

THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. 81

JUNE 1941

FOURPENCE



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Editorial.

DESPITE the war June has once again come round and summer has at last visited Tayside. The warm earth—

“ With green grass and bursting trees
Leans to the sun’s gaze glorying,
And quivers in the sunny breeze ;
And life is colour and warmth and light.”

All the School is looking forward to the breaking-up and to the holidays—not holidays in the peace-time sense, for they will be well occupied with cadet camp, forestry and farming ; but we know that they will provide happy times as well as hard work.

Some pupils are leaving these portals for the last time : we bid them farewell and God speed in whatever they undertake in the difficult world of to-day. They have youth and courage and training on their side ; they will do well. Greet the unseen with a cheer !

But a heavy cloud has passed over our June sky ; we are deeply conscious of sorrow and loss when we try to realise that Mr. Cadzow, who so ably and patiently brought to many a young mind a revelation of beauty in form and colour and light, will not be here next session—nor ever again. The School mourns the loss of a fine teacher, a talented artist and a good friend. To his relatives we extend our sincere sympathy.

The last conversation we had with him concerned the magazine, for he had just recently learned that his fine etching, “ The Sound of Shuna,” reproduced in the December issue, had been purchased by the City of

Bradford for its permanent collection. He was naturally well pleased with such recognition and very diffidently asked if the magazine would care to mention it. It was, indeed, a last request, for a little more than an hour afterwards we were stunned and shocked by the news of his sudden death.

Mr. Cadzow was a good friend to the magazine, and, no matter how busy, he would always find time for the drawings we required. Examples of his “ magazine ” work are to be found in his “ Dinan ” drawings, in the “ Old Schools ” of the Sept-Centenary Issue, and in the “ Sound of Shuna.”

Several other unexpected deaths have taken place during the term. Four F.P.’s have passed away in various circumstances : Robert C. Nicholson was lost at sea : Ian Robertson, whom many still at School will remember, died at Calcutta after his first voyage as a cadet in the Mercantile Marine : David Snodgrass passed away at his home in Newport several months after his ship had been torpedoed in the Atlantic : and Aileen Menzies died in Dundee Royal Infirmary.

We also note with regret the passing of Miss Annie M’Gregor, formerly an assistant mistress in the Junior Department.

We received a visit the other day from F.P.’s Ian P. Bruce and Ronald Burns, both of whom are now serving with the forces and going up for commissions. Mr. Douglas Paton is also on an O.C.T.U. course. Our congratulations to all.

Our congratulations also to the other F.P.'s who have gained 'Varsity distinctions noted below, and to the pupils of the School who have gained Bursaries for the Universities, notably Alexander Anderson who took fourteenth place at Edinburgh and gained a Cowan House Residential Scholarship and the John Welsh Classical Scholarship, and David G. M'Call, who is eleventh (equal) in the list at St. Andrews. Congratulations also to Alastair M'Lay, who has gained a bursary for Fettes College.

A very different performance, and equally deserving our applause, is that of Squadron-Leader Alfred Bayne, D.F.C., "Spitfire" pilot, who has now shot down fifteen enemy planes.

Another distinction achieved by F.P.'s reflects credit on the Cadet Corps: Douglas Dryden is now Sergeant-Major of St. Andrews Company, O.T.C., and J. Y. Baxter, of Dundee Company. The Cadet Corps of to-day still flourishes, and a record number of cadets is attending camp.

Other summer-holiday activities this year include an agricultural party in Glen Clova during July, under Mr. Gibson, and a forestry scheme at Cortachy from 15th July onwards. Both of these should get up the brawn for next year's rigger teams, so go to it, ye farmers and foresters!

In sport, the cricket team has had another successful season, and the tennis team continues to do well. The cricket prizes this year have been won by W. Ritchie and K. P. Duncan, and the girls' tennis championship cup by Isobel Crawford.

As we go to press comes the news of the death of Mr. Thomas C. Ferguson, an F.P. of the School and well-known business man. Mr. Ferguson was in his younger days a member of D.H.S.'s first Rugby Club, and a prominent all-round sportsman.

And so, dear reader, we bid thee farewell. May you enjoy the summer holiday, even in war-time conditions, confident in the knowledge that, whatever chance, Dundee High School will continue, as it has for 100 years, to uphold its noble traditions—those traditions for which, to-day, many of the School's sons are fighting, and for which some have already made the supreme sacrifice. Remember the words of the School song: "Floreat schola clara, . . . aeternum sis mansura."

* * * *

We note with pleasure as we go to press that George Rankine, B.Sc. (St. Andrews), has been awarded a Rockefeller Trust Scholarship for Medical Students, tenable for two years at a university in U.S.A. or Canada.

University Successes.

ST. ANDREWS: Ian G. Kidd, our last year's dux, has gained the medals in Latin and Greek, first year, and W. Fraser Ross has gained the Zoology (1st year) medal; David Young has graduated M.A. with Honours in Economics and Maths.; and Douglas Dryden has graduated M.A.

U.C.D.: Doreen Kidney—medal in Physics (1st year); William Frain-Bell—medal (equal) in Physics (Medical) (1st year); Lockhart Frain-Bell—medal in Physiology; Gavin Wilson—B.Sc. Engineering; Lindsay Millar, B.Sc., Engineering; Joyce Fleming—Final M.B., Ch.B.

ABERDEEN: R. F. Hunter, medal in Botany.

Arthur Crane, presently serving with the Forces, has passed his exam for A.R.I.B.A., and has gained Honourable Mention in the Roland Anderson competition. Well done, F.P.'s!

CAIRDS

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James Cadzow.

