

THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. 77

MARCH 1940

FOURPENCE



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Editorial.

"Spring comes but slowly up this way. . ."

IN this year of grace 1940, Spring comes to a community weary of black-outs and apprehension. For it *is* March, although the Editorial "senses" can as yet perceive only sleet and moaning winds without.

Since last you heard from us, the pillars of the High School have witnessed yet another change of staff. Mr. Munro, of the Maths. Department, was appointed head Mathematical Teacher in Kilsyth Academy. With him go our best wishes for the future, and we greet in his place Mr. Smart, formerly of Morrison's Academy, Crieff. May his stay on the staff be a long and happy one.

The French Department has been working under difficulties this term, owing to the absence of its head, Mr. Webb. We take this opportunity of wishing him a speedy recovery. The department has been greatly helped, however, by the temporary aid of Miss Williamson, for which we thank her.

Our congratulations go to Mr. Taylor, of the Classical Department, who is to be married at Easter.

Despite the slightly different conditions of school life this year, the Leaving Certificate Exams. are being held as usual. Even as we write they are in progress and, considering the vacillations of the Scottish Education Department as to the form of the examination, the candidates will doubly merit their successes!

We learn also that some other schools in the district have now decided to reopen, thus rivalling (at long last) our determination to keep the light of knowledge burning in the city.

And now, let us wish all our readers a very happy Easter—with no bombs!

* * * * *

At a recent meeting of Directors it was decided that the whole school, including the Preparatory Department, should open on 15th April.

* * * * *

Three lots of knitted garments have been worked voluntarily by the pupils in the Sewing Department, and sent by Miss Mess to the R.A.F. and the 5th Black Watch. They were gratefully received. Already the pupils have another parcel ready to send off to them.

* * * * *

IAN P. BRUCE has taken the "War Degree" at Oxford—passing, this term, Political Institutions, Political Science, and History.

The war takes its toll. We note with much regret the death, as the result of a flying accident, of Sergt.-Pilot-Instructor R. C. Duff, of Broughty-Ferry, a former pupil of D.H.S. and brother of Mrs. B. C. Bowman who, as Miss Dorothy Duff, was on the staff in the junior department. Keenly interested in aircraft, he joined the volunteer reserve of the R.A.F. in peace time, going to Perth Aerodrome at week-ends for training. He showed such aptitude that, after qualifying as a sergeant-pilot, he was given an instructor's course and, as an instructor, he joined the R.A.F. before war broke out. To his relatives the School sends sincere sympathy.

A Terrible Experience.

WHEN the Estonian merchant ship *Anu* was sunk off the East Coast of Scotland, early in February, we read the usual account in the newspapers about the latest victim of the mine warfare, which Germany is waging against neutral, as well as belligerent, nations. I have been privileged, however, to hear the story from one of the survivors herself.

There were four women members of the crew altogether. One was drowned and another died in hospital, but the remaining two were lucky enough to escape with their lives. It was one of these who told me, in very broken English, her experience, when they came to live with us, after being discharged from the Infirmary.

As she was ship's cook she was in the kitchen when the explosion occurred, and, hurled upwards, she struck her head against the roof of the kitchen, which rendered her unconscious for a few moments. When she regained her senses she was lying on the floor of the cabin, with the water from the boiler flowing over her, inflicting very severe burns.

Almost mad with pain, she struggled up on deck, with one of the stewardesses, who had undergone the same terrible experience, but had received more serious burns. She managed to get on to the ship's raft, but, of course, her burns were agonising by this time, as they had come into contact with the salt water. While on the raft she, and the rest of the crew, heard the captain's wife crying for help in the water a few yards away. Imagine the feelings which these gallant Estonians felt, when they could hear that drowning woman crying for help but could not lift a finger to help her! Their raft was at the mercy of the tide and they just had to wait—wait for the dawn, which might bring safety or death. The crew of the pilot boat, which had come out to meet the *Anu*, did not hear the explosion owing to the direction of the wind. The crew, on the other hand, heard the pilot boat, but could not steer the raft in any way, and so they were left to drift. In the morning, however, the raft did reach land and so the crew were saved, except a few, including the captain and his wife, who were drowned.

When the crew were landed the two scalded women implored that they might be left to die, as their burns, after thirteen hours in the salt water, were unbearably painful. Once

they reached the Infirmary, however, they became quite indifferent to the pain, and smoked their cigarettes, as if nothing had happened. A day or two later the captain's wife was washed up on to the shore, and she was clasping in her hand the handbag which belonged to the cook. In making a last attempt to save her own life she had only succeeded in grabbing the handbag which was floating on the water. The cook and the stewardess were the only people hurt, but what an experience for the sailors on a defenceless raft for thirteen hours and never knowing which moment would be their last! After a few days the stewardess died, as her burns were so serious, but the cook and the other stewardess, who was not injured, came to stay with us, and they acted as if they had forgotten all about their terrible experience.

They were both very keen to learn English, and, had they stayed a little longer, they might have become quite expert. They were both married in Dundee, however, to members of the crew and went on board a ship again, bound for Estonia.

News has not yet been received whether they have won through or not, but I sincerely hope that they have not had any other misfortune after an experience which they will remember all the days of their lives, and which is a further proof of the unjust way in which Nazi Germany is terrorising the small neutral states.

A. A. (Class VIII.)



Now Spring again lays bare the good brown soil,

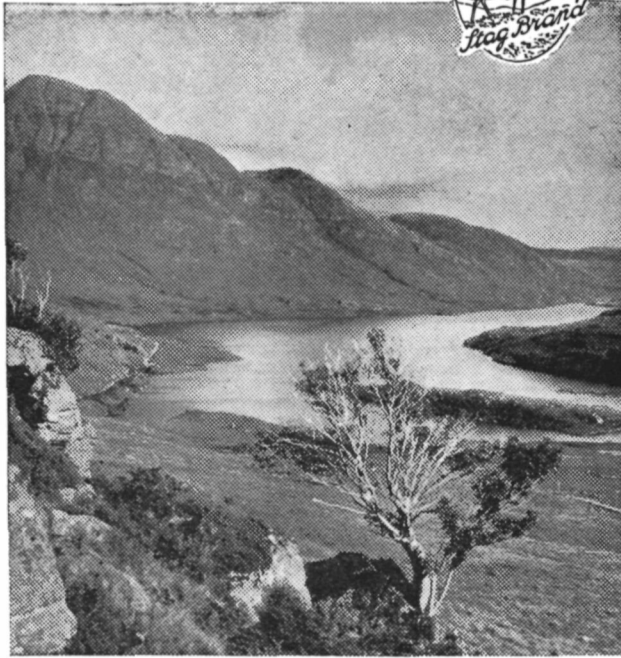
The Angus larks lilt loud in lightening skies,
The Carse with white and pink the apple dyes,
And Mearns men at furrows strongly toil.

The vernal land glistens, a splendid foil,
To blazon forth the worth of him who plies
The earth-tasks, homely, honest, who ne'er sighs

For power or pelf or others to despoil.

But Polish slaves must plod behind the plough,
The sullen Czech has now no heart to sing,
Heroic Finland's proud head e'en must bow
Before the monstrous hordes her tyrants fling;
God, midst the 'wilderling darkness, do Thou
Lighten our path: Winter must yield to
Spring!

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In Praise of Spaghetti.

DO you ever notice that other people miss ? The other day I saw Lord Lumley sitting down on a chair that wasn't there, and only a month ago I witnessed an exciting scrap between an esteemed vicar and a washer-woman, who, in the black-out, had mistaken the former for her husband.

And at the Willoughby party this curious faculty of observation did not lie dormant.

For during the sumptuous dinner, as the assembled throng listened attentively to the stories of our hostess, my fascinated gaze rested not on her, but upon the aged and bearded Lady Bumpkin, who sat directly opposite me, and who had the peculiar habit of testing the scent of her food, her jaws working furiously in gluttonous anticipation, before finally thrusting it into her eager mouth.

I had been watching this most indelicate procedure for some time when a gurgle of laughter began to arise within me, and gradually became almost unmanageable ; and when the aforesaid Lady Bumpkin opened a particularly cavernous mouth to receive an exceptionally enormous mouthful and her dentures shot out on to her plate without any warning whatsoever—my gurgle gurgled.

Our hostess stopped speaking.

Immediately every eye was transferred to me.

Now it is an established fact that stifled mirth does not contribute to the well-being of one's appearance, and I was painfully aware that in colour my face bore a striking resemblance to a slice of blushing beetroot.

But I was not long to remain the object of such fixed attention. For the butler, with careless dignity was now carefully removing HER plate—and " they " were still on it !

I was convinced nobody knew this but Lady Bumpkin and myself. It was a secret shared between us—something we had in common. As if to prove this, SHE now gurgled.

How ominous it sounded in the awful silence ! But a wave of pitiless relief swept over me as the silent gazes were turned upon her.

Now Lady Bumpkin's diction is at any time fairly unintelligible, but without her dentures

it was twenty times more so. However, after repeated attempts, she eventually made our hostess understand, and had them returned to her, whereupon she nearly swallowed them with delight.

But to return to my own unenviable predicament.

