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THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. 76

DECEMBER 1939

FOURPENCE



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Editorial.

*Prisca nutrix militum vincla qui rupere,
Scotis et pro patria, bello cecidere.*

HIGH School of Dundee, in a new phase of your existence, we salute you. Once more in the revolving of the seasons your time-honoured pillars gaze with fortitude on the awful scene of War. Yet the new difficulties set before you, merely reveal your greatness, and you to whom the torch of learning was first entrusted in this city have carried it, scarcely without a flicker, through the present catastrophe.

Your sons and daughters, too, we greet, who have offered themselves ungrudgingly for their country, men and women in khaki, in the Navy, the Air Force, doctors and nurses, on Government service—where can we turn without catching a glimpse of the names of many who once haunted these halls? The old School is proud of them and gives them her blessing.

* * * * *

The early re-opening of the School was due to the untiring efforts of our Rector and Directors, and they were faithfully supported by the entire staff, who rendered invaluable assistance before the School opened.

Mr. Macgregor has been called to the higher service of his country. Our good wishes follow him, and we look forward to the time when he will be with us once more.

It is with regret that we have to bid farewell to Miss Barrie, who leaves us at this time. We wish her success and happiness in the years to come.

It was with dismay and sorrow that we read about the untimely death of Sgt. Smith, in the summer holidays. In him the School has lost a figure that was liked and respected by young and old. Mr. Jack Stark, already familiar to us as our cheery groundsman, is our new janitor. We give him greeting.

We offer our congratulations also to Miss Betty Smith who has become engaged to be married. The School wishes her the best of fortune and happiness for the future.

And so we conclude, proud of the School, of her achievements, and her sons, looking forward, even in time of War, to the day when this season's greetings may re-echo in truth over the entire world:—

"Peace on earth, and goodwill to men."

* * * * *

John Phoenix has arrived in Australia. Glad to have the diary of his voyage.

* * * * *

We regret the death of an F.P., William Adams, Monifieth, engineer on board the S.S. *Malabar*, lost by enemy action in the Atlantic. He carried on a great tradition, his father and grandfather being well known whaling captains.

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We thank our contributors for responding so gallantly to our urgent appeal. The response has been so good that we have been obliged to hold several articles over till next issue. We especially regret that Mr Macgregor's article on Cortachy Camp arrived too late for publication.

T. H. Smith, Esq., M.A., D.L., J.P.

IT was with feelings of the keenest regret and sorrow and a deep sense of the loss of a most true and kind personal friend as well as a great public servant and benefactor that everybody who had any connection with the High School—staff and pupils, directors and School officials past and present—heard of the death of Colonel T. H. Smith, Aystree, Broughty Ferry, which took place on the 9th October, 1939. It was well known at the High School, and in Dundee generally, that Mr. Smith had not been in good health for a considerable time, and that there was little hope of his recovery, but, when the end came it did so with a sense of deep personal loss and sorrow to all who knew him. Had it not been for an unfortunate motor accident in 1927 which injured his health and made it necessary for him to use a walking-stick ever afterwards, he might still have been in good health and a director of the High School, which he had been for thirty-three years until he was forced to retire in 1929. But though he retired from the directorate, he still took a keen interest in the High School, did everything he could to help it, and frequently paid visits to myself and many members of the staff until his failing health made it impossible for him to do so any longer.

I myself can find no words to express the debt I owed to Mr. Smith for all he did for the School, for the help and support I had from him in everything that affected the welfare of the School, and for his constant and most touching personal kindness and generosity ever since I knew him, when I became Rector in 1904, until the end of his life. He was a director of the School during twenty-five years of my rectorship, and I need not say how sorry I was for the School's sake, as well as my own, when he was forced to retire.

From what I have said it will surprise nobody to hear that Mr. Smith took the keenest interest and rendered the most valuable service in every phase of the School's work and activity. A University graduate himself he was keenly interested in, and attached the greatest importance to, the School's intellectual work, but he did not confine his interest to that side of its work. Every department of the School—Art, Music, Physical

Education, Workshop, Needlework, Swimming, etc.—received his active support and encouragement, and the heads of these departments knew well how much they owed him for his help and personal kindness. He attended with the greatest regularity year after year the School concerts, the annual sports, the gymnastic displays, the swimming galas and all the Closing Exhibitions of the School, and he never failed to visit the Cadets and Girl Guides at their summer camps in the country. And when he visited the Cadets and Guides he always took with him for them a large and most generous gift of beautiful fresh strawberries. Of all this I can speak from direct personal knowledge as he called for my wife and myself at our house with his car every summer to take us with him on his visits to the camps.

As regards Mr. Smith's duties as a director of the High School his fellow-directors, especially those who had been longest associated with him, knew well, as I did, of the conscientiousness and thoroughness with which he discharged them all including some of the most important convenerships of the School, particularly the Finance Convensership, of his devotion to the School and its welfare, and his determination that no consideration, personal or other, weigh with him against its interests. There were many members of the staff also, especially the older members, who knew these facts, and were deeply grateful to him for his valuable services as a director, as well as for his kindness to, and interest in them personally.

Lastly, may I say how much I owed to Mr. Smith not only for his unfailing and most loyal and helpful support to myself in everything that affected the interests of the School, but also for his great and most touching kindness and generosity to my wife and myself and my family? When there was illness in the family he constantly called at the house to make inquiries, and every Christmas and on many other occasions he remembered us all with a kindness and generosity which I can find no words to express, and which we shall remember and think of with the deepest gratitude as long as we live.

I need hardly say that the warmest and



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deepest sympathy of everybody at the High School who knew Mr. Smith goes out to Mrs. Smith and all her family in their great and sore bereavement. What the loss of such a husband and father, such a good man and such a true and kind friend must mean to them only they themselves can know. J. MACLENNAN.

An Appreciation by a Member of the Old Boys' Club.

DURING its short existence the Old Boys' Club has been fortunate in the quality of the men who have undertaken the direction of its affairs. The most notable of these was the late Mr. T. H. Smith. At an age when most men would have been glad to give up active work and at a time when he was suffering from the effects of an accident which would have given him an excuse for avoiding further responsibility he threw himself wholeheartedly and with an almost boyish eagerness into the preliminary work of the formation of the Club, and after it was formed he continued to apply himself to its interests with zeal and enthusiasm. It was natural that his appoint-

ment as first President and later as first Hon. President should meet with the cordial and universal approval of the Members.

The secret of his popularity was probably his good humour and friendliness, but behind those there was a character of which any man might be proud. His fine integrity, his wide sympathy, his unfailing generosity, his disinterested public spirit and his courageous and persistent devotion to all good causes had an influence in the community which extended far beyond his immediate circle and were an inspiration and example to many who never knew him personally.

The business ability and practical good sense which he showed in public affairs were combined with an unusual degree of culture and learning, but he was also liberally endowed with that wisdom without which as Kipling says, "All learning is folly."

He was a patriotic Scot who loved his City and his country and his Church and served them all faithfully and well. Long may Scotland be blessed with such men, and long may the Old School continue to play its part in producing them. L. B. W.

Miss A. Freda Barrie, M.A.

THE School has seen many changes of staff in recent years: now the time has come when it must say yet another farewell—to Miss Barrie, Lady Superintendent of the Girls' School for the past nine years.

She came to us in September, 1930, well equipped for the part she was to play. She is a talented linguist with much experience of foreign travel, and with wide and varied interests. She has urbanity and dignity and a very distinctive personality.

It is difficult to remember all the changes, often small in themselves but of cumulative value and import, that have taken place in the Girls' School in the last decade. But we seem to remember that Miss Barrie had to do with a sensible regimentation of school costume. For senior girls, tussore blouse and navy skirts replaced gym. costumes. Too often, we must admit, the modern child is lax in attention to etiquette, even to ordinary good manners. Miss Barrie always felt strongly about this and has done much to wean the pupils, boys and girls, from easy-going carelessness in habits of courtesy and bearing.

The Girls' Literary Society was quick to take advantage of Miss Barrie's fund of travel lore and to apprise the catholicity of her taste in literature. Many of the "Girls' Lit." will remember with pleasure her happy, brisk, vivid descriptions of the France she knows and loves so well, of the charm of Paris, of the romantic and medieval richness of the Chateaux country of the Loire. Of almost equal interest were her papers on "The Pilgrims' Way" and "Rambling Reflections on Rudyard Kipling."

Miss Barrie is never merely content to read about places. If they are worth while she will, if possible, take pains to visit and explore them; and her delight in the great out-of-doors—moor, sun and plain—adds zest to her enquiry. We wish she could have found time to tell us about the Roman Wall, for instance. We know that recently, in several happy days' tramping, she explored it thoroughly. Perhaps the magazine may yet be fortunate.

In her language work Miss Barrie brings the same kind of interest to bear. A mere translation is not enough. There comes an odd

reference or allusion, an our-of-the-way bit of geography: she finds out as much as possible about it before the lesson.

Her linguistic ability and her taste for travel quality her exceptionally to take pupils on a tour abroad. Several of our Old Girls have the happiest memories of a fortnight spent in Holland with Miss Barrie acting in this capacity. Teacher and pupils relaxed into a splendid camaraderie. They bathed, played, went sight-seeing to The Hague, Amsterdam, Valendaar, Haarlem. They visited Dutch schools and compared notes: occasionally, as at Amsterdam and The Hague, each pupil spent a night in a Dutch home. Could one imagine a better or a more valuable holiday for the modern schoolgirl?

Miss Barrie has so many interests that it is difficult to find out which holds pride of place with herself; but a fairly safe guess would be "dramatics"—with much practice as well as theory. Her technical knowledge of the stage was put to good account last

session when she helped Class VIII. girls to produce "Little Women," a dramatised version of the well-known book. Incidentally this production brought £40 to the Reconstruction Fund.

Whatever the future holds for her, we hope that, after the sturm and drang of this war-time, there will be in it much that is pleasant. She has known many lands: we trust she has come to like ours and that of her sojourn among us in the north, she will carry away some pleasant memories.

STOP PRESS.

A List is being compiled of former pupils who are serving with His Majesty's Forces and all so serving are requested to send, as soon as possible, full particulars of their Rank, unit and Postal Address to the Hon. Secretary, the Dundee High School Old Boys' Club, 11 Panmure Street, Dundee, or to the Rector at the School.

Pour dire "Bon Jour."

THIS summer I arranged to go with three friends to Switzerland but, alas, Hitler intervened and we went no further than Paris.

We motored south reaching Dover after it was too dark to see the famous white cliffs, and embarked on the night boat for Ostend. My awakening in the Belgian port early next morning was sudden. A frenzied shout, "If we aren't through the customs in ten minutes we won't get away for three hours!" made me leap from my bunk.