THE loss of Mr. Cadzow is so recent, and the wound still so raw, that it is difficult to speak or write about him except in the most intimate way and to the most intimate friends. I knew him all the years he was in the High School, with increasing intimacy as the years went by, and memories of him and of occasions with which he was associated rise like phantoms in my mind when his name is mentioned. I see him, for example, as I saw him on the day of his death, calmly, in his chair during lunch hour, concentrated on piecing out some pupil's starved design, trying to bring the idea of some immature brain to fuller expression. Or I see his slightly stiff, controlled, unhurrying figure moving towards me in the street. Or I hear his quiet answer, always after a moment's thought, to some question I have asked him and, if the answer is definite, have learned to accept it as final. Often, however, the answer is indecisive, and then the only course is to wait till the weighing mind has formed its judgment and to accept the result. Or I see him bending past some pupil, head thrown slightly back and pencil like a prolongation of his sensitive hand and fingers, suggesting, with a touch here and a touch there, improvements in the pupil's drawing. Or I see him appraising the value of some finished attempt, silent and serious, unhasting in his care, but clear and discriminating in his verdict when it comes. And many other memories, of earlier years, crowd into my mind—of Mr. Cadzow at the girls' picnics and parties of former days, and at School dances in more recent years—but these I must not detail. Words like "calm," "unhasting," "serious," "deliberate," above all "fastidious," come naturally to the lips when one thinks of him. Excitement, fluster, recklessness, the hurry that spoils work and the impatience that defaces it, these one does not associate with Mr. Cadzow—though I *have* known him impatient with one who he thought had spoken or acted with foolishness.

But it must not be concluded from this that I am indicating a cold austerity without humanity or enthusiasm. The patience that he showed with pupils struggling to realise some conception beyond their power to express, the warmth with which he praised

what had been done well, and the liberal tolerance he showed towards men with opinions he could not share are sufficient to correct any such misconception. I can see him, before some picture which has caught my eye in his room, a Vermeer for example, sweeping his forefinger round some portions of it and exclaiming, "What beautiful shapes he makes out of that, and that, and that!" or indicating some detail and remarking, "Isn't that a fine bit of painting?" No, there was no lack of enthusiasm, but it was a glow that came from deep within like the warmth of coal which is burning from the core.

Look at one of his finest etchings, one of those which made his name known to collectors and picture-lovers far and wide, or preferably at one of his pencil drawings, for they are still finer, and note the loving care with which the details are delineated. Note the delicate treatment of lines of distant hills, or the sensitiveness with which he caught the caressing touch of water on the shore of a still lake. Note his interest in the play of light on the curves and hollows of a rocky bluff, or on the bark and foliage of one of his beloved trees. Many a time he has told me that some such bluff so fascinated him that he could not leave it but studied it in drawing after drawing, from this point and that point, in ever new lights.

And with what humble patience were these studies made! Nature spoke, and he listened intently to record her words. It might carelessly be thought that he, the artist, counted for little; the subject was everything. An artist takes out of a scene what of himself is in the scene, and it was Mr. Cadzow's loving enthusiasm which responded to all this delicacy and beauty and made his picture delicate and beautiful. And then there was the shaping mind which out of what nature had given him built up a picture which satisfied his craving for harmony, made a lyric in line or colour, for Mr. Cadzow never forgot that works of art are made, not born. And there was in addition that skill of hand and eye, gained with long and hard effort, which enabled him to record his visions so that we might see them too. How much that we see in nature was first shown to us by some master painter! We see and hear, not wholly with our own eyes and

ears, but through the eyes and ears of artists and musicians. And thus, though Mr. Cadzow's pictures may have their origin in nature and certainly lead us back to nature, in essence what we admire in his pictures is Mr. Cadzow himself.

When we think then of his enthusiasm, his patience, his quiet persistence in effort till he achieved what he sought, his humble acceptance of suggestions and comments, of which I could write much, can we wonder that he most worthily maintained the fine tradition in the High School handed on to him, like a torch in clear flame, by his predecessor, Mr. Mackie Smith? I wish there had been time to collect tributes from his pupils, past and present: they best could testify to the value of his work. We who were not formally his pupils bear witness from some distance, but there is a contribution of our own that we can add. We knew more of him apart from school than pupils could know. We knew, for example, his interest in other arts, in poetry and music. He got the keenest enjoyment from the Gilbert and Sullivan operas and from grand opera. He delighted in the shapely pellucid move-

ments of a Mozart quartet, but found less satisfaction in music in which perfection of form was a less important element. Of the drama too he was a keen and discriminating critic. I shall never forget a performance of the "Merchant of Venice" by Class VI. boys which he produced during the last war. By unsparing exertions—he did everything—he presented a performance memorable to all who saw it for the beauty of its setting, of its stage pictures, and of its verse-speaking. And some, but not I, can tell of the skill he attained in games and the pleasure he got from them.

I was with him when he pulled his first print from the first plate he etched—he showed me, I suppose, every etching he did and generously listened to my comments—he wished me to have a complete set of his etchings and up to a point fulfilled this wish—we were companions in school for over thirty years—and now I write, ramblingly and imperfectly, the School's last tribute to him. May his spirit and influence long linger in the High School, as his personality and presence will persist in our memories till the end!

AN ELDER COLLEAGUE.

THE Art Room seemed strangely desolate that morning when we learned of the sudden passing of Mr. Cadzow. He had been our guide to such an extent that we could not quite comprehend that he would not be coming back to us ever again and that henceforth we must work on without him.

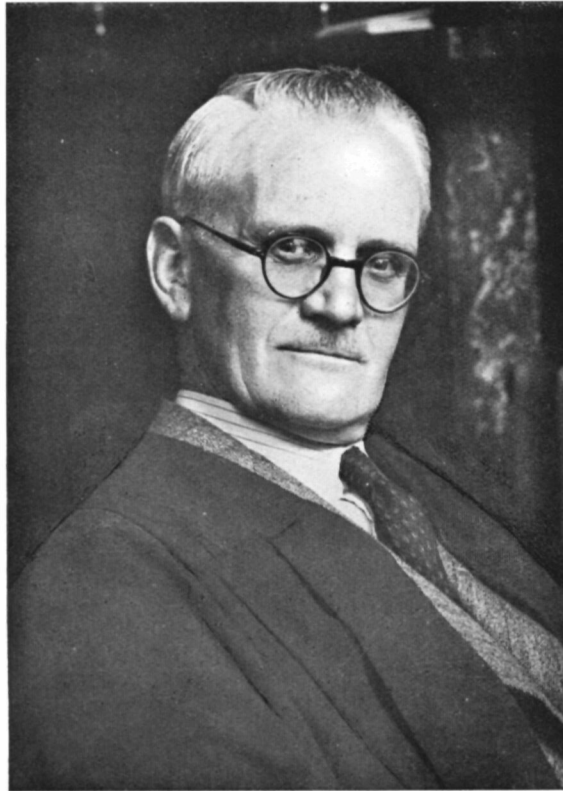
Mr. Cadzow's whole happiness was bound up in the work of this room. Here, through all these years, he had found an outlet for his creative powers, for his joyous appreciation of colour and design, and for his skill in teaching the rudiments of good craftsmanship to others. Here lay the very centre of his life, and it was from this room that his work and influence as teacher and artist-craftsman was borne by his pupils, and by his own paintings and etchings, to the farthest parts of the country and into the lives of so many. Session after session he taught with an inexhaustible patience, so very characteristic of him, with an infinite capacity for taking pains, and a real joy in tackling new problems in Art teaching as they

occurred, ever ready to experiment in methods that seemed to promise something of value.

