

THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. 82

DECEMBER 1941

SIXPENCE



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Editorial.

“CHRISTMAS is coming, the goose is getting fat.” Ah me, we fondly dream—of bright lights and crackers, of fun and mistletoe, of foaming fizz and heaps of plum puddings, of a turkey or a goose “done to a turn,” of mirth and merriment, and of the School Dance. Instead we face another War-Christmas with the black-out-still on and the many irritating but necessary restrictions.

But avaunt self-pity! These good times will come again, the old hall will glow again under its pleasant coloured lights and happy pupils will gaily thread the maze of the dance. Many of us seniors will no longer be pupils, alas! But here’s to the School and the boys and girls of a happier future. We greet them across the years to be—may they have real Happy Christmases.

Would we change our lot then? Do we feel cheated of part of our School inheritance? We do not think so. We feel a sober pride, a kind of sombre contentment that we are seeing this thing through, that we living at this time when our country and empire is rising in its might to battle down the barbarian, to rid the world of a mighty poisonous growth and so to make life clean and sweet and decent again. To-day the Christmas bells must not peal; but in fancy we can hear them at last—

Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

* * * *

Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Except for the black-out and firewatching

life and work in School seem strangely normal—class work, examinations, rugby and hockey, and holidays. We are, in a sense, a sheltered little academic community permitted to carry on our life and work though the storms rage and rend not far away. Do we always realise how fortunate we have been thus far? Had we been Czechs or Poles or Yugoslavs? But hardly a day passes without personal contact with some of those who must enter that outer world of war, of fire and horror, of shining courage and high endeavour. On leave they always drop in to see us—officers, sergeant-pilots, cadets of M.M. Lean, hard-trained, self-reliant and steady-eyed they are: not so boyish now, quieter, manlier—they have grown up in a year! “Well, cheerio, and all the best,” we say, trying to be almost casual; but the heart grips as with a parting wave of the hand they turn down the stairs; for we know that some of them will never come back. What sorrow! What pride! Youth—splendid, magnificent, fearless youth! We silently salute in them that quality of spiritual dedication which is great and noble, yea, sublime.

* * * *

Our F.P.’s have travelled far and apparently so has the name (and fame?) of D.H.S. This term our magazine will be going to High Schools in America, ranging from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. How it all came about we do not yet know, but we have been glad and very interested to receive magazines from many American High Schools including High Point, N.C.; Stonewall Jackson, W. Virginia; Isaac Elston H.S., Michigan City; Bearcreek,

Montana ; Brackenridge H.S., San Antonio, Texas ; Mercedes H.S., Tezas ; Cooperstown H.S., N.D. ; Goshen H.S., Indiana ; Petoskey H.S., Michigan ; Rainelle, W. Virginia ; and from Lead.

They are all run very efficiently, on very business-like lines and contain much that is refreshingly new to us, especially their fashion notes. We admire their "pep" and "punch" and high spirits. We shall be happy to exchange.

* * * *

We welcome to D.H.S. this term Mr. Halliday who comes to us as Art Master. He is already persona grata and we hope he will be happy among us. We noted with interest that along with Dr. Dickson, a former assistant art master at D.H.S., he recently organised a very successful Children's Art Exhibition in Edinburgh. We also welcome to the School Miss Mary Smith who has joined the Modern Languages Department.

Rugger and hockey are settling down to a more normal season than last year's. The Cadet Corps is in its usual flourishing condition

and the Guides are very keen. We are very glad to see that the Boys' Lit. is under way again. News of Forestry and Farming during the summer vacation is dealt with elsewhere.

Congratulations to Beryl Cameron and to Alec Anderson who won the prizes in this year's Leng Trust Essay Competition ; and to Margaret Reid who won the gold medal for first place in the British Isles in the Associated Board's Intermediate Examination in Piano-forte. Among F.P.'s Ian Grant has won the Robertson Memorial Medal and Prize for efficiency in weapon training.

We regret that owing to increased cost of production it has been found necessary to increase the price of the Magazine to sixpence, but we hope when better times come again we shall be able to revert to the price at which it has stood so long.

Many of us have made Polish friends. We include in this issue an interesting account of a journey which began at Warsaw and ended in Britain.

A good Christmas and a pleasant holiday !

Mr Halliday.

WE take this opportunity of welcoming Mr. Thomas S. Halliday, D.A., F.R.S.A., to the Art Department of the School as successor to the late Mr. James Cadzow.

Mr. Halliday comes to D.H.S. from Alloa, where he has taught for six years in the Academy of that town, and prior to this he had spent seven years in teaching at Prestwick.

The standard of work achieved by pupils under Mr. Halliday can be judged by the fact that work from his department at Alloa has recently been shown in an Exhibition of Children's Art in the National Galleries in Edinburgh.

Mr. Halliday is a Glasgow Art School man, a vigorous artist and a good craftsman, whose work, notably wood carvings, has been shown at the R.S.A. and at many other exhibitions.

Craftwork is of especial interest to him, and, already, at D.H.S., some interesting and varied work is under way.

Mr. Halliday is keenly interested in the teaching of young people, regarding each pupil as an individual artist with latent artistic potentialities and striving to get the truest self-expression from each.

We have no doubt that he will prove a worthy successor to Mr. Cadzow, who worked for so many years and with such success to build up the great tradition of good sound Art instruction that exists at the High School of Dundee.

We hope, and we feel confident, that Mr. Halliday will be happy amongst us, and we wish him every success in his teaching here at D.H.S.



T. S. HALLIDAY, D.A., F.R.S.A.

Dundee High School
Magazine.

Polish Pilgrimage.

