

THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. 78

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FOURPENCE



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Editorial.

DURING these days of crisis in our island story, when each hour is heavy with fate, when at any moment our homes and our School may have to brave the blasting hate and destructive frenzy of a powerful and malicious foe, we feel that it is an honour to pen this editorial. We are sitting late; the midnight news has just given details of yesterday's raid on this country; the bombers are over again to-night and the night favours them, calm June weather, a full moon and some cloud. As we write comes the wail of the sirens for air-raid warning, the sound of hurrying feet—A.R.P. men. Out goes the light and we sit and think awhile in the darkness. Mad world, mad Europe! What waste, what crime, what cold calculating brutality set loose on the quiet earth this lovely summer night! France lies bleeding, Britain faces invasion. Only a few short months ago we should have said, "Such things could never be." They are a grim reality to-night.

As freedom, democracy, justice and fair-dealing are in peril so are their most important sources, free thought and liberal education. These, by all means, must be maintained, and we are proud to say that in this city D.H.S., despite many difficulties, has never faltered or flagged in its zeal and its mission to inculcate these precious things which the best of men still hold dear; and it will carry on. It may be we shall, perforce, move as a School to a safer district, the familiar pillared facade may no longer give us its dignified academic "good morning," but we know that we shall still be

of D.H.S., that its spirit, its calm strength and discipline will inspire and cheer and encourage us wherever we may be.

Our thoughts and admiration are with our many former pupils on active service; they are doing all that we should expect of them, and more. Especially must our Cadet Corps feel proud of the many splendid young soldiers—some now veterans, such was their terrific baptism—who received their earliest training in its ranks. They, for their part, generously pay tribute to the high efficiency of the Corps and to the excellence of its training. We congratulate most warmly 2nd Lieutenant David Elder on gaining the M.C. It is good news, too, to learn that 2nd Lieutenant Gordon Robbie is safe, and that our old friend, 2nd Lieutenant Eric Larg is making a good recovery from his wounds. To the relatives of those who have already fallen in their country's service we offer our deepest sympathy.

We notice also many A.R.P. workers and L.D.V.'s among the staff and the senior pupils; assuredly we are well prepared for any emergency. A party from the School under Mr. Marshall is to take part in the Government Agricultural Scheme during the summer, while other pupils have joined forestry groups.

It is with the greatest regret that we say good-bye to Mr. Webb who has taught Modern Languages in the School for thirty-three years. Beloved for his kindness and ready wit and respected for the high standard of his work Mr. Webb has left a gap extremely

difficult to fill. We wish him a speedy recovery from his illness.

Congratulations and best wishes to Miss Betty Smith who is leaving the School to be married; and to Mr. Smart who is soon to say good-bye to bachelor days.

Games have profited by the warm weather and inter-School matches have taken place in cricket, golf, tennis and athletics. No public sports or galas were held this year but the championship events were contested.

Scholastically the School has had a good year. Forty-six group leaving certificates have been gained out of forty-nine entrants. Our Dux boy, Ian Kidd, has been awarded a Low Residential Scholarship at St. Andrews, and Fraser Ross, our maths and science dux, took first place in U.C.D. bursary list and has been awarded a Harkness Residential Scholarship at St. Andrews. Congratulations to both!

And so this strange and difficult session draws to a close: never has our Scotland, our Tayside, seemed so beautiful as in those long days of glorious sunshine; never has the threat of danger and devastation loomed so near. But we are proud that we have been able to carry on, been able to work through and finish this School year. In a happier future we shall look back on it as a memorable one. The future—who knows? But to those who are leaving School in a few days a very firm handshake and very sincere “goodbye and good luck.”

Remember Browning:—

One who never turned his back but marched
breast forward,

Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted,
wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

* * * *

As we go to press news comes in of successes gained by former pupils at the Universities.

James Y. Baxter has passed his B.Sc. with First Class Honours in Chemistry and has gained the Medal and Carnelly Prize in the Honours Chemistry Class. Jack Martin has passed B.Sc. with First Class Honours in Physics and has gained the Medal in the Honours Physics Class. Ian M. Troup has passed Second M.B., Ch.B. with merit. L. Frain-Bell and Grace Brown have been awarded First Class Certificates in Medical Physics Class. Flo. Cooper, Jean Mathers, Alison Martin and Ruth Duncan have taken their M.A. degree. Henry M. Jackson, M.A., and Dorothy Brown, B.Sc., have gained the Diploma of Education. J. Basil Wilson and James Findlay have passed final B.Sc. Charles W. Stobie has taken his L.D.S.

The following have passed final M.B., Ch.B.:—Janet Conn, Jack Grant, Bertie Walker, George Blair and W. C. Smith. Best wishes to all.

At Edinburgh Henry Jack has graduated M.A., with First-Class Hons. in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy.

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Mr Webb.

WITH deep regret we record the resignation of Mr. Webb from his post in the High School. Coming as Second Master in the beginning of 1908, he was appointed Headmaster of the Department of Modern Languages in 1921. It is a special cause of regret that he has had to retire through ill-health. To us who have known him for many years there is something ironic about this, for in our thoughts and memories Mr. Webb is associated with all that is virile and healthy—with strength and wholesome activity and enterprise and adventure, with outdoor sports, hills and moors, with independence of action and of thought. We remember him of old on the ice, on the sports ground, on the golf course; we think of the energy, both of mind and of body, which was often an unspoken and unintentional reproof to the less active, of the courage which stripped off all pretences, refused to be deceived by appearances and

shams, and struck at the very core of a situation or a problem. The very multiplicity of his recreations and interests spelt energy, and the fearless independence of his judgments of men and affairs indicated that this energy was not of the body only but was characteristic of the whole man. Pupils and staff both, in classroom and outside of it, in work and in play, recognised this energy of character and were conscious of the inspiration which it brought to them.

We, his colleagues, bear witness to the help which his sane judgment, healthy humanism, and understanding counsels gave us in our work, and in thus expressing our sorrow at losing him and his assistance we also, on behalf of the whole School, express our earnest wish that he may soon be restored to his former health and find it possible to resume the activities which for him meant living.

The Earliest Submarine Atlantic Cable. An Interesting Relic.

A SMALL medallion or plaque, in the possession of a friend of mine—an enthusiastic Numismatist—came to light recently. Considerations of space and expense forbid its reproduction here but it recalls the laying of the first great modern link between the New World and the Old.

This particular plaque, some three inches or so in diameter, is appropriately inscribed on the obverse with the words, "ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE, 1866" around the rim, while on the centre of the face appears the effigy of the renowned ship the *Great Eastern*, the two escutcheons of the United Kingdom and the United States of America, juxtaposed, surmounting the Latin inscription, "DIEU ET MON DROIT—E PLURIBUS UNUM."

The reverse of the medallion bears the Latin inscription "DEUS NOBIS HAEC OTIA FECIT" and an ornate design with crest, enclosed on the rim by the lettering "PRESENTED BY THE AMERICAN CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, LIVER-

POOL." Truly an unusually interesting memento of an historic event.

Most people are more or less familiar with the vicissitudes attending the laying of the first cable on the bed of the great dividing ocean. A veritable mass of relevant detail is available in numbers of technical and non-technical publications which may be obtained readily at a bookseller or library. The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* condenses its data on this absorbing subject with pithy and commendable, yet lucid brevity.

The scheme for establishing telegraphic communication between the two hemispheres was mooted originally as early as 1845, but the difficulties attending such an attempt then seemed too formidable to overcome.

Eventually the Atlantic Telegraph Company, which had been formed in 1856 with a capital of £350,000, commenced operations from the two warships *Agamemnon* and *Niagara* which had been lent by the British and United States

Governments. Many were the attempts made by these vessels to span the ocean bed with specially constructed cable; many were the heart-breaking stoppages when the cable snapped.

The *Great Eastern* was chartered in 1865. She sailed from Valentia in Ireland, but fault after fault was discovered in the cable, and the final misfortune occurred on 2nd August, 1865, when nearly 1,200 miles had been paid out. There was a break, and all efforts made to pick up the lost portion proved unavailing.

Next year (1866) the attempt was renewed and again that famous vessel, the *Great Eastern*, was employed. Leaving the south-west coast of Ireland on 13th July (they were not superstitious in those days) she reached Trinity Bay a fortnight later without serious mishap.

The inhabitants of the two continents were then put into communication by submarine telegraph cable. On the boons and benefits

these derived there is no need to dilate; they must be obvious to all.

The plaque commemorates the laying of the 1866 cable, which, however, broke down in 1872, but by that time no fewer than four submarine cables connected Europe and America. From that period the growth of the system became amazing, and before many more years had passed literally thousands of miles of cable spanned the globe in all directions, thus putting people into instant touch with far-distant friend and relative and business acquaintance.