In the streets of Ostend we had our first experience of driving on the right-hand side of the road, which is surprisingly easy and soon becomes a habit. On the road signs in the town the word "school" appeared as well as "école," and in the country districts "school" alone, the French word being omitted. This is evidence of the relationship of the guttural Flemish tongue of the Belgians to the other Germanic languages.

Along a straight, flat road through flat fertile country where no space is wasted, even in hedges, we passed and crossed the frontier at Menin, so famous in the last war. Then on through the plains of France till we reached Paris late in the afternoon.

Paris traffic is quite as bad as one is led to

expect. At first it seems quite chaotic, but one soon learns that being on a main road does not mean having the right of way. The policemen, surely chosen for their good looks and charming manners, take a mild and benevolent interest in the seething mass of vehicles and occasionally give a signal but seem quite unconcerned if these signals are not obeyed. They are always willing to have a chat while on point duty and give excellent practice in conversation if your French is weak!

Two days after our arrival the news of the signing of the Russian-German pact was published. The proprietrix of our hotel was very worried; evacuation of Paris would leave her without a livelihood, she said. That evening there seemed to be far fewer people sitting outside the numerous cafés and the general impression was that everyone was subdued and depressed. A cheerful bobbie assured us there would be no war, but we judged that the signing of that pact could mean only one thing and that it would be safer to make for England while petrol was still obtainable.

France had two million men under arms, but the following day two million more were called up. There were queues in the telegraph offices: British tourists wired to say they were



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returning home ; French mothers to say that there sons were called to arms at once.

But we heard no suggestion of any hatred or bitterness towards the German people, only a strong feeling against Hitler and the Nazi Regime.

We made for the frontier. The people seemed to be even more friendly than on our outward journey, and waved as they recognised a British car. France was manning her frontiers. Strings of army lorries, containing men, machine guns and even tanks, streamed along the road to Belgium.

At length we arrived at Ostend and half an

hour later tourists were being told that no more cars could cross that night. There were crowds of passengers, two train-loads of luggage and nineteen cars, about twice the total usually accepted, on that boat.

On the quay we met a party who had just returned from Germany where they said the people seemed to welcome them because they were English. Then we met a family who had crossed the Channel the day before and had tried in vain to get their car back to England that night. It seemed really hard luck—we had at least had four good days on the other side of the Channel !

“ To Be Taken At Bedtime.”

By ALEX. ROBERTSON.

“ **BALDY!** Bring me that wee bottle of methyl violet. It's on the shelf above the poison cupboard.”

The voice came from behind a mirrored screen crowned with an embellished scroll, “Dispensing Department.” It was punctuated by many sharp intakes of breath suggesting that the speaker was engaged in a very delicate task.

Baldy, baptismal name Archibald, complied with alacrity, for was not the master dressing dry flies, and when John Fordyce, pharmacist, was so engaged, he commanded respect.

Bespectacled, forceps in hand, the owner of Strathmyrtle's only chemist's shop was now engaged in dipping a few fine feathers into a violet solution. “Grouse and claret!” he murmured, “that's the fly they're taking just now.”

A heavy step sounded in the small shop.

“See wha that is, Baldy,” admonished Mr. Fordyce.

Baldy discovered the large form of Constable Hamish M'Fee occupying considerably more than half the area of the shop floor.

“Is he in?” boomed a large voice.

“He's busy the noo,” answered the rather scared Baldy, visions of a recent midnight raid on the Spa Hotel garden looming large in his mind. “But I'll tell him ye're here.”

With an expression of annoyance John Fordyce abandoned his task and came behind the counter.

“Well, constable, what are ye seekin' the day?” he demanded somewhat brusquely.

“I have come,” said Hamish, in his slow Highland drawl, “for to inspect your Poison Register.”

“Losh keep's!” exclaimed the pharmacist. “That's a new job for ye, surely.”

“All chemists' shops is to be inspected periodically under the Dangerous Drugs Act,” explained the other stiffly.

“Oh, but ye're welcome to do that,” said Mr. Fordyce, shoving his glasses up on to his brow and looking for a book on his desk. “There ye are, see,” he added, producing the desired poison register. “Are ye combining this wi' the sanitary officer's work, like?”

Hamish M'Fee only glared and, having checked Mr. Fordyce's stock against the quantity registered in his book, appended a heavy initial, then, producing a slip of paper from his own pocket, declared, “A supply of heroin has been stolen from a doctor's house in Glasgow. You are asked to report to the police office in the case of anyone offering quantities of this drug for sale.”

And, having said his say, Hamish departed.

“Dear, dear,” murmured Mr. Fordyce. “Wha was it said the law is an ass—its' mair like a steam roller, mak's an awfu' noise but doesna get very far!”

The flies were destined not to receive their usual attention that afternoon, for, hardly had the bulky figure of the constable departed when a large motor car drew up and a lady entered the pharmacy. She was small and shrunk and her clothes had a stiff appear-

ance as though she might rattle inside them if shaken. Behind large round spectacles surprisingly bright hazel eyes gleamed. She seated herself before Mr. Fordyce's counter.

"Good afternoon, madam," said that worthy, in his suavist manner.

The old lady shot a keen look at him. "Say!" she snapped. "Can you fix me a sleeping draught. That darned Ho-tel is so noisy, I can't sleep a wink."

"Dear, dear!" exclaimed Mr. Fordyce.

"I don't care if it is dear!" retorted the visitor. "I'm used to paying high for my stuff, and say"—she glanced furtively towards the door, then leaned over the glass-topped counter—"if you can put in some of the real hard stuff, you can name your own price."

"Oh, but you're supposed to have a prescription, you see," faltered Mr. Fordyce.

"Prescription Humbug!" snapped the lady. "Say, how d'you think I'm gonna get a prescription in this darned dead-an'-alive hole. You get on with the job and send it up to me, Mrs. Ezra Hoggett, Room 201, the Spa Hotel, and send the bill with it!" she added as a parting shot and was gone ere the surprised Mr. Fordyce had recovered his mental equilibrium.

"Yankee!" exclaimed Baldy.

"Aye, I doot it," admitted his master thoughtfully stroking his chin with his violet-stained fingers. He returned behind his dispensing screen once more and busied himself for some minutes, then he called his apprentice.

"Baldy, come and check this wi' me and then ye can scoot up to the Spa with it."

Obedient, the young lad verified his master's dispensing and then set off to the palatial establishment which was the main source of revenue in the village these days.

"Umpha!" nodded Mr. Fordyce, returning to his flies. "I believe that'll do it."

* * * *

Next morning the Strathmyrtle Spa Hotel was agog.

Mrs. Ezra Hoggett, the wealthy American widow had been found dead in her bed.

"I've had to watch over her like a hawk," wept her nurse-companion to old Dr. Fairweather, who, after a brief examination, had certified death to be due to heroin poisoning. "She had a mania for taking medicine, headache powders, sleeping draughts, pills and tablets of all descriptions. She escaped me

yesterday afternoon and must have gone off to the local chemist's."

"Yes, yes, ve have sent for 'im," gesticulated Lucius Solomon, the proprietor who proudly boasted that he was "Scotch by absorption."

"Was she very wealthy?" asked the old doctor.

"Oh, yes!" admitted the woman, obviously greatly upset at her mistress's sudden death. "Her husband left her five million dollars. She lived mostly in Glasgow with her nephew Mr. Carrington. He was coming to Strathmyrtle for the shooting and it was he who brought us here."

A slight commotion heralded the entrance of Mr. Fordyce and the phlegmatic Hamish M'Fee.

"I just brought the bobbie with me," remarked the chemist. "It's no' likely that he'll be any use but he was passing at the time ye 'phoned."

"Oh dear, oh dear, ze police in my 'otel!" wailed Lucius. "What a scandal!"

"I hear that there has been a sudden demise," said Hamish, producing his notebook.

"Yes," replied the doctor. "Mrs. Hoggett, for whom Fordyce here made a sleeping draught yesterday, died in her sleep due to heroin poisoning."

"Heroin poisoning," slowly repeated Hamish, laboriously writing in his book. "This is serious. Was she in possession of a duly signed prescription?"

Mr. Fordyce bowed his head. "She was not."

"Then why, man, did you give her the stuff?" barked the physician.

"Just a minute till I get the right hang o' this," countered the chemist. "This woman Hoggett had a gey lot o' siller, I understand."

"Oh yes," broke in the nurse. "She had lots and lots of money."

"Who'll get it now?" continued Mr. Fordyce quickly.

"Her nephew, Mr. Carrington."

"We must interrogate him," put in Hamish importantly.

"Send for Mr. Carrington," nodded Dr. Fairweather to the still agonised proprietor.

Mr. Carrington, a smartly dressed young man, appeared.

"This is a very tragic happening," said Dr.

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Fairweather. "We all sympathise with you in your grief."

"Aye," said the chemist, taking a step forward and extending his hand. "Our sincere sympathies."

Carrington hesitated a fraction of a second, then shook the extended hand.

"I don't quite know what to say," he faltered. "This has been such a blow. Yesterday my aunt was in her usual good health and now, thanks to some ghastly error in your dispensing"—he shot a hard look at Mr. Fordyce—"she's gone."

"Aye, she's gone!" said that worthy excitedly. "And nae wonder ye dinna ken what to think! Hamish, that's your man! Look out, he's going to jink."

And, sure enough, the elegant Mr. Carrington, taking a desperate look round, had taken to his heels along the long corridor.

The party, with the exception of Fordyce, were so taken aback that the young man had turned the corner ere they had taken a couple of steps.

"Hi! Hi!" shouted Hamish.

A crash in the lounge shook the air. Arriving breathlessly the pursuers found a confused heap struggling on the floor, composed of the smart Mr. Carrington and Mr. Fordyce's apprentice, Baldy.

"That's a lad!" shouted his master. "Isn't it a good job I bade ye stop in the hall?"

"Oh, blast! I might as well confess," admitted the crestfallen young man. "A man in Glasgow offered me some of the stuff a few days ago, and like a fool I bought it. It's been preying on my mind ever since. My aunt kept me very short of money, she couldn't realise that I was no longer a boy, and I got badly into debt. I saw the bottle on her dressing table last night and some mad idea made me put in the heroin. What a fool I've been."

"How did you spot it?" asked the amazed Dr. Fairweather after the dishevelled Carrington had departed in company with Hamish M'Fee.

"Well, when he shook hands I noticed a wee round spot o' violet on his first finger, just the size ye would make if ye shook a bottle wi' your finger over the mouth of it instead of the cork. So I jaloused that he'd added the

heroin and given the bottle a quick shake to dissolve it."

"Then you put no heroin in the sleeping draught at all?" gasped the doctor.

