discovered that he was looking at the unlit lamps and metal plating of a big motor vehicle. Crouching low and scarcely daring to breathe he went on and saw that the car was empty. Gradually he made out the figure of the Italian, Bettini, who, hands in pockets and sheltered by the first of the trees, leaned against the wall.

Moving to the farther side the inspector turned, crept back noiselessly and with a spring grasped the unsuspecting man. "If you make a sound I'll shoot," he exclaimed in low, even tones. "Walk in front of me and move quietly."

Having no choice Bettini sullenly did as he was bidden. At the top of the lane a signal brought Arnold.

"Slip on the handcuffs," his chief directed, "and send Marter along."

He posted Marter at the side gate and proceeded to the basement which was lit up and curtained. This time a disarranged corner enabled him to see inside. Laval was washing

glass, the others were adding some chemical mixture to a tiny pile of powder.

"Hum, they don't seem to be ready yet," the watcher murmured; "perhaps it was stupid to seize Bettini." He drew back silently and had begun to walk at a brisk pace when——! Great crashes of thunder, vivid sheets of lightning, trembling of the earth as if a volcano had erupted.

The police rushed from their hiding-places; successive explosions deafened their ears; they gazed helplessly at the lurid walls of fire, and shrank back from the showers of stone and masonry. Arnold hurried down the lane and calling to the dazed and bruised Marter ran towards the wood. They caught sight of their chief, lurching and staggering, his face blackened, and blinded by the blood streaming from a cut in his forehead.

"None of them can be alive," he said, brokenly, "but set a cordon?" Then he collapsed.

* * * *

One of the inspector's earliest visitors at the hospital was Scott, looking white and shaken. "This is a fearful business," he said, "and I'm wondering whether the fault's mine, whether I made some stupid mistake in writing out the formula." HERBERT HAYENS.

St. Francis' Well.

WE have beneath our School a well once famous—St. Francis' Well. In the far-off days before the Reformation the site of our School was a pleasant meadow beloved of the monks of the Grey Friars' monastery whose garden it bordered.

Across this stretch of green sward flowed a clear rivulet whose source was St. Francis' Well, otherwise "callit the Friars' well which servit the haill toon with gude and wholesome

water." "The haill" is probably a stretch of imagination as Dundee had other wells—Lady-well, St. Clement's Well, the Dogwell, and many others.

St. Francis' Well, as befitted one so near the monastery, was surmounted by a stone-built enclosure with sculptured figures. At the time of the Reformation a zealous citizen, James Patrie by name, permitted his iconoclastic zeal for the new faith to outrun his

discretion. The Burgh Council as heirs to the Church possessions did not share James' enthusiasm. They looked coldly on the destruction of what was now their property and haled him before them and ordered him to pay £10 "this pain to be remitted gif he big and repair the well as it was before with lime mortar, or Pasch next." James did not carry out the rebuilding very well, for thirty years later the well had to be rebuilt. So our well continued for many years—its pure soft water a source of delight and usefulness to the citizens as it wandered across the meadows. Upon

"Its verdant braes
The lasses used to wash and spread their
claes."

They would come and gossip by the well, as they filled their pitchers or sprinkled their snowy linen with its crystal water, and the meadows round the old Friars' well rang with their talk and laughter. Nearby the water from our well joined the Scouring Burn which came from the west (along Ward Road) and here more serious washing was in progress. The tanners made use of it and (let us whisper it) so did the tripe-washers.

But our town was spreading, and when Reform Street was opened up in 1832 the end of the meadows was in sight. Our own High School began it for "the Seminaries" were erected in 1834, and before long what had been a Friars' pleasance, a citizens' playground and an archers' practice field was covered with buildings—three churches claiming the square where the Girls' School stands. Alas for our piety! the churches are gone but our morning prayers may bring comfort to the still-flowing but unused St. Francis' Well which came to life amidst the orisons of the Gray Friars.

M.H. (VIII.).

Floreat Harrovia.

When Adam fell, because of Eve,
Upon that dreadful day,

He did not own up loud and strong,
And take his licking with a song,
In our good old English way:
He had so little chivalry,
He said, "That woman tempted me,"
And tried to hide away.

When Joshua strafed Jericho
(N.B.—another Jew),
He did not risk his precious gore,
Or take a sporting chance in war
As English soldiers do:
He marched his bandmen round the walls
And knocked it down with bugle calls—
A trick that is taboo.