When the butler unwittingly removed her Ladyship's teeth, I all but exploded. I felt I had never before attained such ecstatic pinnacles of delicious glee, and in a final frantic effort to quench the surging swell I heard a nasty snap behind me. With a horrible mental wrench I returned to the land of facts, and gingerly felt round for what I feared most.

I felt it.

For into my groping hand slipped, ever so gently, a button—then another.

The worst had happened. My braces no longer had anything to grip.

Gone now was my mirth—gone my glorious fun. For I was faced with the alarming problem of how to get up with dignity and decorum at the end of the meal, or with the equally humiliating alternative of remaining seated in dejected solitude as all my fellow-guests withdrew.

But my mind was working with lightning-like rapidity, and when I saw a dish of spaghetti going the rounds, my heart pounded with joy. In fact, I almost—Heaven forbid !—laughed to myself.

I had never been so glad to see the stuff, and paid no heed to the unspoken criticisms of my fellow-guests as I helped myself to a very generous supply of it.

And then to work.

By means of my fork and penknife, I cunningly made two holes where the buttons had been and were no more, and with the aid of the spaghetti deftly fastened securely both the necessary loops and sighed a breath of relief.

I looked around. Everyone was busily consuming spaghetti. No one knew anything of my recent plight—of that I felt confident.

But then, as I said, one often does notice things that other people miss. . . .

L. G. D. S.

Wee Jimmy (or the Evacuees!).

ONE week-end recently we went to spend a day with an aunt at — (censored), who has three small boy evacuees billeted in her house. They are very good and clean (unusual?) but terribly wild. The eldest, aged 10, is a sort of child prodigy—until your back is turned! The day we were there he was sitting devouring a book of Greek myths—and enjoying it! But the next minute he was heard saying to the younger brother, aged 8, “If you dinna stop that, I’ll tell on you!”—and he was as good as his word.

The very youngest was the biggest problem of all, however. He is only six and probably feels more homesick than the others, but when we saw him first he was playing with wooden bricks on the floor and seemed quite happy.

The boys had to be taken for their morning walk so we went with them and took the two dogs (one of which, a dachshund called Fritz, occasioned rude remarks from the people we passed in the street).

We were dragged to the sea-shore by three pairs of somewhat sticky hands and were made to wait a long, long time in the cold until the “lads” spied out to sea, trying to find something exciting. (I got the impression that they were hoping to see the whole expanse of water blow up before their eyes.) We managed to get them away at last, however, by glowing tales of the dinner they might be missing!

The next (and most important) thing which happened with regard to the ‘vaccies was the arrival of Jimmy. Jimmy (or James as he likes to be called) is staying with the chemist, and he regaled us with long tales of “the lady” (whom we afterwards found to be Mrs. Chemist). He was a queer little soul. His fair hair stood up on end where he had run his fingers (very black) through it. His eyes, as big as saucers, did not seem to miss the smallest detail. He was wearing a bedraggled-looking trench coat, but “I have a better coat but seeing I was only coming out to play ‘the lady’ said to put on this one.”

He had a fight with the other three, because he maintained that he had won the game they were playing and he hadn’t. He wept copiously and was going to run away if we hadn’t got

hold of him and tried to soothe him. It was a hard job, believe me; but by means of cream cake and jam tart we calmed him down at last and he came to sit on the black curly rug in the drawing-room (“What kind o’ beastie’s that?”) to watch us having tea.

When he knew we came from — (censored, but you can guess) he welcomed us with open arms (not literally, thank goodness) and proceeded to ask us if we had ever been to the museum. We said we had, which seemed to please him immensely. “An’ have you ever been tae the Dudhope museum?” said he. Again we answered in the affirmative. “My,” he said, “it’s an affy place. Yon funny beasties an’ things gied me a fleg, but I liked the thing wi’ the spikes that they used tae put fowk intae when they wisna behavin’!” This long speech about caused my tea to cascade over his head, as he was sitting at my feet, but I saved it just in time.

His worst fault was exaggeration, and I could imagine him going home and saying to “the lady,” “A girl poured a’ her tea ower me the day!”

As it was dark when James was ready to leave, we said we would take him with us on our way to the station. He gabbled to me all the way up the road about where in — (censored) his home was.

“D’ye ken — (censored again) Street?” he asked. A doubtful “yes” from me. “Weel, ye’ll ken the grocer’s at the corner, weel, we bide across the road an’ three doors along, an’ twa stairs up on the right-hand side! D’ye ken the hoose?” This last was just about too much for me. A slight snort from the surrounding darkness was all the reply he got, but he seemed quite pleased and blethered on about “Oor Eck” and “Oor Annie” and “oor” several other names which I don’t remember (if I ever knew them).

The house in which he was billeted was at the end of a long, very dark, close. “Are you coming in wi’ me? It’s dark,” quoth he. Since I had already seen how dark it was in there and was no black-out hero, I consulted my watch hurriedly. “Oh, dear, James,” I said, “we’re late for the train. I haven’t time to come up with you!”

May that whopper be forgiven. DECIMA.



[Photo. by D. & W. Prophet.

Back Row—J. Laird. I. Sinclair. R. M'Call. D. Lawson. I. Donaldson. W. Murray.
W. Carswell.

Middle Row—W. Jones. F. Ross. I. Kidd (*Captain*). W. Gillespie. F. Sherriff. R. Hunter.

Front Row.—L. Cuthill. J. Sharp.

Rugby Team, 1st XV.,
Session 1939-40.

Dundee High School
Magazine.

For F.P.s Only.

OWING to the national emergency the Old Boys' Club did not hold its annual dinner this year. In order that the flow of oratory for future years might be unimpaired the English Department set certain exercises to the pupils of the School. The following are some of the questions and answers :—

QUESTION : Presuming that in the year 189X you attended D.H.S. for one year to complete your education, prepare a suitable preamble for a toast to be made at the Old Boys' Dinner.

ANSWER : Gentlemen, etc.—One of the most vivid memories of my life is that of a small child being led by the hand up Reform Street on a raw September morning more than half a century ago. That child, Gentlemen, was myself ! I was being taken by my stern parent to begin my association with the dear old School, an association, Gentlemen, that has withstood the test of time. In the playground we met the headmaster, Dr. Merry, of gracious memory. He wore a tile hat and carried a stout birch rod under his arm. What a man, Gentlemen, what a man !! What giants all the masters were in those days, each man an enthusiast in his subject. We sat at their feet as at the feet of Calomel !!!

QUESTION : Given that among the masters at D.H.S. in the year 190X were Alexander Sturrock, E. S. Valentine, David Mann, H. L. Dennler and J. Mackie Smith, prepare a synopsis of a reply to the above toast.

ANSWER : Gentlemen, I have been warned not to reminisce, but when I look back on my school-days I find it very difficult not to do so. I feel that the boys of my time were particularly fortunate in having as their masters a group of men of outstanding merit—men who were enthusiasts in their subjects. Who can look back without a catch in the throat to pictures of dear old Sandy Sturrock, with his wonderful knowledge of the English language and his superb breadth of phraseology ; of Valentine, marching us round and round the gym to the stirring strains of one of his own compositions ; of Davie Mann and his gentle " Ssush ! boys " or of J. M. S. and his spirited Latin translations ; old H. L. Dennler, too, with his endearing habit of drying his hand-

kerchief on the radiator during 'flu epidemics, etc., etc.

QUESTION : Provided that your father is not an F.P. and that you do not read the report of the annual dinner, give, in your own words, a short appreciation of the Old Boys' Club.

ANSWER : I have never heard of an Old Boys' Club connected with D.H.S., but the idea is a very good one. If such a club did exist we might expect its members to visit School from time to time to advise us about careers and possible openings in life. They would also naturally support the Litt. and we could count on them for at least a couple of lectures each season. They would probably arrange an Old Boys' Day at Camp and would be sure to support the Gala and the Sports. It is certainly a very good idea but I doubt if it would be possible with our F.P.s. They seem to be an awfully stodgy lot.

A.R.P. and H.L.C.

This rushing into sandbagged rooms and sitting on the floor,
And trying on of gas masks is a business I deplore.

Specially when from the gym.
We double up all bare of limb.
I'll tell him what I think of him
If Hitler drops a bomb.

Sometimes the intermittent bell is welcome as the May.

For instance when your prep's " not quite " and questions come your way.

They'll ring it though, when paint is mixed,
Or apparatus newly fixed.

I'll find another rhyme for mixed
When Hitler drops a bomb.

But inconsistency I loathe ! We've done it every week,

All term and sometimes twice at that and now relief I seek.

In vain from that beloved sound
No bell is rung. I gaze around.
I wish for large holes in the ground.
O Hitler ! Drop a bomb !

SPERO.

Ten Days of Crowded Life

(Continued from December Issue).

OUR next journey, to Milan, was made through scenery, the grandeur and magnificence of which I'm sure cannot be surpassed anywhere. We raced past dark green mulberry trees, pocket-handkerchief fields of golden grain and huge far-off mountains like chocolate mould topped with frothy cream. At Modane, we had a long wait while officials went the length of the train, stamping our papers. Here we were struck by the number and variety of the uniforms. One, in particular, attracted our attention—grey, with knee-breeches and felt hats with a long curly yellow feather in them.