FIRST days of August, 1939. Here I shall start my memories at the beginning of my incessant pilgrimage since this date. I was then so glad that I received my four weeks' holiday and I could spend it in France! So I flew from Warsaw to the Polish harbour of Gdynia in a Lockheed Hudson of the Polish Airlines, where I embarked on board the *M.S. Batory* which was on its first trip to U.S.A. It was one of the few modern 5,000 R.T. passenger ships which Poland possessed. Its sister ship *Pilsudski* has been torpedoed on the North Sea when transporting troops off Norway. On my ship were many Czech refugees, some of them even in Army uniforms, and many Czech custom officials from the Polish frontier in their characteristic green uniforms. They had the best opportunity to escape when Germans occupied their country, as they had merely to cross the Polish frontier. The refugees did not seem to be very worried over their fate; they were playing accordions and singing national songs, but when I spoke with one of them my opinion changed. They were all feeling very bitter at their treatment and hoped one day to be avenged. All of them went to Great Britain to continue in future their fight against the common foe.

For the sake of the Czechs the Captain changed the route and instead of going as usual through the Kiel Canal, he preferred to go further north in order to prevent the Czechs being arrested. We went through the Kattegat and the Skagerrak.

I arrived at Boulogne, went afterwards to Paris, and also enjoyed visiting old French castles in the Tours area. I then went on to spend two weeks on the Riviera. During the whole time of my holiday I had an oppressive sense of tension, but I was still easygoing and entertaining myself.

At the end of August I went in a charabanc along the Alps to Chamonix. I spent there two days and then reached Geneva.

As the situation was becoming always worse I wired to my brother asking what to do and he answered, to come home immediately. I had already tickets from Paris via Berlin to Warsaw, but I preferred to go back through Italy, Yugoslavia and Hungary. So I

managed to cross the Polish frontier on 1st September, and I was told at a station that the Germans had invaded Poland and that our President had broadcast an appeal to the population. It was a ghastly journey in a train overcrowded with civilians, soldiers and officers called to their units. I am afraid that many of them were unable to reach their destination. After two days' travel instead of the usual twelve hours, I arrived at Warsaw and hurried immediately home from the station. My mother was not there; she had been spending the week-end in the country outside Warsaw. I phoned to her; she was very glad that I had come back. She told me that German planes had bombed the district where she was that day, demolishing a Nursing Home for Tubercular Children; there were forty casualties.

Alerts were in Warsaw the order of the day. The city was still intact, but in the suburbs some damage was already done and big fires were observed after sunset.

I went to my office but only very few clerks were present, the rest had been called up to the Army or had volunteered for auxiliary services. Rumours were circulating that the Germans were already not very far from the capital—"exaggerated rumours," we thought!

I tried to join the Army too, but without success, as they had sufficient numbers and told me to report later. I helped to dig A.R.P. trenches like the rest of the population. We built barricades, one tramcar beside another, and rails dug into the ground, also tank traps. This was all done in the suburbs of Warsaw. We were helping the regular troops in preparing for the siege of Warsaw.

On 7th September at night a Colonel broadcast in a frightened voice that, as the Germans had taken the "Polish Manchester," Lodz and were already beyond it, it was urgently needed to dig more trenches in the suburbs, and that all fit men must leave the Capital and go farther east with the Army. This was unfortunate as it caused the population to panic still more and a big exodus from Warsaw began.

I phoned to my brother and after a hasty good-bye to our family we left Warsaw. It

was very difficult to drive the car out of the city in almost complete darkness, and through streets overcrowded with hundreds of private vehicles and troops, single civilians and men running in different directions. It took over four hours to get out of Warsaw (a drive of not more than 30 minutes under normal conditions).

Dawn found us on the road, which was crowded as far as the eye could see with all kinds of private and army vehicles going in four rows. We could only advance very slowly and were stopped every few minutes. Many owners of lighter cars left the road and went over the fields. It was very dry weather, a hot Polish autumn, and they could easily do this. Crowds of pedestrians dragged along the road, women pushing perambulators, poor men with handcarts, peasants on horsecarts, sometimes even owners of cars who had run short of petrol. It was, at the time, quite a frequent transaction to exchange on the spot a beautiful car with no petrol, for a cycle or a horse. The confusion was so great that even fire brigades were caught up and had to move along with the traffic instead of "staying put" where they were needed.

Twice single German planes dived on us on the road. However, it was obvious that civilians were not objects of "military importance," so we camouflaged our car with mud and branches and went on. We were fortunate as many of the cars we saw had their roofs and sides badly damaged by machine-gun bullets, whole salvos having been fired at them.

The casualties were very great. One could see on the road and in the ditches mutilated bodies of refugees, sometimes it happened that a whole family had been killed on the spot, and the sweetish smell of blood was in our nostrils all that day. The wounded were crying for help, but who would stay to dress their wounds when everybody, full of fright, was looking for cover for himself. After such a painful experience we preferred to drive whole nights through till dawn, getting a rest anywhere, on a side road under single trees, as we knew that German planes bombed even small woods, and that when Fifth Columnists reported the presence of troops and numbers of civilians in woods, the bombing was very heavy. They dropped incendiaries into the

woods and when the people ran out into the open they machine-gunned them. The woods burned like tinder as the weather had been very dry.

So we reached Lublin, which at this time was the seat of our Government. We left it fortunately before it was bombed. The Germans were so well-informed by the Fifth Columnists about the movements of the Polish Government, that always within a short time of their being established in new quarters, the place was bombed. Lublin met with the same fate. We had just left the city when we heard the roaring of German planes and the whistling and exploding of bombs, and saw heavy black smoke rising in the skies.