When the romance of the multiplicity of methods for world communication is finally written—and that day is yet beyond the scope of conjecture—a chapter must still be spared for the pioneers of submarine cable telegraphy (for men like Sir Charles Bright, Cyrus W. Field and Lord Kelvin among many others) for it is this early period that the plaque perpetuates—the time of travail and endeavour.

B. LYNCH.

“Per Ardua ad Astra.”

AT six o'clock on a misty June morning, just twenty-three years ago, I sat out on the tarmac of a Training Squadron aerodrome and buckled my safety belt around me. My feelings were somewhat akin to those I had known only a few months earlier when facing a certain eminent mathematician at D.H.S. on the subject of a forgotten exercise.

In front of me, for the first time, was an empty seat and beyond that was the simple dash board with its modest half dozen instruments. Height, air speed, engine revs. and oil pressure were about all that we cared for in those days.

I had been awakened some hours earlier by my so-called batman, of whose gentle attentions I was entitled to one-tenth share, and of whom I stood much more in awe than of the C.O. or any of the training staff. My first inclination had been to sneak an extra quarter of an hour in my army imitation of the Spanish Inquisitor's rack and then aviate in pyjamas with sheepskin boots and leather jacket on top. Such was a common practice but then I remembered that this was to be

an important occasion—I was to go on my first solo flight.

I dressed in full uniform therefore, as befitted the event and having paid a secret visit to the mess corporal and scrounged a cup of cocoa and some biscuits I hurried over to the sheds.

A final few words from my instructor, a jocular wave to a pal or two not yet thus far advanced, and there I sat warming up the engine with chocks under the wheels and a mechanic at each wing-tip.

A wave to the mechanics, the chocks were pulled away and I taxied out to the far corner of the field and then turned her nose into the wind.

As a new boy pauses for a moment before he enters the Rector's room, so I sat for just a moment, then taking a deep breath I pushed open the throttle and the clumsy old bus began to bump along over the rough grass. Faster and faster she rolled, gathering speed with every revolution of the air-screw. Stick forward to get her tail up, then gently back as the ground went hurtling by, and before



[Photo, by D. & W. Prophet.

Back Row (Left to Right)—D. K. R. Lawson (Harold Young Martin Rose Bowl—Champion Athlete of the Middle School). L. G. D. Smith (Tennis Championship). James R. Gray (Jane Spiller Prize—Dux 7th Class). George A. Main and W. Ritchie (Don F. McEwan Prizes for Cricket).

Third Row (Left to Right)—G. F. Lowden (Airlie Memorial Challenge Cup—Champion Athlete of the School). Alastair T. Ritchie (Aystree Challenge Cup—Champion Athlete of Boys under 14). Sarah N. Kinnear (Jane Spiller Prize—Dux 7th Class). W. L. Cuthill (Championship Trophy for Swimming, Ballingall Gold Medal—Dux Gymnastics). W. Gillespie (Pirie Golf Handicap Cup).

Second Row (Left to Right)—S. M. B. Davidson (Championship Cup for Swimming). D. Cynthia Milne (Dott Memorial Medal—Dux Needlework). W. F. Ross (Dott Memorial Medal—Dux Mathematics (Equal), Cunningham Medal—Dux Science; Harkness Res. Scholarship (St. Andrews); also 1st U.C.D. Bursary Comp.). Florrie L. Thoms (Harris Gold Medal—Dux Girl; Armitstead Trustees' Medal—Dux French). Ian G. Kidd (Harris Gold Medal—Dux Boy; Armitstead Trustees' Medal—Dux English; Angus Club Medal—Dux Latin; Dott Memorial Medal—Dux Greek; Dott Memorial Medal—Dux Mathematics (Equal); Low Res. Scholarship (St. Andrews); Boase Medal for Golf). Alice M. R. Nicoll (Championship Cup—Dux Gymnastics). Eileen Steel (Tennis Championship Cup).

Front Row (Left to Right)—J. A. Robertson (Junior Championship Cup for Swimming). Sheila M. Cameron (John MacLennan Prize—Dux 4th Class). Dennis J. Paterson (Polack Memorial Prize—Dux 4th Class). Kathleen Alexander (Junior Championship Cup for Swimming). W. G. Grant (Polack Gold Medal—Dux Gymnastics 6th Class).

**School Medallists,
Session 1939-40.**

**Dundee High School
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I had quite realised the fact I was safely off and into the air.

That was twenty-three years ago, half a lifetime to you youngsters who read this, yet to me it seems but yesterday. The Royal Air Force had been evolved only a few weeks earlier out of the Old Royal Naval Air Service and the Royal Flying Corps. In fact I was one of the first R.N.A.S. men to be posted to an ex-R.F.C. Squadron. The machines we flew were all bi-planes, there had been, in fact, a few tri-planes. They had no all-enclosed cockpits and every pilot had a dirty face as a trade mark from the oil and exhaust which flew back at him.

Only a couple of years earlier they had been flying Maurice Farman's. These were machines with so many brace wires that the riggers were reputed to put a canary between the wings to see if it could escape. If it did there was a wire missing!

One day I was taken up in a D.H.9, one of the latest machines of that day and flew at

the incredible speed of 120 miles per hour.

Nowadays speeds up to 500 miles per hour are almost commonplace and our lads perform deeds of breath-taking daring and endless endurance in strange-looking super-streamlined monoplanes.

It makes me proud to remember that away back in the beginning I was taken out of the Senior Service (for we R.N.A.S. pilots were R.N.) and made a very junior officer in a funny rag-tag crowd called the Air Force. No history, no traditions and yet in the lifetime of one generation they have won for themselves a glorious place in the history of our fighting services.

"Per Ardua ad Astra" is their motto. "Through difficulties to the stars"—not a bad motto for anyone to have and one which the Royal Air Force have covered with honour and glory. Long may they mount up with wings as eagles and their names be writ for ever in the stars.

A. R.

A Tropical Drama.

THE room was very dim and a dank, musty smell pervaded it. No sound broke the tense stillness save that of their heavy breathing. They cowered on the floor and each one could just recognise the pale face of his neighbours, grim and silent like his own. Above their heads the rafters glowered grey and heavy with foreboding. In the farthest shadows a group of figures stood whispering horribly amongst themselves. Every now and then they cast dark looks in the direction of these pale faces. They went over in their minds the last breathless minutes—how the sun had streamed in upon them, warm on their backs as they reclined lazily, dreaming of green grass and blue sky so soon to be theirs. Then this reverie had been swiftly and suddenly, without warning, shattered, all thoughts of sunshine, laughter and freedom put to flight. They had become alert, keen and tense; ready for anything and everything . . . and they had come to this!

All this passed through their minds as they sat waiting, some motionless, some restless. When would they be free? Would it be soon? They shivered slightly as they peered at one

another in the gloom, trying to see what they were thinking—not daring to talk for that shadowy, fearful group in the corner.

They sat there waiting . . . waiting . . . for—what?

"No use," came the brisk, clipped tones from the midst of the figures in the corner as the light was put on. "You took three and a quarter minutes to get here. My goodness, you'd all be bombed by that time!" So we all rose stiffly, filed back to Latin and the sun—to wait for the next air-raid bell!

M. D. L. (IX.).

When the sun sets in the West,
And the wind is howling round,
The bird's nest rocks
In the high tree tops;
The stream nearby
Sinks in the shadow with the clouding of the
sky,
And the sun sinks to rest
In the mountains of the West.

ANNE HALLEY (Class IV.).

A Dissertation Upon Rain-Water.

THERE are some queer happenings in life, and some queerer people who are responsible for them, although for the most part they are indirectly attributed either to a bespectacled professor or henpecked male. But that absent-mindedness or any other odd mental trait should be confined to these two highly respectable branches of society is pure fallacy, as a glance at the annals of the titled few will prove in a moment. For beggars and nobles alike can make their mistakes, tra-la-lal!

There was, for example, the memorable occasion when Lord Dighty, at a dinner given in his honour in London, horrified the many guests present by seizing with a maniacal frenzy the corner of the tablecloth in mistake for his handkerchief at the sudden signs of a rapidly approaching sneeze.

Then again the Marquis of Methil distinguished himself in his dotage when he paid to the makers of a popular brand of toothpaste the following "quite unsolicited" and certainly lamentable tribute :—

"I think that 'Razedirt' is marvellous and am never without it. I always use it. It gives the finest and most refreshing shave in the market, or anywhere else for that matter."

