

*T. S. Murray*

# THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. 80                      APRIL 1941                      FOURPENCE

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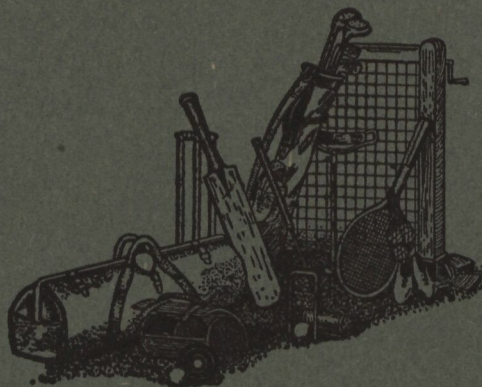
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# The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

No. 80.]

APRIL, 1941.

[FOURPENCE.

## Editorial.

"**H**ERE is the editorial and this is your editor writing it." Nor is it writ from a desire for fame, for an editor must, of necessity, preserve his or her incognito, but because every good magazine has on its first page that imposing word—"Editorial." And this is a good magazine.

We find, on looking through back numbers for pithy editorial sayings, that it is the duty of the editor of the Easter Number to bemoan the inclemency of the weather and remark on its unseasonable character. We are justified in continuing this custom for we have had a very hard and long winter. But with the passing of the "Leavings" Spring is surely on the way.

The unusual severity of the winter must have made doubly welcome the comforts for the forces knitted by Miss Mess and some of the girls. Just after Christmas it was so cold that the radiators in the Girls' School froze and accommodation had to be found in the Boys' School.

We are growing accustomed to changes in the staff. Mr. Smart has gone from the Mathematical Department and is now doing physical research under the Admiralty: but the department carries on manfully with the able assistance of Mrs. M'Kenzie and Mrs. Robertson (Miss Fernie that was). We are happy to see Mr. Stalker back and looking well after his recent illness. The appointment of Miss Gray to the Classical Department has also eased the heavy burden borne by its masters; but now, alas, Mr. Taylor has to

go! Good luck and all good wishes, Mr. Taylor.

We note with regret the passing, this term, of two distinguished directors and good friends of the School and of a celebrated and revered Science Master—Mr. Fergus Baxter, Mr. C. C. Duncan and Mr. Frank W. Young. For appreciations see elsewhere in this number. Miss Helen T. Matthew, another old associate, died at Newport on the 7th February. For many years she was head of the Needlework Department. Lastly we, but lately his fellow pupils, mourn the death of Ian Sinclair—youth cut off in the promise of its springtime.

How widely scattered, especially in these days, must be our F.P.'s, yet hardly a week passes which does not bring news, good or bad, of some old High School boy in some corner of the world. For instance, we were sorry to see that Mr. George Pearson Paton, C.B.E., British Consul-General in Istanbul, was injured in the bomb outrage in the Pera Palace Hotel. We have also received news that Miss Ruth Wilson, a former captain of the Girls' Hockey Team, has been awarded the C.B.E.

With the rising fury of the "Blitz" and the increased dropping of fire-bombs it has been found expedient to have fire-watchers in the School continuously. The ladies' staff and the senior boys watch in groups of six during the evenings, while two boys and two masters keep watch in turns in School throughout the night.

Indirectly the "Blitz" has brought renown

to the School, for an F.P., and an eminent architect, Mr. Donald E. E. Gibson, has been entrusted with the task of designing the new Coventry. In the same profession, an old friend and former editor, William S. Gauldie (creator of Biggleswipe) has also been in the news. Now a student of architecture at Dundee College of Art he recently gained the first prize, £15, in a competition for the design of a war memorial-chapel in memory of those lost at sea. The competition was arranged by "Art Notes."

During this term there has been an increase in the average weekly savings of the School, for pupils, inspired no doubt by their success in War Weapons' Week, are contributing more generously. The total of £446 15s. which we raised during that week was a fine achievement.

In February we had a visit from Wing-Commander Fletcher in connection with the Air Training Corps.

At Easter the School is to lose another of its pillars for "Jessie" is retiring. For twenty-five years she has looked after the girls' side of Dundee High School and everyone from the most exalted to the most lowly will miss her. For it is Jessie who grows the bulbs that brighten the School in spring and summer; it is Jessie who pampers the staff by making their "elevenses" every morning. And though many of us can remember a well-earned "talking to" from Jessie we can also remember her many little acts of kindness.

Fully conscious that we have committed many "sins of omission" in this Editorial, we

end by wishing you "Bonnes vacances" and may they be "blitz" free.

\* \* \* \*

There is little fresh news this term of F.P.'s serving with the forces. Cpl. Millar has been promoted to Sergeant Instructor. Lieut. W. Heath, M.C., is now a captain. The Grant family are serving as follows:—C. B. Grant—Scots Guards; Lieut. John M. Grant—Indian Army Ordnance Corps; 2nd Lieut. D. A. Grant—Indian Army; Vol. E. Mary Grant, A.F.S. D. C. Stewart is Leading Naval Airman, F.A.A.

We were happy to have a visit from Mr. D. Paton and Mr. Wood.

### To Jessie.

When we were young, how grim a cloud you stood

Above us, when delinquent, and how rude  
We sometimes were. Now years have gone  
and we

Are privileged to know you well and see  
The lining of pure gold that same cloud wears,  
The heart that, finding joy in small things,  
shares

Its joy with others in a thousand ways,  
Green fingers that enrich the waxing days  
With flowers for us to see, that humour dry,  
As purely Scottish as the unswerving, high  
Conception of how duty should be done,  
Regardless of the cost, the mind where one  
And all of us and all our deeds have place;  
You are a member of a valued race  
To whom the human debt can not be paid.

Jessie, they broke the mould when you were  
made. SPERO.

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



## Jessie of the High School—1915-1941.

SOME members of our staff should never retire; they leave too great a blank. Such a one is Jessie of the High School. Like every true woman, her one object in life is obviously to help lame ducks over stiles and to do this in such a way that the poor silly fowls are wholly unaware of the act.

It is impossible to analyse such a personality. She accomplishes this daily task by her good humour, by her sympathy, by her energy and by her direct, genial speech, firm when necessary. Her duties and services defy definition and she is always adding to them—she is expert in first-aid to those afflicted in mind and body. How many owe their success in life to the magic piece of coal, bestowed on

them by her, when they, at times faint-heartedly, approached their first real hurdle, the Leaving Certificate Examinations, can be determined only by the most expert mathematicians. Then, which of us will ever forget her love of flowers and plants, that by some witchery on her part are seen to grow and blossom in windows and on teachers' desks? She even entices infant oak-trees to sprout by some magic of her own, on window-sills, chosen carefully by her for their sunny aspect. Yes, that at last is the secret of her success in our School-life; she has captured for herself and for us, if we are wise, the brightness of the day.

The best wishes of all pupils and teachers go with her in her well-earned rest. J.S.S.

### “Jessie”—A Tribute.

JESSIE is leaving us at Easter! It seems almost an impossibility, so closely are the Girls' School and Jessie associated in the minds of all of us. However, there it is—and we have to accept the fact that our Guide, Philosopher, Friend and Horticultural Adviser is really departing. At the news came swift the thought—who would look after us now? Who would see that books and cases were not left where they ought not to be, or that “those Guides” did not leave their belongings in the wrong cloakroom? Who would look after the Staff's “elevenses,” watch over their bulbs and acorns, and keep them all up to the mark generally, especially the helpless (!) males? WHO, indeed?

It was difficult to realise, that no more would we see her trim navy-clad figure with the little apron going along the corridors, or up and down the stairs, gravely pondering over the affairs of the nation in general, and of the D.H.S. in

particular, and, twice daily, coming in with the demand for “Slips, please,” always having an apt retort for any sally that might greet her entrance.

For five and twenty years, Jessie has served the School, loyally and faithfully, and has always given ungrudging help, when any extra duties have been asked of her.