In Lublin we waited twelve hours at the benzine station for petrol and got a few gallons to go on with. We hoped to get some more in Chelm where we had business friends, but on arrival we found their place blazing furiously and so was the railway station. The only fuel we could get for our car was five large bottles of methylated spirit found in a bombed shop. With this we proceeded to Lwow (Lion's' city). At a distance of several miles we could see huge fires blazing, and we thought that the whole city was in flames. However, when we came nearer, we found it was a big distillery, the biggest in Poland, blazing like one big flare. The Germans had dive-bombed and machine-gunned the Fire Brigade in order to prevent them working on the fire.

In Lwow we tried again to join the army, even as auxiliaries, but we were refused as the situation was getting always worse and organisation very difficult. We spent two days in Lwow mostly in air-raid shelters.

Then we decided to go further south and we landed with hundreds more at the Rumanian frontier at Zaleszczyki. There we got the news that Russia had come into the war against us.

After a night spent in our car beside the frontier bridge which was closed, we crossed on the morning of 17th September, 1939, the Rumanian Frontier. It was a day I shall never forget. The bridge was packed with cars, lorries and pedestrians. We saw planes and thought they might be German, but they were only the few remaining Polish Training planes. We were lucky and got across the bridge in

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safety. We were barely half a mile on the safe side when Zaleszczyki was bombed.

As we were civilians and had credentials from the Rumanian Embassy, we had no difficulty in reaching Bucharest. There we got a rest after all our troubles. It was quite a strange thing for me not to see any black-outs, planes, or exploding bombs. We did not want to stay long in Rumania, and we did what we could to get out of this country, where you could bribe almost everybody, and where 100 lei (two shillings on the black market) given to a policeman could do wonders. In spite of that it was not very easy to get away, because, even at this time, the Germans had a very great influence on all Rumanian authorities and in spite of the fact that the Government would have been very happy to be rid of us, it was compelled to observe strict neutrality and treat us accordingly.

Soldiers who escaped from internment camps with the help of Polish and British authorities (the French did not seem to care very much about us) got civilian clothes and very often with faked passports and falsified visas (because genuine ones were very difficult to get) went to France. Men could only be sent in small numbers in order not to draw the attention of the ever-vigilant agents of the Gestapo. A whole transport at Constanza was stopped by their influence.

Poles were sent in small lots through different ways in different directions; through Greece to Syria, through Zagreb to Marseilles; or through Italy to France. It was quite a complicated business to get an Italian transit visa. In order to get it, you had to present a certificate of Aryan origin (given even to Jews by the Polish Consulate) and evidence that you were not fit for military service. Such documents were, of course, given by the Polish authorities to every Polish citizen who was allowed to go to France. French visas were given only by strict co-operation with the Polish Authorities.

Italians knew very well where we were going and why we wanted to join the army. They made much money out of visas, but again they too were afraid of the Germans, and that is why they made such difficulties. When after a whole week's queuing up we got all necessary visas, we had to obtain the most important

thing—the permission to leave of the “Prefectura Politiei” of Bucharest (Chief of Police).

This building so well known to all “refugiati polonezi” (Polish refugees) was besieged from early morning hours and it was quite impossible to get in unless you bribed the policeman on guard. You had only to put discreetly 100 lei (two shillings) in his ammunition pocket, and a nick of his head was a sign to slip into the building and hurry upstairs to the room, where you could get this small green stamp on your passport. This depended on the mood of the clerk and especially on the presence of someone (a Rumanian, of course) who unofficially represented the German Embassy. When this man was there it was practically impossible to get this permission even for a bribe, a most unusual thing in Rumania. This man showed always a perverse ingenuity in refusing “plecare” to men of military age. It is hardly surprising, therefore, that many young Poles showed equal ingenuity in growing beards and securing passports for an “advanced age” from the Polish Consulate.

At last I overcame all the difficulties, but even then I had to wait my turn to get away, and I could not leave Bucharest earlier than the beginning of March, 1940.

After a journey through Italy and Switzerland, where I met some of my relatives, I arrived at Paris and went on the same day to the Polish Recruiting Office in Bessières. It was a gloomy place with typical continental army billets. The medical officer wrote beside my name “Soldat de première classe.” I was at last in the Polish Army in France. So the first part of my pilgrimage found its end.

(To be continued.)

Princess Aurora.

Mist and wind and clear shining,
Heart of a thousand years,
Cold grey gleaming entwining
Starry diamond tears,
Dark soul-fire proudly glowing,
Pure and glorious flame,
Sweet clear beauty, and flowing—
Dim and softly snowing—
Pearl and rose gently glowing,
One shy rainbow dream. E. M.

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D.H.S. Forestry Camp, 1941—A Reminiscence.

“AND anyhow the unloading—what a display of sense and skill and patience and good-temper it was! The carters laid their skids from wheel to ground or to trees previously thrown down there—laid them and chained them to the wheels; and then one by one the trees were rolled or slid down the skids until the carriage was cleared. . . . These men, old acquaintances from a near village, had rustic talk and anecdotes, rustic manners. I never saw them other than quietly wise. To watch them at work, unhurried, understanding one another and seeing with keen-glancing eyes what to do, was to watch (unawares, and that is best) the traditional behaviour of a whole country-side of strong and good-tempered Englishmen.”