Some time ago Lady Winkey wrote and asked me to spend a few days at her country manor. The guest of honour was to be Viscount Monikie, who had been awarded his viscountcy some years before for his brilliant thesis on baboonery as distinct from buffoonery. As I had always had a great desire to meet the eminent monkeyologist, I accepted her kind invitation with immediate enthusiasm. At that time I was ignorant of the fact that his deep researches into ape psychology had bequeathed to the celebrity a cynical disregard for conventional propriety which involved him in predicaments of the greatest awkwardness.

Winkey Widdle is one of those delightful country mansions situated amidst clumps of trees, brooks, fields, pigs and various other rustic things of one sort or another. It has never been out of a Winkey's hands for ten generations.

As I pulled up in front of the imposing entrance, I was especially struck with the old-world atmosphere which hung about the place ; this, it seemed to me, was created mainly by a charming sun-dial (complete with rusted style) and a bird bath, both obviously of great and battered antiquity, which reposed with no attempt at elegance a few yards directly before the doorway. The bird bath had accumulated some showers of rain, and on the surface of that were floating a few withered leaves. And so with these first impressions I was welcomed to Winkey Widdle with warmly eloquent handshakings from Lady Winkey. It was apparent from the first that her ladyship was delighted with Viscount Monikie, and despite the fact that it was already dusk and approaching bedtime, I was led along to the massive reception room to meet the guest of honour.

If I had hoped that a man of Herculean build and brawn would advance to meet me—if I had hoped a beefy paw would stretch forth and firmly grip my hand, then my hopes were dashed to smithereens. But since I had hoped nothing at all, I was only mildly surprised when, in contrast, an insignificant specimen of manhood toddled towards me and, on being introduced as Viscount Monikie himself, apologetically offered a timid hand capable of only a cod-like clasp. After exchanging a few well-bred remarks of greeting with his lordship, I departed for bed and forgot all about him.

Just as the gates of slumberland were gently swinging open to let me in, a foreign sound suddenly slammed them shut and opened my eyes with a start. At once I was out of bed and padding across to the window. Peering through the murky dusk of the midnight hour, it was just possible to distinguish the sun-dial and bird bath below, but far clearer than either of them was the stumpy figure of Monikie himself, gaily gambolling across the lawn—skipping towards these relics of a distant age. I might be excused for marvelling that a gentleman of his education and rank should be unable to find a pastime more elevating than indulgence in such frolicsome pursuits, clad as he was in pyjamas of rhubarb stripes. He bore a grave resemblance to a



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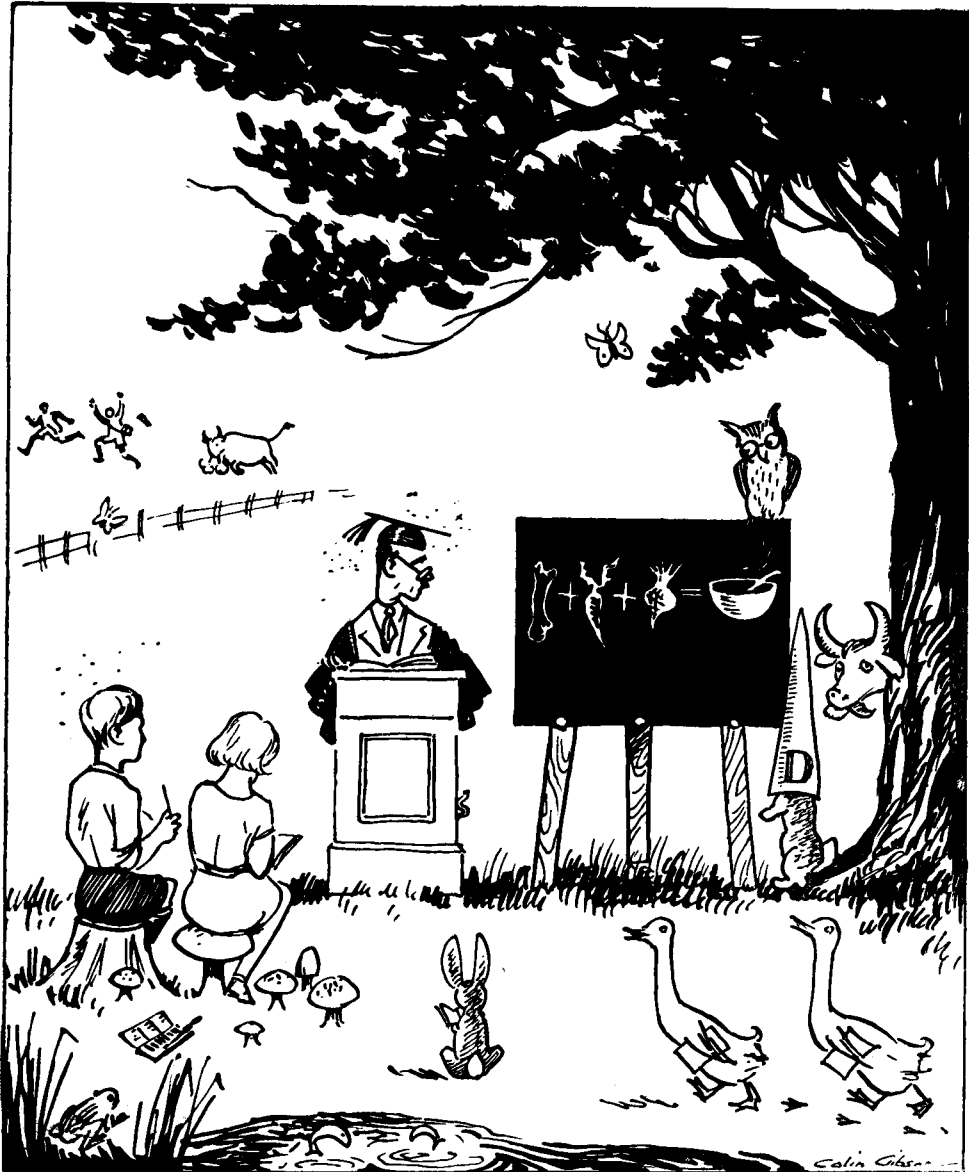
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G. L. WILSON'S,

The Corner, Dundee.



Back to Nature.

Will it come to this?

Dundee High School
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decrepit antelope suffering from St. Vitus Dance. But little time was left for wonder, because in his excitement the Viscount apparently failed to observe the ancient sun-dial, and with a hop, skip and a jump, he sat upon it! And as the rusty style sank deep into the flesh, a raucous scream burst froth from his lips. With astounding alacrity he shot off the style, and thereupon flopped into the veteran bird bath with even less dignity.

A lesser man would at this point have added another exclamatory outburst of a different type to his repertoire. But great men must always be original and in this emergency the Viscount had the presence of mind to sit and do precisely nothing save utter a convulsive effusion of shocked jibber—indeed, a baboon seated on its haunches on a font could have presented no more charming or picturesque a spectacle.

By now I was standing by my friend, assisting him out of his wet difficulties; as I did so I saw traces of blood in the rain water, and a splash of red spreading over the rhubarb pyjamas with ripening effects. His lordship had evidently suffered a considerable wound.

Our hostess, who had been aroused by the unwonted stir, was standing in the doorway expressing remarkably little surprise at the sight of her two guests, so inappropriately attired for the early hours, strolling and hobbling alternatively to the house. She seemed to take in the situation at a glance.

Once inside, the Viscount remained stiffly indifferent to her ladyship's sympathetic endearments, lavished with as much exuberance as curlers and no cosmetics could permit. The only comfort he would accept was a spacious armchair, in which he lolled with an expressive sigh of ease.

Now it is a regrettable fact—to which any mere schoolboy could testify—that such external injury to these parts renders any sedentary act an accomplishment painfully beyond the powers of human endurance. And in consequence I gulped with incredulity at the sight of his lordship—utterly devoid of pain, outwardly so serene after a wound—a rusty wound—of such depth. To me the whole affair was a complete mystery, and as such it remained for many months after my visit.

And then one day Lady Winkey sent me the following account in a newspaper:—

“At the Annual Assembly of Monkeyologists, which was held yesterday in London, the illustrious Viscount Monikie delivered an address to the entire gathering. In this he revealed how a series of experiments had enabled him to verify the curative effects of a concoction of rain water, withered leaves and rust, upon cuts and wounds sustained by members of the ape tribe while in their cages. ‘No longer,’ added his lordship, ‘need there be any worry over loose ends of wire netting in zoos.’ After describing in detail the concoction, the Viscount yelled in conclusion, ‘Back to Nature!’ amid roars of appreciation from his audience.

“His Majesty the King has since been graciously pleased to confer upon his lordship the Order of the Bath.”

As if the old BIRD hadn't had enough of that sort of thing already!

L. G. D. (S.).

Dunkirk.