"No' me!" said John Fordyce. "My stock's still the way it was when the bobbie checked it yesterday morning, besides I got Baldy to check what I put in, just a wee tick baking soda and some methyl violet that I happened to be using for an experiment!"

A La Chaucer.

PHISIKAL INSTRUCTOUR.

The Teacher was a stout carl for the nones,
Ful big was he of brain, and eck of bones.
His nose tretys, his eyen grey as glas,
And fully was he trained to lead a clas,
His breeches weren baggy atte knees
Girt with a ceint of silk; in parfit ease,
He'd say in plesaunt voice but somedell loude,
"Arms cross, knees bend and stretch," as wel
he coude.

No where so bisy a man as he ther nas,
And yet he seemed busier than he was.
A piece of harness hadde he for a strop
Ful mony a scoler's prank in tyme he'd stop
And loude he cried, "Ye boddom barre tak."
He hadde of wit and humore no lack.
And atte caump ful loude song he this,
"Pacce ye Trobles," and mony a notte wold
miss.

The foxe-trotte was his joy, when atte daunce,
Which much resaumbled walz at everich
chaunce.

His lookes cutte short but not nigh barren
He was y-cleped Thomas son of Laran.

M'DUNCAN.

The Life of an Early Briton.

When I get up in the morning I sup my porridge with a stone spoon. Then I go to feed the brontasauras or domestic chicken and collect its eggs for my husband's breakfast. When my husband goes out to bring home the dinner I clean the cave and hope the dinner won't eat my husband. After dinner I try on the new furs he has brought home. Then we go to the pictures which he has drawn on big slabs of stone. Soon after tea we go to bed because the black-out comes very early.

Ten Days of Crowded Life.

"GOOD-BYE, good-bye!" In this way and with a great amount of hanging out of carriage windows and wild waving of hands, we parted for a while from the familiar old West Station. We were on the road to Paris, Rome—what magical visions do such names conjure up!

We explored our sleepers thoroughly and after much disputation agreed on who was to have the coveted top berths—coveted, no doubt, because they appealed strongly to our sense of adventure. It's not often one gets the chance to sleep so many feet off the ground, nor the opportunity of falling helter-skelter on to the hapless occupier of the berth below. Once beds were allocated we settled ourselves comfortably on them, talked, ate sweets and read, till we could wait no longer for the chance to pull down all the blinds and switch on our dim purple light to experience that delightful feeling of cheerful companionship in a limited space. We snuggled down under our blankets but the unaccustomed noise of the wheels kept us awake for hours, and when we awoke at 4.30 a.m. we felt terribly stiff and sleepy.

As soon as we reached Euston Station a motor-coach conveyed us to the Pillar Hall Restaurant for breakfast. From here we were allowed to set off alone to "explore" London, as there was some time to wait before our train arrived. In the short time at our disposal we viewed the Houses of Parliament and Westminster and exposed them to a battery of cameras of all descriptions, while London slept.

The journey to Newhaven was uneventful, but the thrill of crossing the Channel made up for that. I for one was amazed to find the boat choc-a-block with passengers, and though I fully expected to hear the majority talking French, I was disappointed. The sight of the fast-receding chalk cliffs made us feel that we were really off at last! Our three hours' journey gave promise of being rather tedious, so my chum and I wandered down to the lower-deck and hung over the side feeling the salt water on our faces and watching the ostrich-plumes of spray. A talk with an elderly Frenchman filled up a part of our time and during it we flaunted our "Donnez-moi la plume de ma tante" style of French. The complaisant Frenchman gallantly compli-

mented us on our pronunciation and we ardently wished our teacher, who doesn't somehow share the same opinion, had been within earshot.

Our excitement at beholding the French coast was somewhat damped as we saw it through driving rain. At Dieppe we were astonished at the number of quite poor-looking houses which each possessed its miniature balcony and green shutters. We passed through Customs without much ado and sat down wearily in the luxurious chromium and leather boat-train.

Once at Paris we had our first taste of French food which, we were forced to admit, was rather odd. At night we went, accompanied by our teachers, to a small typically Parisian open-air café. There we ordered coffee in our very best French and then sat watching people passing and commenting on the dare-devil type of driving in which the owners of the gaudy yellow taxis indulged.

(To be continued.)

Doubtful Gout.

IN these militant days of press censorship, we should not have been at all surprised if a prominent statesman's recent attack of gout had been described in terms along the following lines, appearing in, say, the "Monthly Muddle," or some such worthy publication, which may safely be relied on to deal in lengthy articles conveying precisely nothing:—

"It was learnt to-day from official sources that a large body has been attacked somewhere in England. A crippling blow has temporarily put the left flank out of action, and has necessitated a respite from diplomatic negotiations for the present. It is understood, however, that some form of retaliation will be undertaken in a recumbent posture.

"Despite the spread of hostilities over a wider area, no great alarm is yet felt. On the contrary, the morale is excellent. Some, indeed, attribute the cause of the whole trouble to too much spirit, many of them urging, as a remedy, the immediate seizure of any port within easy reach. This has been exploded, however, by the issue of an authoritative statement.

"It is generally believed that adverse conditions have left scarcely any punch in the enemy. No new measure has been taken."



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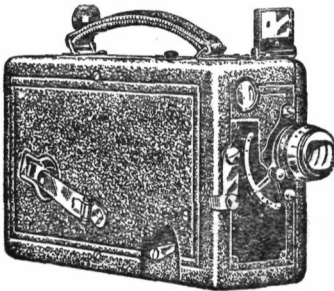
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Atlantic Crossing.

SEVEN-THIRTY a.m. on a grey, misty morning. The boat train clanks and screeches its way towards the docks through the streets of Southampton. Eventually it draws on to the pier and the passengers pour out and form a queue at the embarkation officers' desks.

The notice-board gives the reason for this bustle. It reads: "Cunard-White Star Line. R.M.S. *Queen Mary* sailing 10 a.m."

Having received embarkation cards the passengers walk towards the covered gangways, craning their necks as they do so, to gaze towards the huge red-and-black funnels towering high above them. They hand over their cards to the Master-at-Arms standing at the foot of the gangway and climb up into the ship. Their luggage has already been taken aboard by stewards, who are now waiting to conduct them to their staterooms.

By this time it is after 9 o'clock and soon the air is shattered by the hoarse roar of the sirens—"All visitors ashore." The visitors leave the ship, while the passengers make their way to the upper decks where they notice that the first of the hawsers have been drawn aboard by the electric capstans. The gangways are hoisted down and one by one the rest of the hawsers are let go, until only two hold the 80,000-ton ship to the quay.

Again the passengers put their fingers to their ears as the sirens rend the air, and at exactly 10 o'clock, after the telephone line has been taken ashore, the remaining hawsers are cast off, the "Blue Peter" flutters down from the masthead and the giant ship is gradually drawn away from the quay by the numerous tugs which have come alongside. As the distance between ship and quay widens, last-minute messages and farewells are shouted by the crowds who are seeing friends off. Slowly as the ship is drawn right out into mid-stream, the distance becomes too great to shout and the faces of the crowd ashore become blurred. The bows are pointed seawards and a slight tremor runs through the ship as the turbines, far down in her bowels, begin to revolve and drive her forward under her own power.

Soon she is speeding down Southampton Water and later cross-Channel on her way

to make a call at Cherbourg where she arrives at 2.45 p.m. Many passengers embark here, while Continental mails as well as urgent cargo are loaded. At 5 p.m. Cherbourg is left behind and soon the French coastline has disappeared into the mist. Everything on deck is now made ship-shape for the voyage, the derricks being fastened and the hatches bolted down. At 6 p.m. short blasts of the siren announce life-boat drill, when everyone must put on a life-jacket and go to an allotted boat-station. This is one of the precautions always taken during the first hours of a voyage and it serves to lessen panic should any unforeseen incident occur later.

Life aboard ship now begins in earnest. Passengers go down to dinner, one of the chief meals of the day, which is served in a manner well befitting a first-class hotel ashore. Afterwards most people retire to bed, but many are unable to sleep during the first night. The next day the walkers, swimmers, athletes and readers retire to their respective promenade decks, swimming pools, gymnasias and lounges, where they may read the *Ocean Times*, a daily newspaper printed entirely on board, or listen to the B.B.C.'s news bulletin received direct from London, which is now falling farther and farther astern. The orchestra plays daily in the lounges and in the evening there is a screening of the latest films in the cinemas. The various deck games are also well patronised and there is never a dull moment during the voyage, which is less eventful than a train journey and many times more comfortable.

The whole ship is most sumptuously fitted out. The staterooms no longer have old-fashioned bunks, but are fitted with single beds, while all of them have hot and cold running water and many have a private bath attached as well. Air-conditioning is applied to the whole of the ship, the temperature in the staterooms being regulated by the passengers themselves. The dining-rooms and lounges are palatial, the lounges especially being magnificently decorated. There is hardly a trace of a roll or pitch as the ship ploughs her way through the waves at almost thirty-five miles per hour. It takes very high seas to make an impression on her steadiness. It is only if the horizon is seen that the slight roll is made apparent.

Three days later, three days which have passed all too quickly for those on board, the passengers begin to pack up again in preparation for the arrival at New York on the following day. Passports are examined and landing cards are issued, while United States Customs Forms must be filled in. Practically every passenger goes early to bed, as the Ambrose Light Vessel at the mouth of the Hudson River is to be reached at 5 o'clock in the morning.

Half-past five finds the ship in the Narrows as dawn breaks over the glassy stillness of the Hudson with its motionless bell-buoys which clang eerily as the ship's wake catches them. The passengers now eagerly crowd on to the upper decks in order to catch their first glimpse of New York. About 6 o'clock the Statue of Liberty appears on the port bow, the torch still flaming in her upraised hand,

while a few minutes later the tops of the skyscrapers of lower Manhattan can be seen rising out of the early morning mists which the sun has not had time to disperse. Presently the pilot comes aboard, while the ship creeps forward, aided now by six tugs which seem very far below the level of the decks. Towards 7 o'clock the tip of Manhattan island is reached and now many motor-launches, tugs and ferry-boats carrying loads of railway trucks, motor cars and passengers seem to shave past perilously close beneath the bows. At 7 o'clock the pier is reached and as it is set at right angles to the river, some minutes are spent in manœuvring the ship into position, but eventually the hawsers are taken ashore and the ship is finally tied up at the end of her four and a half days' voyage across the 3,000 miles of Atlantic Ocean.

J. B. S. (X.).

The Journey from Ceylon to England.

WHEN I was about six years old my parents left Ceylon, and although my recollections are hazy, I do remember something about the journey home of the *Oxfordshire*.