These words from George Bourne's "Wheelwright's Shop" put me back to the past summer—not that our experiences of forestry conformed to this pattern. We, and the men with whom we associated were a mixed crowd brought to Pearsie by the urgency of the times. One only claimed long association with timber and truly enough he was a carter. Blear-eyed, big-handed, slow in movement, he walked (when there was no alternative) with the considerable stride and easy gait of a countryman. No enforced time conditioned his loading and unloading of the bogey. For him this was an art. Of his unloading I speak from first-hand experience—it was above all without violence. Every new load was observed by his calculating eye and the best method was deliberated in a pause too long for the more eager judgment of a townsman. There was reason in this, for the sudden swing of a trunk from the bogey spelt danger, and besides, the job should be properly done. So after I had received instruction I watched his arms disappear under a tree end, his shoulders hunch, the trunk rise into the desired position as if it had arrived there to order and not by force, then down she'd go over the other logs and along the skids to the ground. And so on, one log would follow another almost always dropping to its assigned place. It was heavy work, and yet when Eck (so he was called), bent down and applied that large palm of his to the face of the tree and lifted, there was little impression of effort.

“The boys,” said the gaffer on the first day I arrived, “are in the wood.” I had in the course of the four mile upward push on the cycle run from Cortachy fallen behind, and despite my slower speed I had failed to notice the increasingly wide prospect, and scarcely had been aware of the airy spaciousness and the voluminous blown clouds seldom absent from these skies. The gaffer was a man of few words, and in this he was unlike Eck, for Eck's vocabulary was appropriate to the most distressing situations and flowed away naturally from the commonplace to the less seemly—though it should be added that when he swore he swore quietly, almost to himself. The gaffer, on the other hand, had recourse to certain economical but definite gestures to eke out his paucity of phrase. You will understand the need for this when I tell you that his formula of words presumed adequate in varying circumstances were, “Aye, it wid jist be that.” So on this occasion he pointed from where we were standing in the small valley towards a rise of hills some two hundred yards distant.

Once there I looked towards the wood—it was no upright one. Felled trunks were everywhere. I had seen clearings in a forest before and had watched the sawyers at their work without feeling, but this was something different—a kind of mass execution, done without respect for the character or condition of the trees. Not the absence of foliage bespoke desolation, for there were fine hints of the sleeping powers of earth in the broken backed ridges of ground which rose about us with impressive irregularity, but the presence of so many horizontal forms. As if symbolic of the dominance of machine power a “caterpillar” tractor cut athwart the roads among the trunks, rode roughshod across them and notched the bark and bruised the skin of the greater ones and split the finer.

Here most of us worked, scraping off with our peeling spades the outer bark. Frequently we were too hot, sometimes too cold, sometimes soaked in rain, often suffering from backache, sometimes from boredom. We were hardly speedy but always tenacious. It was recognised as necessary work. The saw had to be kept going, and shortly after the wood had

been peeled the tractor carted it to a slope behind the sawmill. How that great stack of timber disappeared in the course of a morning is hard to say. The saw cut the trees into various lengths; the gaffer and a man stacked them according to their length and diameter; the lorries arrived for loads for Kirriemuir and the stacks were reduced in height. Such was the general run of work.

Our work day finished at 5 o'clock. Who

will ever forget the relaxation of the long evenings that followed—the mild air of the valley, the river sounds, the conversation with neighbours whose kindness was excessive. But first there was the arrival home—and it was home—for we were to enjoy not only a good supper, which we felt we deserved, but also an assured welcome from our cooks. They shared our jubilations and mastered their vicissitudes.

G.B.

The Joys of Firewatching

LEAVE School at 4 p.m. prompt. Wander down Reform Street and form a group at "Boots." Then start to talk about the "flicks," the D.P.M. and its notoriety and the next School Dance (which comes off in the summer). Then as an afterthought, start guiltily and suddenly remember that you have to be back at School half an hour before black-out.

Hurry home and push Mum about until tea is ready. Gulp down hot liquid (more water than tea) and grab the best cakes. The next action is to tear into bedroom to change into "civvies" and silk (?) stockings. Then a soupçon of powder and we get going. On way out grab handbag, torch and gas-mask (not to be forgotten). Then slam door and tear down road to catch tram. "Dash, missed it!"

At last arrive at "Boots" (the rendezvous) and usually have to wait for partner. Then we go scrounging around all kinds of shops in search of sweeties, etc.

At last we arrive at School, go to sign on, forget identity number, stand and speak to teachers, get key for Girls' School, run back and lock door. Get black-out up and put electric fire on. Feverishly we scan the *Courier* for the wireless programme and find that there are no dance bands on yet. Upstairs to teachers' room to put up black-out and find room reeking of tobacco. Disgusting, ain't it?

Return to library. Gramophone burst by careless firewatchers and so must content ourselves with wireless. It blares forth; we relax in comfortable (?) armchairs.

Fall asleep and dream until rudely awakened by thunderous knocking on door and a squeaky

voice coming through the ventilator. It is only our messenger with the chips, mealy puddings and lemonade. At peace once more, gorge food and swill it down with "fizz."

Firewatching, however, is not only a joy but a financial gain as well. This payment is usually put into War Savings and helps to keep the weekly sum at £30.

H. M. D. (Form V.).

To The Wild Geese.

Fly on, fly on, ye great wild geese,
Fly on to warmer lands,
Over the blood-red Flanders' fields,
Over the Dunkirk sands.

Fly on, until the Grecian sun
Will turn your plumage gold.
Winter there you mighty birds,
Far from our English cold.

Come back to us, ye great wild geese,
When spring is turning green
The trees and flowers of every field,
And tell us what you've seen.

Oh tell us what is happening now
In countries which you see,
Where people, who love freedom, live
Who are no longer free.

And, stalwart birds, when next you fly
Towards the desert sands,
God grant they will be free once more,
Those freedom-loving lands.

“The China Incident”

(From the Chronicles of Baron von Euster-Beuster).