The high standard of honour, loyalty, and devotion to duty she set herself, has been, and always will be, an inspiring example to us all, old and young alike, and though she may have many worthy successors, there will never be another who will fill the unique place Jessie has made for herself, in the annals of the Girls' School.

Goodbye, Jessie, and best wishes, and thanks for everything, say staff and pupils. The tall daffodils on the staircase nod their farewell, “'bye,” whisper the tulips and the crocuses.

H.C.

## Obituary.

### Frank W. Young, C.B.E.

IN the early days of January of this year, the death occurred in his 90th year of Mr. Frank W. Young, who for 23 years—1877 to 1900—was Headmaster of the Science Department of the High School.

Mr. Young was a native of Dundee, and was educated at the West End Academy. Later, becoming interested in Science, he went to London, where at the Royal College of Science, he studied under Huxley, Tyndall and other eminent scientists. In 1877 he was appointed Science Master at the High School. Prior to this date comparatively little Science had been taught in the School, and there is evidence that the teaching was somewhat casual. It was at this period that the Directors decided to give Science a definite place in the curriculum alongside the linguistic and mathematical subjects—no small innovation in these days—and so Mr. Young became the first Head of the new Science Department.

Two small rooms were equipped for him, one as lecture room, the other as a laboratory. It is interesting to think that this small laboratory may have been one of the very first School laboratories in Scotland.

With his charming and virile personality, an amazing enthusiasm for his subject, and an equal enthusiasm for teaching it, Mr. Young at once gained the affection and interest of his pupils. Not a few of these adopted scientific careers, and rose to positions of eminence. Among them one may specially mention the late Sir James Walker, Professor of Chemistry, Edinburgh University, Dr. W. T. Calman, C.B., F.R.S., formerly Keeper of Zoology, British Museum of Natural History, and Professor Alex. M'Kenzie, F.R.S., Emeritus Professor of University College, Dundee.

If we confine ourselves only to Mr. Young's activities within the School one would have a very imperfect appreciation of his contribution to the cause of education. One may state here that no single individual exercised a greater influence in promoting the development of Scientific and Technical Education in Scotland than Mr. Young.

He was one of the founders of the Dundee and District Association for the promotion of Technical and Secondary Education, a body that under his guidance, as Hon. Secretary, organised the intricate schemes required to cover the multifarious educational needs of the artisans of this district, and as Director of Studies of the first Technical Institute he saw many of these schemes realised in practice. An Association on similar lines to cover the needs of Scotland was formed in Edinburgh and of this he, too, was Hon. Secretary. In 1900 Mr. Young was appointed to be one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools, and thereafter his work lay principally in the Glasgow area. In 1917 he was chosen to supervise the education in Universities, Training Colleges, and Technical Schools of the returning ex-service men whose education had been interrupted by the war.

He retired in 1924 and his great services to education in Scotland were recognised when he was created a Commander of the Order of the British Empire.

It will be seen that about half of Mr. Young's years of work were spent in the High School, but one suspects that in his years of absence he never forgot his first love. He liked when opportunity occurred to drop in upon us at School and see the old friends.

One of the happiest days of his life was that Saturday in June, 1927, when he joined the School again at the School Sports and presided at the opening of the new pavilion and declared it open. It was a tribute to the affection in which he was held by his old pupils that so many of them turned out to greet him, some of them parents and even grandparents of children then at School. How pleased Mr. Young was to know we had not forgotten him.

It is good to know that we have still with us his son, Frank G. Young, the esteemed Principal of the Technical College, who continues the great work of his father, building on the foundation which he helped to lay so truly.

T. S. MURRAY.

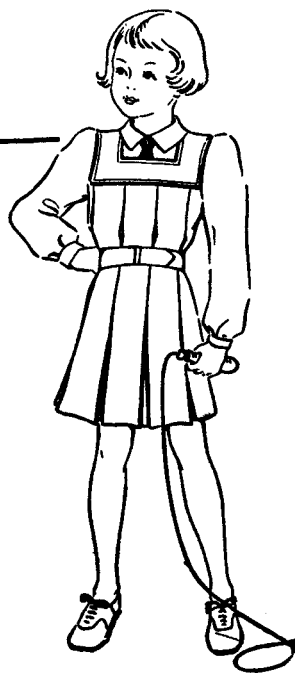
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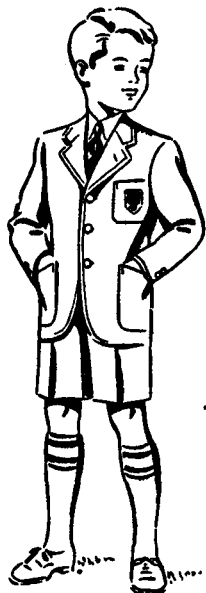
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## Mr Charles C. Duncan.

IT was with feelings of the keenest regret and sorrow that I and, I believe, everybody at the High School who had any acquaintance with Mr. Charles C. Duncan heard the sad news of his death, which took place on the 18th of March. Mr. Duncan had been a Director of the High School for more than thirty years, and for nearly the whole of that time he was Convener of the Rector's Committee, one of the most important, if not *the* most important of all the School committees, whose business it is to consider the qualifications of candidates for appointments to the Staff and advise the Directors about these qualifications. During the whole period of my rectorship—from 1904 to 1932—Mr. Duncan was Convener of the Rector's Committee, and it would be difficult for me to say how much the School and I owed him for his services in this very important post. He not only took the greatest care in examining and inquiring into the qualifications of the candidates, but he also came to see me every time an appointment had to be made, asked me for my opinion of the candidates and whether I had any private information about them not given in their testimonials, and paid the most careful attention to everything I told him. And, what is of the highest importance, he never allowed any consideration, personal or other, to weigh with him in the least where the interests of the School were concerned. During the whole of my rectorship I could count on him absolutely for putting the good of the School before any other consideration.

But great as were the services rendered to the School by Mr. Duncan in his capacity as Convener of the Rector's Committee, his interest in and services to the School were by no means confined to the work of his convenorship. In every department of the School's work and activities he took the keenest interest, and was always ready to help and advise in every way he could. He regularly attended, as often as he was able to do so, the School

concerts, the Swimming Galas, the Annual Sports and the various Exhibitions, including Art, Needlework, Workshop and Gymnastics, held at the close of each session, and always showed his appreciation of the work done by the teachers responsible for these Exhibitions. And here I should like to mention the warm sympathy and encouragement and help I myself had from him on two very important occasions, first, when I approached the Directors about the extension of the School recreation ground, and, a few years later, when I suggested to them the advisability of a new pavilion in the recreation ground, as the old one was too small and getting rather dilapidated. The High School was exceedingly well served by its Directors during the whole time of my rectorship, but by none more ably or more faithfully than by Mr. Duncan.

There is a great deal more that I could say with regard to Mr. Duncan's services to the School, if there were time and space to do so, but there is one specially important thing which I must not omit to mention, viz. his great personal kindness to myself, and, when he had an opportunity of showing it, to the staff and the pupils as well. I have the happiest memories of his kindness and sympathy when I had to undergo four major operations as the result of my having been seriously poisoned when I was young, and I remember with the deepest gratitude and often think of the exceedingly kind and generous tribute he paid to me for my work at the High School in the number of the School Magazine which appeared when I was retiring in June, 1932, and for his very kind reference to my wife as well and his appreciation of the interest she took in all the activities of the School.

Mr. Duncan will be greatly missed by his many friends in Dundee and elsewhere, and I feel sure that the warmest sympathy of all who knew him goes out to Mrs. Duncan and to his family in the great loss they have sustained.

J. MACLENNAN.

## Fergus M. Baxter.

**F**ERGUS M'Intyre Baxter was a pupil of the High School of Dundee up to 1889, when he started his business career with H. & A. Scott, Tayfield Works. Later he joined his uncle's firm of M'Intyre Brothers, Baluniefield Bleachfield, and from 1912, when Mr. David M'Intyre died, carried on the business as sole partner. Mr. Baxter disposed of the business in 1934 and died at Baluniefield on 10th February, 1941, at the age of 67.