The pale moon sheds her ghostly light

Upon the blood-defiled sand,

Where men, who but an hour ago

Throbbled with sweet Life's surging flow,

Lie 'neath the Butcher's hand.

The staring eyes of slaughtered men

Gaze, sightless, at her as she wanes,

Seeking now in Death's embrace

Another world above this place

Where bloody Carnage reigns.

Undying honour unto these

The glorious flower of Britain's might!

They gave their lives in Duty's name;

They joined the ranks of those who came

To serve the Cause of Right.

Let us, who now are left behind

To join the struggle just begun,

Bear the Torch of Truth on high,

And fight on grimly 'till we die,

Or Victory is won.

T. R. M'C.

A Day in the Hills.

ONE morning in the Easter holidays a friend and I started off from Clova Youth Hostel on a day's expedition into the hills and surrounding district of Glen Clova. We left the hostel on cycles about nine-thirty after having breakfasted and packed our knapsacks with sandwiches and a thermos flask for lunch. Clova Hostel is situated about two miles south of Milton of Clova on the south bank of the South Esk. It is a timber building, nestling in a pleasant hollow close by the stream which is screened from the road by a clump of trees. We left here and cycled up to Milton of Clova, which is a very small village, the principal building being the hotel where many visitors come on holiday. A path leads up from the back of the hotel to Loch Brandy and the Corrie of Clova. Loch Brandy was at this time frozen over and the surrounding hills were covered with snow.

At Milton of Clova we turned to the left and went up the road to Braedownie, a farm situated at the foot of Glen Doll. Just outside Milton of Clova on the right-hand side of the road is situated the ruins of Clova Castle. This could not have been much more than a small fort as the ruins are very small indeed. A little farther up the road can be seen Ben Reid towering up on the right, while a ridge known as the Bassies runs along on the left side of the stream. This ridge gives place to the Winter Corrie situated at the head of Glen Doll, a very rocky part which was covered with snow. At the end of the road on the right stands Red Craig which is an isolated hill jutting out from the general ridge. Braedownie farm is situated at the junction of the Esk with the White Water which flows down Glen Doll. Here we left our cycles in the care of the farmer and set off on foot.

A fair path is traversed as far as the Cald Burn where the track for Ballater branches off over the hills on the right. This track, known as the Capel Mount, is followed by walkers from Deeside to Glen Clova. We kept to the left and tramped on until we passed two cottages known as Moulzie. Here civilisation was left behind for a while. The path practically ceased and we found it more convenient to follow the bank of the stream. After cross-

ing an extremely rickety plank bridge we turned to the left still following the stream, and made along the foot of the West Corrie up to a ruined cottage known as Bachnagairn. Here we first came in contact with snow. The sun was shining and although there was a slight wind the day was pleasantly warm. We had climbed gradually from seven hundred and fifty feet at Milton of Clova to about seventeen hundred and fifty in about two and a half hours including half an hour's cycling.

At Bachnagairn we struck to the right up the hillside straight into the snow. The path was almost obliterated and only occasionally did we stumble on it. As we climbed upwards, although the sun was still warm, the wind had increased to a miniature gale which howled round our ears. After gaining the ridge, which is about 2,350 feet high, we walked on through the snow, which was from eighteen to twenty-four inches deep, heading towards Loch Muick. After about an hour's walking we had our first view of the loch with Lochnagar standing behind it wreathed in mist. Keeping along the ridge above the loch we made for the Black Burn which flows down into the loch about half way along. On the opposite bank could be seen the waters of the Glas-Allt tumbling down the steep sides of rock into the loch. A little nearer the head of the loch, where the stream runs into Loch Muick from the Dubh loch, can be seen the shooting lodge built for Queen Victoria. When we reached the Black Burn we struck down towards the shore of the loch and ate our lunch about four hours after the start.

After lunch and a short rest we made off along the loch about four or five hundred feet above the water. The path rapidly drops towards the end of the loch where two empty houses stand with a small shed called the Boat House on the edge of the water. Here a wide path is met again and we walked on for about half a mile until we met the other end of the Capel Mount track. We turned up it towards the south, having completed two sides of the triangle. At first the track was easily followed but it rapidly became lost amid the snow. Fortunately we managed to keep going in the right direction, thanks to

cairns which had been erected by some kind persons in the past. By this time our feet were soaked and we splashed on through the melting snow towards the summit. Now the mist cleared and we had a splendid view of the snow-clad heights of Lochnagar glittering in the sunshine against the bright blue sky. The last stretch towards the top proved the most difficult of all, a considerable number of steep slopes of smooth snow having to be traversed. Over the top we rapidly descended a very winding track, the sun being now very hot. We could see blowing up Glen Doll a shower of

rain but luckily we got the edge of it and it lasted only about five minutes.

We joined the track we had originally been on at the Cald Burn and returned to the farm by the same road, arriving there about five o'clock. Having collected our cycles we returned to the hostel to secure dry garb for our feet. We had walked about sixteen miles in all, mostly through snow, and the scenery had been magnificent. We arrived back tired but pleased at the pleasure we had got out of our venture into the wilds of Angus and Aberdeenshire.

W. F. R. (X.).

Egyptian Superstitions.

EGYPT is a land overflowing with superstitious rites and ancient festivals handed down from generation to generation.

As is fit, we shall start at the beginning. A baby girl has been born. A major problem is to choose her name. On the 6th day of her existence in this unhappy world, all the mother's female friends gather round. After long discussion the list of suitable names is reduced to three. Each name is represented by a candle and each candle is lit at the same moment. The one which burns longest will be the one from which the child gets her name.

Next morning the child is placed on a sieve and shaken (so that it will not need MacLean's tablets or such like when older)! Then the mother steps seven times over the child and each time she does so, a cymbal clashes, and the child is addressed thus: "Don't annoy your mother when she is cooking." "Don't cry when she is busy" and many other equally useful (but utterly wasted) injunctions.

There are many quaint Mohammedan festivals throughout the year but their dates vary.

The best known event is the fast of Ramadan which takes place on the 9th month of the Moslem year and lasts for thirty days. The fast lasts from sunrise till sunset, but at night the people eat, drink and make merry as much as possible. It is said more food is consumed during this month than in any other. At the sound of gunfire, which signals sunset, a sigh of relief arises from Egypt and the Moslems start to eat.

A festival connected with Egypt's greatest river is the Marriage of the Nile to the Land of Egypt. This is held about the 22nd of August and dates from the Pharaohs. In those bygone days it symbolised the union of the water with the earth before the earth bore fruit. An earthen figure was made in the shape of a woman and placed on the dry bed of the Pharaoh's canal. The dam was cut and the flood waters rushed in and bore off the earth maiden. Attempts were made to change this festival and the existing one is mainly a water carnival. It used to be the custom to give the conduct of this event one year to the Arabs, the next to the Egyptians and the third year to the Jews. Then the Government fixed the festival for a Saturday and made money by fining the Jews as their creed forbade them to take part!

F. L. B.

The Crossing.

Suddenly the warm blood spurted from his cheek

And trickled down his set jaw;
But he did not feel the blood on his cheek,
Only remorse at his heart did gnaw.

His gory blade swept on unheeded
'Till at last triumphant he stood;
'T'was his first shave, and 'twas badly needed;
He had crossed the threshold of manhood.

CHODI.



Culled from the Class Exams. :—

JUNIOR SCHOOL.

Punctuate : Where are you going to my pretty maid he asked.

Punctuation : "Where are you going ?" he asked.

"To my pretty maid."

* * * *

SAMSON AGONISTES :—

"Samson laments that he ever thought his wife a heaven-sent thing."

* * * *

"Captain Cook began by running away and for a time was in the navy and later a pirate."

"Captain Cook was a great seaman and discovered and claimed America for this country."

* * * *

"Hydro-electric power is given out when electricity comes down the mountain slope at such a terrific speed that it comes easily without having to be manufactured."

* * * *

CHAUCER.

Q. : "What character in the "Prologue" would you avoid ?"

A. : "The woman (wife of Bath) who has been married five times is someone to shun in case she thought about marrying me next !"

Another opinion of the wife of Bath :—

"The only stain on her character is that she left five husbands at the church door."

Q. : "Whose company would you have sought ?"

A. : "I would have sought the company of the knight : he was a knoble person."

"Christabel had gone out into the wood at midnight to prey for her lover."

* * * *

EVACUATION ?

Miss M.B. to little girl : "We're not going to any big house, as they are mostly military hospitals."

Little Girl : "But Miss Smith told us we were going to a cemetery."

Miss M. B. : "A cemetery !"

Little Girl : "Yes, that's the name of the School."

* * * *

From Tayport : Very hot day. Painter with ladders, etc., arrives at front door of house.

Dear Old Lady (forgetful and puzzled) : "What is it ?"