THE scene is laid in a dugout on the Manchurian Front in June, 1941. Two officials of the Chinese army are leaning over an extremely old and execrably rusty stove, apparently deeply interested in its contents. They are General Bang kai Check, in command of the Chinese forces in Manchuria, and Major Ing Quell, his A.D.C. The place is in a state of uproar; a constant rain of machine-gun bullets pours in at the entrance, and through the holes in the blown-up roof comes chlorine gas, that terrible invention of Dr. Alexis Wardlov, the famous Polish chemist.

“The plans are at the bottom of the stove!” ejaculates the General frantically, as he wrenches violently at the door of the stove, which collapses in a heap of scrap. Several tons of earth, dislodged by a passing bomb, descends upon him, and he falls backward in an undignified manner. The Major grasps a piece of the stove, which falls to pieces in his hand, and he sits down violently as he is struck by a stray ammunition-drum. . . .

Suddenly a hand-grenade comes down the stove-pipe, and strikes the remains of the stove. An explosion follows. . . . Stove, general, major and plans vanish in a cloud of dust. . . .

When General Bang kai Check recovered his senses the plans had disappeared. . . .

* * * *

Thus began the wave of criminal sabotage which wrecked the Chinese flank attack of June, 1941.

The chiefs of the loyal Korní and Stoox tribes were assassinated on the way to an important palaver. . . .

Stein, the famous heavyweight boxer, died of over eating in suspicious circumstances while on an important secret diplomatic mission. . . .

The swallows migrated from China in a curious manner, taking their nests with them, thus depriving the Chinese forces of their staple diet of swallow's-nest soup. . . .

The Shrine and the Ammunition-dump of the Most Sacred and Sublime Cabbage were

blown up during the State visit of the Tur-nipian ambassador. . . .

Obviously these outrages were the work of a Master Spy. One man alone could trace him. . . . One man alone could hound him down. . . . But Baron Christopher von Euster-Beuster and his two companions had vanished! . . .

* * * *

In the garden of the Exalted Cauliflower General Totalio Superfioso, the commander of the Japanese forces in China, is entertaining guests. Beneath the leafy fronds of the peach trees many peaches (fair women) and bad eggs (brave men) are disporting themselves. . . .

At a small side-table sit in deep conversation Prince Tokyouto Deth, commander of the Japanese espionage system, and Señor Aloysius di Spaghetti, his principal agent. Señor Spaghetti is middle-aged. . . . Señor Spaghetti is tall, dark, striking in appearance. . . . In fact, Señor Spaghetti strongly resembles. . . .! But we shall not anticipate.

Close by, at another table, sit Señor Spaghetti's two assistants, Don Phlutio di Piccolo and Señor Carlos Aspidistra. Methinks we have met them both before!

“On you depends the success of our whole plan,” whispers Prince Tokyouto Deth in a tense tone to the Baron—sorry, Señor Spaghetti. “I am sending you to Olinafusta, where you will meet Evri Taim, my principal agent in that sector, who is responsible for the recent pleasant happenings in that district.”

“Ah-h-h!” Señor Spaghetti's dark eyes flash in a singular manner, and he casts a lightning glance at the Prince, who is engaged in calmly sipping his rose-leaf tea. “Will Señors Piccolo and Aspidistra accompany me?”—and he winks stealthily to them.

“They may,” replies Tokyouto Deth indifferently. “Your meeting with Evri Taim is so important that they may as well go with you.”

“Ah-h-h!” Again Señor Spaghetti's dark eyes flash sinisterly. He feels in his pocket and assures himself that his life-preserver is

still there, and furtively replaces one of his brass-knuckles which threatens to fall out of his waistcoat. "And when shall I start for Olinaflusta?"

"To-morrow," responds the Prince. "Here is a packet, containing plans for our offensive and further espionage work."

* * * *

Needless here to relate how the intrepid three evaded the panic-stricken Chinese guards and reached the small hamlet of Olinaflusta, where, in a miserable hovel, they discovered Evri Taim, a mean and repulsive-looking Mongolian. . . .

Dom Phlutio di Piccolo goes round to guard the back of the hut, and Señor Aloysius di Spaghetti enters with a firm step, closing and double-locking the door behind him. He goes over to the window and barricades it with several bullet-riddled bodies which are strewn in characteristic attitudes over the floor; then he investigates the utmost recesses of the chimney. Eventually he turns to Evri Taim:

"We are not observed?" he asks with an air of hauteur.

"Your Excellency will deign to observe that I have taken every precaution," replies the spy, beating his breast with one hand and pouring dust on his head with the other, as with one foot he indicates the bodies and

with the other the banana-crates which are stacked against the walls as an additional protection. "Your totally incompetent and inefficient servant, to wit, myself, has invested himself with that duty. Now will your-supreme and august highness deign to condescend to share this inadequate and unsavoury repast?"—and he points to the table, which is surmounted by a bottle of Usheroto and a large and fragrant fragment of mature gorgonzola.

"I shall have time only to share in a glass of your most excellent wine," replies Aloysius, seizing the bottle. "Let us get down to business." He calmly removes his false nose, monocle and side-whiskers, revealing the features of Baron Christopher von Euster-Beuster.

So that is why the Japanese offensive of September, 1941, failed.

A. (ECK) A.

—————

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—The Complete Chronicles of Baron Christopher von Euster-Beuster by Professor S. Truth, translated by Coll. E. Wobbles, will shortly be published in two volumes, price 10s. 6d., by Messrs. Cock & Bull, London. All High School pupils desirous of obtaining this wonderful work at the specially reduced price of 9s. 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. the set should apply *immediately* to the Editor.

A Visit to Buckingham Palace.

DURING the summer holidays I had a most interesting and unforgettable experience—that of being present at an Investiture held in Buckingham Palace.