The end of each session came with him still fresh in spirit, eagerly planning the work and material for the next year's teaching.

Then, with what enthusiasm Mr. Cadzow would look forward to his sketching holidays, which, in recent years, he spent in the Western Highlands. By varying his ground each summer, he had come to know most parts of the country intimately and it was a constant surprise to us how, in spite of the difficulties of sketching in the rainy hills and glens, he never failed to return, each September, laden with sketches, in pencil and in water-colour, of mountain and sea-loch, castle and cliff, trees, rocky headlands and the far islands of the West.

These studies were delightful things in themselves, particularly the pencil drawings which contained some of his finest work, and furthermore, they served as the raw material



JAMES CADZOW, Esq.,
High School of Dundee—1911-1941.

for the etchings upon which so much loving labour was spent.

Mr. Cadzow's etchings enriched many exhibitions throughout the country. Only recently a copy of his "Sound of Shuna" (which was reproduced in a recent number of this magazine and which has been shown at the R.S.A.) was acquired by the Curator of Bradford Art Galleries for their permanent collection, an honour of which Mr. Cadzow was justly proud.

We shall remember Mr. Cadzow as a fine artist and connoisseur whose judgment as to what was of lasting value in the Art world was shrewd and penetrating. But here in the Art Room, pupils and staff alike will remember him above all for his teaching and for his good counsel and for his sincere and generous friendship.

C. H. G.

Memories.

Those were happy days, James,
In the France we loved ;
And with your passing, the spell
Of those old days revives.
As now I look at your sketches,

Beautiful, delicate, luminous,
Lovingly fashioned, there survives
In them so much of you
That I am back again
Questing in that pleasant land,
Lingering in quaint corners ; I stand
At your side and watch
The certainty and precision of your pencil
Creating anew the beauty
Which I saw but could not seize.

Dinan in the blue unclouded weather,
Old wooden houses with flaming window-boxes,
The odd French trees on the skyline,
Bizarre and beckoning.
How we worked in the Rue de Jerzual !
Eagerly culling our subjects
From its old-world rickety houses,
Sketching and painting and smoking,
Happily ignoring discomforts—
The flies, the smells and the heat ;
And the evening camaraderie
When we gathered, a coterie of artists
To discuss, exhibit or criticise
The work of the day.

* * * * *

There were happy days, James,
In the France we loved.

BILL.

The Late Miss McGregor.

THE sad news of Miss McGregor's death will recall to not a few old High School boys their earliest school memories. She was my first link with the School, for when, at the age of seven, I started travelling to Dundee, it was she who helped me to jump from a (then) notoriously low platform into the school-bound train. This little act of kindness was, indeed, typical of her ; and, knowing boys, she did not misunderstand when later on, despising apron strings, I disliked being reminded of it.

In those days, Miss McGregor's first appearance suggested severity. One boy even brought home the news that her tawse had made the sparks fly. But this was only a very first impression, and we soon came to know her as a friend, loyal and true, and all the more devoted because not every one could penetrate her natural reserve. Above all, she was devoted

to boys, openly preferring them to girls. She followed her boys at School ; she followed them in later life ; and she even went the length of following with interest the careers of their children. Only the other day I heard one Old Boy in his fifties speak of her as if he had left her class the day before.

A fine courage concealed from the casual observer that, throughout life, she bore a heavy burden of illness and anxiety at home. And when, scarcely a month ago, I saw her weak and suffering, she spoke not of herself but of far-off happy days at School and on Highland holidays. She belonged to that simple reverent Scottish type from which "old Scotia's grandeur springs."

May the High School long have mistresses like her.

J. R. P.

Three Men in a Hoose.

AS has often been said before, there is nothing like a camping holiday. ("Nothing, thank goodness!" I hear some readers mutter.) Perhaps, however, few of us are aware of the joys of camping in dead of winter. None the less, the unflinching spirit of Class X. cannot be daunted even by 50° (approx.) below zero. But to proceed with our history.

About 11 o'clock on Christmas day, 1940, you might have seen our three heroes setting forth from Dundee in summery attire, puffing and blowing (for how can one too lazy to play rugger keep in training in winter) as they ascended the steep gradients on the road leading to our intended residence. A 1 in 15 hill, as we found, is no easier in winter than in summer.

At about 12.30 we reached the farm on whose grounds was the house which was our destination. After packing our trek-cart and consuming a hearty lunch, we set forth (on foot) towards the "Round Hoose," from which we were separated by a journey of about a mile over rather uncertain roads, or none at all. After the cart had stuck in ruts once or twice, we reached our abode, a little cottage with one end rounded, giving it its name, near a burn which flowed down from the surrounding hills.

The first day we spent in settling in, taking stock of provisions, and so forth. After a mid-night walk in the country, we retired (though I might have mentioned that, on our return, we washed, *mirabile dictu*, in the burn).

Rising at 9.30 a.m., which was the earliest performance during our stay, we breakfasted on grapefruit followed by sausages and beans. We then went for provisions, a fair journey in itself, and in the evening received the owners of the premises to supper (sardines on toast!) I said we received them to supper, but the meal was our tea, so we had supper proper about midnight; then we washed the dishes (we were becoming quite civilized by now) and retired (2 a.m.) to bed.

Next day, feeling energetic after rising at 11 o'clock, we climbed a hill, and had a magnificent view of Strathmore in the clear winter

air. In descending, we had our first accident: seeing a burn, one of us *had* to fall into it, to the detriment of his flannels. Despite this we regained our "mansion" and feasted high on potatoes, vegetables, and a fragment of what purported to be chicken, followed by pears. (What a feast can come out of a tin!)