Mr. Baxter never lost interest in his old School and was proud when in 1923 the Dundee Chamber of Commerce appointed him one of its representatives on the Directorate of the School—a position he occupied till the date of his death. He acted successively as Finance Convener and Recreation Convener, and as such served the interests of the School well and faithfully. In paying tribute to his memory Lord Provost Wilson, as Chairman of the Board, stated that it was always a pleasure to meet Mr. Baxter, and commented on his kindly nature.

His other public services included that of District Councillor and County Councillor for Angus, representative on the Board of Baldovan

Institution, a Justice of the Peace for Angus, and for a period, Director of the Dundee Chamber of Commerce. Agriculture, Angling, Cricket, Curling, Golf and Shooting were his recreations, and he continued his keen interest in all of these even after his last illness confined him to the house.

Mr. Baxter was tremendously fond of flowers and he made a speciality of daffodils, sweet-peas and dahlias. He never missed the Chelsea Show. He had an extraordinary knowledge of birds and knew all their calls. He was specially interested in those in the habit of migrating to Baluniefield and for years kept a record of the dates of their arrival and departure. He was a fine fisher and excellent shot. As a fishing companion, one could ask for no better. He was also a great raconteur.

In his latter years he suffered a good deal of pain, yet bore it uncomplainingly.

His happy nature and affability won for him a circle of choice friends, and in a wider circle still he was ever a welcome visitor—he was, in fact, loved by every one with whom he came in contact. The gap his passing has left will not be easily filled. GEORGE R. DONALD.

## Bisley.

**W**ITH the outbreak of war, a new interest has come to the boys—namely that of rifle-shooting. All keen shots have at some time or other heard about Bisley camp, where a shooting meeting is held every year for those interested in that sport. Last year, unfortunately, there was no Bisley meeting owing to war conditions. Many of you, I am sure, would like to know what this rifle-shooting camp is like, so, as I have spent several holidays there, I will try to describe it to you.

Arriving off the train you see in front of you hundreds of bell-tents, and several club-houses. Most of the men spend the fortnight in these tents, but some are lucky enough to secure one of the few huts available. Meals are taken at the club-houses—the Scots having their own, also the Canadians and Australians.

Of course the most important things are the rifles and the ranges. The latter are of different lengths from 200 to 1,000 yards. Throughout the fortnight, squads shoot at appointed times. The first week is mainly practice, but with the second one comes great rivalry to gain the beautiful trophies and prizes. Teams of boys from public schools, too, strive to win honour for the "old school." Then there are the colonials who come from all parts of the world.

When the competitions are on, men sit behind the firing-point with blackboards to chalk up the scores of each group of three or four marksmen. They do this when the greatest match of all is fired—the "King's Prize" of £250, a gold medal, and a signed portrait of the King. The top 100 men shoot

on the last day of the meeting at 900 and 1,000 yards ranges, when 15 rounds are fired at each distance. This "final" is generally broadcast, and afterwards the winner is borne shoulder high in a chair while the band plays "See the Conquering Hero Comes."

During the meeting (Bisley being in the south) the weather is usually very hot and sultry, but the men stick to the policy that "thick clothes keep out the heat!" There, too, fashions in men's hats vary oftener than anywhere else. Rarely does one see two hats alike, for each man contrives to find the best means of keeping the sun out of his eyes while shooting.

Some sidelines in which a few indulge are shooting at clay birds and at an imitation deer running along the top of a mound.

The men do not need to go out of the camp to do their shopping. In the "Bazaar Lines"—a row of shops of no interest to women—rifles, their parts and furniture for tents are sold. There, too, one can buy photographs of incidents during the meeting. Then, there is the refreshment tent, where cool drinks are much in demand in the hot weather.

Bisley is an extremely small place, and when the meeting is over, it sinks into oblivion for another eleven months.

M. H. S. (Class VII.G.).

### The Autobiography of a Pig.

I AM a baby pig. I am a pinky, whitey pig with a lovely curly tail and round brown eyes. I live in a brand new sty belonging to Farmer Brown. It has three troughs to hold our food, just think of it, three troughs. It just shows you what special pigs we are! I have a lovely bed all to myself made of nice warm straw. There are two grown-ups and five children in our family. My mother is a lovely pig (as pigs go), all pink with a gorgeous tail (which I inherit) and lovely long ears which show her good breeding. My father is pure black and my sister Susie takes after him. He is a very handsome pig. Then there is me, then Susie, Bill, George and Alice. Bill, George and I are all alike, only my tail is curliest. Susie I have already described so there remains only Alice. She is the youngest and a regular snob-pig, for all day long she

goes around with her snout in the air; and all because she won a prize in some show.

We have two meals a day usually, consisting of scraps from the house, but do we enjoy it? And do I like potato peelings which we sometimes get when they don't go to the hens.

Our amusements are numerous but the chief one is watching these awfully silly little two-legged things called ducks, who don't even have a proper nose, trying to swim and waddling along making stupid noises. Well, I'll have to stop here as I see Farmer Brown coming with our evening meal.

H. M. M.

### Me—The Evacuee.

I was evacuated

To a quiet country spot,  
With plenty true Scotch heather,  
And my School I quite forgot!

But soon someone discovered  
That a good few miles away,  
Was a little village school,  
Where nine pupils went each day.

And when upon my cycle  
I set off to join this school,  
I made up a class of ten  
And they marked the classroom full!

We were taught to read and write,  
And found one and one made two,  
Not as well as D.H.S.  
Would teach, I know *that's* true.

I often sat and wondered  
What was happening at home,  
And wished I'd never started  
The great wild world to roam.

So I packed my little suitcase,  
Tied my gas-mask round my neck,  
And home to Dundee High School  
Made a long and weary trek.

And now I am so happy  
To be back in old Dundee  
That no one ever will again  
Try to evacuate *me*.

S. C. (VII.).

## A Holiday Excursion or Invitation to Death.

THE hero of our tragic melodrama is, or rather was, a certain Cluny Macpherson. He made his name in 1745 when his nefarious activities in the life of the times compelled him to remove to a "flat" 800 feet up Craig Dubh—a flat without H. and C. or radio, remember. We don't know what he did during his ten years' lease—he probably made up for the deficiencies by studying the local flora and fauna, reading 2d. "horribles" or maybe he knitted for the forces. One thing, however, he did do—at regular hours during the day he lowered a bucket, attached to a piece of string down to the foot of the cliff where various satellites of the Clan Macpherson filled it with scraps.

We know this: the guide-book tells us. It also tells us that the cave is well worth a visit and fills admirably the time between breakfast and lunch. Some idiot showed this to Father, with the result that on that fateful August morning he came down to breakfast with a look in his eye and hobnailed boots on his feet. Our fates were sealed: too late I thought of washing my hair; too late Ron thought of bathing the dog. Aided and abetted by Doc, Father mustered his followers and led us to the battlefield.

There we were assembled, then, in full battle array at the foot of a wooded slope. Of course, it was one of those delightful drizzly days when drips get down your neck and your feet are soaking before you begin. The same idiot who showed Father the guide-book had brought a length of rope in jest. Pray note these words "in jest."

Finding myself alone when volunteers were called for to carry the rope, I pondered over this phenomenon, but with a careless laugh I slung it round my trunk and set off at a brisk trot up the aforesaid wooded slope.

Fain would I draw a veil over the ensuing period of my life, every moment of which I thought must be my last. Picture me, toiling over gigantic boulders, a helpless target for taunting remarks regarding my wearing apparel from my lightly-laden comrades; I soon lagged behind for my "garment" kept slipping down and tripping me up. . . .

Half an hour later I lay in a bog, hopelessly entangled in my "life-saver," with a branch of wood pinning me down and tickling my chin. As I contemplated the grey sky I realised that by now I could have read the next instalment of my serial—if I had stayed at home. Unbearable thought! It gave me strength to resume the struggle and I succeeded by crawling several hundred yards up an unhealthy mountain torrent, in joining my comrades who were planning the Last Lap.