My friends and I arrived in London about 9.45 a.m., this being half an hour before we were ordered to be inside the Palace. By that time a small crowd had gathered outside one of the main gates, so we went in along with several other guests. Once within the Palace yard we proceeded to join the queue, which led up to the entrance.

When it came to our turn to reach the door, the corners of our tickets were torn off by two attendants, one on each side of us. Clad in scarlet coats and knee breeches, they looked very grand and important. We followed the crowd into the long state-room, where the Investiture was to be held. In this royal room

the first thing that caught one's eye was the colour scheme—everything was gilt and crimson. The roof was a marvellous intricacy of gilt architecture. On the walls were oil-paintings of famous men and women, and several marble statues had been set in the corners. A raised dais was placed against the centre of one of the long walls with swing-doors behind; it was through here that the King stepped, so that he did not have to walk among the people at all. In front of the platform was a small orchestra. There were between 200 and 300 chairs in rows in the room, arranged facing the dais.

We were ushered into our places by Home Guard officials, and sat for some time before proceedings commenced. During this time the orchestra played several well-known airs.

But what about the men who were to be

decorated? They were taken into another room and directed exactly as to how and when they were to bow and shake hands with the King. Each man had a small hook fastened to his uniform, on which the medal would be hung.

At last they were ready and arranged in order. The orchestra played the National Anthem as the King took his place on the dais with several other gentlemen. One of the latter called out each man's name, service and decoration as he came up. The men of the various services were placed together in a long file—Air Force, Army, Navy, Home Guard, Fire Service. Lastly came a few nurses and civilians. There must have been nearly 200 receiving medals. Each one went before the King, bowed, moved a pace forward, had his decoration put on, shook hands, stepped a pace back, and walked past (the ladies, of course, curtsied instead of bowing). A few of the recipients were highly honoured by His Majesty speaking to them personally. After each one moved away from the platform

his medal was taken off by another official, put in a box, and handed back to him. They could then leave the Palace if they wished—though the members of the audience had to stay till the finish, when the National Anthem was again played.

The whole ceremony took about two hours, but it was all very exciting and interesting. We went out through the same hall as the one by which we entered, past a magnificent, wide, marble staircase, which I had not previously noticed.

Outside, the people made their way back to the gate where five or six camera men were eagerly waiting for a happy picture to "snap." One that was prominent in the newspapers on the following day, was a police officer who had been decorated. He was holding a twin on each arm—both of them having been present in the audience. Many other groups were photographed, but gradually the crowd began to disperse—another wartime Investiture was over.

M. H. S. (Form IV.c.).

The Results.

(Fata Mutabilis Est.)

The class file in. They take their places;
They sit there with expectant faces.
The teacher gives the class the papers
And sternly he rebukes the gapers.
He reads, aloud, the fatal sonnet
And then proceeds his discourse on it.
He asks a boy: "Why did the poet
Do this?"—Alas, the boy don't know it.
Then, when he's really getting started,
The class begins to get downhearted.
And really greatly is disturbed
When Magister, "I'm quite perturbed,"
Doth say, "At this poor show you've made.
Now list to what the Poet hath said."
So he goes on, the class sit there
And, petrified, they simply stare
At all the knowledge he displays.
This might go on for many days—
The class, alas, might get much thinner
Because they've not had any dinner.
And some alas might even die,
And seek a refuge in the sky,
While headmaster and class would grieve,
Each wiping eye upon his sleeve—

The ghosts might come to haunt the room
And sit there till the crack of doom!
But 'tis not so! The bell doth ring—
Ah Bell! thou blessed, Holy Thing!
And in a trice the teacher pauses
While speaking of concessive clauses.
Alas! we poor folk have to stay
Another eighth of our school day.
Our modest efforts out are given,
While we folk wish we were in heaven.
Or somewhere—somewhere far away!
But here we are, and here must stay.
Here are we set, and there's no end
To what we ask! Our brains we rend
To settle disputes on our mind
While Magister gives answers kind.
Quoth he, "Though hard you may have tried
it,
You did not seem to get inside it."
So it goes on. At last 'tis o'er
And happier times are oft in store.
But we, in nervous trepidation
Await our next interpretation!
EGO VALEO (Class VI.).



FROM AMERICAN MAGAZINE :

Teacher : " What is geometry ? "

Pupil : " The little acorn grew and grew, and one day woke up and said, ' Gee—om—etry.' "

* * * *

CLASS L.III. :

" At Trafalgar Nelson died when he knew that the British had won."

" The French Revolution took place because the pheasants had to pay taxis."

" Before the French Revolution the workers had to pay in taxes four times as much as they earned."

" The Battle of Plassey was fought in the Black Hole of Calcutta."

" To light the match he dipped his head into a bottle of acid."

" Supper will be served in a minuet."

" The Eskimoes live in houses made of blokes of ice."

" They catch fish and eat the Polar dears."

L.V. BOYS—ESSAYS :

" It was a white and brown hen, not very big but quite a lady, because she always held her head high."

* * * *

" Un jardin fleuri de marguerites."

" A garden of blooming daisies ! "

* * * *

Mr. M—re : " Anyone with the brains of a pigeon could do this. . . . Well, Davidson ? "

* * * *

FORM IV.G. (Reading Macbeth) :

" Poor bird ! Thou 'dst never fear the net, nor lime, the pitfall, nor the gin."

Q.—" What is the meaning of lime ? "

A.—" Gin and lime."

8/12/41 (Shakespeare—Macbeth) :

" Nay, had I power, I should pour the sweet milk of concord into hell, uproar the universal peace, confound all unity on earth."

Dad's Joined the 'ome Guards.