We arrived in Milan around midnight and were too tired to cast more than a cursory glance at the magnificent station.

Next morning we travelled in wooden-seated carriages with shutters which could be put up if it grew too hot. On arriving at Rome we were completely exhausted and occupied the time after dinner by merely writing letters home.

Soon after breakfast next day the travelling coach called for us to take us round the sights of Rome. Our first stopping-place was the Mussolini Forum. Here were several stadiums which had been erected for the use of boys and girls. Also there was a magnificent swimming-pool surrounded by glass on three sides to let in a maximum amount of light and sun. The bluey-green walls were ornamented by a frieze composed of shells, mermaids and unusual fishes. We also saw large marble statues which had been given by each of the Italian States to decorate the Forum. Every statue had the name of the State which presented it inscribed on the base.

We next visited the Vatican City where, outside the walls, our cameras were taken from us under the watchful eye of a guard in a "Napoleon" hat. Once inside, we were whisked upstairs in an elevator which held forty. First we saw a spiral staircase in marble and bronze, then we were led through a mile-long corridor which was lined on both sides with priceless treasures—gold-bound books studded with jewels, illuminated manuscripts, gold and marble statuettes and inlaid

mosaic tables. The roof of the corridor was also mosaic and the figures and animals on it were still vividly coloured although they were so old. In one room our attention was called to a massive alabaster vase which was so translucent that a match held at one side showed through to the other. The guide was such a mine of information and everything was on such a high plane that we ceased to marvel and became so satiated with beauty that we longed for something which could be described without the use of a superlative. We were shown through the Hall of Statues, the Hall of Animals, the Picture Gallery and the 6th Century Room. In the last we saw at one end an altar with lighted candles and behind it, covering the whole of one wall from top to bottom, a painting. It was the work of Michael Angelo and the top half was covered with men and women all arrayed in light-coloured robes, with a radiant look about them. These, said the guide, represented people bound for Heaven. The lower figures were attired in sombre clothing and looked sullen and angry. These were going to Hell. The guide told us that when Michael Angelo was painting this the Pope's secretary often came and annoyed the great artist with his meaningless remarks about the work. In revenge the painter gave his lowest-down figure the face of the unfortunate secretary. The ceiling, also executed by Michael Angelo, depicted the Creation of Life. Through a tiny window we saw the Pope's Palace and, in front, members of the Swiss Guard in their quaint uniforms and outsize black "berets."

Our round of "sights" in the afternoon included a visit to the Pantheon which was a pagan temple in the 6th century and the door of which has only been restored once since then. Here we saw that the massive stone pillars were pitted with holes. The guide explained that formerly those holes were filled with bronze but that the poor people had chipped out the bronze, melted and sold it.

The next stopping-place was St. Peter's. The decoration of the whole edifice was on a parallel with that of the Vatican. Work,

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begun in 1512, was still going on, as many of the statues were still made of stucco and had yet to be executed in marble. Through a grating on the floor we saw the crypt where the Popes are buried and, up above, the lead statue of St. Peter, with the keys of Heaven in his hand, and his foot partly worn away where people had kissed it.

From here we went to the Amphitheatre, Hadrian's Tomb and Victor Emmanuel's Tomb, in which is the grave of the Unknown Warrior, guarded day and night by two soldiers. Our coach skirted the Old Roman Baths where now an open-air opera is held nightly and where there are seats for 22,000.

The coach then crawled up Janicola Hill from which a magnificent panoramic view of the Eternal City was obtained. From here the objects of interest which we had visited were easily discernible.

This completed our trip round Rome and we returned to the hotel in time for dinner, after pausing at a little shop to buy mosaic bangles, brooches or some other typically Roman souvenir.

Next morning early we caught the train for Naples. We found it unbearably hot here and welcomed the cooling drive to Pompeii in the open car. We stopped on the way at a coral factory where we saw skilled workmen chipping off pieces of coral and filing, polishing and grading the individual beads. Here most of us fell a prey to the delightful articles made from coral, and bought ash-trays ornamented with a view of Naples or Capri, cameo brooches and rings, or coral-shell lamps.

At Pompeii we found sturdy porters willing to carry us in chairs up the steep brae for a paltry sum and other men, equalling them in volubility, eagerly pressing us to hire large-checked parasols to keep off the burning sun. The museum contained many interesting articles in an excellent state of preservation. We saw ornaments worn at the time of the disaster, and even a loaf and a chicken which had been left behind in the wild desire to get away from the danger. Our guide showed us the body of a man which had been found down a well. The man, thinking to escape from the river of molten lava which threatened to engulf him, had jumped down the well. He had tied a towel round his mouth to

prevent himself being suffocated, but the sulphurous fumes had overpowered him. To this day he can be seen with one arm shielding his face and the towel tightly round the lower part of it.

Once outside the museum we walked through the narrow streets which bore the mark of chariot wheels, and saw little lizards darting about with lightning rapidity. We were told that before the eruption the huge volcano, then 9,000 feet high, was called Somma and afterwards a new crater was formed and named Vesuvius, which is only 3,000 feet in height. Also at Pompeii was a complete house which had been occupied by two brothers who were bankers. They had a Turkish bath there, complete with pipes for carrying away the water. On the way down from here we saw men selling ash-trays made out of lava from Vesuvius, which was sending out a continual spiral of feathery smoke all the time.

As we entered the coach again our attention was drawn to the misty Isle of Capri, which could be seen from the shore.

When we again reached Rome we found it quite cool after the pitiless scorching Neapolitan sun.

Next morning we were transported in the coach to Ostia, a popular lido on the coast, about 24 miles from Rome. Most of us had to hire swim-suits, as we had not expected an excursion of this nature, and consequently we ventured forth, a trifle self-consciously, with two huge knots in the straps of our costumes, which were in most cases far too big. The Mediterranean was delightfully warm and the large waves knocked us off our feet and carried us high into the air. We sunbathed after our swim and hoped for the chocolatey tan of the people around us.

We returned to the hotel for lunch and were allowed to do as we liked in the afternoon. My chum and I went on a shopping expedition and stopped to admire the white-uniformed policemen, complete with revolver, who directed the traffic from the top of a small dias.

As there was still some time till dinner, we decided to go for a ride on a "buggy." We advanced to the stand in great trepidation and attempted to choose a carriage with a horse that looked lively and a driver who was amiable.

Our minds made up, we approached a jocose-looking man and it fell to my unfortunate lot to explain that we wished to see as much of Rome as possible for our 5 lire. When we had succeeded in attracting the driver's attention, I mumbled something about "circa Rome," the effect of which was negligible. I exclaimed in great disgust that the man didn't even know his own language! We at length resorted to action, and in a burst of brilliance said we'd like to go "autour de Roma," accompanying this with a sweeping gesture reminiscent of a windmill. The light of understanding dawned on his face and, without further ado, we climbed in and our journey had begun. We wended our way at a very sedate pace through crowded streets but, we assured ourselves, that once we were clear of traffic we would speed up. Fond hope! At a steady 3 m.p.h. we meandered along, the driver pointing out the sights and taking great pains to explain, in French and Italian, the historical significance of each. In vain we strove to understand, and eventually resigned ourselves to looking intelligently (at least we hoped we did) at our driver and interjecting an emphatic "oui" accompanied by a nod. We were overcome with compassion for our poor horse which could hardly totter along, let alone pull us behind it. We looked suitably abashed as other carriages passed, the driver triumphantly whirling his whip and gazing at us in a kind of pitying disdain. We longed for our drive to end, and anxiously regarded our watches which showed us that we were already late for dinner. At last the driver turned into a familiar street, and we muttered a hasty "graci" and fled to our belated meal. After dinner, when we had had time to consider the spectacle we afforded to passers-by, we were able to laugh at our adventure.

Early next day we set off for Milan and, once there, we hastily stowed our luggage in the room, then set out to photograph the magnificent Cathedral adorned with its 3,288 statues. Our task accomplished, we decided to look round the shops and make what purchases we could with our sadly depleted stock of lire. In one shop we at length discovered that the owner was asking us if we were English, to which we indignantly replied that we were "Scozia," our nearest approach to "Scottish." After a last envious look at the jewellers' shops glittering with bracelets worth hundreds of

pounds, we walked back to the hotel and went straight to bed, as we had to waken at 4 a.m.

Our train journey next day was uneventful till we reached the frontier town of Modane. Here my friend, in the act of taking a photograph, was interrupted by a uniformed official who ran along the platform gesticulating wildly and when he reached the open window, out of which we were leaning, he uttered a rather breathless "Défendu, défendu!" We retired rather guiltily, as the crime had already been committed; in short, my friend had pressed the trigger a split-second before the outburst. We feared every minute that someone would come along the train and confiscate our cameras, but no such drastic action was adopted.

We all felt rather tired during our long journey and a few lucky ones managed to doze as we raced towards Paris. The coach was waiting at the station and we got in rather sleepily and tumbled out in the same state to search for our luggage and take it to our respective rooms. Once this was done, we fell into bed exhausted and in a few minutes were sound asleep.

We were accorded a "long lie" next morning and about 11.30 a.m. we entered our coach to see the sights of Paris. We were inclined to belittle the Gay City as it poured steadily while we made our tour.