Painter : "I'm Fenton."

Dear Old Lady : "Good gracious ! Come in and get a drink of water !"

* * * *

CLASS IV.

Q. : "Give a word opposite in meaning to 'reward.'"

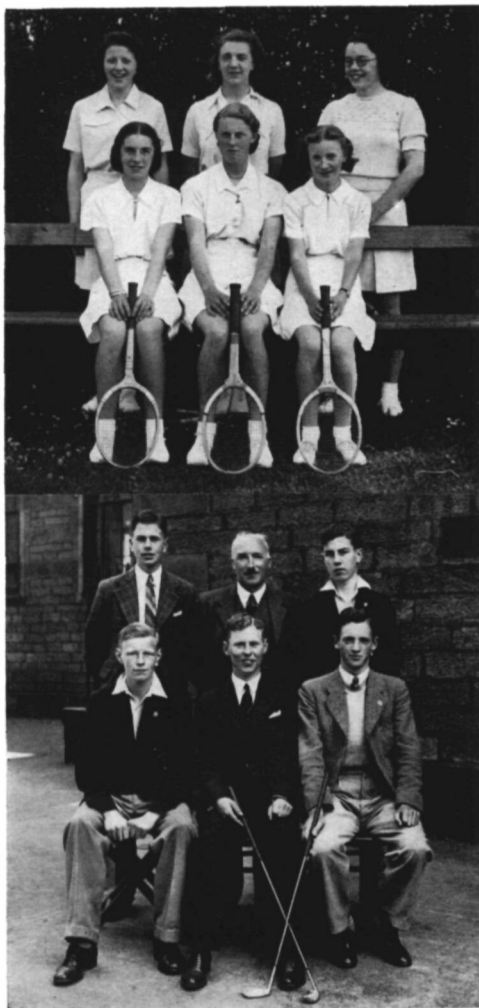
A. : "Getting a thrashing."

* * * *

THE WAR ATMOSPHERE !

"Famuli conlapsum in tecta ferebant."

"The family were huddled together in the attic."



[Photos. by D. & W. Prophet

Tennis Team 1940.

Standing (Left to Right)—I. Crawford. E. Robertson. W. Cooper.

Sitting (Left to Right)—A. Nicoll. E. Steel (*Capt.*). I. Doig.

Golf Team 1940.

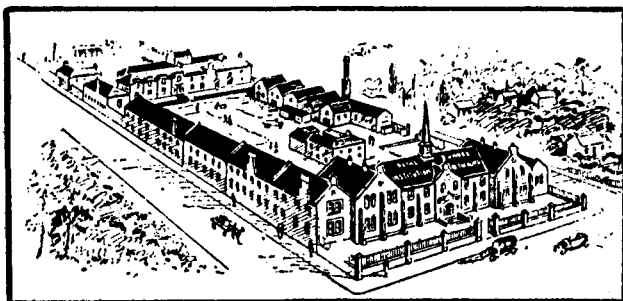
Standing (Left to Right)—J. Christie. W. G. Laird (*Pres.*). A. Mann.

Sitting (Left to Right)—H. Small. I. Kidd (*Capt.*). W. Gillespie.

Absent—I. Donaldson and R. Hood.

**Dundee High School
Magazine.**

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BASKETS and BASKETWARE of all descriptions.

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MATS of Good Quality.

HOSIERY made of Pure Wool. Half Hose, Golf Stock-
ings, Anklets, etc.

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(opposite **OLD STEEPLE**)

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Factory and Office:—MID STREET, DUNDEE

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to the Customers of

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THE AULD DUNDEE PIE SHOP

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ARE AT

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Above our Central Premises in Castle Street, and above all our Branches
are the well-known words

“**The Auld Dundee Pie Shop**”

" *C'est votre oncle Robert.*"

Smellie : " Bob's your uncle."

* * * *

Q. : " What's a pop-shop ? "

A. : " A lemonade shop."

* * * *

Boy (Class VI.) reciting : " So we grew together like to a double ' sherry.' "

* * * *

RECENT PROMOTIONS ?

TEACHER (*reading Cadet Notice*; : " Ration Books and Pages of Coupons are to be handed to the Marshall."

* * * *

Prospice.

Oh how comely it is, and how reviving
To the spirits of just men long oppressed !
When God into the hands of their deliverer
Puts invincible might
To quell the mighty of the earth, the oppressor,
The brute and boisterous force of violent men,
Hardy and industrious to support,
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue
The righteous, and all such as honour truth.
He all their ammunition
And feats of war defeats,
With plain heroic magnitude of mind
And celestial vigour armed ;
Their armories and magazines contemns,
Renders them useless ; while
With winged expedition,
Swift as the lightning glance, he executes
His errand on the wicked, who surprised
Lose their defence, distracted and amazed.

MILTON.

The Ballad of Thamas Sumph.

Sir Thamas Sumph, a baron bold,
Rade aff tae fecht a war.

His knocke-kneede steede laid doon and de'ed,
Sir Thamas rade not far.

As puir Sir Tam lay on the heath,
His breathe didde peche and bla',
When wha cam' ridin' ower the heathe ?
Sir Guy o' Pigge-Washe Ha'.

Now Guy he was a dirtye dogge
And when Sir Tam he sa',
He quick oot wi' his muckle sword
An ran the blighter thra'.

Sir Tam he loupit, loupit high,
And ere doon deed he felle,
He cursed Sir Guy of Pigge-Washe Ha'
And wished him doon in Helle.

Sir Tam he didna mean a thing,
Beyond a curse or twa'
But Auld Nick took his meanin' wrang—
Sir Tam's now doon bela'.

G. A. H. (Class VI.).

Evening.

Night is falling o'er the hills,
The sun is sinking low,
The soft wind passing, gently sways
The lilies to and fro.

Silence fills the peaceful glen,
Save for the plover's cry,
The pine trees tall like sentinels stand
Black 'gainst the evening sky.

Dewdrops hang from ev'ry leaf,
And quiver in the breeze
Which gently hushes sleeping fields,
And rustles in the trees.

The moon appears above the hills,
A round, pale orb of light,
Silently silvering the slumb'rous world,
Till daybreak ends the night.

J. K. (Class VII.G.).

The Leavings—And How?

Advice by Leseck & Co., Successful Candidates.

THE Leaving Certificate Examinations are generally regarded by prospective candidates as an ordeal. The following comments will give our impressions (gained from personal experience). We shall give our comments on individual subjects in order of importance (we hope!).

A—HIGHER ENGLISH.

Leseck & Co. recommend that the candidate should first of all learn thoroughly the "Camel-Chat of Rubaiyat's Pork Ham." (N.B.—Copies unrationed.) The "Coal Ridge of Christabella-Isabella and Cole-Porter" may be studied in conjunction with the above-mentioned. Another author who repays careful meditation is Bill Shakespeare, Esq., the easy-going what-you-will writer of "Hamlet's Twelfth Night as He Likes it." All students should be capable of scribbling, cribbing (or cogging) or even (if absolutely necessary) of writing Essays on Roast Tomatoes, Bad Characters of School Life, or Bird-Nesting. They may well be incapable of interpreting English Brose (sorry, prose; very sorry, broth) by Ovaltine Ruskin, Leseck or other famous writers; nevertheless, we are confident that, thus equipped, they will find that English is, in vulgar parlance, a dawdle or gift.

B—(L) HIGHER MATHEMATICS (MATHS.)

The best way of passing in this difficult subject is to study the famous and very memorable LESECK HYPOTHESIS (see below). Further study may be continued along the following lines, viz., (1) Straight lines, (2) curved lines or circles, (3) clothes lines, (4) railway lines, (5) Hard lines or 100 lines (impositions).

THE LESECK HYPOTHESIS.

To prove $4 = 5$.

$$16 - 36 = 25 - 45$$

$$\therefore 16 - 36 + 8\frac{1}{4} = 25 - 45 + 8\frac{1}{4}^*$$

$$\therefore (4 - 9/2)^2 = (5 - 9/2)^2 \text{ (factorising).}$$

$$\therefore 4 - 9/2 = 5 - 9/2 \text{ taking square roots.}$$

$$\therefore 4 = 5!!!$$

*(A remarkable Mathematical fact.)

C3 HIGHER LATIN.

The best advice with regard to this subject is "Cave Canem" or "Beware of Canned Latin." At. D.H.S. all Latin is canned. Nevertheless, for such as desire to obtain their certificate in this subject, the following hints may be useful.

- (1) Fail at least twice before attempting to pass.
- (2) Learn the verb amo, aimer, lieben, phileo, to love, etc., etc.
- (3) Forget more Latin than the master has ever learnt.