At 6.30 we made an expedition to the nearest "flick-house," which was 10 miles away. After various adventures, including a hectic chase after a "bus" which turned out to be a star, and consuming orangeade in a cafe that had to be seen to be believed, we got home by the last bus to find the fire out and the dinner-dishes still unwashed. We set to with a will (?) and by 1 a.m. supper was ready. And so to bed.

The next day was mainly occupied in bringing in a new supply of coals, of which effort the less said the better.

Next day, being Sunday, we rose betimes (10.10) and by 10.40 (record time) had breakfast eaten and the dishes washed. We dutifully attended church (I hope our snores were not too loud) and returned to the farm for lunch. In the afternoon we climbed a hill to visit a nearby loch into which, of course, to make things complete, one of us found it necessary to fall. The evening was spent in a piano recital (!!) at the farm, and we returned to our cottage at 9 o'clock to consume a hefty supper of salmon.

On Monday, which was otherwise an uneventful day, came the beginnings of the heavy snowstorm we had last winter. This made us decide to pack up, which we did in leisurely fashion. On Tuesday we loaded our trek-cart and started to push it up the steep incline on the road to the farm. Snow is slippery, and so naturally, to round off the whole expedition, one of us tried, without success, to break his jaw on the trek-cart. This was the only notable incident on the way home, and we arrived back in Dundee, and civilisation about three o'clock.

And so now when anyone says winter is no time for a holiday, we descend upon the offender and tell him what I have just told you.

Careers.

"MAY I have the salt, please? . . . Do have some more gingerbread . . ." Vague phrases of polite conversation are filtering to my ears through the enveloping hordes of tiny demons surging round me each in his falsetto pipe or guttural grunt striving to obtain a hearing, until my poor brain whirls round and round as if it had just made a trip over a rough sea; and then it turns dizzily aside in a vain attempt to escape the assault of one tiny imp in a black suit with a scalpel in his hand who is eloquently trying to persuade me that the medical profession is the life for me. Yet his reign does not last long and before he has won his point his place is taken by a muscular young giant who attempts by a practical example to prove the increase in strength obtained by a physical training course. However, he too goes and a neat gentleman with a rose in his buttonhole launches forth suavely into a long oration about the advantages of journalism. He is abruptly cut short by the advent of a tall, thin creature in a white overall who leers gleefully at the

hole in my tooth, the filling of which I have been putting off from day to day. At the sight of him I rally my failing forces and sweep him aside with an expression of disgust and turn with relief to a scholarly gentleman with a book under his arm. But what is my horror when I read the title and find, "Practical Uses for the Differential Calculus," by I. Swottem, so I hastily send him the way of his predecessor and transfer my attention to an untidy youth with a green smudge on his left cheek who is approaching brandishing a paint-brush and shouting at the top of his voice to try to make himself heard above the roaring of a mob of people following close on his heels who all have that similar idea. I am almost deafened by it all. Then suddenly through the din I hear the gentle accents of my hostess enquiring, "What are you going to do now that you have got your leavings?" This is the last straw, and with one soul-relieving exclamation my last remaining grains of sanity give up the ghost and fly off into the upper air.

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Some Minor Accounts I'd Settle with Hitler.

WHAT a world of surprises, a world fantastically contracted by events! Just because, years ago, an Austrian painter of the "genus vulgaris" chose to drop brush and ladder and tread the more thorny path of political adventuring I find my present-day life fashioned and fettered by the decision. Would that the mustachioed Adolf had been drowned in a pail of his own whitewash!

Thanks to Hitler, world-wide upheavals have occurred, countries have been engulfed and subjugated and peoples compelled to "grunt and sweat under a weary life." For all these disasters he will one day be called to account; but how I yearn for the chance of settling some of my own private grouses with Hitler!

Number one on my list would be, I think, the black-out. Beginning with winter, I would recall the joy of shopping on dark nights in streets transformed almost to daylight by the lights from shop-windows and street-lamps, lamps whose radiance seen from afar looked like Neon signs of jewels. Then, what a delight it was to watch those dazzling Neon signs as the lights twinkled and curvetted merrily as if they themselves strongly approved of the goods advertised. Once free of the town, how pleasing it was to return home and, as we rounded the last corner, to see from our window the warm red gleam which gave promise of a glowing fire, good fellowship and content. I would contrast this picture with the war-time winter nights of stumbling around in very sparsely lit streets, of colliding with obstacles which loom up suddenly as if from nowhere, and of undignified flying exits from houses or cinemas which sported unexpected steps.

In summer, my lot is little better. Many's

the time I have gone to bed, leaving the curtains undrawn, in the hope that Adolf would not send over his Luftwaffe. Yet, sure enough, I've been awakened around 2 a.m. by banshee wailings and been forced to grope around in the dark in search of clothes I had tossed off anyhow the night before.

I'd call Hitler to account too for the destruction of so many famous old buildings in London. When I recollect the thrill of delight which surged through my veins on first beholding Westminster and the Houses of Parliament I seethe inwardly to think of their majestic glory marred by the ravaging hand of the barbarous Huns. And what of the time-honoured Guildhall and of St. Paul's Cathedral, that magnificent pile with its domed roof surmounted by a gilded cross—how can I ever forgive Hitler for being the instigator of the vandalism which wrought such havoc on these two landmarks of world-wide renown? Not even Buckingham Palace itself could escape the destroying hand of the savage hordes and, when I recall that imposing edifice in all its former grandeur, I put a very black mark against the name of Adolf Hitler for wrecking his vengeance on it and on so many places which have given me pleasure in the recent past.

We have long since become inured to food rationing, but now we must place clothes rationing also to Adolf's account. The problem this poses, and the self-sacrifice it demands well-nigh drives me to quit the ranks of the non-combatants and "go to it," armed with a bundle of unclad coat-hangers.

Alas and alack! Why was "that man" not drowned in a pail of whitewash?

B. D. C. (IX).

Modern Means of Communication.

IT is an established fact that if all the reams of paper ever used by Dundee High School pupils in writing impositions were collected in one large heap, there would be no paper shortage at the present time! This heap, undoubtedly, would stretch for miles and would tower high up into the sky. It is also an established fact that ninety-nine per cent. of this huge mass would be impositions for talking in class when one should not be talking!—and, if we are to believe a certain teacher, the impositions done by Class VIII. girls for this same fault, would constitute an enormous part of the mass.