Our first port of call was the Madeleine Church and from here we went past the Louvre, Bois de Boulogne and the Eiffel Tower and finally stopped at Notre Dame Cathedral. We stayed here some time, admiring the beautiful stained-glass windows then, after another short run, we stopped outside Les Invalides. Here we saw the magnificent red marble sarcophagus of Napoleon Bonaparte and the tomb of General Foch. After a final look at the broad, majestic Champs Elysées we returned to the Hotel Vaneau for lunch.

The afternoon was devoted to shopping in a large store. It took us hours to select suitable presents for parents, uncles, aunts and cousins, and once this great task was accomplished, we had to hurry back for dinner.

After this we were given a choice of amusements for the evening—a tour of the night-clubs, a visit to the Opera, or one to the "Pictures." The cost of the first alternative

was far beyond our modest means and so my friend and I decided on the Opera. We drove there in taxis and after receiving our tickets we walked up the wonderful marble staircase to our box. The auditorium was horse-shoe shaped and the roof was painted in gorgeous colours. From the centre hung a massive crystal chandelier which dimmed out slowly from the top when the Opera, "La Damnation de Faust" began. The singing was superb and the lighting effects perfect. When Mephistopheles appeared we gave an involuntary shudder as we watched him lope, in an ungainly fashion, across the stage. A green spotlight followed him about and showed up his long black robes and sinister-looking face with its red beard. At the climax of the opera the back-cloth was illuminated by a lurid glare which changed into a dull glowing red as the Cross which formed the centre-piece crashed to the ground. After the opera there was a delightful little ballet entitled "La Spectre de la Rose," and then we travelled back to the hotel in pouring rain and finally went to bed at 1.30 a.m.

After a late breakfast we caught the train for Dieppe which we reached in quite a short time. We found the boat not nearly so full of passengers as on our former journey, and we settled down for the three hours' crossing. I took a photograph of the shore as we were leaving, and managed to get in the tiny church on the hill-top. I then began to write my diary which I had endeavoured to keep faithfully. The sea was much more rough than before, and though I felt absolutely no difference from being on terra-firma, some of my friends sat beside me looking exceedingly sorry for themselves, and feebly playing at noughts and crosses. A few intrepid spirits ensconced themselves in the saloon downstairs and came back talking gleefully of the delightful lemonade and chocolate they had consumed. This put the finishing touch to my friends' misery and they looked despairingly at the vast expanse of water surrounding them; but the first glimpse of chalk cliffs acted as a tonic. Everyone forgot how queer she'd felt and commenced assembling her various articles of luggage preparatory to descending on Customs.

We all felt a secret dread of the coming inspection, as though we were inveterate

smugglers. Our first impression was of cases being heaved through the air while their owners tugged frantically at the handles, and of two harrassed officials in a sea of struggling "smugglers." When we finally fought our way to the front, the Customs man was so tired of listening to the declarations of 700 passengers that he merely glanced at what we'd bought abroad, and marked our cases with a weary "All right—next!"

Once in the train, the well-nigh forgotten smell of tea and hot buttered toast assailed our nostrils; and we heaved an envious sigh as a waiter walked up the corridor carrying a tea-tray laden with muffins, toast, biscuits and cake. We consulted our remaining funds and discovered to our great glee that we could manage to afford the one shilling and sixpence each by pooling the resources of all four. As we regretfully ate up the last morsel of cake we agreed that it had been well worth the money, although our funds now amounted to sixpence.

At London we had two hours to wait before the train arrived, and were told that we might go to a cinema to fill up the intervening hours. The alternative was, waiting in the station, so imagine our consternation at being possessed of only sixpence—precisely three halfpennies each! Of course we could borrow, but by now we owed in other coinages beside our own and were, therefore, rather chary of adopting this method. In consequence, we wandered out of the station and along the Euston Road. We were quite convinced that there existed on earth no drearier spot than this! After further meandering, we entered the station and found, to our relief, that the train was already there. We grabbed our bags, found a sleeper and seated ourselves comfortably in it.

In contrast with our journey to London we all enjoyed an unbroken sleep till morning, when we lifted the blinds and peered out in an attempt to discover our whereabouts. Soon we recognised familiar landmarks; then while we made certain that we'd left nothing behind, and that all our presents were safely rolled up in our cases, the train chugged slowly into the West Station.

Our first trip abroad was over, alas, but the memory of the gorgeous time we'd had would linger on for years to come.

B. D. C. (VIII.G.).

A Tale of the Sea.

OLD sailor John had never been fond of company, so it was with surprise that I received his invitation to tea in his tiny cottage on the shores of Kilchattan Bay.

It was cosy sitting by the fire munching hot, buttered bannocks, while the old man recounted sea-faring stories in the soft sing-song tones of a West-Highlander.

He was small and bent, with a brown, weather-beaten countenance in which two blue eyes, still alert though dim with age, were set. Round his shoulders a tartan plaid was draped, and he drew it tighter round his sparse frame, as he spoke.

"Tim, there is one story ye have not heard, and I'll tell it now."

So I listened to the old man's tale.

About fifty years ago a fishing fleet set out from Tarbert. It was evening, and the sea, which was drenched with the rich reds and purples of the sunset, was without a ripple.

One boat, *The Northern Star*, reached its fishing-ground well in advance of the others, and cast anchor. After their nets had been cast the crew were remarking on the absence of the rest of the fleet, now long overdue, when suddenly the wind with a low moan made itself heard, growing steadily stronger until it whirled shrieking round the boat. The sky grew black, and the fishermen shivered with cold.

Louder and louder shrieked the wind round the boat—the boat which lay calmly at anchor, without a movement, while the angry sea thrashed and foamed.

The intense chill of the air enveloped the

men, but not a breath of wind fanned their cheeks.

With a cry of terror two of them fell on their knees, their eyes turned to the heavens, asking for deliverance from this unknown.

A weird and devilish halo of light formed round the vessel, bringing a sob of terror into the throats of the fishers. Then all was still! The halo faded.

Wondering, the men slowly looked out to sea, and saw sailing past them the eleven ships which formed the rest of the fleet. Silent as Death, swiftly out of sight.

Back in Tarbert the crew of the *Northern Star* told of their experience, and waited—waited in vain for the fishing fleet which never returned.

Old John broke off and gazed into the blazing logs, "And they never came back."

I knew then *he* had been one of the crew of the *Northern Star*. *He* had really experienced these strange, unaccountable happenings.

"There was no storm reported elsewhere?" I asked softly.

He shook his head sadly, "Nowhere else. It just spirited them away."

I took leave of Old John soon after, for I saw he was in no mood for further company, but just sat silently, gazing unseeing into the fire.

On my way home, along the shore road, I gazed out to sea, thinking of "It," and wondering if eleven fishing boats were still sailing the waters of the Clyde.

J. D.

Fate or Otherwise?

THE stuffy, noisy continental train came to a shrieking standstill in the Gare du Nord. The excitable men and women, who always amuse those of us who are stolid Scotsmen, were dashing back and forward, gesticulating with their customary freedom. All seemed to have an hour to live and were hastening to fill that hour to the brim. The train rapidly emptied, and I began to collect my luggage

which was just sufficient for the week's holiday I had planned for Paris.

Those days passed—days which were filled with every kind of pleasure, and days of which I shall always have fond memories—and Thursday morning found me sipping lemonade in a crowded restaurant. Suddenly, from among the crowd, a middle-aged, prosperous-looking man approached my table. I recog-



[Photo. by D. & W. Prophet.

Back Row—D. Crawford. H. Small. D. L. Rankine. D. Buchanan. A. Main. I. Ogston.
A. Alexander.

Middle Row—D. G. M'Call. A. Mann. A. Stewart (*Captain*). J. Stephen. F. Lowden.
R. L. Edwards.

Front Row—J. Hope. K. Law.

Rugby Team, 2nd XV.,
Session 1939-40.

Dundee High School
Magazine.

nised him as Gerald Brookes—a man with whom I had not been on intimate terms. But he sat down at the table beside me and I saw that he was terribly changed. His hair was greyed, his eyes glaring, and in their bottomless depths stark fear showed itself. That this man was Gerald Brookes of old amazed me; no longer was that hearty bravado uppermost, no longer that cheery handshake—in their place was a nervous wreck whose hand was clammy and cold. His friendliness towards me was effusive, and he seemed to regard me as the last resort of a drowning man. Leaning towards me in a confidential way he muttered, “Jones, you’ve been in the past a friend of mine, and now of all times I need your help. You must help me—I’m afraid . . . afraid to the depths of my heart.” Here, [his eyes flickered nervously round the room, a curious hush had settled down—the inexplicable hush of expectancy—only to be broken again by a rush of talk. Taking heart again he jumbled, “Will you—will you do me a favour? It is very little—I’ve had a dream, a hellish dream for three nights in succession. The calendar on the wall says that it is the 14th of August, the clock chimes midnight and, by God, man”—here his voice was at a crescendo, to the consternation of those nearby—“I’m lying face upwards in a leaden coffin.”

His head buried in his hands he pled with me to sit with him on the night of the 14th, and in the end I agreed although with much hesitation. A shiver passed through me as I listened; it was terrible—his staring eyes, his obvious sincerity. . . .