The guide-book now informed us that our goal lay due west. With hoarse whoops we dashed due west only to reach an impasse: the hole in the hillside which was presumably our destination lay fifty yards along a sheer cliff face. For one glorious moment I thought, "We can go home!" Then I realised that the entire party was gazing at the decoration I was wearing looped round my body.

From now on I have but a faint recollection of events. Before relays were organised to be swung to the scene of action we partook of some light refreshment in the shape of some tepid soup drunk from a cup in which every type of mountain insect was taking his (or her) morning dip; it began to rain in earnest; having been tied by Doc to the length of rope I vaguely remember fording a rushing mountain stream, crawling perpendicularly along the precipice and reaching a miserable hole, 10 feet by 3, which smelt, and whose roof gave a rousing welcome to one's cranium when one straightened up; I vaguely remember uttering wild oaths, laughing hysterically, producing a piece of string and hanging it down the cliff side. Probably I tried to attach myself to the end of it; how I got back to the cups of soup awaiting me or retraced my steps (pardon, I mean, crawls) down the mountain, I will never know.

But I do know this: for 10 years Cluny Macpherson was "the most popular outlaw in Scotland," but for 10 minutes on the 10th August, 1940, I gave him such a publicity write-up for anyone who cared to listen as I'll bet he didn't get from the reporters in 1745!

M. D. L. (X.).

## Canadian Birds I Knew.

WHO would ever regard an unprepossessing black crow with interest? Yet in Canada the first crow to be seen excites general interest and even inspires a paragraph in the press! For the cawing crow overhead and the croaking frog in the marsh are the first harbingers of Spring.

From my early childhood days and onwards it was one of my chief delights to watch wild birds, and after the everlasting whiteness of the snow their bright colours were indeed a welcome change. My favourite was the humming bird. In a glade I once came upon a whole host of these humming birds, little balls of green and blue darting in and out amongst the flowers, and their tiny wings whirring up and down so quickly that I could hardly see them moving. With their long yellow beaks they were extracting nectar from the flowers, but startled at my approach, they flew up and away with incredible swiftness, and I was left alone to wonder whether I should ever see such a picturesque sight again.

The next smallest bird of my acquaintance was the perky little brown wren. In the spring I would watch a pair of these birds searching in the garden for straws and feathers and pieces of string to build their nest. This they would make in a bird-house on the top of a high flag-pole well out of harm's reach. Later on in the year I would see a very proud little jenny-wren teaching her young ones to fly.

The Canadian robin is bigger than the British robin. One Scotsman friend of mine described the Canadian robin as "an illuminated crow." It is indeed almost as large as a crow, and unlike the British red-breast, it comes in the summer, and before the first snow, departs for warmer climes.

Another striking summer acquaintance was the "red-wing." It resembles the blackbird, but its wings are tipped with a rusty red—an unusually attractive bird.

The birds which were in my opinion the sweetest singers were the wild canaries. They are bright yellow birds with green on their wings and are indeed fine songsters.

No Canadian picnic in the woods is complete without the "whisky-jacks" or Canadian jay.

These are brown birds with high crests on their heads. At the first sign of a picnic party they come gathering round and chatter to each other in the trees. They do not always wait for the picnickers to finish their meal before they come boldly down to pick up the scraps and crumbs.

In the summer, too, the wood-peckers with their bright red caps are seen and heard at work. They clutch the bark of the tree with their claws, and supported by their tails, their heads move from side to side as they peck away at the tree trunks. They peck so quickly that you can see the chips flying down to the ground and there forming a scattered ring round the base of the tree. One audacious young woodpecker actually dared to peck a hole in my swing, and was half-way through the pole before he was frightened away!

In the autumn it is a common sound to hear the "honk-honk" of the wild geese overhead as they fly south in V-formation to warmer countries.

There are not many winter birds in Canada, but a common one is the "snow-bunting," which is very like the common sparrow. But the winter bird which I thought most interesting was the "gros bec." These gros becs come in coveys, and each covey in a different district has a colouring of its own. I think the prettiest were the ones with dove-grey backs and rose-pink breasts, but there were also others coloured yellow and brown, and even red and blue. These birds would come and settle on the wild fruit bushes, and with their large beaks extract the seeds from the rose-hips. As I was walking by the Mounted Police Barracks, I saw a flock of these gros becs with navy wings and scarlet breasts. They seemed to have adopted the colouring of the uniform worn in their surroundings! I suppose ornithologists would call this "protective coloration."

Though the Canadian wild birds on the whole are not such fine songsters as the British birds, what they lose in sweetness of voice they make up in gaiety and richness of plumage; and even to write of them fills me with longing to see them again.

C.R.M.



DO YOU REMEMBER THIS ONE?—

Derby Day—Second period.

Jessie, radiating efficiency and promptitude, bustles into classroom.

TEACHER (*conversationally*): "What are you putting on the Derby, Jessie?"

JESSIE (*impatiently*): "My slip! My slip!"

JUNIOR SCHOOL.

Ideas of a post-war world:—

1. Aeroplanes will be melted down into saucepans and kettles.
2. We shall get more fish.
3. The world will be full of pictures, concerts, plums and apples.

Other reflections:—

"One of the major problems which have arisen since the last war is Hitler."

"The duties of a Chancellor of the Exchequer are to sit up in his budget and tell people where their money is going."

"The duty of a Chancellor of the Exchequer is to see that people have enough money to live on."

CLASS VI.A.—French:—

"An Arab had a horse which disappeared: he searched for it in the desert."

"*Un Arabe possédait un très beau cheval auquel il était fort attaché.*"

"An Arab had a very fine horse which was attached to a fort."

LATIN: Caesar in Gallia Cisalpina hibernavit.

"Caesar hibernated in Cisalpine Gaul!"

"CHRISTABEL":—

"Jesu Maria is Christabel's dead mother, and this line runs throughout the poem, 'Jesu Maria, shield her well.'"

Mr. S. (*after weak effort of T. Peet's*): "Now, Duguid, see if you can do better!"

Mr. L—D (*reading Shakespeare*): "Then come kiss me sweet and plenty."

"*Je l'ai acheté il y a plus d'un an.*"

"I bought it some time ago with an ass."

Mr. BRUCE: "If you had no money, which would you apply to, the Poor Relief or the dole?"

GIRL: "Poor Relief."

Mr. B.: "Why?"

GIRL: "Because I have not been working."

Miss G—Y: "What is the difference between *fugo* and *fugio*?"

GIRL: "They are spelt differently."

EXCERPTS FROM EXAMINATIONS:—

CHAUCER:

"The yeoman was chivalrous. He had huge peacock feathers on his arrows as he would not insult his enemy with an ordinary arrow!"

"In Chaucer's time it was polite to retch after a meal to show your hostess how much you had enjoyed it."

MEDIEVAL TABLE MANNERS:

"Blowing on one's soup was not an uncommon thing, yet now it is just not done."

Holding a piece of food in your hand, such as a leg of a chicken, and throwing the bone to the dogs was often done. But now it is considered bad manners unless one uses a knife and fork."

\* \* \* \*

"The doctor would use large words to impress his patient who very often would feel quite well again because big words frightened him."

\* \* \* \*

"Macbeth tried very hard to see if there was any way he could get the throne without killing anybody, or by killing as little people as he could."

\* \* \* \*

"The witches put their victim in a state of fear by saying strange things about him and dancing round him in the dark."

\* \* \* \*

"If the patient was ill they (medieval doctors) would consult their maps of the heavens and if the patient's lucky star was descending there was no hope for him and he usually died of worry."

\* \* \* \*

CLASS IX. PERSONALITIES—

LOWDEN, GEORGE F.

*Description.*—Usually in need of a hair cut.

*Occupation.*—Wringing 1½d. from his classmates for the Magazine Club.