We came to Colombo from Peradeniya where we lived, by rail. This was an easy journey of about 60 miles. We spent a few days at the Grand Oriental Hotel, which were most pleasant as the hotel was large and cool. We had a room overlooking the harbour and the Customs Wharf. In the morning great black crows came to the window and stole pieces of the "paw-paw," a fruit rather like the melon, from the tea-trays. During the last few days there were rickshaw rides round the town to do final shopping and one last visit to Mount Lavinia. This was a sort of seaside resort six or seven miles along the coast. Then the day came for us to go on board ship.

For the first few hours life was grand! Everything was new, there were lots of people, new friends to make, and exciting places to explore. However, when another small boy and I started to climb the deck-rails a shout from one of the seamen soon brought us "to heel." There were sharks in the water and if we had fallen over—. After five or six days, some of which were not too pleasant as the Monsoon was breaking, we steamed

past Aden. We did not stop, however, until we reached Port Sudan. Here many people going home on leave came aboard and I saw for the first time a boy about 11 years old.

The journey through the Suez Canal was very interesting, and at the first glimmer of day-break I was taken upon deck to see the ship enter the canal, and for a long time I watched the camels on either side. The canal was narrow and it was exciting when we passed other ships. It all depends on how the ships are placed, which ship has to moor to let the other past. In some places the canal is wide enough to let two ships pass. Mail boats always had the right of way in the canal. In the evening we reached Port Said. To get to the shore you walked over a long floating gangway. This was supported at intervals by hollow metal drums. We visited that shop which is famous all over the East—the shop of Simon Arzt. Arzt was an Austrian and died long ago. The store is now owned by some big London Company. The water here was exceedingly clear and we could see the great black sharks swimming all round the ship. Here it was also that I went through the ceremony of throwing my "topee" into the sea.

After that came Marseilles about which I do not remember anything. Then came Gibraltar. There were some warships manœuvring and

I was amazed at their size. I had never seen anything like them before.

The Bay of Biscay was as calm as a mill-pond, a change from its usual behaviour! We docked at Plymouth and here everything was indeed strange. There were fireplaces,

which I had never seen before, also wall-paper. I had always been used to a colour wash. Most funny of all was not being able to have a black servant to answer your call of "Boy!"

H. S. (VII.).

Our Pagan Christmas Customs.

IN our modern Christmas festivities there survive many customs of the ancient cultures and civilisations of Europe and Asia. When the Church resolved to choose a date for the celebration of the Nativity it fell back upon the time when many of the pagan faiths welcomed the turn of the year at the Winter solstice. Between 17th December and 6th January (although, of course, the months had no such names) the Norsemen, Romans, and the followers of Mithras all held major festivals. From each of these has come some part of our Christmas cheer. The Yule Log, and the very word itself are relics of a Norse festival lasting for twelve days, during which the folks of Scandinavia thought they could trace the movements of the Gods upon the earth. From them also comes in part at least the tradition of the mistletoe. Freyja, the Queen of the Gods, had bound by oath all things not to hurt her son Balder the sun god and had accidentally omitted the mistletoe. Loki, the devil of Norse mythology, learning this, contrived that his blind brother should release the baleful arrow of mistletoe which slew her cherished child. The tears his mother shed became the pearly berries, associated with Druidical sacrifice and with our Christmas customs. The present association of mistletoe with "promiscuous osculation" is of much later date, but the correct procedure was that on each occasion a berry should be plucked from the twig, and when the last berry had been plucked the kissing should cease.

To Saturn, Roman God of seed time and

harvest, we are indebted for the Christmas Tree, Christmas Presents and even for the paper hats found in crackers. His great festival, the Saturnalia, fell between 17th and 24th December. During this week trees ornamented with spangles and dolls were paraded through the streets, gifts were exchanged, schools were on holiday, and no wrongdoer was punished. This was the portrayal of the Golden Age, long past but for a little restored. Its joyousness was depicted in the exchange of clothes between masters and slaves and our paper hats are the survival of the disguise.

During the Saturnalia all punishments were in abeyance, gambling normally forbidden was allowed, and of special interest to-day, war could not be proclaimed and where it was already in progress a temporary truce was established.

Thus in the frozen north and in the sunny south of Europe divergent races had their different customs, but all had a common purpose. The blazing log of the Norsemen, the revels of the Saturnalia, and many other observances heralded alike the return of the sun from his shortening days. Therefore it is not surprising that under the influence of Christianity the world celebrates the coming of the Light of the World with a ceremonial which formerly heralded the coming of light, warmth and fertility to the earth held in the dark, harsh hands of winter.

CRAIG C. SMELLIE (IX.).

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



FROM THE EXAMINATIONS:—

"When Anne died by the Act of Settlement."
It seems to have settled her right enough.

"By going on this Crusade he was executed
a second time."

Young head on old shoulders?

MATHS. TEACHER (after demonstrating
method of working): "Now, you should only
take five minutes to do this home-sum."

QUERULOUS VOICE IN FRONT: "But it
took you a period."

"Cæsar kept himself tidy except for his
dress."

"Cæsar was really a coward in wolf's clothing."

"All the citizens turned out to see Cæsar
going to the race-course."

"Cæsar seems to be a little bit feminine, for
he is deaf and does not like thin men."

"The Romans speak to the tribune just as
the people of London would to a magistrate."

BALLADS:—

"Edward, Edward!"

"Edward said he would leave his mother
what she deserved—the 'Wages of Sin.'"

"You can distinguish Scottish and English
ballads by the great dead on either side."

THE ISLINGTON LASS:—

"She is broken-hearted when she tells him
(her lover) she is dead."

BINNORIE:—"A passing minstrel made a
harp out of her wish-bone."

"The Royal Exchange is where all the great
broses meet."

"During the sixth century the Popes were
very viscous and immoral."

In fact, a sticky lot.

"The well-known maxim, 'much learning is
a dangerous thing.'"

Any wonder pupils fail in L.C.?

"We were nursed upon the self-same rill."

The cold water cure?

"Christianity was brought to Britain by the
Romans in 55 B.C."

RONDO.

"I do not care,"
said Mr Bruce,
"To brush my hair,
for what's the use?
Though it should wear
a trifle loose,
I do not care,"
said Mr Bruce.



“ And *that*, boys, is how to use the Stirrup Pump.”

Red Letter Days.

A NEW chum at Overseas House usually felt very much like the lady who saw a giraffe for the first time—"I don't believe it!" she exclaimed. The new chum didn't believe it either; everything was so strange and off the beaten track that it was like living in another world. For the first fortnight he was shepherded by a senior who acted as his guide, philosopher and friend. At the end of that time he stood on his own feet—or didn't.

Only a few servants were kept, the boys making their own beds, sweeping and dusting the rooms, darning their socks, and mending rents in their working clothes. After a fortnight the new chum was set to scouring the pots and pans. Some days he would be promoted to peeling potatoes, and if he showed any special aptitude would rise step by step to the dizzy heights of frying the sizzling bacon.

Lessons, too, were somewhat surprising: English, Commercial Arithmetic, Simple Maths., Geography, Geometry, French and German—but no Latin or Greek. At eleven o'clock the students moved to other tasks, such as carpentry, engineering and farming. There was a fine farm which provided all the bread, vegetables, eggs, poultry and meat required.

One room contained specimens of timber, with cards describing their uses, the countries they came from and their value; another was given up to experiments with chemical manures. Around the walls of a third were ranged cupboards having glass doors and on top covers which were easily removed. Inside the cupboards were samples of graded wheat, wool, furs and mineral ores. Other cases contained dried plants, stuffed birds and many kinds of fishes. In a corner near the window stood a huge globe, while large-scale maps of the Dominions hung on the walls.

Discipline in the ordinary sense was scarcely needed; the students, ranging in age from fifteen to twenty, were all there with a set purpose: they were fitting themselves for a future overseas and had no use for slackers. Dr. Kershaw, the Principal, made few rules but these had to be obeyed; and though the boys were encouraged to work on their own, expert masters were always at hand to advise,

explain and solve knotty problems. They were a happy, eager, joyous crowd at the school with the strange name.

At the close of evening session one Friday, in late March, they came tumbling out as usual, free, except those with jobs to do, till bedder. A few started off for a ramble over the moor, but most of them hung about in groups talking eagerly. There was a sense of unusual excitement in the air.

"He can't do it," a sturdy fellow named Anderson exclaimed disconsolately. "Skelton's running again, for one thing."

"Mopsy believes he can."

"Oh, Mopsy's always a super-optimist."

"Sam Alford thinks there's a chance too, and he's captain of the harriers."

"Of course, Alford ought to be a good judge," grudgingly, "but—well, we've never got more than a measly third yet."

They were discussing three of the seniors strolling across the grounds. The tall, slim fellow with the fresh complexion, brown eyes and an unruly mop of brown hair was Alford, head of the school. The one next to him who had mischievous blue eyes and a jolly laughing face was Mopsy, short for Montague Parninter Fitzgerald Lavington. He was cousin to a Lord, though that made precious little difference at Overseas, and the son of a wealthy merchant, but of his own free choice he was going off to Kenya Colony.

The third member of the trio was the "he" the boys were talking about so eagerly. Jimmy Hufton had spent four years at Overseas and was on the point of leaving. Unlike Mopsy he had to make his own way, without money or friends. Except for his aunt he was alone in the world. His mother died when he was born and a year or so later his father emigrated to Australia.

Jimmy's aim was to get a job in Canada, save his money and eventually to buy a small ranch. He was very popular, always cheerful, kind-hearted and ever ready to do another fellow a good turn. In the cricket eleven and the first fifteen, he was also vice-captain of the harriers. At work or play Hufton was a name to conjure with.

Now they were looking to him to win the five miles cross-country cup in a race open to the whole of Devonshire. Year by year the school had sent its champion to compete, but the cup had never yet graced their dining-hall. Could Hufton lay the bogey, and bring back the medal for himself and the coveted trophy for Overseas? Every single boy devoutly hoped that he could and would, but they all knew how tremendous were the odds against him.

"It's a stiff course," Alford was saying, "too stiff for most of 'em—rough, hilly and difficult country. Up Chilpen Lane, round this side of Frangpen, cutting through to Hanging Hill by way of the Quarry and back across the Moor: that's the general lay-out. There are three water-jumps; the worst is the one near Pentagel Church. Don't try to rush the hill or lead the field," Jimmy grinned. "There's a half-mile of straight road home and that's where the race will be won."

"Where James Hufton, gold medallist, will win it," Mopsy put in jovially. "No inferiority complex, old son; no thinking some other guy's the better man. My hat! portrait and picture of the school in all the papers! Gorgeous, simply gorgeous."

"First catch your hare," Alford suggested slyly.

"Oh, dry up, dismal Jerry, you're enough to give a cat the blues. There's only one other fellow in the hunt, a red-headed chap from Pagnell College. Merrydew says he's really fast. Copland his name is."