For the two intervening days I caught no sight of him, and the matter became somewhat ludicrous to me; but at 5 p.m. I dressed and set out for his address.

He met me himself and ushered me into his private study, a grandfather clock was ticking noisily in the corner, the atmosphere was thick with smoke and numerous cigarette ends lay about the floor. His own appearance was

outwardly calm, but for the first time in my life I felt fear—sheer unreasoning fear—which seized hold of me with an icy hand which bade me talk in a nervous way, which I had determined not to do. For three hours we played cards. For another we talked aimlessly about nothing of importance and at ten-thirty we fell silent and gazed at the fire. Minute after minute—slowly and more slowly—eleven strokes jangled on our nerves—sweat was sticking to his forehead and I was cold—cold in the grasp of fear—real fear. I wanted to scream, to run away, but it was impossible. Brookes was pale—it was terrible. We awaited the judgment of death. The clock ticked on . . . on and on. Eleven-fifty—fifty-five. Brookes was mad with fear, his hand clenching and unclenching, his whole face streaked with sweat. The first stroke of twelve fell clear in the silence of this nerve-shorn room—nine-ten-eleven-twelve. . . .

With a shriek he yelled, “I’m alive, alive, alive!” It was the scream of a human released from intolerable agony, he ran to the door, through it. . . .

There was a shattering, splintering crash and a thud . . . silence fell again. The clock was five minutes fast. J. S. R. D.

Snow Magic.

The colour of the pale gold wintry sun
Is my oiled silk umbrella, and always
I take it with me when the summer’s done
And promised snow lies in the cloudy greys.

When snow is swirling by, the happy glow
Beneath my gay protector feels like spring.
The passing people smile at it and show
That they, too, like to see a cheerful thing.

Good reasons for its use, but far the best
To me is that each floating snowflake sails
Across its silken surface without rest,
And softly whispers frosty fairy tales.

SPERO.

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



CLASS III. (History Lesson).

SMALL GIRL (reading chapter on Battle of Stirling Bridge): "Wallace posted his men on a slope near Stirling."

She stops, looks up with a puzzled expression and asks: "But how could he do that? They wouldn't go into a letter-box!"

MR. WOOD: "What are white clouds made of?"

PUPIL: "Particles of water."

MR. WOOD: "What are black clouds made of?"

PUPIL: "Dirty water."

MATHS. TEACHER: "How many minutes are there in 1932?"

BOY (seriously setting to work): "1932 $\times 366 \times 24 \times 60$. Answer: 1,018,241,280 minutes."

CULLED FROM ART-ROOM ESSAY.

"The 'Laughing Cavalier' by Franz Hals is a masterpiece so magnificent that it is valueless."

"... filling the canvas with the lights of gloom."

JACK WARNER ON "THE EEL" (Class IV.).

"The second journey is one which many never complete; but, however, a good percentage get back, and on their return journey lay their eggs so that the young elvers can carry on the torch of life and play the game of crossing and recrossing a vast ocean till eternity."

CLASS VI.

"Drake swam round the world."

"A suitor is a boy-friend."

"Tu auras bientôt une belle robe et de jolis souliers."

"You will soon have a beautiful frock and pretty soldiers."

CLASS X.—FRENCH.

"Ah, si les Tarasconnais avaient pu voir leur grand Tartarin couché dans son tiroir de commode."

"Ah, if the good folks of Tarascon had been able to see their great Tartarin lying in his comfortable drawers!"

HISTORY.

Q.: "What good thing came out of the Hampton Court Conference?"

A.: "The Authorised Aversion of the Bible."

LATIN (Class V.). CONTRA MACEDONES.

PETER LOW (translating): "Against the Macdonalds."

MR. CADZOW: "Go and use the cigarette cards."

IVAN ROBERTSON: "Any swaps?"

MR. BORELAND: "In 1836 the Chartists demanded the franchise for the head of every household. Now, even the husband is enfranchised!"

School News.

F. P. William Pattullo looked in to see us last week. He spent three years in the Chilean desert at the nitrate works, near Antofagasta. But three years were enough: he came home, joined the Air Force and has almost finished his training as a pilot. He always wanted to join the R.A.F.—now he's very happy.



The Dublin Horse Show.

A HORSE show! It suggests crowds and noise and confusion, horses of all kinds and sizes with be-ribboned manes and plaited tails, barking dogs and shouting urchins. But the Dublin Horse Show is the aristocrat of horse shows, possessing a European reputation. Only horses of the finest breed and having a long pedigree may enter.

Crowds were arriving by train and steamer last August, and though we had only landed in Dublin that day we decided to see this much-talked-of event. It was a bright, sunny afternoon; and when we, at length, passed slowly and expensively through the turnstiles, we found ourselves in a large enclosure in the midst of a keenly interested crowd. All the distinguished people of the new Republic of Eire were present—including the President, Mr. De Valera and the Lord-Lieutenant accompanied, as the Irish would say, by the Lady Lord-Lieutenant.

Round this oval field were ranged at intervals a barred gate, a stone dyke, a mound covered with grass, a series of higher gates, an even higher mound with a ditch in front, and then a hedge and hurdle combined. These were the hazards horsemen and their mounts, representing the crack cavalry regiments of countries such as England, Ireland, France, Germany, Holland, Denmark, and Canada had to encounter. As they cantered up to the judge's stand and entered the jumping contest we were confidentially and proudly told that the horses were mainly born in Ireland. Two entrants from Canada and one from France apparently suffered from stage fright, refusing to jump the first time and making a poor showing on the second round. Others fared bravely till they came to the mound with the ditch! This was a horrid hazard where more than one jockey was thrown. One poor horse broke its back there, and had to be shot by the "vet." and carried off the field in a deep waggon. The number of points made by each

horse was announced through megaphones after each round. A German cavalry officer, on a magnificent black horse, won the Grand Challenge Cup.

It was interesting to note how well the lady riders managed their horses, and how they were dressed. Some of them wore old-fashioned dark riding-habits and bowler hats with close-fitting veils, others light breeches and dark riding-boots. The jockeys wore gaily coloured coats, flesh-coloured breeches and black velvet caps.

A popular event was the contest for juvenile horsemanship. Some quite young competitors entered, looking very much at home on their mounts and most correctly dressed, complete with riding-crops and bowler hats.

A very picturesque exhibit of tandem-riding was also given. The highly strung horses experienced great difficulty in keeping the proper pace during the whole round. If they broke pace they had to retire immediately. The horses came prancing round stepping high and delicately, drawing light two-wheeled carriages.

The last and most colourful event on the programme was entitled "The Hunt." The call to hounds was sounded on a silver bugle by a huntsman wearing a bright red hunting-coat and black velvet cap. Immediately the pack of hounds came running out, and, with nose to the ground, and white tails in the air, pretended to be following the scent of the fox. Some of the hounds were white with tawny patches or spots. When the rider sounded his horn again they came back to heel, and clustered round him with their tails in the air.

We brought this memorable day to a close by having tea and ices in the open-air under beautiful shady trees, admiring the gorgeous attire of fashionable ladies and listening to the exquisite music of the orchestra.

C.R.M., VII.



[Photo. by D. & W. Prophet.

Back Row—D. Yule. M. Donald. M. Bruce. E. Steel. S. Davidson. M. Young.

Front Row—M. Low. J. Donald. D. Kidney (*Captain*). A. Nicoll. E. Caird.

Hockey Team, 1st XI.,
Session 1939-40.

Dundee High School
Magazine.

Some Vivid Memories of the Balkans.

MONEY cannot buy the memories of holidays we have had, but the memories we bring back from holidays abroad are the dearest of all; and no one who has travelled in the Balkans will deny that this strange and backward corner of Europe leaves memories that the passing of time can never dim. From the vast horde of random memories that crowd into my mind and jostle with each other for a place of honour, I can only choose a few, which are especially vivid and fascinating.

First of all there is the little Turkish town of Skopje in the south of Yugoslavia, where I had to change trains to continue my journey towards Greece. The passport official of this little town had only one regret in life, that he had stamped the passport of the Duchess of Windsor, at that time Mrs. Simpson, without realising who she was. When the train at last came in, each carriage was marked "for fifty men or eighteen horses," and was filled with wild-looking peasants wearing fezes and sheepskin coats and carrying horrid curved knives. No one troubled to shut the carriage doors and the train reached the Greek frontier with the doors still open. The customs officials somehow or other took me for a Jewish refugee on my way to Palestine. I left them unconvinced.

Then, again, there is the terrible explosion in Salonica, which will always be a somewhat terrifying memory for me. The hotel seemed to heel over and I fell from my bed, convinced that the town was being swallowed up by an earthquake. A well-meaning maid quite calmly showed me some ruins from a window which she said were the remains of a hotel, destroyed the week before by an earthquake. This time, however, the explosion was caused by a fire at the local arsenal, and over twenty-five people lost their lives.

I still laugh to myself when I think of the boat in which I sailed to Athens. The third-class accommodation was marked "for passengers and animals." I had to sleep between two fierce-smelling goats, and was constantly wakened by the noise of a flock of sheep and the braying of a couple of asses.

The Greeks are an emotional people, and I can still hear the heart-rending sobs of the men and women around me in a cinema at Athens while they watched the tragic pathos of "Stella Dallas" on the screen.