*Recreations.*—Combing Barnhill for talent—and his own hair.

*Remarks.*—Quite good at running at the grounds, nose, etc.

TULLIS, JOHN IVOR.

*Description.*—Speaking generally, generally speaking.

*Occupation.*—Dodging work and speaking.

*Recreation.*—Doing nothing and talking.

*Remarks.*—Can play the piano well, but the goat better.

RANKINE, DAVID B. L.

*Description.*—Tall, dark and handsome—well—dark anyway.

*Occupation.*—Talent spotting.

*Recreation.*—Ditto.

*Remarks.*—A bit Dickie!

LAWSON, DAVID K. R.

*Description.*—Has a permanent wave which is the envy of the girls.

*Occupation.*—Keeping Class IX. quiet at the hymn.

*Recreation.*—Enforcing the traffic regulations on the junior classes.

*Remarks.*—Not to be treated lightly.

CAIRD, GORDON L. (*alias* CHUGGER).

*Description.*—Inclined to be stout.

*Occupation.*—Eating.

*Recreations.*—Ditto.

*Remarks.*—Couldn't be treated lightly.

MITCHELL, DAVID S.

*Description.*—Rather difficult to spot.

*Occupation.*—Making a general nuisance of himself.

*Recreations.*—Ditto.

*Remarks.*—A keen disciple of the Renaissance.

CUTHILL, W. L.

*Description.*—Cf. A. Anderson, last issue of the Mag.

*Occupation.*—Trying to keep the first XV. together.

*Recreation.*—Also enforcing the traffic regulations on junior classes.

*Remarks.*—A walking Charlie Chaplin.

MANN, ALEX. B.

*Description.*—Has a mop of hair like a Zulu warrior.

*Occupation.*—Trying to get his bagpipes to play and once started to stop again; cf. Tennyson's Brook—sorry—Ritchie's motor bike.

*Recreations.*—Hooking rugby balls, etc.

*Remarks.*—Is said to have a great influence on parts of the other half of the School.

MAXWELL, DAVID C.

*Description.*—Looks like Beethoven or any other great composer.

*Occupation.*—Studying such classics as Beethoven's Silly Symphony in G whizz" or "Orpheus in His Underpants."

*Recreation.*—Playing Beethoven Sonatas for his own pleasure and everybody else's pain.

*Remarks.*—Dangerous when roused.

MURRAY, WILLIAM R.

*Description.*—Has a pair of Greta Garbo eyelashes.

*Occupation.*—Unknown to have any.

*Recreation.*—Ditto.

*Remarks.*—Quite harmless.

## Leaf from a Diary.

**M**ARCH 17th. Waked by loud raps at my door from my mother, and rose most unwillingly, being desirous to sleep and in some anger at being disturbed betimes. With many moans as to my hard lot I dressed me in the clothes which custom at the Schule obligeth me to wear. So to breakfast, but a sorry meal, the porridge being burnt.

To the Schule, through horrible foul weather, and arrived bespattered with mud from the cars that passed, they giving no thought to those that walked, but driving by mighty haughtily. At the Schule I met my friends Lizzie, Kate and Jane. We exchanged greetings, then each of us with feverish haste did try to complete the work which should have been done the night before. On hearing the ringing of a bell we left with many sighs our sadly neglected work and wended our way to the hall where we are accustomed to meet each morning. Returning to our classrooms we awaited the arrival of our master, who on entering the room saw that unfortunate wench Jane about to rub white powder on her nose. He then did read us a lecture upon the dangers of vanity in women. The morning spent in discourse upon English History, a tedious business, and one which pleaseth me not.

**M**ARCH 18th. Up betimes and to the Schule having resolved to correct my faults and avoid contention, blaming myself for neglect of my books, though how long this will last, dear knows. Lizzie in great good spirits told me that she is to take part in a hockey match against a noble schule from Fife. I greatly fear that our team will be beaten, the Fife schule having high repute for their prowess in hockey.

**M**ARCH 19th. Lizzie poor wretch is in bed and attended by a chirurgeon who causes her to drink vile potions. She will not therefore be able to take part in the game of hockey and her distress at this is sad to see. Jane, although grieved to hear of Lizzie's sickness, told me happily that she is to partake of a dish of tea this evening at the house of a friend, and that she has gotten for the occasion a new dress. It is of a blue petticoat and a white satin waistcoat with a white hood to match. Arrayed thus she will look a most modish persone.

**M**ARCH 20th. Having been exceedingly disturbed in the night with the wailing of sirens I slept late and arose next morning in great haste, did not stop to partake of breakfast but betook myself to Schule immediately. Lunched to-day at the Schule, a very meagre meal, due to conditions of war. Sighed for bygone days when one sat down to a very fine dinner, viz., a tureen of soup; a loin of beef; and to end, a great tart. Spent the afternoon casting up long columns of figures, but I fear my answers are all wrong. Departed for home at four of the clock, thankful that on a day a fortnight hence we will make an end to our studies, when we part in great contentment and thankfulness to make holyday at the festival of Easter.

M. T. (VIII.G.).



### The Fire Bomb

(With apologies to Blake.)

Fire-bomb, fire-bomb burning bright  
In the middle of the night,  
What poor mortal hand or eye  
Dare brave thy fearful brilliancy ?

What the chemist ? What the foe  
Did cause thy deadly light to glow ?  
On what distant workman's bench  
Was made the fire that naught can quench ?

And what cunning and what art  
Did blend the thermite in thy heart ?  
When thy casing did ignite,  
What dread hand supplied the light ?

When the sand-bag dimmed thy rays,  
And the spray had sped thy days,  
Did *you* ponder on your past,  
As you spluttered out at last ?

Fire-bomb, fire-bomb burning bright  
In the middle of the night,  
What poor mortal hand or eye  
Dare brave thy fearful brilliancy ?

" FAX."

## The Play's the Thing.

"HI Diddle Dee Dee! An Actor's life for me!" Thus sang the puppet Pinocchio as he threw aside his books and fell for the honeyed words of the wily J. Worthington Foulfellow.

The same wonders of cinematography that gave us Pinocchio, however, have also taken something away from us. Our younger generation are without an appreciation of the drama.

One of the high lights of early adolescence used to be the first visit to the theatre.

What a thrill! You youngsters of this cine-ridden generation have missed it. Come with me and let us picture the scene. Bright lights, the rustle and chatter of the gathering audience, the whimpering of the orchestra as its members, seemingly eager to be at work, run up and down little trills and arpeggios. No matter how "straight" the play the orchestra is there to play an overture and entr'actes.

The patrons in the orchestra stalls and dress circle are in evening dress and the gowns of the ladies interspersed with the more sombre black and white of the men make a brave show. We, who have stood for almost an hour in a queue, have been rewarded by seats in the front row of the pit. Later in student days we will be glad to occupy the high upper gallery known as "the Gods."

The orchestra leader appears from a trap door under the stage and threads his way through the first violins. He reaches his rostrum and stands for a moment facing the audience, a flower in his button-hole and his baton held in white-gloved hands. There is a rustle of applause, a sudden rat-tat as he taps the orchestra rail, and then off we go into the overture.

We study our programmes as the late-comers straggle in, the house lights dim out one by one, the music fades to a whisper, the tabs swing up and behold, the play is on! None of your music-hall or light-comedy stuff, but real, honest-to-goodness legitimate drama!

What makes a good play, you ask. Well, I'll try to tell you. A good play must have form or construction. It must show the influence of circumstance upon character. At

the fall of the final curtain the characters must be in a different state of mind from that in which we found them at the beginning of the play. Before our eyes they must have passed through a crisis or series of crises to which they have reacted. The crises may have been of action or of thought. They have been kidnapped, robbed or falsely accused of murder. To portray an amusing incident upon the stage may be diverting, it may be clever, but unless it develops character it will not be a play, it will only be a sketch.