When Roland, at the gates of Spain,
Died beside Oliver,
He must have found it rather hard
To stand his ground and keep the guard,
Being a foreigner:
So we can only think he went
There by some kind of accident
Or as an arbiter.

When Louis faced the guillotine,
That calm the people saw
Flinched to a sickly pallor when
He knew he was an alien,
A Breed without the Law;
Where one of truly British phlegm,
Of course, would have leapt down at them
And socked them on the jaw.

But in our stately tolerance
We condescend to see
That heroes whose names end in —vitch
Are striving to be something which
We know they cannot be,
But, sweating hard, they make a good
Attempt to do what Britons would
Achieve instinctively.

But in the blaze of brighter days
Britannia yet shall rule,
While English Sportsmen bite the sod
And bend their bodies to the rod
For the Honour of the School!
So let's give praise through all our days,
Again and yet again.
That we do not eat sauerkraut
That some storks knew their way about,
And made us Englishmen!

J. S. (Class VI.).

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SUMMER PROGRAMME.

ANNUAL SUMMER OUTING.—We are endeavouring to arrange for priority at Edzell for Saturday, 6th May, and full details will be sent to Members. It is a few years since we have had our Outing at Edzell, and we hope that a large number of our Members will take this opportunity of a change of Bunkers. There is a real river at Edzell which will no doubt attract those for whom bunkers are not exciting enough.

For the non-golfers—plenty beautiful walks—and seats. There is usually ample car accommodation and non-golfers are very welcome. An audience is appreciated after the Golf Match.

CRICKET MATCH.—Our Annual Cricket Match, F.P.'s v. P.P.'s will probably take place on Friday evening, 16th June.

The Membership of the Club now stands as follows :—

Ordinary Members	..	373
Life Members	..	144
Honorary Member	..	1
		—
		518

We have had a considerable influx of young Old Boys since the end of last session. There are still some, however, that we should like to have on our lists, and it is up to all of our members who have left School within the last five years to see that their friends join the Club. Full particulars can be had from the Honorary Secretary,

C. E. STUART, C.A.,
11 Panmure Street,
DUNDEE.

Reports.

Rugby Report.

Caps for 1938-39 have been awarded to I. A. Donaldson, D. P. S. Duncan, J. S. R. Duncan, and H. B. Macqueen.

But for the "sevens," we have finished our rugby season. Although the results have not always been as we would have liked, great enthusiasm has been shown throughout the School. On many Saturdays six or seven teams turned out to represent the School, and this is very encouraging.

The 1st XV. started the season rather badly, but have since improved, and throughout the season have played wholeheartedly. The forwards battled valiantly against packs which were always heavier; and, although the backs have not been strong in attack their defence has usually been quite sound. The experience gained this year will be of value in the future.

The 2nd and 3rd XV.'s have played hard and have fairly good results to show for their efforts. Enthusiasm has not been so keen in the 4th XV. The younger teams who have had a very busy season, show distinct promise, through their playing and spirit, especially Class V. who have lost only one game.

Through shortage of time, the house matches were all played on one day, and the championship was won by Airlie.

To Mr. M'Laren, Mr. Wardlaw and the other members of Staff who gave their time to supervise and encourage our efforts, we extend our sincere thanks.

J. M. H.

Hockey Report.

Owing to bad weather in the months of December and January our hockey was sadly neglected, but after the interval we were keener than ever, and the 1st XI. has only lost one match this term, and the 2nd XI. no matches. Our results up to date are as follows :—

Bell-Baxter	..	..	(Home)	1—2
Perth Academy	..	..	(Home)	0—2
Aberdeen High School	..	..	(Home)	4—2
Morgan Academy	..	..	(Away)	0—4
Aberdeen High School	..	..	(Away)	0—5
Ladies' XI.	..	..	(Home)	0—5
Harris Academy	..	..	(Home)	3—1
Grove Academy	..	..	(Away)	2—1
Morrison's Academy	..	..	(Away)	0—0
Harris Academy	..	..	(Away)	5—3
Grove Academy	..	..	(Home)	5—1

2nd XI. results are as follows :—

Bell Baxter	..	..	(Away)	5—3
Perth Academy	..	..	(Home)	1—2
Seymour Lodge	..	..	(Home)	3—0
Morgan Academy	..	..	(Home)	1—6
Grove Academy	..	..	(Home)	4—0
Harris Academy	..	..	(Home)	7—3
Morrison's Academy	..	..	(Away)	3—3
Blairgowrie 1st XI.	..	..	(Home)	6—0
Lawside Academy	..	..	(Home)	3—1

We have no more School matches now, but we hope to play the Staff after the Leavings, and we hold our annual little tournament on 1st April. We should like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Whytock and Miss Feenie for their unflinching interest in the teams.