It is our endeavour to show how in wartime these impositions can be avoided—for Class VIII. have learned from bitter experience how to talk undetected and “have even developed this accomplishment to a fine art”—to quote the aforesaid teacher.

The first and foremost way to communicate what one has to say, is to stand up in class and say it, or if need be, yell it, for this method only works when everyone else is doing likewise. Of course, when the uproar becomes too great, impositions by no means small are usually given out to the whole class.

Another way is to drop one's rubber so that it rolls in the direction of the person with whom one is desirous of conversing. But the conversations, unless great skill and ingenuity is used, have to be very short—a serious drawback indeed.

Another scheme is to talk without moving the lips. This is extremely difficult and requires a lot of practice. One or two of Class VIII. are really experts.

Of course, during all these chats, one has to employ one's neighbour (if he or she is not similarly engaged in conversation) to warn one if the teacher in charge is becoming suspicious. On receiving this warning, one

generally looks innocently out of the window, only in our case we have to take the precaution of not looking too innocent, for then the teacher becomes definitely convinced of our guilt!

Yet another way is to talk without making a noise, but the person to whom one is talking has to be skilled in lip-reading. This method is very convenient when the two conversers are at a distance, for it is difficult to talk to a person at the other end of the room, drowning the noise all around one, and at the same time endeavouring not to be observed and caught.

When one is caught, there is still one path of escape, namely, to say that one was talking to oneself! There usually follow sundry uncomplimentary remarks to the effect that people who talk to themselves are often sent to a place called an asylum, but it is well worth while enduring these insults for the sake of escaping the tedious hours which one would otherwise spend in laboriously copying out pages and pages of history, or worse still—translating Latin.

When one has the great misfortune, after trying some of the former methods, to be caught, and to find that one has to write out six or seven pages (small print and no pictures) it is a good plan to bribe a younger brother or sister (it would not work with an elder) to dictate the pages, with strict injunctions, of course, not to be afraid to miss out large chunks of the text!

We would not recommend these methods to other classes, for it requires the daring, skill and personality of Class VIII. girls alone, to execute these conversations during class-time, with any degree of success. Our advice to other classes as to the best way of avoiding punishment is not to talk at all!

We reproduce photograph of Mr Cadzow by courtesy of *Courier and Advertiser*.

“Circumstantial Evidence.”

MR. SPRUNT left his home every morning at the moment when the tall grandfather clock in the hall struck half past eight. He was a most methodical gentleman, and lived his life according to a strict schedule.

At eight-thirty he prepared to depart.

“My dear,” ventured his wife, “Do leave your umbrella at home to-day. It’s delightfully mild. The weather forecast is good, and there isn’t a cloud in the sky. Besides, I’d like you to call at the Stores for two of your old umbrellas which are being repaired.”

“Well, I dislike being put out of my usual stride, but I’ll try and remember them for you.”

Mr. Sprunt caught his train, as he always did, and proceeded with his morning’s business. Lunch time saw him seated at his usual table in the cafe lunching quietly on simple fare. He was satisfied with life in general. His appointments had been punctually kept, and the office work had gone with that clock-work precision which was his pride. He rose, paid his bill, and was passing through the swing door when a shout arrested him.

“Hi! You, sir. Stop!”

Mr. Sprunt turned to see a large, red-faced man rising from a table at the other side of the room.

“You’re going off with my umbrella!”

Mr. Sprunt, raising his right arm, discovered a strange umbrella hanging there. Muttering a stiff apology he thrust the umbrella back into the stand and hurried out.

“Dashed nuisance!” he spluttered. “Hate to be made a fool of in public. Why will Mildred upset my usual routine? I must remember to get those umbrellas now.”

Later on, on his way to the station, Mr. Sprunt remembered the umbrellas. But again his system was upset, for he was delayed so long at the Stores that instead of being on the platform, just under the lamp opposite which the first-class compartment stopped, he was forced to hurry along and peer into every compartment in a vain search for a seat. Two umbrellas, neatly rolled, were under his arm.

A hurrying porter seized his arm and thrust him into a carriage.

“’Ere you are, sir,” he shouted. “Plenty of room in there.”

Mr. Sprunt subsided, exhausted, into the only vacant seat. A row of newspapers confronted him. Suddenly one of them was lowered and a large red face appeared. Two eyes looked at Mr. Sprunt steadily, accusingly, then down to the bunch of umbrellas in his hand. A smile broke over the large face. Its owner leaned forward.

“So you’ve had a good day’s work after all,” he said.

A. R.

France.

So this was France!
 This fallen image, trampled in the mire;
 This tattered remnant of a mighty race
 Was once the land our fathers knew and loved,
 A land of friendship and of courtesy.
 Here dwelt the French.
 Here dwelt that race of gallant men
 That ever, when the foaming tide of war
 Encroached upon the boundaries of their land,
 Threw back the hordes of the rapacious foe
 With steadfast courage and undaunted hearts
 And rested not, ’till victory was theirs.
 For here were bred those fearless heroes who
 Died in their countless thousands at Verdun,
 That those they left behind might live to see
 A nobler, mightier France arise from out
 The ruins of shattered towns and war-scarred
 fields.

Ev’n now, as, underneath the tyrant’s heel,
 A broken France, defeated, desolate,
 Lies prostrate ’midst the shameful ruin of all
 Those ideals Frenchmen proudly held so dear,
 A hope remains, the ghost of France’s past,
 Which once again shall, in her glory, rise,
 To fight, once more, against her ancient foe,
 ’Till, with her faithful ally, side by side,
 She stands, the mistress of her widespread
 lands,
 A France, untrammelled, France, victorious—
 free!

FAX.

A Problem Solved.

WHEN the editor of the famous D.H.S. Magazine interrupts his history class about a month before the said magazine is published, everyone knows exactly what is coming. Mr. L—— deliberately removes his spectacles and begins his customary plea: "Please, girls, you must realise that I rely on you to contribute to the School magazine," etc., etc. Confronted by a sea of faces, devoid of inspiration, he manages to assume a very wheedling tone of voice as he begs first one unfortunate pupil and then another, to write something—anything—within reason.