The novelist may rove far in time and space, he may begin his story in Peru and end it in Limehouse. He may pause to go back into the history of his characters, he may enter into their minds and disclose their thoughts on this, that and the other. The dramatist, on the other hand, must enact his story within the conventional three walls of the stage and he must pack it into something under three hours. He must display the minds of his characters through their words and actions. Watch how a good dramatist deals with his hero for example. Long before he appears upon the stage his character is built up by little references made by minor people in the play. They give us hints as to what kind of a man this hero is. Then, when the psychological moment has arrived, he makes a characteristic entrance. Your expert dramatist never takes his people on and off the stage as convenience suits him. Entrances and exits are too valuable for that, they must be made to punch out character.

Every good play has three main movements, preparation, development and conclusion. In the first we meet the people and learn of their surroundings and relation one to another; in the second, the plot thickens, the murder takes place if it is drama, or Robertson Hare is debagged if it is farce; and finally, wrongs are righted, virtue rewarded and Mr. Hare reappears in his complete wardrobe. Such is a play.

Dear me, we are on our feet again and the orchestra is thundering out "The King." How quickly time passes in the theatre. Well, perhaps we've learned something, I hope so.

A.R.

## Spring, 1941.

THE pale spring sunshine struck in golden shafts through the windows, dusty with winter's grime, tempting me to take a flight of fancy out into the bright countryside.

In imagination, I was walking along a country lane, laughing at the bob-tailed lambs as they frisked about on very unreliable legs. In the shallow ditch beside the lane, a carpet of snowdrops and crocuses covered the new grass, the rich embroidery of Spring.

Turning a corner, I came upon a crowd of laughing children, gaily rolling coloured eggs, and playing make-believe games which only children can invent.

After lingering a while to watch the happy games, I walked on into a wood, in which the first leaves were bursting through fat sticky buds, and the fresh grass was starred with delicate flowers. On the other side of the wood was a village where I was greeted by the ring of the blacksmith's hammer, as he busily shod the farm horses for ploughing.

Before the window of the tiny store a group of wide-eyed village children were admiring the colourful Easter-eggs crowding the small

space behind the glass. One by one, they chose their favourite, and went importantly into the shop to spend a valuable penny.

Suddenly the steady drone of an aeroplane roused me from my fancies, and with a start I realised that we are not living in peacetime, and that none of the scenes which I had conjured up would be entirely unscarred by war. Heavy army lorries lumber along the country lane, posts, marring the landscape, cause curious inspection by the lambs, and very likely the woods are riddled with tank-traps. The village proudly possesses its own air-raid warden and Home Guard platoon, and many of the farm hands are fighting for their country.

I sighed, and gradually became aware of a voice penetrating my dreams. All at once I heard my name called, and staggering to my feet with no idea of what I was supposed to answer, I stood feeling rather uneasy, till someone behind me hissed, "First verse of 'Sweet lovers love the Spring.'" I faltered through the verse, and sat down thankfully, wondering what Shakespeare's lovers would think of Spring to-day. B. D. E.

## Fire-Watching in Days of Chivalrie.

*Relating how Sir Kailyerd MacTwerp and the Hon. Ynebriate Fitz-Buse were honoured by King Arthur.*

T WAS after the adventure of the Knight of the Crackit Brayne-Panne that King Arthur and his Knights waged war on the Kings of Palazzo Venessia and Pottes Damm. Now they speedily overcame the King of Palazzo Venessia, but the King of Pottes Damm proved a tougher nut to crack. This was chiefly due to the fact that the latter was assisted by the disreputable wizard Adolphys, who had been expelled from the International Wizards' Association some years before for declining to reveal his formula for paralysing dragons. King Arthur and his Knights (to say nothing of the memorable Round Table) were besieged in the strongly fortified town of Brener-Pas, between Palazzo Venessia and Pottes Damm. Here they were harassed by

Adolphys, who sent his objectionable minions in the form of spirits, which, under cover of night, flew into Brener-Pas and set fire to important buildings, such as King Arthur's third-best Winter Palace, the Post Office and the Labour Exchange.

Therefore King Arthur sent forth this proclamation:—

"FYRE WATCHYNGE.

"It is heere-bye decreed, by y<sup>e</sup> expresse orderre of ye Kinge Arthur, that alle Knyghtes and Squyeres of alle degree shalle registre atte y<sup>e</sup> Labore Xchange for dutie as Fyre Watcherres and Fychterres, on payne of tenne dayes imprissonnement on mackaronie and wattere. Y<sup>e</sup> Knyghtes shall registre betweene nyne o'clocke a.m. and noone, and y<sup>e</sup> Squyeres

betweene one o'clocke p.m. and syx o'clocke p.m. Dated thys Fyrst of Aprylle.

"(Sygnd) ARTHUR REX."

And that was how the incident we are about to recount came about.

\* \* \* \*

Sir Kailyerd MacTwerp and his Squire, the Hon. Ynebriate Fitz-Busé were sitting in the fire-watchers' sitting-room, consuming chips and listening (surreptitiously) to Geraldo da Campagnoli and his Provençal Melody-Makers giving a selection of popular Madrigal Hits.

Suddenly Sir Kailyerd raised his head, and his helmet (brass, not tin) contacted violently with a large shield that was hanging on the wall.

"Gadzooks!" quoth he. "Methinks, in sooth, I hear the so-and-so siren." As a matter of fact, he did.

The Hon. Ynebriate looked up drowsily. (We forgot to mention that the premises they were guarding was the largest hotel in Brener-Pas, and Fitz-Busé had the key to the cellars.)

"Perhaph you do," he said, and relapsed into semi-stupefaction.

Sir Kailyerd MacTwerp rose with an effort. (He was afflicted with gout—ask me not why.) He sat down again. He heaved a sigh, and heaved himself once more to his feet; and, dragging his slumbering confederate along with him, proceeded to mount the ladder leading to the roof. After pushing out the Hon. Ynebriate, he dragged himself halfway through the skylight . . .

There was a grating sound. . . .

Sir Kailyerd MacTwerp had stuck. . . His armour had become wedged in the skylight. To make matters worse, the ladder collapsed, leaving him in a state of suspension.

The knight attempted to awaken his squire. The latter rolled over, and settled, still asleep, on the parapet, within an inch of a 200-foot drop. Yet Sir Kailyerd could not help him. He could not even help himself.

He remembered that he had left the wireless on. . . .

He remembered that he had not sharpened his No. 1 sword. . . .

He remembered that he had not put up the black-out. . . .

He remembered that his steed, Ostrich, was standing out in the open. . . .

He remembered that he had promised the Hon. Mrs. Fitz-Busé on the honour of a MacTwerp to safeguard her husband. . . .

Picture his plight, gentle reader, and pity him. Could anything have been worse?

Yes. Worse was to come.

Overhead he saw the twinkling lights that betokened the approach of Adolphys's fire-carrying spirits.

The lights descended slowly on the town. One came straight for the Grand Arthurian Hotel. It came onwards, ever onwards, straight for the skylight where Sir Kailyerd MacTwerp was dangling his legs helplessly in space. . . .

With a tremendous effort Sir Kailyerd burst free and, adjusting his visor, gripped the Hon. Ynebriate by the plume of his helmet, just at the very moment that the spirit-flame dashed into the skylight.

The knight threw his assistant through the skylight, and heard him land in a bath of ice-cold water. In a flash he followed, landing on his shield on top of an electric clock. . . .

He reached for the nearest stirrup pump and looked around him, expecting to find a blazing inferno. He was deceived. Instead, he saw the ghostly light gliding gently downstairs towards the hotel kitchen. He followed, dragging the Hon. Fitz-Busé, now thoroughly sobered by his recent immersion.

Still the Spirit went on towards the kitchen premises.

A delicious smell of venison soup (a delicacy with King Arthur) was wafted towards the knight and his squire. King Arthur was banqueting at the Hotel that night.

The spirit entered the kitchen. The twain followed. . . .

The spirit leaned over a cauldron of soup.