"Yes, I've heard he's a flier, but Skelton's first favourite with Boreham second," Alford remarked. "Skelton won last year by five yards and finished fresh. They're both fast, but inclined to play a waiting game and neither will go to the front a minute too soon. Sound judges. I hear though that Boreham doesn't finish too well. Your best plan is just to hold on to them till the last lap."

"And the fame of your victory will encircle the globe and your name be handed down from generation to generation," said the vivacious Mopsy. "Seriously though, I've never known the school so hopeful; they're looking to you to clear our 'scutcheon of that hateful blot."

"I'll do my best," Jimmy replied, "but

it's no picnic being up against the pick of the county."

"The more honour and glory, old son. Oh, my mater's sent a ripping hamper, but I'm keeping it to celebrate the triumph. Now, you toddle off and get a long night's rest. Cheero."

"Feeling fit, Hufton?" one of the masters asked, stopping him.

"Pretty good, sir, thank you."

"That's right, we're depending on you, don't let us down."

Only a few unfortunates on duty were left behind the next afternoon; the others, flaunting their school colours, went by cycle, car and lorry to Pentagel, the scene of the contest. They were anxious, terribly anxious, and in every conveyance the same questions were being asked. How was Hufton looking? Had he eaten a good breakfast? What did Alford say? The gate of Europe might have been depending on the result of that race.

A great crowd had gathered on the moor, men and women from all parts of the county, to watch the historic struggle and to cheer their favourites. And the voices of the "Empire Chaps," as the villagers called the Overseas boys, rose high and shrill when their champion went to his mark.

One false start and then the cry, "They're off."

A few minutes were sufficient to tail them out. Copland, the college hope, was somewhere in the first flight; Skelton and Boreham, jogging along at an easy pace were near the middle, while Jimmy acting on Alford's advice hung close to their heels.

A number of spectators waited at the stream near Pentagel Church. It was wide and fairly deep, and shouts of laughter arose as two of the competitors missing their footing tumbled into the water. Others, who boggled at the jump, waded across up to their arm-pits; they must have had a cold passage. The college man skimmed over with the ease of a bird and was deservedly cheered. Skelton and Boreham landed in good style and Jimmy still close behind them managed to get over without a wetting. On the farther side the course lay down-hill and the going was easy. Most of the runners quickened their pace,

but Skelton and his rival showed no undue concern.

Turning to the left past an ancient dolmen, skirting a worked-out quarry, over a couple of loose stone walls, across a bare field, through a tortuous, deeply-rutted lane that seemed endless they plodded on to the foot of Hanging Hill. Here the fliers began to come back. One man, smiling ruefully, sat nursing a naked foot; another, who had shot his bolt, lay at the side of a boulder; others again, limping and footsore, dragged themselves wearily along. Two figures stood out nearly against the skyline; they would need some pulling down.

The favourites, their relative positions unchanged, pressed on with machine-like steadiness, Jimmy a trifle doubtful, a yard or so behind. On the more-or-less level ground Skelton began to move; his rival, though slightly distressed, responded gamely. Presently they overtook and passed a stout, stodgy fellow blowing like a grampus, but sticking it with amazing pluck. Goodness alone knows how he had contrived to get that far.

At the part of the moor where the road joined they caught sight of the red-haired man who had cleared the brook in such beautiful style. He was still running strongly and Skelton apparently feeling uneasy put on a spurt. Boreham gave a doleful grunt as Jimmy slipped past him.

Now began the real, gruelling struggle. The last straight stretch was lined by eager spectators who cheered and yelled in excitement. The issue now appeared to lie between Copland and Skelton; Boreham had caught up again, while, still in the running, the stocky one came lumbering along in ungainly fashion but covering the ground at a great rate.

With five hundred yards to go Skelton took the lead, and then amid a thundering cheer Jimmy got his head past the college man. What a punishing race! Gasping for breath, every nerve and muscle aching, strange noises flooding his ears, dizzy and half-blind he struggled on. The roar of the crowd sounded like the booming of many guns. A deafening shout went up as he closed with the leader. "Hufton! Hufton's got him," roared the "Empire chaps."

Fifty yards and they were still neck-and-neck. Forty, thirty and not a hair-line separated them. With one last desperate

effort Jimmy pulled himself together and staggered blindly over the tape with Skelton literally on his shoulder. Then the "Empire chaps" went wild and in their enthusiasm nearly smothered the victor.

What a red-letter day to look back on! Speeches and compliments and hand-shaking; the presentation of the cup and medal; the hearty cheering of the Pentagel folk as the noisy procession moved off. Motor-cycles, push-bikes, cars and lorries laden with excited boys shouting for Hufton.

But there was an even more marvellous red-letter day in store for him. On the following Monday evening he and Alford were cleaning stables, Mopsy as usual passing rude remarks, when a boy came to say that Hufton was wanted by the Head. "There's a gentleman with him," the messenger added.

"Illuminated address on vellum sent by the lord-lieutenant," Mopsy suggested.

"Who's going to finish this job?" Alford demanded indignantly.

Mopsy, ignoring the question, laughed hilariously, "My stars, doesn't he look value for drawing-room company? Which side d'you part your hair, old prune, or is it in the middle?"

The messenger intimated politely but firmly that the Head was waiting.

"Oh, better get it over," Alford exclaimed. Bar a dirty face, half an acre of grease, and a hole in your pants you look A1. The Head will be delighted; show you off as the industrious apprentice. Here, Mopsy, you'll have to turn to; earn your bread if you get your cheese for nothing."

Dr. Kershaw laughed like a boy when Jimmy appeared. "Specimen of Overseas pupil in the life," he observed, "but he isn't always grimy and his trousers don't always show a rent. What are you doing just now?"

'Stables, sir,' with Alford."

"Well, this is Mr. Bailey, who wishes to have a chat with you."

Jimmy felt all at sea, but decided he liked this stranger with the pleasant face and friendly smile.

"You don't know me," the visitor began, "but I could have picked you out anywhere. Jack Hufton's son: same eyes, hair, manner,

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everything. No, please don't go," as Dr. Kershaw got up, "I'd like you to stay with us. You never knew your father?" turning to Jimmy, "he was my partner. We chummed in down under, and from the first day to the last he was staunch and true as steel. A whiter man than Jack Hufton never lived."

Jimmy flushed with pride as he listened to this outpouring of praise.

"We had no money and no luck; we tramped hundreds of miles prospecting for gold, always hungry, sometimes half-starved and tortured with thirst. And your father never complained, no, not once. He could jest as we shared our last mouthful of damper and our last mug of tea, not knowing where the rest was to come from."

Mr Bailey stopped and when he resumed his voice was dry and husky. "One evening after a terrible journey we pitched our miserable camp in a dreary, desolate, lonely waste. Your father was desperately ill and could go no farther. I wrapped a blanket round him, gave him what tucker and drink was left, and lay down by his side. At the last he whispered, 'Andrew, old chum, I'm passing out. If ever you go back to the old country look up my boy.' I pressed his hand and he died smiling into my face."

"Afterwards," with a touch of bitterness, "the wheel came full circle. A casual stroke of my pick one day made me a wealthy man. And my partner, whose high spirit and cheery good humour had often kept me from despair, was dead. And now, my boy, tell me how I can best keep my promise."

"I may be useful there," the Head observed quietly, "Hufton goes to Canada next month, and his heart is set on getting a small ranch, but—"

"A small ranch!" Mr Bailie exclaimed, "he shall have the finest in the market. Leave everything to me. Thank you, sir, for your suggestion. Splendid! I'll make a start right away." He shook Dr. Kershaw's hand and Jimmy went with him to his car.

Mopsy and Alford waited for their chum in vain; he had slipped away to the moor to be alone. What a loyal spirit his dead father's partner had shown! It was wonderful, almost unbelievable. He thought of the brave aunt who had made such sacrifices for him. Now those days were done with; she should pass the rest of her life in comfort and happiness. But deepest in his heart lay pride and admiration for that gallant father who had defied poverty, ill-luck, and even death itself with a jest and a smile.

HERBERT HAYENS.

Dundee to Australia—Non-stop *via* the Cape.

14th June 1939.

EVEN after such a short time as two months, my recollections of Dundee High School take on a rosy hue.

However, we left Dundee on the morning of April Fool's Day accompanied by fog. After crossing the Bar the ship (to my unaccustomed legs and stomach) began to roll in a way which was not exactly comfortable. I soon succumbed and, after the usual tortures, I went and had a large dinner which revived me and fortified me against future attacks.

All this time we had continual fog; we seemed in a world of our own and the screech of the siren every two minutes was very trying, and the whistles of other vessels could be heard all round us.

The fog lasted until we had passed the

Humber, and we ran into fine weather, passing Dover in beautiful sunshine, and took our last glimpse of the white cliffs renowned to travellers.

I am not starting work until we are clear of the Channel (we are in it now—April 3rd). This morning we passed the Bremen coming from New York; her salt-caked appearance was not very reassuring especially when you compare her size with ours.

Already, I have discovered the fact that the Second Mate has all the characteristics of a real Dundonian—he is one, of course.

To-night the Mate lent me the book, "*The Loss of the Trevesa*," in which he participated, spending twenty-three days in a ship's boat. The meals are still very good in

spite of the heavy rolling in the Bay of Biscay in a Nor'-West gale. I don't think it will continue very long but with this rolling the best policy is to "bunk" in on it.

Good Friday to-day, no work for the day workers. During the day the ship took a very heavy roll, and oil drums which were lashed on the boat deck broke away and smashed into the port lifeboat, and temporary repairs had to be done to it.

Easter Sunday—no Easter eggs—just passing Gran Canaria as the sun set—a beautiful scene.

I painted my bike to-day—it needed it very badly indeed.

Apart from the swell which has now gone down considerably, it is ideal weather for painting.

I started steering the ship to-day, that is, without coaching, and found it quite easy in the smooth sea.

The ship has now a tropical appearance with all the awnings up.

Easter Monday.—Spent the day assisting the Third Mate overhauling all the boat's gear; because of the heat of the sun I wore my topee, but I must have been rather previous as everyone stared at me. We put up the boat's sails but it did not seem to help us along very much.

I did a lot of washing to-day, not perhaps as good as mother could do it, but it is at least clean.

Saturday, 15th.—Terribly hot weather now: it makes one perspire to read. The heat is making the potatoes sprout wings (roots); my father told me he would make me a nautical optician, picking the eyes out of the spuds. I have been busy barbering the spuds—I did a ton of them. Had a boat drill this afternoon and, owing to the trim of the ship and the pitching of the ship, they became unmanageable for a time, much to the Mate's dissatisfaction.

17th April.—Slightly cooler to-day; the engine-room temperature fell to 129, but much less on deck.