Our pop's the good old P.C.*

Of No. 2 Platoon,

And if you see him on parade,

You'll say, " Wha's yon queer loon ? "

His laces never tied up,

His gaiters always wrong,

His buttons never polished,

And his Sam Browne's far too long.

He has a little cane, you know,

Of bamboo tipped with tin,

He swaggers on parade

And tries to look like Errol Flynn.

His men try not to laugh too much,

They're too polite for that,

But when the tin knob fell right off,

It really spilt the fat.

He wants his men all polished up,

The smartest of the lot.

If anyone's caught slouching,

Why, he gets it good and 'ot,

But should they try to follow

Dad's example how to dress,

They'll look like Old John Falstaff's gang,

In fact—a ruddy mess. H. I. C. (Form I.).

P.S.—Dad says this is not true.

*Platoon Commander.

JUNIOR SECTION

Our Cat.

A cat came to our door one day,
And politely asked if he could stay ;
"Of course you can, if you're not rude."
So pussy consented with gratitude.

He said he would stay for a year and a day,
And then he would go away, far away !
But when at last that time came round
Pussy with us was still to be found !

His reason given was something like this :
(He is so happy and full of bliss !)
He said, " This house, it is so nice,
And the garden is simply teeming with mice !"

R. S. MILLER.

The Sea.

The sea, it rolls all night and day,
And morning, when the sun's first ray
Comes filtering through the clear blue sky,
The sea then lifts its waves on high.

The sea in the world is a noble king,
The people, his subjects, do fling
To him, the lord of the deep, their cares,
And, in a flash, they all disappear.

N. J. MENZIES.

The Air-Raid Warning.

Hark ! what is that I hear ?
Wailing Winnie, I do fear.
Oh ! That horrible warbling note—
Makes the warden don his coat.

" Look ! A fire ! A fire !" they cry,
" More destruction," hear some sigh,
Bring those stirrup-pumps and sand,
Our defences beat the band ! K. A. C.

Wandering.

I wandered by the briar bush,
I wandered 'neath the trees,
I wandered where the leaves of brown
Sighed gently in the breeze.

I wandered by the harvest field,
I wandered o'er the plain,
I wandered where the reapers
Cut the waving golden grain.

K. A. C.

The Faded Bonnet.

Twenty years and more it lay
After she was ta'en away ;
Just a little faded bonnet,
Bows of satin-ribbon on it.
In the bottom-drawer it lies,
Faded brim and faded ties.

K. A. C.

My Love of the Highlands.

I love the highland hills
So purple in their hue,
I love the sandy rills,
With the far-off distant view.

I love the moors of heather,
The tumbling waterfalls,
And all the birds of feather
That sing their evening calls.

I love the bleak old mountains
That tower above our heads,
And all the bubbling fountains
That spring from river beds.

I love the shady glen
With trees so fair and tall ;
I love the mossy den,
But the woodlands best of all.

Dawn at Sea.

The clouds part. . . . The sun, in all his
morning glory, rises majestically into the
sky. . . . A seagull is hovering overhead. . . .
All a part of the splendour of the dawn. . . .
The waves lap peacefully round the ship, like
a puppy nestling contentedly up to its mother.
. . . . All at once the silence is broken by the
squeaking of a seaman's pipes.

Night at Sea.

Slowly the round red sun sinks down to rest,
and the moon comes to take his place. Some-
where Diana is shooting her star arrows across
the dull dark sky. Aboard the ship, the tired
crew are filing into the fo'c'sle after a hard day's
work. The wailing of the bagpipes comes
floating up out of the Captain's cabin, and
sounds clear on the still night air.

A curlew from yonder bank softly calls.
The great ship is at rest. All's well.

MARY BOWEN (Form 2).

The Victory Poem.

When winter comes and nights are long,
The R.A.F. go out to bomb ;
The Navy too is here, by gum !
To fright the life out of the Hun,
While Bulldog Britain stands at bay,
" We'll beat them yet," hear Winston say.

Britain fires with all her guns
From Dover—over to the Huns ;
Our Navy chased the Nazis' pride,
And made large holes in the " Bismarck's " side.
Through which the water gaily poured,
And sank the ship with all on board.

In the Med. as busy's a bee
Our Navy sank ten ships at sea,
And though our force was rather small,
None of them got sunk at all ;
So let us thank our ships at sea,
And cheer them on to Victory.

G. B. (Form I.).

Home.

IT is five o'clock in the morning and a big ship is lying in the river. She's rusty, and tired-looking, but she's home. The tugs come out and make fast. The anchor comes up slowly, the chain clanking over the gypsies, and steam from the windlass envelops the carpenter in a white cloud. Slowly she starts to move. The tugs draw her through the lock and she starts to come alongside. Ropes go ashore for'ard, then aft. Sailors work and curse, winches rattle, she moves into her berth and goes fifteen feet forward. Wires are put ashore and she makes fast. Just six o'clock and the telegraph moves to " finished with engines." Men come off the bridge, fo'c'stle head and poop and make for their quarters. Peace descends, till your thoughts are broken into by a docker asking if you've any Burma cheeroots, or matches. You're home, and it takes a little while for it to sink in, that this time when you go ashore you can see your family, renew old acquaintances, make new ones, see the places that you loved and that have seemed so far away for so long. I know, because I was on that ship.

H. S.

To Latin.

There's an awfully nasty subject
They teach in Room 4G,
It's a boring stupid subject
All my friends and I agree ;
But although I hate that lesson,
I have to go each day,
And quietly learn my Latin ;
But my thoughts are far away.