I shall never forget the bus-journey from Argos over the mountains to Sparta. All passengers were expected to get out and help the bus up the difficult bits. At the top the back-axle broke and we were stranded in no-man's land for nearly five hours. But not one grumble or complaint did I hear; such an accident, you see, was quite usual and indeed expected!

How well I recall being thrown out of the Museum in Sparta with three German students because one of the latter dared to photograph the Leonidas; the right of reproduction is reserved by the Government who make a lot of money from postcards of him. When the door had banged behind us we nearly tripped over half-a-dozen priests of the Greek Church reading coloured comics in the garden of the Museum.

The Greeks are a very financially minded race, but I still resent being left alone high and dry on the top of Mt. Taygetus by a guide who refused to let his mule go any further unless I paid the same again. I had an eight-hours' walk over rock and heather without a map or compass to help me. Still, it was quite a relief to get rid of that confounded mule's wooden saddle!

Patras will always remain in my mind as the place where I dined with the "last descendant of the Doges," the delightful wife of a Dutch Baron. She claimed to be the last of that family, which once ruled Venice in the days of her greatness. Her chauffeur was an exiled Turk, under sentence of death from the Ankara Government.

The Greeks are no linguists, but they know a little French. It was, therefore, with considerable amusement that I saw in the Museum at Olympia a notice in English warning people "not to crash," evidently an attempt at "do not spit." Readers will see the connection!

Bus travel in general is hazardous in Greece, but I still think the journey from Itea up to Delphi was a record. Scheduled as a forty-minute journey, it took nearly four hours because the wretched engine would only work for the first ten minutes, so that the bus was literally pulled from village to village by willing peasants until half-a-mile out of Delphi, when the engine suddenly came to life again.

I was, unfortunately, too short a time in

Albania to get anything more than a very superficial impression of the country; but I shall certainly never forget the tramcars in Valona. There were only two; both consisting of a bare platform on four small wheels and drawn each by a miserable mule. Each started from one end of a single track and meeting in the middle came to a halt, while the mules were changed over and the passengers transferred from one tram to the other. There was no fixed charge, but those who paid too little were violently pushed off the platform by the driver.

Nor shall I ever forget the shoes of Albanian peasants; they are made of old motor tyres, and have to be seen to be believed. In fact, the whole country is unique in Europe. One is back, as it were, in the Middle Ages.

As a cigarette smoker I shall ever remember Albanian tobacco as the very worst in Europe. A wicked boatman sold them to me and then threatened to make me miss the steamer if I did not pay him the fare again. I expostulated in Italian and won the day.

Lastly, I shall always think of Fiume and Susak, one town, half in Italy and half in Yugoslavia, as typical of the Balkans, where

quaintness is the keynote of everything and a surprise is waiting round every corner. I still see the frontier running through the middle of the town. The housewives go shopping with their passports and perhaps buy their potatoes in Italy, but dash across the frontier to get their butter cheaper in Jugoslavia!

Lindores Abbey.

A stately Abbey, standing all alone,
With loving hands erected, stone by stone.
Monks dwelt within those walls, and every day
In shadows dim, and hushed, they knelt to pray.

And in the twilight grey, against the sky,
The misty hills in peaceful stillness lie,
And round the Abbey walls the sombre trees
Stand, sighing softly, in the evening breeze,
That carries from the fields the scent of soil,
Made fruitful once by many years of toil.
And, from the sunset clouds, a last pale gleam
Touches the crimson gates with golden sheen.

* * * *

Now there are ruins. The Abbey stands no more.

Only some stones, a gate, a wooden door.

The Diary of a Laisey Skuleboy.

(Continued from June Issue of the School Magazine).

- 10 45 a.m.—Told to write out theorem 10 times.
- 10 46 a.m.—Punishment doubled for asking what theorem was.
- 10 50 a.m.—Greater relief.
- 11 00 a.m.—Arrive at History Class.
- 11 01 a.m.—Sleeping.
- 11 10 a.m.—Snoring.
- 11 15 a.m.—Standing.
- 11 16 a.m.—Said that Wull the Conk won Battle of Waterloo (1116 B.C.).
- 11 17 a.m.—Violent argument.
- 11 18 a.m.—Still think Wull the Conk beat King Thomas the sheep-hearted at Waterloo.
- 11 20 a.m.—Asked why Dicky the first went on a Crusade to the Holy Land.

- 11 21 a.m.—Said to protect the Holes.
- 11 22 a.m.—Vicious glare from teacher.
- 11 25 a.m.—Teacher leaves room and I fire ink pellet at Tug.
- 11 27 a.m.—Tug retaliates but teacher comes, sees and conquers.
- 11 30 a.m.—Sleeping.
- 11 40 a.m.—Bell goes but still sleeping.
- 11 41 a.m.—Poke from Tug.
- 11 42 a.m.—Wake up and punch Tug.
- 11 43 a.m.—Sleeping once more.
- 11 45 a.m.—Yell from Tug.
- 11 46 a.m.—Wake up.
- 11 55 a.m.—Arrive at Chemical Lab.
- 12 noon. —Told to make a sample of hydrogen.
- 12 05 p.m.—Wondering how to make hydrogen.



SMITHS
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the KILT.*

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FLASHES in Red, Green and Blue. **1/3** per pair.

TARTAN TIES, wide end, **2/6 and 3/6,**

Smiths
MURRAYGATE, DUNDEE

- 12 20 p.m.—Still wondering.
 12 25 p.m.—Struck by brilliant idea. Look for cylinder of hydrogen.
 12 30 p.m.—Informed by Tug that no such thing is in Lab.
 12 31 p.m.—Told how to do it by teacher.
 12 45 p.m.—At last have sample of hydrogen.
 12 46 p.m.—Smell it.
 12 47 p.m.—Tug sneezes, and I allow jar of hydrogen to come in contact with bunsen.
 12 47½ p.m.—I come in contact with roof, then floor.
 12 49 p.m.—Smoke clears away. No Tug.
 12 50 p.m.—Still no Tug.
 12 52 p.m.—Wonder if it would be murder.
 12 55 p.m.—Agonised ejaculation from heavens.
 12 56 p.m.—Observe Tug in ungentlemanly posture, hanging from rafter very limply.
 1 00 p.m.—Tug still hanging from rafter. Bell goes and I hurriedly clear out. Go home for lunch. On way home decide to send fire brigade to Tug's aid.
 2 45 p.m.—Arrive at school. Find other pupils have gone to grounds.
 2 50 p.m.—Decide to have a sleep.
 3 00 p.m.—Aroused from slumber and chased to grounds by unsympathetic master.
 3 10 p.m.—Get to grounds.
 3 15 p.m.—Sleeping in long grass near boundary.
 3 23 p.m.—Tug slogs to boundary.
 3 24 p.m.—Eee! What a to-do!
 3 25 p.m.—Nursing tingling ribs.
 3 26 p.m.—Hastily remove self to other pastures.
 3 30 p.m.—Tugs hits another four to another part of boundary.
 3 31 p.m.—Tingling ribs tingling worse.
 3 32 p.m.—Decide to see Tug afterwards.
 3 35 p.m.—Feel great desire to slumber.
 3 36 p.m.—Slumbering.

- 5 15 p.m.—Wake up and find fellow-pupils have departed. Ribs still tingling.
 5 45 p.m.—Too late for tea.
 5 50 p.m.—Raid on pantry.
 6 10 p.m.—Don't know why I am feeling sick.
 6 15 p.m.—Go to have a snooze.
 6 18 p.m.—Find young brother on sofa—no room for both.
 6 20 p.m.—Sleeping on sofa.
 7 15 p.m.—Wake up and go round to Tug's for "cog" of home sums. Don't know why anyone wants to know that $\frac{x+3}{x} + \frac{x}{x+3} = 23$.
 7 40 p.m.—Go to Jock Tamson's for "cog" of French.
 8 05 p.m.—Get home.
 8 10 p.m.—Second Pantry Raid (27th May, 1939).
 8 15 p.m.—Sent to have good wash.
 8 16 p.m.—In bed. Had a very good wash. It took a whole ½ minute. Fear I have used too much soap, but have enjoyed it greatly, all the same.
 8 20 p.m.—In dreamland.

XII. B.

Where is that old familiar place,
 Where some would list to learning's call,
 And where the pictures on the wall
 Would smile into the upturned face?

Where the yellow sunbeams fell
 Upon the youthful cheeks of those,
 Whose distant dreaming eyes would close
 In pleasant thoughts of—who can tell?

But now, alas! the kindly rays
 Search vainly for that place of old;
 And all inside is dark and cold,
 Grim shadow of the former days!

The thoughts of one above will fly
 Oftimes to this, his ravished home:
 "My library"—a gentle moan,
 Or "... more than thirty years"—a sigh.

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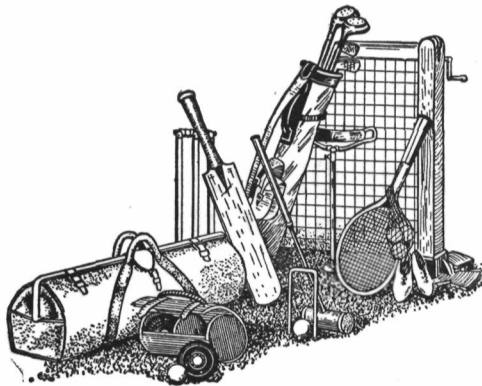
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QUALITY.