Chapman cut his head on the raised watertight door to the bunker. He did not look a pretty sight but after it was washed

and cleaned it did not look so bad. The gash was strapped and eventually healed up without a scar. We have devised a punch-bag consisting of a ventilator cover filled with waste; it is a great success.

All the wooden decks were oiled to-day; this keeps them from going dry and preserves them. Among the oilers was the "Communist." This fervent man is going to Australia to make ardent communists out of (at present) disinterested persons. This afternoon, whilst the ship was pitching heavily, I was painting some canvas covers on the forecastle with the result that I was at the end of a lever; it nearly made me sick but I survived.

Sunday, 23rd.—The Bosun showed me his haircutting gear to-day; he acts as the unofficial barber of the ship.

Ever since Monday we have had strong head trade winds; though not cold they are rather uncomfortable, but not as much as the rolling.

Saw albatrosses for the first time this trip, ugly beaks they have and the look in their eyes is not exactly hospitable; the souls of hard-case dead Captains are supposed to occupy their bodies.

Cases of milk were placed in the boats to-day in preparation for bad weather after passing the Cape. Another preparation is. I am sad to say, that the ship's rolling is steadily increasing, and if you are not prepared for it you will find yourself doing the splits. When anyone stands upright it creates an optical illusion; they appear to be leaning over at a great angle.

Wednesday, 26th April.—Sighted Table Mountain at 1.30 p.m. The method of sighting is as follows: the officer looks at the last position on the chart, calculates how much the ship will be in advance of it, takes a cloud on the horizon, stares at it, continues staring until he is convinced it is land, then whistles down the tube for the "Old Man," who will come up on the bridge, stare at it, and then tell the officer to take a bearing. Later, however, we came in very close to it; it did not look real, more like a film set, but it really looked beautiful.

28th April.—Strong following wind, looks

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as if it will blow up to gale-force any moment, anyhow it is much too wet to work on deck, so I had a sleep which was certainly much better in this weather; one thing, the weather is not disturbing my appetite even though some mutton was bad to-day—personally, I did not notice any ill-effects.

Sunday, 30th.—Rain flattening out the sea, wind moderating; nearly everyone admits the cook is a hero preparing meals, and such good meals in such terrible weather.

I went trimming bunker coal to-day; they had started using barrows so there wasn't so much for me to do, but I filled the barrows and Chapman wheeled them into the stokehold.

It seems such a long time since we passed the Cape but we are only south of Madagascar and still have three weeks bad weather in front of us.

We are still hearing the B.B.C. on short wave as well as a terrible wail that turned out to be Calcutta.

The language in the stokehold is not always the best; for instance, to-day a barrow of coal upset with the roll of the ship over a stoker's feet. He grew very wrathful and language which was definitely not the King's English started to flow until he realised that the trimmer was quite capable of knocking him out.

Thursday, May 7th.—Saw a total eclipse of the moon about seven p.m. Hove-to all morning with engine trouble and all afternoon transferring fresh water from the forward to the after tanks.

An A.B. caught an albatross to-day but he was soon ordered to let it go; it could not rise off the ship's deck and had to be lifted over the rail. I trotted along but got there too late so went on painting winch shields where the galvanising was coming through—quite a clean job for experienced seamen but not for me.

Saturday, 9th.—36 days out and 36 days of practically incessant rolling. I am thankful that my bunk is athwartships. When the ship rolls at night I just slide up and down and sleep. To-night though, it was different. I fully expected the ship to founder; as a matter of fact, we passed through the

centre of a storm; seas were coming in four different directions and the ship took one huge plunge that I thought she would break her back. The Captain and Mate both said they had never seen seas of such height and force before.

In the stokehold there is a statement chalked up which, though short, conveys more than a book: it reads "21st Beer—Whyalla."

10th May.—The Second Mate is a perfect upholder of the Scotsman's pecuniary reputation—he should have been a salesman; he would be an excellent one especially if he was assisted by Cullen (an A.B.).

Sunday, 14th.—Saw a lot of glow-worms in the sea last night; they were like glow-worms by the fact that they glowed. Really, the sea was all alive with phosphorescence.

17th May.—Stopped rolling for a short time—an unusual procedure which did not last long.

We are getting into the Australian Bight now with its attendant discomforts, which include freezing winds and big seas.

Anyhow, we will most unfortunately be at Whyalla at midnight to-morrow, but I have nothing to declare to the Customs so should not have any troubles.

Friday, 19th May.—Anchored in late afternoon off Wallaroo, not a very enchanting scene; practically every roof was galvanised iron and painted a dull red.

The Doctor and Customs Officer boarded—the latter a huge man with a very squeaky little voice.

We sailed on at 5 p.m. for Whyalla and berthed there at 1 a.m. on the 20th. Both Whyalla and Wallaroo have long jetties sticking out about a quarter of a mile from the foreshore; this is a characteristic of every small Australian coastal town.

Anyhow I am on *terra firma* at last even if it is only for a couple of hours.

Everything in Whyalla (quite a nice town) is Broken Hill Company; I don't think there is a Town Council or anything savouring of one, the Company even run the picture show.

However, some day and in the near future,

Whyalla will be a very large town. At present the water is brought in ships' tanks so the B.H.C. are to construct a £1,000,000 pipeline to bring water from the river Murray, and a tinplate works, the first of its kind in Australia, is to be set up; also a blast furnace, the present furnaces being at Kembla and Newcastle, over a 1,000 miles from the ore mines. They are constructing a new harbour, the biggest dredge in Australia being on the job.

At present there is only one long jetty which loads iron ore by means of clouds of dust, wind, and a large conveyor belt, and can load 5,000 tons in six hours. The idea

behind this is to help the clothing industry—so many clothes are ruined by the dust.

23rd May.—Ever since leaving the Spencer Gulf, the waist has been awash hardly without a break; indeed, it is an adventurous proceeding crossing it, especially at night; some unfortunates have been caught but usually it is crossed in safety. The seas come in mostly through the freeing ports and fill the waist to about waist deep—the freeing port is a double-edged sword.

25th May.—Arrived at NEWCASTLE so that's the end of that, and I am paid off—one consolation, I got a GOOD discharge—find I am very sober. JOHN PHOENIX.

The School in War Time.

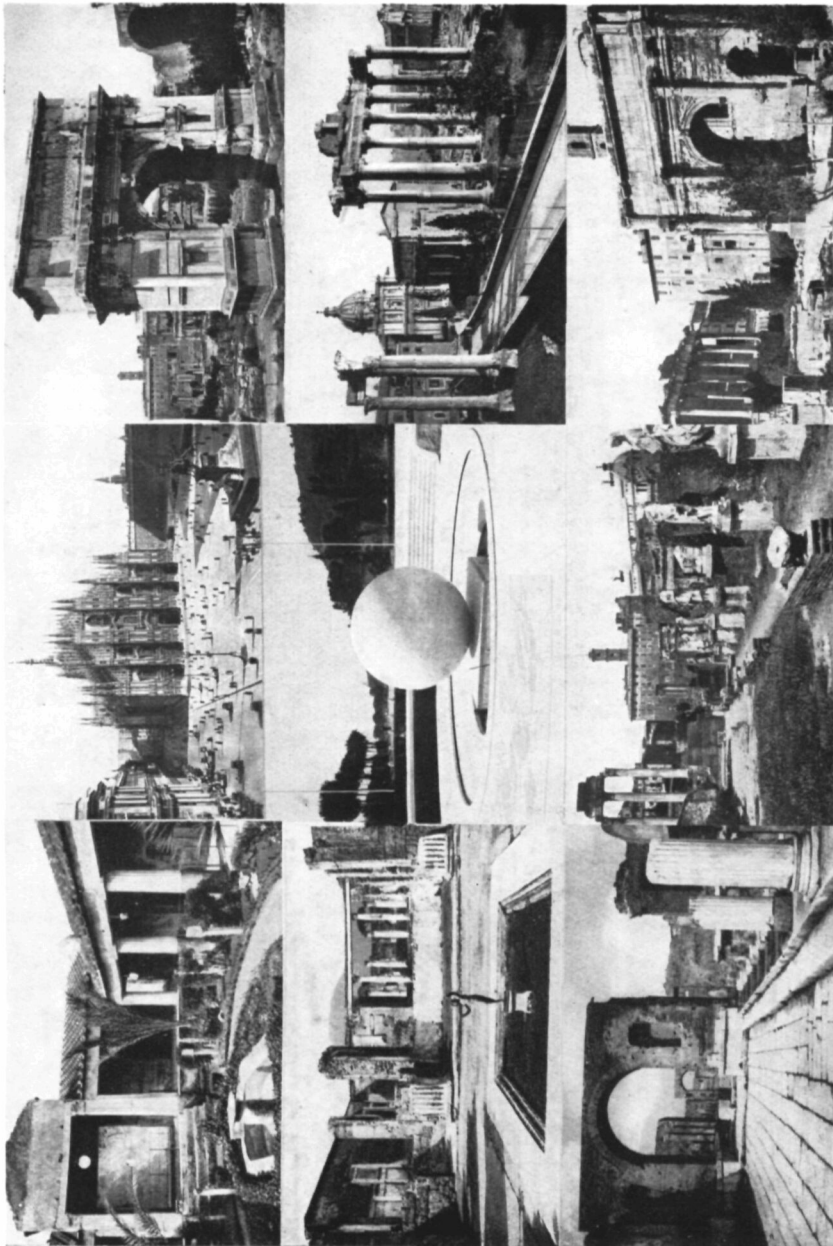
"I NEVER expected the War to be like this. I thought we would hear bands playing and see a great outburst of national and patriotic feeling." These words were spoken to me by a pupil of the School in the early weeks of the War. They would have been much truer twenty-five years ago, when it was necessary to whip up enthusiasm in the interests of recruiting, but when such expedients are not needed it is possible to see the whole sorry business in its true colours. Perhaps in that fact there is a germ of hope.

Taking all the circumstances of the time into consideration, we, as a School, have been fortunate. In August, when it was decided to carry into effect the policy of evacuation, none of us knew whether or not our numbers would justify carrying on the School in the usual way. The Board of Directors, however, with boldness and initiative, held an emergency meeting the week before war broke out, and decided to proceed at once with the building of adequate protection against air-raids. For that quick decision we are all immensely grateful. It meant that the work was undertaken while it was still possible to get both men and material for its early completion: and in fact the shelters were finished before the end of the third week of the war. Members of the School helped with the preparation of the rooms and the filling of sandbags, and so saved both time and money. It took another fortnight, however, till it was possible to arrange for

official inspection, after which no further time was lost. The School was opened on Monday, 9th October.