Sir Kailyerd MacTwerp gripped one leg, and the Hon. Ynebriate Fitz-Busé the other. They immersed the spirit in the cauldron. It gave a shriek—then a gurgle. Then all was silence.

They had saved the Hotel, they had saved King Arthur's supper, they had saved King Arthur. . . .

So that was how, in the next list of awards for conspicuous gallantry, the Arthur Cross was conferred on Sir Kailyerd MacTwerp and the Arthur Medal on the Hon. Ynebriate Fitz-Busé.

Eck.

## Personalities of Class VIII. B.

BY CLASS VIII.B.

A startling phenomenon which we must  
mention

Is that Anton in class doth pay attention.

Now stalwart John Brown, more commonly  
"Eggs,"

In winning mile races, finds a use for his legs.  
Our dear little Steve is a bright lad indeed,  
But to make a real joke he can never succeed.  
Murray A. Chapman—old Hercules bike—  
Bright scarlet tie—my! what a tyke!!

Our Crawford's a handsome young man you'll  
affirm,

With immaculate clothes and a really fine  
"perm."

You never see Marcus without his grimaces,  
For he crosses his eyes and makes funny faces.  
There's wee Willie Davidson, if you will,  
"Wuzzy,"

He loves his Maths. homework, and does it, or  
does 'e?

Ian M. Duguid's a pompous young man,  
He wears the green tartan of a famed Scottish  
Clan.

"Fergie" 's a marvel at French—so he  
claims—

And one of his aims is to make model planes.  
Though sometimes at Maths. his answers are  
wrong,

Our Gillis is "spiffing" at playing ping-pong.  
The only thing wrong with our Jimmie or  
"Peem,"

Is he's too many brains—or so it would seem.  
Of a very slim figure our "Hutch" is pos-  
sessed,

In flannels and blazer we're agreed he looks  
best.

"Chubby" 's the nickname of Kenneth K.  
Law,

He's considered quite handsome and he really  
can draw.

When Marnie's embarrassed, we think it's a  
treat

To see him becoming as red as a beet.

Now Ian Mackenzie was born a musician,  
To be a band leader is his ambition.

At "clattin' the neeps" a youth went all out,  
He's called Murray or "Mac" and he's also  
a Scout.

There a sailor called Mayo, who's happy and  
free,

It's "aloft there, you lubbers!" and "heigh-  
ho for the sea!"

There's James Campbell Marshall, otherwise  
"Honey,"

His attempts to do French are really quite  
funny.

You never see "Monty" without his huge  
gloves—

For apart from canoes, they're the sole thing  
he loves.

To see Sweet Tom Peet, we're agreed is a  
treat,

For he's always so neat, from his head to his  
feet.

Have you seen Ian Robertson's aquiline nose,  
For some famed portrait painter he really  
should pose.

Supposing you haven't seen Ivan's long pants,  
We hope when you do, you won't look  
askance.

We've heard Tiddles Stuart's a marvel at  
cricket,

We cannot imagine just how he can stick it.

Have you not seen Cecil in his brightly-striped  
kilt?

He's possessed of hen-toes and is sturdily-  
built.

A person called "Pussy" loves rugger to  
skip,

To visit the Baths for a much-needed dip!

We confess that our eyes become fuller and  
fuller

With copious tears for unfortunate Wooler.

If invasion should come, your nerves won't be  
jarred

As long as dear Peter is in the Home Guard!

# SMITHS

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## The Sea Witch.

ONCE upon a time, there lived an old, old woman. But nobody knew her name. She lived in an old cave by the sea. Some people said that she had a boat, and that she sometimes would go out on it, and go to a rock and sing this—"Whooh! waha and weee!"

She had been taught this by her great, great grandmother who lived 700 years ago. Her real home was in the sea because she was a sea witch!

One day when she was singing there was a little boy on the shore who was attracted by her singing. He went out to see who it was. He slipped—sploosh!! He dropped down very quickly, till at last he stood on something hard. He got up and rubbed his eyes and looked around him—there was nothing but an entrance to a cave.

He got up and walked over to the cave; it was very dark and he did not have a torch. So he just trusted luck and walked on into the cave, stumbling onward he went on. He wondered where he was going? (It was the wiches' power that made him slip.) Something hit his foot. He picked it up, and to his horror it was a skull! He began to get frightened, he thought the wind said, "Wheee eee eee get out whee ee!"

He stood on something else. He picked it up and to his delight it was a bag of sweets. He gobbled them up in minutes. But he *was* sleepy after that so he lay down and went to sleep. He slept and slept, till at last he woke up. "Gosh, it must be getting late," he said. So up he started and walked. Something fluttered round him and made a queer noise, then more and more came and made a terrific din. (The boy's name was Jim.) Poor Jim tried to beat them with his hands, once or twice one would go away squealing with pain.

At last he saw light ahead but to his dismay it was only the entrance to another cave. He ran quicker than he had ever run in his life, only to bump right into a walking skeleton.

Next the skeleton's head started floating through the air, then its legs and arms. A big shudder ran up Jim's back; he ran on until his little bare feet were cut. Then, dead tired, he fell down and went to sleep. Meanwhile the queer things that had fluttered around him were sleeping too.

Jim was awake first. He looked around—everything was still. He got up and ran for his life and then bump! ouch! Worse luck for him, he had stood on the skeleton. Then the wee creatures jumped up and said, "What was that?"—(long break of silence)—"Look!" cried the skeleton, "the boy is escaping!" The wee people got us and ran after Jim. What a race! Jim always leading. Then somehow he found himself on the beach. He ran home and lived happily ever after.

THE END.

BY ALAN D. CLARK.

## The Awakening.

Over the earth the hush of winter lies  
And sweeping branches bend beneath the  
snow,  
Kissing the ground where soon bright flowers  
will grow,  
While up above the trees stretch leaden skies.

No sound disturbs the air, save when a bird  
Is startled from her nest, or when a breeze  
Shakes sparkling snowflakes off the frosty  
trees  
Or when, 'neath ice, a bubbling brook is heard.

But does the earth sleep fast beneath her veil  
Of gentle snow; or does she wait to hear  
Those welcome, joyous words which will not  
fail,

"Awake, dear world! see the bright sun  
appear,  
Shedding his rays on river, hill and dale,  
And learn to live again, for Spring is near!"

## The Gas Mask Carrier and its Uses.

I SUPPOSE a gas mask carrier was originally meant to carry a gas mask. Some people can honestly say they have never used it for anything else; but others, more imaginative persons with less sense, see no reason why their various odds and ends should not accompany their respirator. Those in authority may lecture on the need for careful preservation, but each day brings some new addition to our faithful companion.

A hard-worked comb finds a well-earned rest beside the "window," while a handkerchief, much squashed by a miniature bottle of ink, may lie along side it.

During recent "alerts" playing cards have been seen to emerge from carriers whose owners were finding these occasions monotonous. Those who, in the morning, forget to grab paper and pencil in time usually keep a supply in the depths of their carrier.

The rustle of a paper bag, too, issuing from an innocent-looking container is not an uncommon sound. The other day I was shocked to find two extremely ancient chocolate raisins rolling about on an exercise which should have been handed in a week before.

I think the most unsafe article to carry is an ink bottle. I indulged in this habit throughout exam. week. The bottle is still unbroken but I soon lost count of the times my mask very nearly came to an inky end.

As usual, however, there is a snag!

On the few occasions when we *do* have to put on our masks there is confusion within and the various accessories are inclined to get entangled—but if Patience is one of your virtues you will soon be puffing and blowing with the others.

J. S. P. (VIII.G.).

## Essay on the Art of Burglaring.

### CHAPTER I.

#### WHAT TO USE.

If you want to be a successful burglar, you must get those things necessary for burgling or burgling as the case may be.

First of all you want the right style of clothes. Here is a list:—A cap, a black mask, a red and white striped sweater, a good set of woollies (you need them on roof tops), a pair of good strong boots (for running away (like the Wops)), and a tough expression.

Next you need tools. Here is a list:—A jemmy, a torch, a chisel, a hammer, and someone to help you.