“Here are the Stations . . .”

Lord Haw-Haw from Hamburg (11.20—11.30 p.m.).

Here is Germany calling : Germany calling !

We are proceeding with our News Service in English.

You English pride yourselves on being a well-governed, free race. If that is so, then you are perfectly within your rights in demanding from your rulers the true figures of the disaster which they themselves have forced upon you. We therefore once again ask your English Admiralty :—

WHERE IS THE FIFIE ?

Ask your Last Lord of the Admiralty *that* question—and see if he can answer it ! But we very much doubt if he will, because he knows only too well the disastrous effect it would have upon the morale of the populace. We quote from your own poet, William McGonigall :—

“What is that grinding noise I hear ?
Why do the men and women cheer ?
Is it because there is free beer ?
No, it's just the Fifie at the pier.”

Alas, Mr. Churchill ! These sounds will never more beleaguer your plutocratic ears !

We are glad that Mr. Lloyd George, who lost your last war for you, realises how futile are the efforts of your present Navy and Air Force. “Back to the land !” declares the worthy gentleman. Very sound advice too, Mr. George, but we shall not leave you long in doubt as to the superiority of our land forces also.

Your English ruling classes hope to starve us out in Germany by their illegal blockade. Such a thing is not possible, for, as a certain Greek paper rightly comments, Germans are proud to be living now on food which they have been storing up for seven years.

Here is Germany calling : Germany calling !

We are continuing with our news bulletin in English.

A large area, comprising the best three-quarters of rugged Scotland, has been put under a mysterious ban. None but carefully chosen Government officials may go there. And the reason ? You may well ask ! But

since your Ministry of Misinformation has for once failed to offer any explanation, permit me to “let the cat out of the bag,” as you English would say.

If someone did succeed in entering the banned area, he could find it infested by rabbits, haggis and other types of vermin. Millions of them are at this moment consuming a purple fungus peculiar to Scotland, which is known as heather. The Scottish rivers are swollen with an excess of fat fish of all species ranging from sardines to salmon. In other words, Scotland is being made the breeding ground of game for the expensive hobbies and sports of your statesmen—in fact, Scotsmen are being deprived of their paternal rights, so that their capitalist rulers may retire periodically for a quiet holiday at the expense of ratepayers, fishing and shooting to their hearts' content. Your rulers kill grouse and rabbits—but they tell *you* to kill Germans !

Englishmen have been warned to economise and to save their every scrap of useless paper. We are not ashamed to admit in Germany that for years we have realised the value of commodities which might possibly be called rubbish in your aristocratic circles. Our very barbers willingly obey their instructions to preserve the clippings from their customers in order to provide their less fortunate fellow-countrymen with underclothing and other such necessities.

Here is Germany calling : Germany calling !

We are proceeding with our news in English.

Our efforts to cope with England's brutality in the war have so far met with great success on land, sea, and in the air.

Last Friday three English planes made a bold attempt to bomb the Hamburg radio station—an audacious move which, I am glad to say, was foiled accordingly, for all four of them were brought down. Of our ten Messerschmidts which flew gallantly to repel them, however, twelve returned—a striking tribute to the almost superhuman capabilities of our German pilots.

The German High Command announced

this evening that Germany is now turning out three and a half U-Boats per week, and that our U-Boats sink the splendid average of fourteen and seven-fourteenths ships per fortnight. What does this mean to England? I leave you to draw your conclusions.

On the Western Front yesterday a contingent of thirty Germans attacked a sector of the Maginot Line. Although we suffered several casualties, German soldiers behaved very chivalrously. This was confirmed by

fifty per cent. of our men who returned. The other one said he was unable to speak owing to a throat wound.

And so Germany is winning the war.

Here is an important announcement which has just come in:—

Mr. Churchill—Where is Noah's Ark?

In thanking you for your attention, I would remind you that this is the end of our news broadcast in English.

L. G. D. S.

The Coiffeur who spoke Garlic.

WHEN we were in France my hair (cheveux) was long and worried my mother (Mère). So she told my father (père) to take me in to Annècy to get my hair cut.

Father discovered a little barber's shop in a back street (ruelle).

"Bong jewer," said father in his best Army French. "Petty garsong—er—wante hair cut—compree? You coupez toot-sweet, savey?"

"I presume you wish me to give the boy a hair-cut, sir," said the barber.

"Oui—aye—er, sure!" said father.

The barber's shop consisted of three mirrors (miroirs), three chairs and three basins. There were bottles, towels, razors in racks, brushes, and jugs on shelves. Round the walls were advertisements for parfums, pomades, savon, and also Byrrh and Dubonnet. On the waiting chairs were out-of-date magazines. Father sat down and looked at them. I sat down in the torture chair. The barber tucked a dirty cloth round my neck. It was all very like any barber's shop up Hawkhill.

The barber chose his scissors and began to work. He was a little fat chap with buttoned boots (bottines) and a waistcoat with greasy spots.

He came over to me and started to snip round the back of my neck (cou) and ears (oreilles).

Now he works his way round. He peers into my face, then suddenly blows out a long breath right in my face—PHEEEWW! Likewise Pooouf!! It was garlic (vegetable much eaten on the continent; odour 50 H.P.), with maybe a touch of absinthe to make it more lethal.

Tears streamed down my face. I choke and gasp.

The barber snipped my front locks and passed round to the back. Again he came round to face me and once again he blew out his garlic-fumed breath through his funny little moustache.

Four times he went round, and four times I got the full blast of his garlic gas attack.

At last he finished, sprayed my top and whisked off the cloth.

"Five francs, m'sieur."

Father paid up. I staggered out into the street and gulped down the fresh air.

* * * *

Next time I go for a hair-cut in France I shall take my gas-mask.



[Photo. by D. & W. Prophet.

Back Row—N. Galloway. J. Gordon. E. Robertson. B. Lumsden. F. Bond. K. Barrie.

Front Row—J. Main. M. Duguid. R. M'Laren. M. Hutton (*Captain*). J. Muirhead. J. M'Cann.

**Hockey Team, 2nd XI.,
Session 1939-40.**

**Dundee High School
Magazine.**

The Canadian Mounties.

THE Canadian Mounties were first called the North-West Mounted Police, because it was for the far North-West of Canada they were recruited. To-day their full title is The Royal Canadian Mounted Police. They were privileged to use "Royal" by permission of King Edward VII., then Prince of Wales. They patrol the whole Dominion from the Maritime Provinces in the east to the Yukon and the Arctic Circle.

To join up is a very difficult job. The entrant must have fine physique, a fair education and especially a good character. The more languages he knows the better. He must not be heavy-footed or slow-moving like most of our "bobbies," but fleet and trim and neat. He must also have initiative and be able to run or fight or box. As soon as his application has been accepted the man has to undergo several months' training in barracks. He is then sent out under the supervision of an officer to do Field Work. When he has proved that he is capable he may be moved to any part of the Dominion, to watch for smugglers on the American border or to keep peace amongst the Indians and the Eskimos.

In summer the Mountie wears a slouch hat, a scarlet coat and dark blue breeches with a broad yellow stripe. He also wears leggings,

boots, spurs and kid gloves. In the winter he dons his fur cap, a short buffalo skin coat and fur mitts. If he should be riding he covers his legs with black sheep-skins called "shapps."

A Mountie is so called because every Mounted Policeman must be able to ride a horse. But he must also be prepared to drive a car, a dog team, to travel by snowshoe or ski, to row a boat and paddle a canoe. By now, I shouldn't wonder if some of the Mounties can navigate an aeroplane!

So you see from these things that it takes an all-round man to be a Mountie. Not only must a Mountie undertake the normal duties of a police officer, but he must sometimes act as a customs officer, or even as a judge on occasion.

The Canadians are very proud of the Mounties, and with good reason. Considering the extent of the country and the scattered population, the number of Mounties is very small, yet they keep order from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The Mounties have a world-wide reputation and are liked by everybody except the evil-doers to whom they are a terror. "The Mountie always gets his man."

A. W. M. (Class V.)

A Busman's Holiday.

A BUSMAN'S holiday does not usually have much appeal, but there may be occasions when it can prove of the greatest interest.

This past summer, having tasted the joys and rigours of the cadet camp in the usual remarkable weather, I spent part of the vacation in—going to school!

The locus was a town in France where vacation courses in French were being conducted. At 8.30 a.m. a small party could be seen every morning setting out from our hotel with the familiar equipment of notebook and pencil en route for the local College. The classes comprised elementary, intermediate and advanced courses; but one was not limited to the classes of any one category, being free to go to any lecture one found of interest.

Of the half-dozen lecturers only two spoke any English, so one's ear had to become quickly accustomed to French as she is spoken. The students, of whom there were about a hundred, were a cosmopolitan lot, Scots; both kinds of Irish, English, Americans, Swedes, Dutch, and Hungarians. Between classes the College Quad saw a veritable League of Nations assembly in friendly and animated conversation. In the classes, too, the differences in customs and education in the various countries were often the subject of discussion.