Meantime arrangements had been made to carry on the work of certain classes in private houses. We began with the senior classes, because they had less chance than others of making up for lost time. It wasn't very easy to map out a satisfactory programme, or distribute the time as required between the different subjects. Practical work, for example, is almost impossible under such conditions. However, quite a useful beginning was made, and before the School began twenty-six such centres had been opened, while five more were getting under way at the end of the first week of October. By these means something at least would have been done at every stage of the School course for pupils who were in town and anxious to avail themselves of the opportunity. By this time everybody was tired of enforced idleness and eager to get back to work. The kindness of householders and the ready response of pupils are unforgettable features of these difficult weeks.

As no permission has yet been given to bring pupils of the Lower School back to the central buildings, Classes Ic. to III. continue to be held in private houses. A beginning was made with these classes on 2nd October, and with one exception they are still being conducted in the same places. They are located in the outskirts of the town—West End, Blackness,



Photographic Memories from
D.H.S. Pupils' Italian Tour, July 1939.

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Lawside and Lochee, Downfield, Maryfield, Baxter Park, West Ferry and Broughty Ferry. Obviously the only method was to arrange classes on a regional basis, along the lines which have to be followed in most country Schools—one teacher taking pupils at several different stages. This has called for initiative and adaptability from the ladies of the Junior School, but they have tackled the job with right good will and are triumphing over the difficulties involved. Everywhere they have been greatly helped by the kindness and understanding of parents and the almost incredible generosity of those who have put their houses at the disposal of the School. Nevertheless I am inclined to think that the heavy end of the stick is in the hands of the staff of the Lower School.

Since 9th October work in the Upper School has proceeded along normal lines. The classes are not as large as usual, but over the whole School we have an enrolment of between 75 and 80 per cent., most of the deficiency being in Classes Ic. to III. A number of pupils left the highest classes for jobs which offered themselves during the early part of the war, and these we have lost for good. A few more senior pupils are still evacuated and if the war continues for long, it is possible that they may not return to us. We hope, however, that in the course of time, when normal conditions are restored, the vast majority of pupils in other classes will rejoin us here.

In order to make up for some of the lost time, the Board of Directors intends to cut down the holidays both at Christmas and at Easter, a very wise proceeding, but one which may not meet with general acceptance, particularly from the pupils.

So far, we do not know definitely what conditions are to govern the award of Leaving Certificates during the war. It has been decided, however, that a Certificate will be granted and while more stress is likely to be laid on the School record, the ultimate award will not rest with the School Authorities. In the first instance the Scottish Education Department thought that it was to be impossible to continue the Certificate during the war. Very wisely, however, they have altered their decision. Pupils now have an object in view, and in any case it would have been most unfair that those who finished their

School course during the war should have had nothing to show for all their efforts.

While the prospect of Bursary Competitions and Leaving Certificates acts as an incentive to the higher classes, the members of the Middle School appear also to be working with a will. Indeed one gets the impression that everyone was eager to be back to work and realised that something was being lost by the delay in re-opening. That is very satisfactory to those of us who were afraid that war-time conditions might interfere seriously with work and progress. Indeed, I am inclined to think that the black-out, the general difficulties of transport and the decrease in facilities available for amusement have in themselves contributed in no small degree to an improvement in the attitude of young people to their work at School. So the old adage of the ill-wind still holds good. In point of fact I think it has long been clear to most thoughtful people that far too much time and energy have been spent in irrelevant occupations and amusements. Perhaps one good result of the war may be to give us a better idea of the value of the things that really matter than most people have seemed to possess for many years.

Apart, however, from the work, the conditions of the time have unfortunately made the Games of the School suffer. During this term we have had no regular fixtures with other Schools, either for the 1st XV. or the 1st XI., or for junior sides. Perhaps this is one of the reasons why so little enthusiasm has been shown. Besides that, where parents were unwilling that their children should attend the Field because of the dangers of war-time, permission to absent themselves has been granted. These reasons, however, do not seem to me quite sufficient to explain why it should be so difficult to get children to turn out for organised Games on Saturday mornings. It cannot be a question of danger, because at the times available the Skating Rink is filled with High School pupils. Surely from the point of view of the welfare of the pupils themselves, both in health and in character, and certainly from the point of view of the School, which requires for its success not only the scholastic work and ability of its pupils, but also their services as members of a society, it is better that they should be playing their part with each other in the open-air and learning the give-and-take which results from team games. The black-out has

made it necessary for us meantime to drop all attempts at Societies which used to meet in the evening. This is itself a very great loss and all the more reason why everything possible should be done to encourage the social intercourse of the Playing Fields.

Old pupils coming back to the School are intensely interested in the change which has resulted from the erection of the air-raid shelters. One cannot help feeling a pang of sympathy with members of the staff who for many years have taught in these self-same rooms, and now find them looking like part of the Maginot Line. The shelters are strongly constructed and adapted in every way for the convenience of the pupils. Regular air-raid drill has enabled the pupils to know exactly where to go in case of an emergency. Once only this term has an actual warning been given, and the arrangements went through without a hitch. Duties have been assigned in

connection with each shelter, both to members of the staff and to prefects. These are carried out daily in order to ensure the perfection of the arrangements.

In these times I have to pay a tribute to the staff. Their work is very much broken, because with several rooms now not available they have to move from one room to another in order to take their different classes. This causes more disturbance than one would like, but is inevitable in the circumstances of the moment. However, complaints are few.

I would conclude by expressing the hope that it will not be necessary for us to resort to the expedient of double shifts or other such means which have been the lot of many Schools much less fortunate than we. If the present arrangements can be continued, or extended, there is no reason why quite as good work should not be done in War-time as under normal conditions. I. M. B.

Dundee High School Old Boys' Club.

WE regret very much to place on record the passing of our Hon. President, Col. T. H. Smith, M.A., D.L., J.P. (1867-1876). Appreciation of Col. Smith's untiring work for the School and the Club appears elsewhere in this issue.

The Ninth Annual General Meeting of the Club was held in the School on Thursday, 30th November, when reports were submitted and the following Office-Bearers were elected for the year 1939-40 as follows: Hon. President—Professor William Annan; Hon. Vice-Presidents—Principal Macgregor, Dr. Murray, Messrs. John MacLennan, Ian. M. Bain, H. Craigie Smith, James S. Nicoll, George Scrymgeour; President—Mr. D. J. R. Bell; Vice-President—Mr. F. G. Young; Hon. Auditors—Messrs. Moody Stuart & Robertson, C.A.; Hon. Secretary and Treasurer—Mr. C. E. Stuart, C.A., 11 Panmure Street, Dundee; Executive Committee—Messrs. R. S. Aiken, J. Y. Baxter, J. L. Y. Matthew, A. S. Rae, L. B. Weatherhead, Thomas M'Laren, J. Scott Nicoll, W. S. Phillips, E. J. Ritchie, James R. Soutar, James S. Nicoll, David P. S. Duncan, Keith Milne, T. R. Lawson, A. S. Davie and the President, Vice-

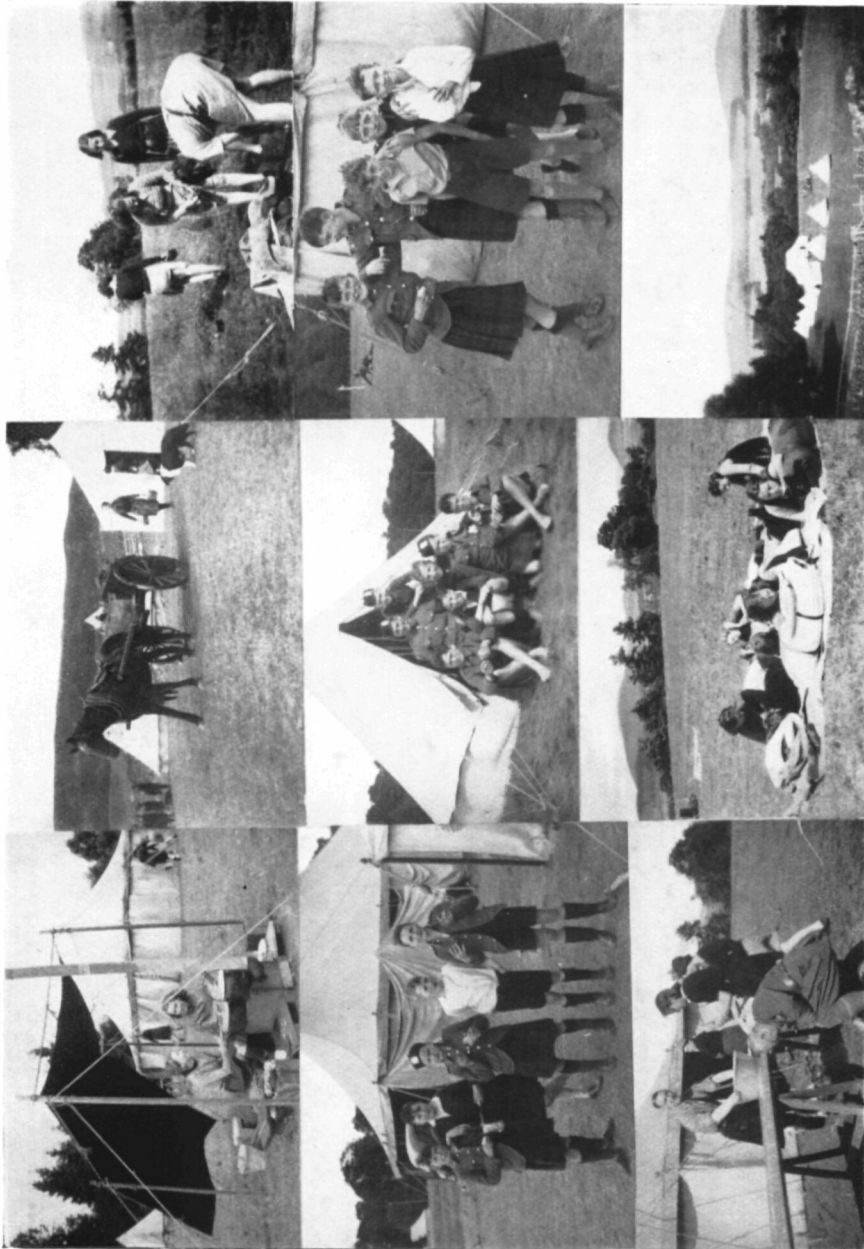
President and Hon. Secretary and Treasurer.

SMOKER.—It was suggested at the Annual General Meeting that as the Club was not holding the Annual Dinner this year a Smoker might be substituted. Arrangements are now being made to hold the Smoker on FRIDAY, 5TH JANUARY in the Royal Hotel from 7.30 p.m. to 10 p.m., and a circular will be sent out later to all those who reside in Dundee and District giving full details. Members who are on Service or living outside the district and who think they may be able to attend are asked to communicate with the Hon. Secretary.