I am not quite sure how, but Mr. L—— contrives to make our consciences prick us, and though we try to forget the magazine, we continually find ourselves racking our brains for ideas. Any interesting experience? No. An original story? No. Ah, at last, that amusing adventure during the Easter holidays. With a sigh of relief, we seize a pencil and scribble a few paragraphs. But, alas, on reading them over, we are forced to admit that our article is only fit to be burned.

Next day we anxiously ask our classmates if they have written any article. Sad shaking of heads answers our questions. After completing our homework that evening, we again try vainly to produce something which might be worth publishing.

After a few torturing evenings we hopefully ask the editor if it is now too late to give our contributions, but our hearts sink as he tells us that he can allow us a few more days!

Finally, in sheer desperation, I grabbed my pen to make a last attempt—here is the result.

An Ode?? to Maths.

On those blinking Maths. "ekkie" there should be a ban,
You're expected to do them, but very few can.
For your flustered red face you would need a large fan
Whene'er you get muddled with sin, cos and tan.
And when you remember it's all for ONE man,
You feel that you'll end up your days in the "san."!

But still there is worse—when you come to a "log,"
To get the right answer you feel all agog,
After long hours of labour, your mind's in a fog—
More tedious hours—and still on you jog
Till you're hopelessly lost in the midst of a bog,
And you're forced in the morning to just "get a cog"!

For one special subject, I don't care a fig,
A youth who can do it, I think is a prig,
The blue-pencil inventor was an absolute pig!
When I get out an answer I could dance a fine jig—
But the answer is wrong—so I just scratch my wig,
Can you guess what the subject is—yes! it is trig!!

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Back Row—R. D. Strachan (Pirie Golf Handicap Cup). A. J. McLay (Aystree Cup—Junior Champion Athlete). W. Ritchie (Don F. McEwen Prize for Cricket). D. K. R. Lawson (Airlie Cup—Champion Athlete; Ballingal Gold Medal—Dux Gym). W. L. Cuthill (Championship Trophy—Swimming). J. R. Paterson (Boase Medal—Golf). G. F. Lowden (Loveridge Cup—Mile Race).

Second Row—R. S. McKelvey, (Dux 7th Class, Boys—Jane Spiller Prize). G. High (Polack Gold Medal—Gym, 6th Class Boys). M. C. Kemp (Dux (equal), 4th Class Girls—John MacLennan Prize). I. Crawford (Tennis Championship Cup—Girls). E. D. Gracie (Championship Cup—Swimming). L. M. Gabriel (Leng Silver Medal for Singing). E. F. Thomson (Dux 7th Class, Girls—Jane Spiller Prize). J. C. Brown (Champion Athlete of the Middle School—Harold Martin Cup).

Third Row—R. F. McLaren (Dux Gym., Girls). K. P. Duncan (Dux—Greek; Don F. McEwen Prize—Cricket). A. Anderson (School Dux—Boys; Dux—English and Latin). J. M. Bruce (School Dux—Girls; Dux—Mathematics). D. G. McCall (Dux—Science). D. J. Gunn (Dux—Art).

Front Row—I. M. Liddle (Dux 4th Class, Boys—Polack Prize). H. M. Boase (Dux (equal) 4th Class, Girls—John MacLennan Prize). A. E. Henderson (Junior Championship Cup Swimming—Girls). L. G. Forbes (Junior Championship Cup Swimming—Boys).

**School Medallists,
Session 1940-41.**

**Dundee High School
Magazine.**

A Holiday in the Backwoods.

WITH the end of the summer term in sight, my thoughts naturally turn towards holidays, holidays to which I am looking forward, and holidays in the past with all their pleasant memories. Of these past holidays, there is one which I specially enjoyed and which I remember quite well, though only of tender years. This holiday was spent at Christopher Lake, an inland lake in Western Canada.

After motoring long miles on the dusty highway, we turned off sharply and entered the forest, following the bumpy trail, so narrow that the overhanging branches scratched the car, and the tall pines and poplars seemed to close over our heads. At length we reached a clearing, and here was the cottage, perched in a beautiful spot high above the lakeside. We thought it was very aptly named by our Scottish friends "Tighnacnoc"—the house on the hill. It was a quaint, inviting little abode, the walls being of white-washed wood and stone; it had a tiled roof and a spacious screened verandah that stretched the whole length of the front of the house and along one side. We soon decided that there was more verandah than house! One end of the verandah was the kitchen, the other the dining-room, and all the other side we fitted up with camp beds—our open-air bedrooms. The house itself was one big room with an open fireplace—on rainy evenings fine for popping corn, roasting corn-on-the-cob, and toasting marshmallows.

The sunsets reflected in the clear water of the lake were glorious; the air was filled with the songs of the birds and the sound of the wind in the spruce and the pines. We heard also the chattering and scolding of the red squirrels and the pattering of their feet as they scampered across the roof above us; and then there were the loons, birds very like ducks, calling to one another over the water.

One night we left the lid of the corn bin unfastened, and in the morning we found the cobs, with the corn all nibbled off them, strewn all over the floor! This was the work of the squirrels, who, like Santa Claus, came down the chimney. The mice were responsible for our diminishing cheese ration, and the

gophers and chipmunks (dainty little animals with striped fur that Walt Disney draws) would actually sit up on their hind-legs and beg whenever the sweet-box was opened.

Part of the joy of holidaying out-of-doors was to live off the country. We rowed out on the lake and fished for pike and jackfish. In the forest we gathered raspberries, wild strawberries, blueberries (first cousins to the Scottish blaeberrys), cranberries and saskatoons (shiny dark purple and red berries a little bigger than blaeberrys).

We paddled in the lake and had great fun trying to balance on slippery, round logs without capsizing—a difficult feat. We "fell in" so often that we decided to wear bathing costumes all the time. Once, some wet clothes were left overnight on the clothes-line, and by morning they had been chewed to rags! We were not sure who the culprits were but we suspected the sharp little teeth of the gophers and chipmunks!

We had excursions in our rowing-boat to the "tepee." This was a huge, cone-shaped, Indian tent. Inside was a café, where our special order was "Boston Cream," a delectable beverage but containing very little cream. At this tepee they also sold to tourists, on their way to Prince Albert National Park, handwork, beautiful quill and bead work made by the Indians. There were embroidered skin purses, beaded moccasins and slippers, and even autograph albums, with birch-bark as thin as paper for pages.