After which one may forget all about Latin, except that sublime and memorable line of Horace:

"Il etait une bergere."

D— LOWER HISTORY (HIGHER USELESS).

History began a very long time ago—in fact, it has been suggested by many very eminent philosophers, including the very memorable Leseck collaboration, that history extends beyond human recollection, and indeed beyond human comprehension. The best method, making the best of a bad job, is to divide it into its component parts or eras, viz. :—

- (A) Court History.
- (B) Scullery History.
- (C) Natural History (often imagined to be identical with Scullery History).
- (D) British, Philanthropic or Patriotic History.

(E.g., Natural History includes the probing of the mysteries of cabbages and kings, carrots, sewers and drains, etc.)

On the whole, you can swindle through Lower History with comparative ease.

E. HIGHER SCIENCE.

Probing into the mysteries of modern (sorry, D.H.S.) science entails the careful avoidance of breaking beakers, burettes, bunsens and bottles (non-intoxicating). N.B.



[Photos. by D. & W. Prophet.

Cricket Team 1st XI., 1940.

Back Row (Left to Right)—I. Thomson. R. Edwards. G. Bruce (Pres.). F. Sheriff. W. Carswell. A. Anderson.

Middle Row (Left to Right)—W. Jones. J. Laird. W. Ritchie (Capt.). W. Frain-Bell. A. G. Main.

Front Row (Left to Right)—J. Tullis. K. Duncan.

Cricket Team 2nd XI., 1940.

Back Row (Left to Right)—C. Whyment. J. Kirkaldy. D. Lawson. W. Murray. J. Hope.

Second Row (Left to Right)—A. Henderson. D. Rankine. W. Cuthill (Capt.). G. Caird.

Front Row (Left to Right)—A. Bryson. G. Grant.

**Dundee High School
Magazine.**

—Sums amounting to 2s. per term have been exacted (Query—extracted ?) from pupils !!!

For further information consult Messrs. D. G. M'Call and I. Donaldson (left School, unexpelled !), both of whom have been thus viciously exploited.

F. HIGHER FRENCH.

"Parlez-vous francais ?" Leseck & Co., after six years of D.H.S. French regret . . . (apology pending). We have vague ideas that "le chat court. Le rat 'stours' aussi, et le

chat" slips on banana-skin and teacher's belt descends.

French poetry brings reminiscences of pastoral life and French romance—Il était une bergère au clair de la lune.

* * * *

With these remarks we wish good luck to all prospective leaving certificate candidates and hope that they enjoy the exams, as much as we did.

LESECK & Co.

Singapore.

DURING these dark days we tend to turn our minds to our empire, its strength and its strong points. One of these is Singapore, an island situated off the southern tip of the Malay Peninsula and about one hundred miles from the equator. It is roughly twenty-five miles long and seventeen miles broad.

The northern part is mostly swamp. Near the centre there are a few hills. The town of Singapore is on the south coast of the island and has three parts—a Malay Quarter, a Chinese Quarter, and a European Quarter. In the two native quarters the streets are narrow and always crowded with people. The Malay houses are dark, filthy huts with no windows and are built mostly of matting. In the Chinese quarter the houses are built of brick and plaster and have bright colours on the roofs and doors. These houses are usually built in terraces with arched portions over the sidewalks which give shade to the lower rooms. Here the family sit in the evenings and watch the traffic passing along the streets. Some Indians live in the Malay quarter and their houses are similar to those of the Malays. In the European quarter there are wide streets lined with trees, and also many gardens. One of the wonders of Singapore is the Botanical Gardens, where every kind of tropical plant and tree is to be found. There are also many sub-tropical plants and even some of our own, such as roses. There is also a fine playground

where European children go in the evening with their Chinese Amaps.

On the seafront are the quays. Singapore needs few docks as the water is deep enough to allow ships to lie up at the wharves. The Singapore roads are very sheltered and provide an excellent anchorage for ships. Here many cargoes are loaded by small boats called Tongkangs. Further along the seafront is the bathing station a favourite haunt of the young people. Here there is a large protected pool to keep out sharks and allow bathing in safety.

On the east coast is a new naval base, hewn out of a terrible swamp. It is an engineering wonder and has a dry-dock capable of holding Britain's largest warship. Close to it are the barracks, where a large garrison is stationed. Not far away is the new military aerodrome of the island, the civil one being nearer Singapore.

The principal products are rubber, pine-apples, copra from cocoanut palms, pepper and malacca canes. Tin ore is mined in the Malay States and Dutch East Indies and brought down to Singapore where it is smelted. It is then exported in bars. Tea, tobacco and sugar cane grown in the Dutch East Indies are exported from Singapore to all parts of the world, thus making Singapore one of the busiest ports in the East.

A. McLAY (Class V.).

The Submerged Cathedral.

The waves go ebbing and flowing
Between the tall headlands,
And across the sea go chasing
Blue-green and silver bands,
And the lacy waves go swirling
Far up the dappled sands.

Then over the gulls' wild crying
And the throbbing roar of the sea
Comes a strange outlandish pealing
That mounts and is lost strangely,
But over the glinting waters
Is nothing there to see.

Yet it mounts and it mounts, a clanging
And calling of hidden bells
Which comes boldly over the roaring
Of pebbles as each wave swells ;
But the gulls just keep wheeling and gliding
And heed not the urgent bells.

Under the waves, a cathedral
Rises, out of sight,
Whose long and shadowed aisles are lit
By shafts of greenish light ;
While the tide-turned bells in the towers are
swinging
To mark the coming night.

There by the carven altar,
Where tall candles used to stand,
The cold grey eels lie watching,
And the floor is strewn with sand,
While the soaring, empty windows
By trembling weeds are spanned.

Then back the tide goes surging
Between the cliffs and sea,
And the bells give one last heavy swing
And are silent suddenly ;
While the gulls lie rocking on the swell,
Serenely white and free. M. E. F.

Imagination.

All the fairy magic of th' enchanted caves—
Icicles and frozen waterfalls
In one, and in another, lies a jewel,
A ruby, living, flashing forth fierce fire,
That leaps, and shudders, then in darkness falls,
Obliterated ; but while it blazed forth,
Fantastic shadows whirled around the walls.

All the fairy magic of th' enchanted caves—
Hills, dales, rivers, and the sky o'er all
In one ; and in another, see ! a maiden,
A wondrous beauty, robed in snowy white,
Her eyes, violet, her face an angel's ;
Tresses of midnight clothe her stately head.
We pass on, but in that short space of time
Through walks where pure minds dwell, we
have been led.

All the fairy magic of th' enchanted caves—
Tumbling, frisking, playful little elves
In one ; and in another, hark ! the angels'
Song has found an echo in this cave :
These sounds are not of mortal, nor by rocks
caused—
No freak of nature formed these joyful trills.
Carillon's bells—a group of mermaids fair
Voicing sweet thoughts through innocent,
sweet song—
The foam that rushes to the sandy beach—
Soft summer breezes, bearing love along.

These caves—how often do I roam
Through wonders yet unknown on earth.
There dwells love, hope, fear, joy, beauty,
The Ali Baba caves, giv'n second birth.

ELIZABETH MENZIES (Class V.).

Dundee High School Old Boys' Club.

We have very little to report at this time as owing to so many of our Members being on active service we have not held our usual Outing or Matches this year.

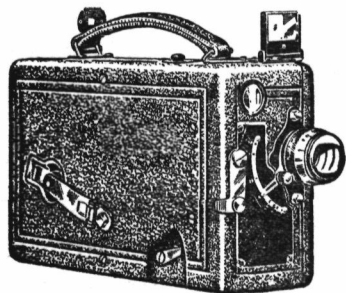
The Club Membership remains as before with the exception of the loss caused to the Club by the death of Ex-Lord Provost W. H.

Buist, O.B.E., J.P. (1890-1893), who was a valued member of the Club.

NEWS OF MEMBERS.

The Secretary received a very interesting letter from Mr. W. D. Leslie of Pretoria, South Africa, in April. Here is an extract :—

" I was very interested to receive the last



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The Best of Everything in
9·5 mm. and 16 mm. Apparatus
Always in Stock.

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to those interested.

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MELDRUM'S

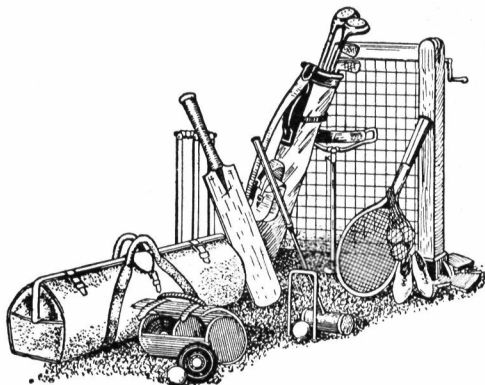
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All Requisites for

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CRICKET,
GOLF,
BOWLS,
BADMINTON,
SWIMMING,

At Keenest Prices.