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 Hon. Secretary. A List of all Old Boys of the School who are known to be serving with His Majesty's Forces is appended and additions or corrections to this List will be welcomed by the Hon. Secretary of the Club or by the Rector at the School.

A Christmas Card is being sent to all Old Boys who are known to be on Service.

NEWS OF MEMBERS.—We have pleasure in reporting that one of our Hon. Vice-Presidents,



Snapshots—Guides and Cadets at Camp,
July 1939.

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the Very Rev. W. M. Macgregor, was capped LL.D. at St. Andrews last summer.

Mr. A. P. Anderson, formerly of the British Linen Bank, Glasgow, has been made Deputy Manager of the British Linen Bank's City Office, London.

The Secretary has also received a very interesting letter from Mr. John R. Munro, of Nootka, British Columbia, Canada. He says, "We can salmon and pilchards here and also reduce pilchards and herring to fish meal and oil. I think I must be the only Old High School Boy connected with this industry. This place

is now only a shadow of its past. At one time it was the headquarters of British and Spanish trading activities in this part of the world, and history tells us almost caused a war between the two countries. However it was all patched up at the Treaty of Nootka and the Spanish withdrew."

Our Past Presidents, T. R. Lawson and Leslie B. Weatherhead, have been elected to the Board of Directors of the School as have Dr. A. E. Kidd and Alexander Robertson, both of whom have long been connected with the Club.

Former Pupils of the High School known to be serving with His Majesty's Forces.

2nd Lieut. T. Agnew, The Black Watch, R.H.R.
758024—Sgt. Pilot R. Graham Beveridge, R.A.F.
748353—Sgt. Pilot A. Beveridge, R.A.F.
Sapper Brock, R.E.
2nd Lieut. N. W. Briggs, R.F.A.
O. Cadet K. J. Burnett, 165 O.T.C. Unit.
Ord. Sea. R. Burnett, H.M.S. Excellent.
Pte. J. L. A. S. Brough, The Black Watch.
Gunner David M. Brown, The London Scottish.
97094—Sgt. Pilot D. Brown, R.A.F.
904798—Gunner W. S. Caird, R.A.
2nd Lieut. G. Chalmers, R.F.A.
2nd Lieut. J. F. Cooper, R.E.
Officer Cadet D. M. Colquhoun, 165th Officer
Cadet Training Unit.
Pte. G. Colquhoun, R.A.S.C.
2nd Lieut. I. S. Cowley, The Black Watch, R.H.R.
2nd Lieut. J. A. Couper, The Black Watch, R.H.R.
Private Alex. Clark, Fife and Forfar Yeomanry.
322551—Trooper John W. Cree, Scottish Horse.
2nd Lieut. D. Christie, Gordon Highlanders.
Lieut. L. I. Collins, The Black Watch R.H.R.
Sgt. Instr. R. Duff, R.A.F.
79783—Driver I. V. Dunn, R.A.S.C.
2079779—L/Cpl. J. C. Duffus, R.E.
O. Cadet W. Duguid, R.M.S. Ordima, Pacific
Steam Navn. Coy., Liverpool.
2nd Lieut. D. W. A. Donald, Officers' Training
Corps.
2nd Lieut. D. R. Elder, The Black Watch, R.H.R.
Pte. D. Ferguson, R.A.S.C.
Pte. S. Forbes, Black Watch.
O./Cadet E. W. Forwell, R.A.
Lieut. W. B. Forster, R.E.
2nd Lieut. George Fraser, R.A.
2nd Lieut. D. Grant, R.F.A.
Pte. G. B. Godfrey, R.A.S.C.
2nd Lieut. N. A. Gillanders, R.A.
Gunner W. A. Hayens, 320 A.A. Coy.
2nd Lieut. W. Heath, R.E.
1435391—Gunner Gordon S. Hope, R.A.
2nd Lieut. F. W. How, The Black Watch R.H.R.
83241—Pte. David Jamieson, R.A.S.C.

Colonel John Kinnear, T.D., R.A.M.C., A.D.M.S.
Major W. L. Kinnear, R.A.M.C., attached
The Black Watch.
2nd Lieut. J. Keir, Queen's Own Cameron
Highlanders.
2092787—Sapper A. R. Kidd, R.E.
Pte. D. W. Kidney, Black Watch.
Pte. I. K. Lawson, R.A.S.C.
Pte. G. A. M. Little, R.A.S.C.
Lieut. A. Gordon Laird, R.E.
2nd Lieut. J. Low, R.F.A.
2nd Lieut. A. Eric Larg, The Black Watch,
R.H.R.
2nd Lieut. James M. Low, R.A.
2nd Lieut. C.A. Macgregor, The Black Watch,
R.H.R.
2091312—L./Cpl. Ian L. MacLagan, R.E.
O/Cadet A.T. Marshall, R.A.
743820 A/C2—Walter Marshall, R.A.F.
Trooper J. L. Y. Matthew, Scottish Horse.
Trooper R. McDougal, Scottish Horse.
Driver N. Melrose, R.F.A.
322433—L/Cpl. J. B. Millar, Scottish Horse.
L/Bdr. Douglas Millar, R.A.
83201—Corporal Gordon Millar, R.A.S.C.
Pte. J. Muirhead, Black Watch.
7892636—Cpl. W. N. M. Millar, 2nd Fife and
Forfar Yeomanry Corp.
T/77403—Cpl. J. Muckart, R.A.S.C.
1468028—L/Bdr. A. G. Muckart, A./T.
Battery, A.A.
549273 A.C.I.—Grant Muckart, R.A.F.
Trooper J. Scott Nicoll, Scottish Horse.
Cpl. R. M. Mathers, R.A.S.C.
83203—Driver Peters, R.A.S.C.
2758345—Pte. Frank Patterson, The Black
Watch, R.H.R.
Lieut. D. Pithie, R.A.S.C.
2nd Lieut. F. Philip, R.F.A.
2nd Lieut. H. Philip, R.F.A.
Cadet James Potter, R.A.
Trooper I. M. Peebles, Fife and Forfar Yeomanry.
Sgt. Pilot I. Ramsay, R.A.F.

Capt. S. Robertson, 237 Field Coy., R.E.
 2nd Lieut. T. W. Reid, 237 Field Coy., R.E.
 L/Sergt. J. R. Rattray, A.A. Regt., R.A.
 Lieut. J. D. Recordon, R.A.M.C.
 A.C.2—R. W. Recordon, R.A.F.
 Surgeon-Lieut. R. A. B. Rorie, R.N.V.R.
 891528—Driver Mechanic T. H. B. Rorie, H.
 Field Regt., R.A.
 Trooper J. Rorie, Fife and Forfar Yeomanry.
 2nd Lieut. J. G. Ross, The Black Watch, R.H.R.
 2nd Lieut. G. J. Robbie, The Black Watch, R.H.R.
 2nd Lieut. J. Scrimgeour, R.E.
 Sapper E. Shepherd, R.E.

79816—W. F. Simpson, Officers' Training Coy.,
 R.A.S.C.,
 Capt. G. B. Smith, R.F.A.
 Pte. S. Smith, Royal Scots.
 Pte. Stibbles, Black Watch.
 Midn. P. Sime, R.N.V.R.
 7603017—1'te. B. J. M. Scott, R.A.O.C.
 Pte. J. L. Smith, R.A.S.C.
 Lieut. J. Taylor, R.N.V.R.
 Pte. W. Taylor, Black Watch.
 2nd Lieut. J. A. Wright, The Black Watch, R.H.R.
 2nd Lieut. D. M. Wright, The Black Watch,
 R.H.R.

Reports.

Rugby Report.

It is usual in this report to remark on the progress that has been made in Rugby football during the term which is drawing to a close, and to make mention of the strength or weakness of the various School, Class and House teams.

Unfortunately, due to war conditions, no such report is possible. The first fifteen have played several friendly games but, other than that, little has been done.

Enthusiasm is usually keen at the beginning of a normal season and a good start can always be made. Encouraged by fixtures which hold the interest of the players, this enthusiasm can be maintained throughout the winter months. We were unable to get the usual good start and, so far, it has been considered inadvisable to carry out fixtures with other schools with the result that enthusiasm has waned.

While most boys turn up at the grounds for rugby practice during their week-day recreation periods, there seems to be a distinct lack of interest on Saturday forenoons. Now, more than ever before, all of us ought to be glad of the opportunity for exercise in the open air, and what can be better than that it should be enjoyed along with our school-fellows in a good hard game of rugger? Admittedly, the weather has been far from encouraging on many Saturday mornings, but surely it is possible to turn out in greater numbers than has been the case so far.

It is hoped that some fixtures may be resumed after the Xmas holidays and that, as in the past, the grounds will be the Saturday morning rendezvous for all boys who are keen to enjoy good and healthy exercise in the open air. Why not make this one of your resolutions for 1940?

T. McL.

Hockey Report.

At the beginning of the season our fixture-card was cancelled, and so we have had to rely upon ourselves for opposition. But this has not in any measure diminished our enthusiasm. On the contrary Class matches have been played with an even keener spirit than usual and, as Miss Whytock has spent much time coaching us, the 1st XI. are looking

forward with great confidence and determination to a match with the F.Ps. on the 30th December.

Cadet Report.

The cadet enrolment of 128 is a very satisfactory percentage of the total number of Boys in the senior school this session. Up to date it has not been possible to have the use of the Drill Hall for Friday afternoon parades, and the company, other than recruits and band, has done a short course in map reading and construction. The Drill Hall is to be available for future parades, and the services of a sergeant-instructor may be used to keep the company up-to-date. Recruit training has followed the usual lines, and the band has paraded under the senior N.C.Os. The services of Sgt.-Instructor McLeish were not available during the early part of the session as he was on police duty, but he is now free to assist with the band again.

Two of the officers and a considerable number of former cadets are now serving in various branches of H.M. Forces. We wish them all good fortune and a safe return.
 W.L.M.

Guide Report.

Despite the fact we have had no meeting, Guide work has been continued enthusiastically under the guidance of Captain Whytock.

The four vacancies in the ranks of the Patrol Leaders have been filled as follows:—

<i>Chaffinch</i>	-	Margaret Matthew.
<i>Nightingale</i>	-	Margaret Hutton.
<i>Swallow</i>	-	- Doris Yule.
<i>Thrush</i>	-	Ruby McLaren.

Jean Donald was elected Senior Patrol Leader. A large number of recruits have already passed their Tenderfoot test and were enrolled at our first meeting, which took place on Friday, 15th December.

Our work for others this year will consist of knitted articles for the men on the trawlers, and we are only waiting for the wool which is scarce owing to the large demand.

Campers should like to take this opportunity of thanking the Guiders for their unfailing kindness and help, which were important factors in the success of the camp.
 J. M. D.