### CHAPTER II.

#### WHAT TO CHOOSE.

1. Choose a house (a nice big one, with

plenty of cash or cutlery, as the case may be).

2. Choose a night (a nice long one, with plenty of dark or blackness, as the case may be).

3. Choose an hour (a nice late one, with plenty quiet or silence, as the case may be).

4. Then "do your stuff."

### CHAPTER III.

#### HOW TO DO YOUR STUFF.

1. Climb up an easy way (into the dining room) using a tree or drainpipe as the case may be.

2. Climb in a window.

3. "Do your stuff" ("pinch your swag").

4. "Do the bunk."

G.W., H.M. (Cl. V.)



[Photos. by D. & W. Prophet.

*Back Row*—D. Yule. M. Bruce. B. Lumsden. E. Robertson. S. Davidson. E. Caird.

*Front Row*—M. Young. J. Muirhead. M. Low (*Capt.*). M. Duguid. R. M'Laren.

*Back Row*—D. Crawford. D. Rankine. D. Waddell. D. Buchanan. K. Law. A. Mann.

*Middle Row*—A. Henderson. G. Lowdon. H. Marnie. A. Stewart. W. Carswell.

*Front Row*—W. Murray. D. Lawson. L. Cuthill (*Capt.*). K. Duncan. D. M'Call.

**Girls' Hockey Team, 1st XI., 1940-41.**

**Boys' Rugby Team, 1st XV., 1940-41.**

**Dundee High School  
Magazine.**

## Dundee High School Old Boys' Club.

WE have to report that the Annual General Meeting of the Club was held on 17th December, 1940, when Reports and Accounts were submitted and approved. Office-bearers were appointed and vacancies on the Executive Committee were filled.

On 28th February of this year the Old Girls' Club and the Old Boys' Club collaborated in arranging a Dance which proved to be a most successful function.

The deaths of Fergus M. Baxter (1884-1889), Ronald P. Cowley (1918-1929), David B. Mathers (1884-1889), Pilot Officer R. L. Patterson (1923-1932), George I. C. Sinclair (1935-1940), and Frank W. Young (1888-1898), who were all Members of the Old Boys' Club, are recorded with deep regret.

NAMES TO BE ADDED TO THE LIST OF F.P.'S SERVING WITH H.M. FORCES.

Lance Sergt. Richard G. Webster, R.A.  
C.Q.M.S. Kenneth Lane, R.E.  
A/P. W. E. Allison, R.A.F.  
A.C.2 A. Stewart, R.A.F.

Gunner David Maxwell, R.A.  
Lieut. Douglas Horne, R.N.R.  
W. S. Phillips.

OFFICE-BEARERS FOR 1940-41.

*President*—D. J. R. BELL.

*Vice-President*—FRANK G. YOUNG.

Thomas M'Laren.	Keith Milne.
J. Scott Nicoll.	A. S. Davie.
W. S. Phillips.	Alex. Robertson.
E. J. Ritchie.	C. N. Van de Rydt.
James R. Soutar.	Leslie Smith.
T. R. Lawson.	A. M. Stalker.
James S. Nicoll.	John R. Crystal.
David P. S. Duncan.	

*Hon. Auditors*—Messrs. Moody Stuart & Robertson, C.A.

*Hon. Secretary*—C. E. Stuart, C.A., 11 Panmure Street, Dundee.

The Club has joined the Scottish Former Pupils' Federation and has appointed representatives to act on the local Committee of the Federation.

## Reports.

### Rugby Club.

#### OFFICIALS :

<i>Captain</i> .. .. .	W. L. Cuthill
<i>Vice-Captain</i> .. .. .	D. K. R. Lawson
<i>Secretary</i> .. .. .	K. P. Duncan
<i>Treasurer</i> .. .. .	W. R. Murray
<i>Member of Committee</i> .. .. .	D. G. M'Call

#### GAMES PLAYED.

##### 1ST XV.

Opponents.	Venue.	For.	Agst.
Arbroath H.S. . . . .	Home	15	5
Perth Academy . . . .	Away	0	30
Madras College . . . .	Home	6	11
D.H.S. F.P.'s . . . .	Home	0	11

##### 2ND XV.

Harris Academy . . . .	Away	33	3
Perth Academy . . . .	Away	5	35
Morgan Academy . . . .	Away	0	12

These are all the games which have been played

by our 1st and 2nd XV.'s during the season now drawing to a close.

Surely there has never been a season during which there has been so little activity at the Recreation Grounds. After an idle autumn the pavilion was handed back to us by the military authorities on 2nd December, 1940. We were hopeful that games and practices would be resumed but after one week the weather clerk took matters in hand and play was impossible until the end of February, 1941. Since then, efforts have been made to get back to normal at the grounds and recreation periods of recent weeks have provided a much-needed and very welcome return to outdoor exercise. Both Senior and Junior teams have played matches on Saturdays and, although victories have been very few, the games have been enjoyable and well worth while for all who took part in them.

It has been a difficult year but sunshine and cricket lie ahead. Let us look forward to a more

successful summer term and the many opportunities it will provide for healthy recreation in the open air.

T. M'L.

### Cadet Report.

During this term cadets have been given further instruction in modern weapons and the recruit class has been attached to the remainder of the company to work at the Drill Hall. The camp enrolment is 103 cadets and N.C.O.'s. All the cadets who are going to camp have been issued with uniform and equipment and the spare uniform has been issued to boys of Classes 4 and 5 who are not attending camp. It must be realised that owing to the difficulty, in some cases the impossibility of obtaining new equipment, it has been necessary to re-issue some tunics,

kilts and caps that would otherwise have been replaced. Cadets must take more than ordinary care of cadet property, including camp equipment, since replacements may be still more difficult next year.

Congratulations to Lieut. Larg on his promotion. Former cadets continue to do well in the armed forces, and their number is steadily increasing as the war continues.

Next term we hope to have regular parades in uniform, and to make all the preparations for camp. This is a difficult period from the point of view of organisation, and we confidently look for loyal and cheerful co-operation of every N.C.O. and cadet to keep the corps efficient and flourishing.

W. L. M.

## DIG FOR VICTORY.

Again we are ready to offer you GARDEN TOOLS at Keenest Prices.

Garden Spades, ...	from 5/6 to 7/6
Garden Digging Forks, 4 Pronged,	6/6
Dutch Hoes Handled, ...	from 1/6
Garden Rakes, ...	5/11
Cultivators, ...	4/6
Trowels, ...	1/-
Garden Barrows, all Steel,	29/6, 36/-, 46/6

### SKELTON'S GARDEN TOOLS.

No. 3 Half-Bright Spades, ...	9/11
No. 3 All-Bright Spades, ...	11/6

4-Pronged Digging Forks, ...	9/6
5-Pronged ,,	10/6

### DUTCH HOE HEADS ONLY.

5 in., 1/3; 6 in., 1/6; 7 in., 1/9

### PAXTON HOE HEADS ONLY.

5 in., 3/-; 6 in., 3/3; 7 in., 3/6

Paxton Hoes Handled,	6 in., 5/9; 7 in., 5/11; 8 in., 6/3
Hand Trowels, 1/9; Hand Forks, ...	1/9
Ladies' Spades, 6/6; Border Forks,	7/6

**JUST ARRIVED—2d Packets of well-known GARDEN CITY SEEDS.**

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*Doing my best on  
Our Front*



talked about these  
a word or two about  
keeping up supplies of  
fort and good cheer that it  
in this district; all the homes  
mothers keep things going; the can-  
and fire-stations and wardens' posts  
of civilians are "doing their bit". It is a  
Sets are scarce, service men are scarce and  
are scarce; but somehow or other, with your  
we'll see that the job is done.

There are many "fronts"  
days that we feel like saying  
*our own.* *Our front is*  
wireless (and all the com-  
means) for all the people  
where wives and  
teens and shelters  
where thousands  
hard job to do.  
components  
goodwill,

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