The days passed all too quickly, but the memory of the night before our departure, on which there was a terrific windstorm, is vivid still. All evening we watched the bending trees, and, as the fury of the storm increased, we heard the creaking and snapping of branches and then crashes in the distance which sounded like artillery-fire, as mighty pines and poplars crashed to the ground. We were afraid that one of these "tall timbers," as the Canadians call them, would fall on the cottage and smash the roof to pieces—but this did not happen.

Next morning we surveyed the scene. On every side were huge trees lying flat on the ground or standing at curious angles, and—our trail was blocked by eleven fallen trees!

There was nothing for it but to "go to it" with axe and saw. In this way we got our first practical lesson in forestry, and then, tired but happy, we started on the road for home.

Evening Song.

Oh! How lovely is the evening,
When the stars have yet to shine,
And the gentle evening breezes
Lightly stir your hair and mine.

Oh! How soothing is the evening,
When the busy day is done,
As down into his rosy bed
Sinks the round and rosy sun.

Oh! How peaceful is the evening,
When the light begins to pall,
And the air is filled with murmurs,
As night's dusky shadows fall.

All for a Penny.

Out in the morning off we go,
To trudge to School—oh, dear, no!
School is over, we are free
To roam the fields, just we three.

The berry harvest we shall aid
Our nimble fingers for this are paid,
For soon we'll tire of tasting fruit,
Which should, of course, in the pail be put.

Chalky blackboards are soon forgot
As up and down the drills we trot,
Much besplotched with juicy raspas
We face the farmer as loud he gasps:

"I know you came to pick my berries,
Yet must you make yourselves like cherries?"
But a penny a pound for our toils we get,
And a penny just now is a great asset.

J. S. R. (VIII.G.).

Dundee High School Old Girls' Club.

MEMBERS of the Club send heartiest greetings to all Old Girls at home and abroad. It is our hope that we shall all meet, in the not too distant future, at a bumper peacetime reunion.

We are delighted to welcome our new members and are very sorry that, owing to the war, a curtailment of the Club's activities has been necessary. The reunion arranged for March was not held. This was due to two things—lack of support and because so many of our Old Girls are members of various A.R.P. organisations and might have had to make a hasty departure. It is hoped, however, to hold a function of some sort later on in the year.

To encourage the younger members of the Club to attend meetings, a dance was held, in conjunction with the Old Boys' Club, at the end of February. This was thoroughly enjoyed by all present though numerically the attendance from both Clubs was poor.

We would remind members that it would greatly assist us if they would notify us of change of name and address.

The following are the office-bearers and

Executive Committee, elected at the Annual General Meeting:—

Honorary President—Mrs. Agnes Savill, M.A., M.D., M.R.C.P., Dublin and London.

Honorary Vice-Presidents—Mrs. Jessy Mair, M.A., O.B.E.; Miss Hilda Lorimer, B.A., M.A. (Oxon); Miss Isabel Gray, A.R.A.M.; Miss F. Marie Imant; Miss J. G. Anderson, L.L.A.

President—Miss Kathleen Stevenson.

Vice-Presidents—Miss A. Maxwell, Mrs. Walker, Newport.

Hon. Secretaries—Miss Margaret K. Gordon, 87 Blackness Avenue; Miss E. Burns Petrie, 58 Ferry Road, Monifieth.

Hon. Treasurer—Miss M. W. S. Johnston, 1 St. Johnswood Terrace, West Park Road.

Executive Committee—Miss J. Spreull, Miss A. Robertson, Mrs. Wm. Smith, Mrs. A. M. Nairn, Mrs. Ritchie (Nelson Terrace), Mrs. G. F. Ritchie, Miss Frances Laird, Miss F. Fergie, Miss M. Dick, Miss M. Cargill, Miss M. Anderson, Miss B. Robertson, Miss J. Mathers, Mrs. Wm. Allan, Mrs. Wm. Locke, Mrs. H. J. Carlton (*ex officio*).

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The following have joined the Club since Christmas, 1940:—

Mrs. Nancy Carswell, 11 South Tay Street.
 Mrs. Jean D. Crystal, The Barns of Claverhouse.
 Miss Frances Davidson, 45 Perth Road.
 Miss Irene A. Doig, Camphill Lodge, Broughty Ferry.
 Miss Jean G. Gordon, 87 Blackness Avenue.
 Miss Elizabeth D. Lawson, Hillview Wormit.
 Miss Muriel A. H. Leslie, 5 Glenogil Terrace, Carnoustie.
 Miss Janette S. Martin, 2 Chalmers Street, Maryfield.
 Miss Jean Ritchie, Dudhope Terrace.
 Miss Mabel Ritchie, Dudhope Terrace.

We announce with pleasure the following marriages:—

Margery Bruce to John F. Cooper, "Gowanbrae," Seafield Road, Broughty Ferry.
 Betty Dewar to J. Lindsay Milne, c/o Dewar, 2 St. Johnswood Terrace, West Park Road.
 Margaret Preston to — Simpson, 20 Jesty Avenue, Broadway, Weymouth.
 Gladys M'Intosh to — Raitt, c/o M'Intosh, Oxford Street, Dundee.
 Mary Wallace to Dr. Gordon Rae, 336 Blackness Road, Dundee.

We record with regret the death of Miss Matthew, Newport, well-known to many of us as our sewing teacher.

Dundee High School Old Boys' Club.

MOST of our younger members are now in the Forces or engaged on other essential war work while the Old Brigade are spending their evenings on Anti-Gas Drill and nights on Fire-watching. The usual summer outings have therefore again been allowed to lapse until more settled times return.

Mr. Cadzow, whose death is referred to elsewhere, was an unfailing attender at all our Golf Outings, and we could always rely on him as a stalwart in our golf battles against the Perth Academy F.P.'s.

We also record with deep regret the death of David Snodgrass (1923-1935).

Our energetic member, Alex. Robertson, has been elected Vice-President of the Dundee Rotary Club. We extend best wishes to Alex. and take the opportunity of thanking him for his assistance to the Club and also for his frequent contributions to the Mag.

Your Honorary Secretary fears that he has not used his usual diligence collecting Subscriptions in arrears, and trusts that those whose Subs. are still outstanding will be kind enough to send them in at once. The financial year ends on 31st July.