GROUND SHEETS
for CAMPING.
RUCSACKS.
CYCLING CAPES.
FISHING JACKETS
and TROUSERS.
ANGLERS'
WADERS.
FISHING BAGS.

TENNIS RACKETS RE-STRUNG AND REPAIRED in our own Workshop.

13-15 REFORM STREET, DUNDEE.

Before and after your Sports
DRINK

Barrie's

FRUIT JUICES

Orange, Lemon, Grape Fruit

VERY REFRESHING

issue of the School Mag. and to notice the names of all the lads who had been called to the Colours. The School is already well and truly represented.

"We out here can hardly realise that there is a war on except for the appearance of many more in uniform now. Of course after we had declared war on Germany, the Government would not allow anyone to go overseas so I joined an Active Citizen Force Unit. The A.C.F. is the same as the Territorials at home. I joined as a full blown Private and have since regretted that I have never been in the Cadets at School. A new Regiment was formed here (of which I was the second recruit) called the 1st Battalion of the Pretoria Highlanders. We have already been to camp for 30 days, and I for one thoroughly enjoyed it and the company of such a good crowd of fellows. We are to wear the Hunting Stuart tartan—when it arrives from overseas? but our Pipe Band is already fully equipped in the Royal Stuart tartan. A valuable asset to a new regiment to have a ready-made band! It was seconded to the regiment by the local Caledonian Society.

"You folk at home will be glad when the summer comes round again, and to be rid of the 'black-outs.' It must be dreadful. However, we have all to live in hope for an early conclusion to hostilities and a return to peace and goodwill among all nations."

The following report appeared in the *Dundee Courier* on the occasion of 2nd Lieut. D. R. Elder obtaining the Military Cross:—

"Second Lieut. David Renwick Elder, Black Watch.—On 13th May the post that he was holding was subjected to a determined attack by greatly superior numbers. He showed the greatest skill and determination. His complete disregard of personal danger was of the highest order, and the tactical skill with which he defended his post was solely responsible for the failure of the enemy attack.

"Second Lieut. Elder is a son of Mr. John K. Elder, jute salesman, Calcutta, and Mrs. Elder, 73 Tullideph Road, Dundee. Born in 1920, Lieut. Elder was educated at Dundee High School, and when mobilised was serving an apprenticeship with Messrs. Henderson & Loggie, Chartered Accounts. He is a prominent member of Dundee High School F.P. Rugby and Cricket Clubs. At School Lieut. Elder was a sergeant in the Cadet Corps."

* * * *

As we go to press the news comes to hand that Sir Charles C. Barrie, K.B.E., D.L., J.P., one of the School's Old Boys, has received a Peerage. This is one of the highest honours achieved by any of the Old Boys of the School and our heartiest congratulations are extended to Sir Charles.

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

Chief Engineer William Adams, M.M.
2nd Lieut. Thomas Agnew, B.W.
Trooper Charles W. Aitken, Fife and Forfar.
Captain D. Anderson, R.A.M.C.
L.-Col. James C. Anderson, R.A.M.C.
Sgt.-Pilot Alan R. Beveridge, R.A.F.
Sgt.-Pilot R. Graham Beveridge, R.A.F.
2nd Lieut. Keith Black, R.H.R.
Pte. J. Bowman, R.A.M.C.
2nd Lieut. N. Briggs, R.F.A.
Sapper H. Gordon Brock, R.E.
Pte. John Brough, B.W.
Gunner David Brown, Lon. Scot
A./C.2 J. Donald Brown, R.A.F.
Volunteer Evelyn M. Brymer, W.A.T.S.

Driver J. K. Brymer, R.A.S.C.
Trooper David S. Bryson, Fife and Forfar Yeomanry.
Olive M. Buchanan, W.A.T.S.
Ord. Seaman Robert A. Burnett, R.N.
O./Cadet Kenneth J. Burnett, O.C.T.U.
A./C.2 William Burns, R.A.F.
Eric Byers, R.A.O.C.
Gunner William S. Caird, R.A.
Lieut. S. Carmichael, R.T.R.
2nd Lieut. George Chalmers, R.F.A.
2nd Lieut. Douglas Christie, G.H.
Pte. Alexander Clark, Fife and Forfar Yeomanry.
C.Q.M.S. Murray H. Cochran, A.T. Company.
Lieut. Lewis I. Collins, B.W.
2nd Lieut. Donald M. Colquhoun, B.W.

Pte. Gordon Colquhoun.

2nd Lieut. John F. Cooper, R.E.

2nd Lieut. John Cooper, B.W.

2nd Lieut. Ian S. Cowley, B.W.

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

2nd Lieut. D. D. S. Craib, S.H.

L./Cpl. John W. Cree, C.T.R.

W. Gordon Dickie, R.A.F.

A./C.2 Vaughan Doe, R.A.F.

2nd Lieut. D. Donald, O.C.T.U.

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

Sgt.-Pilot-Instructor Robert C. Duff, R.A.F.

L./Cpl. John C. Duffus, R.E.

Cadet William P. Duguid, M.M.

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

Pte. D. P. S. Duncan, A.P.C.

Driver Ian V. Dunn, R.A.S.C.

2nd Lieut. David R. Elder, M.C., B.W.

Pte. D. Ferguson, R.A.S.C.

Sgt. A. Findlay, R.A.S.C.

Section Leader Etta Forbes, W.A.T.S.

Pilot-Officer Hamish Forbes, R.A.F.

O./Cadet J. S. Forbes, O.C.T.U.

Lieut. William B. Foster, R.E.

2nd Lieut. E. William Forwell, R.A.

2nd Lieut. George Fraser, R.A.

O./Cadet Alastair Gibson, M.M.

Cpl. William S. Gibson, R.A.

2nd Lieut. Neil A. Gillanders, R.A.

Pte. Gilmour B. Godfrey, R.A.S.C.

2nd Lieut. Donald Grant, R.F.A.

Pte. Andrew Gray, A.P.C.

L./Bdr. Charles Gray, R.A.

David Halley, R.A.S.C.

Edward Halley, R.A.F.

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

Sapper F. R. Harrison, R.E.

Group Leader Margaret Harvey, W.R.A.F.

Gunner W. R. Hayens, R.E.

2nd Lieut. W. Heath, R.A.

Gunner Gordon S. Hope, R.A.

2nd Lieut. Ferguson W. Haw, B.W.

O./Cadet Ian Isles, B.C.S.

D. Jamieson, R.A.S.C.

O./Cadet J. S. Johnston, S.G.

2nd Lieut. James Keir, C.H.

Sapper Alastair Kield, R.E.

L./Cpl. Dennis Kidney, B.W.

Colonel J. Kinnear, R.A.M.C.

Major W. L. Kinnear, B.W.

Lieut. A. Gordon Laird, R.E.

Sgt. Kenneth Lane, R.E.

2nd Lieut. Alexander E. Larg, B.W.

Pte. I. K. Lawson, R.A.S.C.

George A. M. Little, R.A.S.C.

2nd Lieut. J. M. Law, R.A.

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

Pte. W. D. Leslie, Pretoria Highlanders.

2nd Lieut. A. Luhrs, R.A.

Alexander M'Ara, R.A.F.

Neil M'Ara, Scottish Horse.

O./Cadet Alexander M'Call, R.A.F.

Lieut. I. G. M'Call, R.A.M.C.

Trooper Ronald M'Dougal, Scottish Horse.

2nd Lieut. Charles A. M'Gregor, B.W.

2nd Lieut. Eric J. Mackenzie, R.E.

2nd Lieut. Duncan M'Kerchar, R.A.

2nd Lieut. Ian M'Lagen, R.E.

2nd Lieut. R. A. M'Laren, Argyle Sutherland H.

A./C.2 C. R. M'Leish, R.A.F.

Capt. Frederick MacLennan, R.E.

A./C.2 W. A. Macqueen, R.A.F.

O./Cadet A. T. Marshall, R.A.

A./C.2 Walter Marshall, R.A.F.

Cpl. R. M. Mathers, R.A.S.C.

Trooper J. L. Y. Matthew, Scottish Horse.

Gunner N. G. Melrose, R.F.A.

L./Bdr. Douglas Millar, R.A.

Cpl. Gordon Millar, R.A.S.C.

A./C.2 Harry Millar, R.A.F.

Sgt. J. B. Millar, Scottish Horse.

Trooper W. N. M. Millar, Fife and Forfar Yeomanry.

Pte. Reg. Milne, R.A.O.C.