E. RUSSELL.

Netball Report.

As the weather has not been very favourable this term all our good intentions of building up a recognised team have been thwarted.

The match against Training College, a game previously postponed, was played on 8th February at Mayfield. We were greatly encouraged when, in the first few minutes of play, we had scored the first goal. The team played exceedingly well and although the final score was 10-5 against, we are not discouraged and hope to do better in the future under the able coaching of Miss Martin Brown. The team was the following :—

Elaine Mayo, Olive Imrie, Mary Strachan, Nora Clark, Irene Doig, Linda Weir and Margaret Bibb.
M. M. B.

Cadet Report.

Congratulations to Captain M'Laren on his promotion—a well-deserved tribute to his untiring and efficient work as adjutant of the corps.

Work has gone on as usual this term, platoon and company drill for the seniors, squad drill and rifle exercises for the first year cadets. In addition the Company has been fitted with uniforms and equipment so that parades in uniform can begin after the Easter holiday.

The Earl of Airlie wished to inspect the Company in the spring of this year, but it has not been found possible to arrange a date for this inspection before Lord Airlie leaves for Canada with the royal party.

This is the septcentenary year of the School, and cadets will be expected to take their part in the celebration functions. On 17th June there will be a general inspection, and on 18th June a church parade. These events will involve a considerable amount of extra work for both officers and cadets, and the officers look to the cadets to give additional time and energy willingly and cheerfully, and to put up a show of which the School may be proud.

The start of the Easter holiday immediately after the finish of the Leaving Certificate examinations, and the press of other functions will make it impossible for us to have our cadet dinner this year.

The names of all cadets who are going to camp this year will be required before 20th April. Once again we would point out the importance of camp training and camp life in the service of a cadet. Attendance at the annual camp is an essential part of the training of an efficient cadet. Work throughout the morning, duties about the camp, afternoons and evenings spent in recreation and games, and above all living together as a corporate body are of inestimable moral and physical value. We would urge every cadet, from the newest recruit to the senior N.C.O. to bear these facts in mind before letting anything interfere with his camp attendance.

W. L. M.

Guide Report.

We have just finished another term's Guiding, and it has been very successful in many ways.

The biggest event this term was a Parents' Night which we held on 3rd February. Parents, friends and members of the Staff were invited to come to the meeting to see what we do. Each Patrol had previously collected £1 and a silver collection was taken at the meeting. We were able to hand a total of 12 guineas to the Treasurer towards the Reconstruction Fund.

On 17th February we were inspected by our Division Commissioner, Mrs. Thomson, when we showed her some of our Guide ceremonies.

Our recruits are progressing very well with their Second Class work, and the Company gained a large number of passes from November's Badge List.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking our Guiders for the trouble they take to make our meetings enjoyable, and so help us to better Guiding.
J. C. E.

Boys' Literary Society.

The Society has had an enjoyable Easter term, although attendances have not been so high as in the first term.

On 13th January an Open Hat Night was held, in which the girls took very little part, but the boys debated fully several very interesting questions.

The next week Mr. Burnett, of Class VI., and Messrs. Lawson and Carmichael, of Class VII., read short papers, which, with more thought would have been very good. A week later Mr. Ross, of Class IX., and Mr. Hutton, of Class X., also delivered papers. A third set were given on 3rd February by Messrs. Anderson, Hunter, McCall and, Smellie, of Class VIII., who combined considerable ability and wit into four very enjoyable papers, making a night well above the usual class standard.

On the following Friday a debate was held: "That Chivalry is Dead"; in which neither the leaders nor the members of the Societies stated much of value. On 17th February, John Grant, Esq., of the C.P.R., described his tour "Through the Mediterranean to Naples" in an eloquent and entertaining manner.

On the 24th, C. L. Clarke, Esq., A.R.P.S., delivered an illustrated lecture, "That Reminds Me." Mr. Clarke was a fluent and witty speaker and his slides exceptionally fine, so that this evening was very much enjoyed by both Societies.

The session finished with a Hat Night, in which there was some clever discussion. Mr. Kidd was elected interim secretary.

Mr. Paton's fitting personality in presiding at our meetings has been largely responsible for our enjoyable session, and so, to conclude, we thank him cordially.

J. M. H.