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

Driver Gavin G. Adams, R.A.
 L. A/C Ronald S. Aitken, R.A.F.
 Acting Sq Ldr. Alfred Bayne, R.A.F.

Pte. Alex. Binnie, B.W.
 Lieut. George Blair, R.A.M.C.
 Cpl. John F. Brodie, R.A.S.C.
 Cpl. Ian P. Bruce, R.A.
 2nd Lieut. Frank G. Burnett, Border Regt.
 A.C.W.2 Florence Cooper, W.A.A.F.
 L/Br. David M. Donaldson, R.A.
 G'man Ian A. Donaldson, Scots Guards.
 L/Br. J. M. Donaldson, R.A.O.C.
 Sub Lieut. David M. Edwards, R.N.
 — Barbara Fleming, W.A.A.F.
 Sapper M. G. H. Ferguson, R.E.
 G'man Charles Grant, Scots Guards.
 Vol. Edith M. Grant, W.A.T.S.
 2nd Lieut. David Grant, Indian Army.
 Lieut. John Grant, I.A.O.C.
 2nd Lieut. David Green, B.W.
 O/Cadet Alex. M'Call, R.A.F.
 2nd Lieut. Thomas R. M'Call, A. & S.H.
 Sgt. C. H. Newstead, R.A.F.
 Pte. Charles Parker, R.A.S.C.
 O/Cadet D. Paton, R.A.
 Pilot Officer Wm. Patullo, R.A.F.
 Wireless Op. David Snodgrass, M.M.
 O.S. J. R. Soutar, R.N.
 A.C.2 R. D. Soutar, R.A.F.
 L/Cpl. James Spence, A. & S.H.
 2nd Lieut. Harvey Spence, Seaforth Hs.
 A.C.2 Richard A. Strachan, R.A.F.
 A.C.1 I. L. Thomson, R.A.F.
 L/Cpl. John Wighton, B.W.
 2nd Lieut. G. Willsher, Reconnaissance Corps.
 O.S. J. Crawford, R.N.
 Cadet M. Lester, M.M.
 Cadet W. H. Small, M.M.
 Captain Thomas Sime, R.F.
 A.C.2 Ronald D. Soutar, R.A.F.

Promotion.

Gunner David Maxwell—2nd Lieut. R.A.

Reports.

Cricket Report, 1st XI.

The cricket elevens have again carried out a war-depleted fixture list with considerable success.

After a debacle against Morrison's Academy in the first match of the season, the 1st XI. has picked up considerably and we have now won five matches, drawn one, and lost four, one of them, against U.C.D., by one run.

The batting this year has been fairly strong, despite two lamentable lapses, against Morrison's and Arbroath High School. The bowling has also maintained a fairly high standard, particularly notable being the performances against Bell-Baxter, whom we dismissed for 29, and Arbroath, who were all out for 19, Ritchie taking seven for 7. The fielding, though good at the beginning of the season, has recently undergone an unfortunate degeneration, which mainly accounted for our defeat at the hands of our old rivals of Morgan Academy.

We take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Bruce, as President, and Mr. Stark, as coach, for their constant interest in the teams, and all other members of the staff who have given up their time for the welfare of our cricket.

BATTING.

Batsman	Inns.	Not Out	Most in an Inns.	Runs	Average
Carswell	9	3	32*	84	14.0
Ritchie (W.)	9	0	31	98	10.9
Tullis ..	10	0	30	87	8.7
Caird ..	10	1	19	73	8.1
Rankine..	8	0	27	45	5.6

BOWLING.

Bowler	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wkts.	Average
Ritchie (W.)	58	12	177	29	6.1
Tullis ..	62.3	15	166	26	6.2
Duncan	43.3	5	140	22	6.4
Berbieri	19	1	87	9	9.8

Cricket Report, 2nd XI.

BATTING AVERAGES.

Name.	Games Played	Not Outs.	Average.
Robertson 3	2	22
Ritchie 3	1	15.5
Murray 4	0	14
Cuthill 4	0	9.7
Carrie 4	0	8.4

Two of the six matches arranged were cancelled as a result of wet weather. Of the remaining four we have won two and lost two.

Although many of the team were selected from

classes more junior than is usual, all have proved worthy of their inclusion in the side, and enthusiasm generally has been very keen. With keenness and ability of such a standard prospects for the future are very promising.

We should like to thank those masters who have shown an interest in the team, and have given up much of their time on behalf of the eleven.

D. L.

Cadet Report.

All the cadets who are going to camp and a number of others of Classes IV. and V., have been issued with uniform and equipment, and uniform has been worn for the regular parades.

The band has turned out on a number of occasions, giving assistance to the Home Guard and the Angus War Weapons Week appeal. Their deportment and efficiency have received favourable comment.

The enrolment for camp (109) is a record number. Bilets at The Steading, Cortachy, and the Cortachy Drill Hall have been engaged for sleeping, a barn and garage for messing and the canteen. It is hoped that all cadets will realise the value of the camp training in leadership, discipline and efficiency. Access will be possible this year to weapons and equipment that have not been available in previous years.

The following Spring promotions, w.e.f., 25th April, 1941, are recorded:—

Sgt. Waddell to be C.S.M. ; Sgt. M'Coll to be C.Q.M.S. ; Cpl. Barbieri to be Sgt. ; Cpl. Cuthill to be Sgt. ; Cpl. Lawson to be Sgt. ; Cpl. Stewart to be Sgt. ; P. L/Cpl. Mann to be Pipe Sgt. ; L/Cpl. Murray to be Cpl. ; L/Cpl. Burnett to be Cpl. ; L/Cpl. Wooler to be Cpl. ; Dr. Rankine to be Dr. Cpl. ; Cdt. Baird to be L/Cpl. ; Cdt. Bryson to be L/Cpl. ; Cdt. Grant to be L/Cpl. ; Cdt. Grove to be L/Cpl.

W. L. M.

Guide Report.

Weekly meetings were resumed after Easter holidays and work for tests was started. There were many entrants for badges which were tested by the Guides. Throughout this term two Guides have visited the Post Guides in hospital every week. Patrol marks have been handed in and the shield has been won by the Nightingale Patrol. Sheila M'Call was elected Woodpigeon Patrol Leader in succession to Kathleen Barrie.

We would like to thank the Guiders for their interest and work throughout the session.

M. F. M.