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

L./Bdr. A. G. Muckart, R.A.

A./C.1 Grant Muckart, R.A.F.

Cpl. J. Muckart, R.A.S.C.

L./Cpl. John Muirhead, B.W.

Trooper J. S. Nicoll, Scottish Horse.

I. F. Panton, R.N.

Pilot/Officer R. L. Paterson, R.A.F.

Pte. Frank Patterson, B.W.

Midn. Ian Pearson, R.N.

Trooper Ian Peebles, Fife and Forfar Yeomanry.

Driver A. Peters, R.A.S.C.

Lieut. D. Pithie, R.A.C.S.

2nd Lieut. Frank Philip, R.F.A.

Capt. G. F. Philip, R.A.

2nd Lieut. A. Philip, R.F.A.

Driver N. Philip, R.E.

Gunner T. Philip, R.F.A.

Pte. Chas. Parker, R.A.S.C.

Cadet J. Potter, R.A.

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

Sgt./Pilot I. Ramsay, R.A.F.

Driver Lawson Ramsay, R.A.S.C.

L./Sgt. J. R. Rattray, R.A.

Lieut. J. D. Recorden, R.A.M.C.

A./C.2 R. W. Recordon, R.A.F.

2nd Lieut. T. W. Reid, R.E.

J. Robertson, M.M.

Pilot/Officer J. O. Robertson, R.A.F.

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

Paymaster Sub.-Lieut. J. C. Robertson, R.N.V.R.

Capt. S. Robertson, R.E.
Trooper J. Rorie, Fife and Forfar Yeomanry.
Driver Y. H. B. Rorie, R.A.
Surgeon-Lieut. Rorie, R.N.V.R.
2nd Lieut. John G. Ross, B.W.
Pte. C. J. M. Scott, R.A.O.C.
2nd Lieut. J. Scrimgeour, R.E.
Sapper E. Shepherd, R.E.
Sub-Lieut. Peter Sime, R.N.V.R.
O./Cadet W. F. Simpson, R.A.S.C.
Capt. G. B. Smith, R.F.A.
Pte. J. L. Smith, R.A.S.C.
2nd Lieut. Sidney Smith, Royal Scots.
A./C. T. P. Smith, R.A.F.
Gunner G. C. Stalker, R.A.
Flying Officer J. C. Stevenson, R.A.F.
Pte. D. M. Stibbles, B.W.
Capt. Ian B. Taylor.
Lieut. J. Taylor, R.E.
Lieut. J. Taylor, R.N.V.R.
W. Taylor, B.W.

Driver G. Thow, R.A.
Suregon-Lieut. Preston Watson, R.N.V.R.
Fusilier W. V. Webb, A.A.
Pte. R. G. Webster, R.A.
Pte. Alan Wright, R.A.M.C.
2nd Lieut. D. M. Wright, B.W.
2nd Lieut. J. A. Wright, B.W.

CASUALTIES.

Chief Engineer W. H. Adams. Wounded May, 1940.
2nd Lieut. Keith Black. Wounded May, 1940.
Sgt./Pilot-Ins. R. C. Duff. Killed as result of flying accident, March, 1940.
2nd Lieut. A. Duncan. Missing.
2nd Lieut. A. E. Larg. Wounded May, 1940.
2nd Lieut. A. Luhrs. Wounded May, 1940.
2nd Lieut. Gordon J. Robbie. Reported missing May 15th, 1940. Reported Prisoner of War, May 28th, 1940.
2nd Lieut. J. A. P. Scrymgeour. Missing.

Reports.

Cadet Report.

The main preoccupation of this term has been preparation for camp. The camp enrolment is 111 N.C.O.'s and Cadets which constitutes a record number. For reasons of safety it has been decided not to camp under canvas, and billets have been found at Cortachy Hall and within the grounds of the Earl of Airlie. The cost of new uniform has unfortunately made it impossible to supply equipment to cadets who are not going to camp.

Friday parades have been held as usual, and in recent weeks the parade has been in uniform. The general appearance this year has been noticeably good, particularly in the case of the senior boys.

Some reorganisation of parade time-table at camp has been necessary, and visitors will be restricted to the afternoons and evenings of Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

As a result of the absence on active service of Lieut. Larg and 2nd Lieut. M'Gregor, Mr. Wood and Mr. Paton have generously offered to attend camp and assist.

Our good wishes go to all former cadets who are now serving in H.M. Forces and Mercantile Marine, and we would particularly send our regards to Lieut. Larg, who is now in hospital recovering from extensive shrapnel wounds.

The spring promotions are as follows :—

Sgt. T. R. McCall to be C.S.M. ; Cpl. W. F. Ross to be C.Q.M.S. ; Cpl. N. M. Chodorovsky to

be Sgt. ; Cpl. W. Gillespie to be Sgt. ; Cpl. W. C. D. Jones to be Sgt. ; Cpl. I. G. Kidd to be Sgt. ; L./Cpl. J. B. Stephen to be Sgt. ; Cpl. D. Waddell to be Sgt. ; D./Cpl. I. Thomson to be D./Sgt. ; Cadet Barbien to be Cpl. ; L./Cpl. Laird to be Cpl. ; L./Cpl. Lawson to be Cpl. ; L./Cpl. M'Call to be Cpl. ; D./L./Cpl. Ogsten to be D./Cpl. ; Cadet W. D. Carswell to be L./Cpl. ; Cadet I. Duguid to be L./Cpl. ; Cadet K. P. Duncan to be L./Cpl. ; Cadet R. L. Edwards to be L./Cpl. ; Cadet H. W. Marnie to be L./Cpl. ; Cadet W. R. Murray to be L./Cpl. ; Cadet C. C. Smellie to be L./Cpl. ; Cadet A. I. Stewart to be L./Cpl. ; Cadet I. C. Whyte to be L./Cpl. ; Piper I. Donaldson to be P./L./Cpl. ; Piper R. D. Leitch to be P./L./Cpl.

W. L. M.

STOP PRESS.

Well done, David R. Elder, M.C. ! We are proud indeed that a decoration so early in the war, and so well earned, has been awarded to a former cadet. We are a proud and happy unit.

Guide Report.

Once again we have come to the end of another season, and despite war-time conditions it has been a successful one.

Our recruits have now passed their Second Class tests and are working to gain their first proficiency badge. Most of the P.L.'s and seconds have been working keenly for their First Class badge which is to be tested on 15th June.

We handed over £5 as the result of our Guide Week effort, and the money is to go towards the buying of a lifeboat.

The Officers have been organising nature competitions for us, and we have found them both interesting and popular.

Patrol marks have yet to be handed in, but there should be close competition for the Shield, which is now in the possession of the Skylarks.

We take this opportunity of thanking our officers for the enthusiasm, help, and kindness they have displayed this session. It is due to them that the spirit of the Company has remained unchanged through the past months.

J. M. D.

Cricket Report.

In spite of the war, the cricket elevens have been able to carry out their fixtures as usual.

After a shaky start, the 1st XI. has never looked back, and is keenly expectant of winning its remaining fixtures. Throughout the season the bowling has been of an exceptionally high standard, and the batting, although lacking in confidence in the opening matches, has now much improved. The improvement in fielding, which was rather slow at the beginning of the season, has also been maintained.

The 2nd XI. has had a good season, and the younger members of the team have shaped very well. The batting and bowling have been fairly consistent, and this year's team should help to make up a very formidable 1st XI. next season.

We take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Bruce, as President, and Mr. Stark, as coach, for their unfailing interest in the teams, and all other members

of the staff who have given up their time for the welfare of our cricket.

W. R. (*Captain*).

Tennis Report.

Our Tennis season this year has been quite successful in spite of all difficulties. We have put in a lot of practice and have had coaching from Miss East, which helps us on our way to victory. We have played two matches with Harris, winning both of them. The first by 7 matches to 1 and the second by 6 matches and 3 draws. Our match against Madras was unfinished. Unfortunately some matches have had to be cancelled.

The American Tournament was played off on Wednesday, 22nd May, and was won by L. G. Smith and Shiona Davidson. The Singles Championship was won by Eileen Steel, the runner-up being Irene Doig.

We take this opportunity of thanking Miss Whytock for her ever-ready help and advice and the keen interest she takes in our team work.

E. S.

Swimming Report.

During the recent summer term the weekly turn-out at Baths has been as good as ever and the standard of swimming maintained. As it was impossible to hold the usual Galas this year the Championship events were swum on the 12th June. Kathleen Alexander won the Junior Cup and Shiona Davidson is the new Senior Champion.

In October several members of the Club won the Bronze Medallion and Intermediate Certificate for life-saving.

The members of the Swimming Club would like to thank Miss Whytock for her interest and coaching throughout the term.