The war cloud burst over Europe within a fortnight of my being there, and I wonder whether those of my classmates who were staying to the end of August got safely home.

D. B. L. R. (Class VIII.)

Names to be added to December List of F.P.s serving with the Forces.

7892596 Trooper C. W. Aitken, Fife and Forfar Yeomanry.

Chief Engineer W. Adams, S.S. *Malabar*. (Killed by submarine attack, November, 1939.)

Capt. D. S. Anderson, R.A.M.C.

7266461 Pte. J. Bowman, R.A.M.C.

7604241 Pte. Eric Byres, R.A.O.C.

7892602 Trooper D. S. Bryson, Fife and Forfar Yeomanry.

A./C. Wm. Burns, R.A.F.

Lieut. S. G. Carmichael, Royal Tank Regiment.

C.Q.M.S. Murray H. Cochran, A./T. Company.

2nd Lieut. D. Craib, Seaforth Highlanders.

L./Cpl. W. Cuthbert, R.A.S.C.

A./C. W. Gordon Dickie, R.A.F.

A./C. Vaughan Doe, R.A.F.

2nd Lieut. R. R. Douglas, R.A.

Sergt.-Pilot-Instructor Robert C. Duff, R.A.F. (Died as result of flying accident, March, 1940).

2nd Lieut. A. F. Duncan, R.E.

Pte. D. Duncan, Army Pay Corps.

Sergt. A. H. Findlay, R.A.S.C.

J.M. Alastair Gibson, M.M.

907562 L./Bdr. W. S. Gibson, R.A.

Pte. Andrew Gray, Army Pay Corps.

Pte. Charles R. W. Gray, R.E.

7685218 L./Cpl. A. R. Grant, Military Police.

Pte. Geo. Halley, R.A.S.C.

Pte. Edward Halley, R.A.F.

Pte. David Halley, R.A.S.C.

2087173 Sapper F. R. Harrison, R.E.

Cpl. K. Lane, R.A.O.C.

— Alex. M'Ara, R.A.F.

— Neil M'Ara, Scottish Horse.

O. Cadet Alex. M'Call.

2nd Lieut. D. M'Kerchar, R.E.

6846527 O. Cadet R. A. M'Laren.

Capt. F. MacLennan, R.E.

A./C. W. A. Macqueen, R.A.F.

A./C. H. Macqueen, R.A.F.

977471 A./C. Harry Millar, R.A.F.

A./C. 2 Stuart L. Morrison, R.A.F.

Pilot-Officer Robert L. Patterson, R.A.F.

— Ian F. Panton, R.N.

Midn. A. Pearson, R.N.E.

Driver N. Philip, R.E.

Gunner T. Philip, R.F.A.

2nd Lieut. J. Pottinger, R.F.A.

Capt. R. B. Robertson, R.A.M.C.

— J. Roberston, M.M.

Pilot-Officer J. D. Robertson, R.A.F.

966590 A./C. T. Preston Smith, R.A.F.

Flying-Officer J. C. Stevenson, R.A.F.

Lieut. J. Taylor, R.E.

— Ian. B. Taylor, —

907638 Driver G. Thow, R.E.

Surgeon-Lieut. Preston Watson, R.N.V.R.

Airwoman Catherine M. Wallace, W.A.A.F.

Fus. Wm. V. Webb, R.W.F.

Pte. R. G. Webster, R.A.

Pte. A. Wright, R.A.M.C.

Dundee High School Old Boys' Club.

We very much regret to report the deaths of Mr. Alexander L. Hill, 11 Clarendon Terrace, Dundee (1873-1879); and Sergt.-Pilot-Instructor R. C. Duff, 5 Home Terrace, Broughty Ferry (1923-1929). Sergeant Duff died as a result of injuries received in an accident while serving with the R.A.F.

The Smoker which was held early in the New Year was a great success.

A few subscriptions for the current year are in arrear, and these should be sent as soon as possible to the Honorary Secretary, C. E. Stuart, C.A., 11 Panmure Street, Dundee.

A great many of the boys who left School

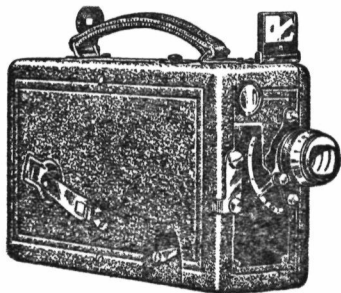
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last summer joined the Club which now has 514 members.

News of Old Boys.

Rail Minister in South Africa.

Mr. F. C. Sturrock, Minister of Railways in the South African National Cabinet, whose speech in the House of Assembly—his reply to the first railway debate of his career—attracted widespread attention there, is a Newport man.

He is a grandson of the late Sir John Leng.

Mr. Sturrock was born in Newport in 1882, and is an old High School boy.

He was apprenticed as an engineer in the works of Messrs. Robertson & Orchar, a firm with which he had a family connection, for he married Miss Ella Robertson, Newport, whose father was a partner. He left for South Africa in 1907. There his widespread industrial activities were recognised, when he was elected president of the Association of Chambers of Commerce of South Africa.

Reports.

Rugby Report.

Officials for 1939-40 were appointed as follows :—

1st XV.—Captain, I. G. Kidd ; Vice-Captain, I. A. Donaldson ; Secretary, W. F. Ross ; Treasurer, W. C. D. Jones ; Member of Committee, F. L. Sheriff.

2nd XV.—Captain, A. I. Stewart ; Vice-Captain, A. B. Mann ; Treasurer, A. R. C. Alexander.

We offer our congratulations to Airlie on winning the Inter-House Championship.

The rugby season has come to an end, but never has there been so little rugby played as has been the case this winter. While awaiting the decision that the School would be allowed to open, the senior boys spent much of their time at the grounds, keeping themselves fit and preparing for the oncoming rugby season. During this period of preliminary training much useful practice was engaged in, and one or two friendly games were arranged with "select" teams which consisted largely of younger former pupils.

School took up on 9th October, but at that early stage it was considered inadvisable to do much in the way of general organised recreation, and fixtures with other Schools were temporarily suspended. Just when arrangements had been completed for restarting week-day rugby practice the weather decided to take a hand in spoiling sport, and a very big hand at that, for it was not until near the end of February that it was possible to take part in rugby practices or matches. It had been intended to resume

fixtures in the New Year but, due to weather conditions, the first fifteen were able to play only two matches before the season had drawn to a close ; and it was possible to play only a few junior games.

The compulsory confinement indoors brought about by the black-out and other restrictions during the winter months indicated the need for exercise in the open air whenever possible during the day. With our regular organised recreation periods this would have been possible, but the drastic interference of an unkind weather-clerk stopped even that. It was not surprising that there was a falling off in enthusiasm on the part of some. It was, however, extremely encouraging that, despite the continual inactivity over a period of nearly four months, there were stout hearts who were ready, immediately the weather cleared, to line up on the field and play just as they would have done in a normal season. Well done, boys ! Your efforts and keenness have been greatly appreciated. With that spirit, not only on the playing-field but in your everyday life, there is much that you can and will do to help in facing and overcoming the many difficulties that lie before us. It is effort and team work that are going to count, and remember, each one of you is a member of the team.

T. M'L.

Hockey Report.

For the first part of this term the weather made our pitches unplayable, but lately it has been possible to resume hockey. The 1st and 2nd XI.s have had a practice with the University Team, and in the only

match played Newport was beaten 8—0. Before the end of the season, however, there is still the "Little Tournament" which Miss Whytock has organised for us. It is to be hoped that, with the assistance of good weather, it will form a happy conclusion to a rather strange hockey season.

D. M. K.

Cadet Report.

This term the work of the Cadet Corps has gone forward without interruption. With the assistance of Sgt.-Major Watters and his N.C.O.s training has been given in the use of the Lewis gun, the parts of a rifle, and anti-gas measures, in addition to some platoon and company drill.

The tentative enrolment for camp is about 100. It has been decided that under war conditions it will be undesirable to have the camp under canvas, and an effort is being made to secure suitable billets for this purpose. Cadets who attend camp must realise that so far as rationed foods are concerned their supplies will be limited to the regulation quantities, and each cadet will be required to hand in his ration vouchers for the camp period.

As a measure of economy it is purposed to dress and equip only those boys who are attending camp. Names for camp must, therefore, be handed in at the

beginning of next term, and uniform will be supplied during the first few weeks.

It is encouraging to note that the enrolment this session, in spite of a reduced attendance in the senior school, is as large as last year.

The number of ex-cadets serving, many of them with distinction in H.M. Forces, is increasing daily, and the record of the School Corps must be a source of pride and inspiration to all ranks.

W. L. M.

Guide Report.

The end of this term sees our recruits well on the way to becoming second-class Guides, for although we have had only one Company meeting this term, the P.L.s have been meeting their patrols regularly.

We sent a large parcel of knitted garments to the men on the trawlers and, judging from their acknowledgement, it has been heartily welcome. At present we are knitting to send them a second parcel.

Marks for our weekly Nature Notes have yet to be handed in, but there should be close competition for the Patrol Shield, which is now in the possession of the Skylarks.

We should like to convey our thanks to our Guiders for helping us to "carry on."

J. M. D.