As I sat in class and pondered
I thought of a splendid plan,
To go and ask my mother
To free me from that man,
To free me from that lesson
With which I strove to cope.
The thought of no more Latin
Filled me with radiant hope.

So after many quarrels,
My " ma " at last agreed,
To go and ask the rector
If from Latin I'd be freed.
But being a Latin scholar
He said quite surely no,
So to the Latin classes
I still wearily must go.

" MAESTUS."

The Abomination of Examinations.

Swot, swot, swot,
Exam, time is coming too near.
Swot, swot, swot,
The pupils are all filled with fear.
" What will we get, and how is it done ? "
" Oh, you sit beside me ; oh help me some-
one ! "
Their voices are filling the classrooms with
moans,
And now come the papers—then many loud
groans.

Think, think, think,
Why did I not learn that ?
Think, think, think,
My full brain has really gone flat.
Scratching of pens and scraping of knives,
What were the names of Henry VIII.'s wives ?
" The bell never rings at such an exam."
" I should have learned this—fool that I am ! "

Why, why, why,
Should people all worry like this ?

Why, why, why?
 Should pupils their golden sleep miss?
 'Tis foolish to make them swot just for exams.,
 Their brains only get in most terrible jams;
 Abolish this scheme which exams. deifies,
 Give us real education! Loud hear our cries.

Teachers.

TEACHERS! The very word sends a shudder down one's spine—and yet I wonder how many of us older ones will be embarking on that unenviable career next winter? I hope for their sake that the pupils of the future will be more appreciative than those of to-day.

I don't think that any of us realised until last winter that these "holy terrors" could be real friends just when we needed help most. A few teachers will haunt us as a sort of nightmare, all through our lives, but the

majority have given us such a different picture of themselves that it is a very pleasant memory of this last year, that we shall carry away through life.

I have been a spectator in one of the younger classes during the past winter, and the patience of the teacher amazed me. Unless the patience of some of my schoolmates improves the next generation had better be careful.

But cheer up, you juniors, you'll find a silver lining to every cloud of wrath that floats around in the guise of a teacher, and, in the meantime, don't give them too hard a time of it—they have a difficult job to do and they are doing it well.

But I must stop dreaming else there will be a cloud-burst over me in one moment when the teacher finds I haven't the slightest idea what line we are at— Here it comes!

D. B. (Class IX.).

FOR WINTER EVENINGS.

GAMES FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

DART BOARDS.

TABLE TENNIS.

BAGATELLE.

GAMES—To mention a few:

MONOPOLY.	CARD GAMES.	BLOW FOOTBALL.
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The Red Indians.

THE Aborigines of any country are interesting, especially the Red Indians of Canada, who are not so low in the social and intellectual scale as the "black man" of Australia, nor so high as the Maoris of New Zealand.

Before the white man came, the Indians, in their separate tribes, occupied Canada. They lived a free and natural life on the plains, hunting deer and the buffalo and fighting, one tribe against another. They were careful hunters, killing only sufficient meat for themselves. It was when the white man arrived, with his lust for killing, that the buffalo became almost extinct, and the Indian, as he is depicted for us in the highly-coloured narratives of Fenimore Cooper, so dear to the heart of every schoolboy, practically disappeared.

The Indians' last organised stand against the whites was in the North-West Rebellion of 1885 under the leadership of Louis Riel, a fanatical half-breed. After the Rebellion, treaties were made between the Indians and the "The Great White Mother" (Queen Victoria), treaties which were to be binding "as long as grass was green and water flowed." It was agreed that the Indians were to be given certain tracts of land called "Reserves," and five dollars per head each year. The Canadian Government, unlike that of the States, was very tactful and considerate so that the Indians live on the whole a contented life.

As intercourse with the whites became closer, they began to adopt the white man's ways, living in mud huts instead of in tents and "tepees" as they had done before, even when the temperature was forty degrees below zero; but the change was too drastic. The Indians became a prey to tuberculosis and other diseases of civilised folk, and almost died out, when the Canadian Government took measures to teach them better methods of living.

The Indians to-day dress like the white man, but I have never yet seen an Indian wearing boots. They still wear their home-made moccasins of deer-skin. It is only on festive occasions like "Treaty Day" when

they receive their five dollars, that they dress up in all their finery and war-paint. Then they have sports, such as football and lacrosse and races on their "cayooses" or Indian ponies, and they often finish up with a dance. Everyone attends, from the most aged woman down to the youngest papoose, strapped tightly on its mother's back. The chief is present in his blue suit and gold braid donated by the Government, and there is always a "Mounty" near by, whom the Indians respect profoundly, to see that the celebration does not become too boisterous.

The Indians have copper-coloured skin, very high cheek-bones, hooked noses, and straight black hair, the men usually wearing their hair in two long plaits. Some of the Indians are half-breeds, French and Scottish. The French half-breeds seem to inherit the vices of their forefathers, but the Scottish half-breeds are not quite so shiftless. The Indians in the Rockies, though taller, resemble the Japanese very much in appearance. So strong is the resemblance that one is forced to the conclusion that North-East Asia and North-West America were once joined.

The Indians, hard to teach, are slowly learning to cultivate the soil, the land on the Reserves being very good for agriculture. They gather wild fruit, mainly blueberries and cranberries, which they sell in the nearest town. In winter they sell cord-wood which they have cut from the forest. They hunt deer and they fish, and those living in remote parts trap and hunt moose, elk and caribou, selling the pelts to such noted traders as the Hudson's Bay Company and Revillons Frères.

The Indian women are adepts at bead, feather and quill-work, and it is noticeable that each tribe has its own designs.

Their sense of humour is childish and concrete. The sight of a negro tickles them tremendously, while the mishap that befell a certain School Inspector sent them into fits of uncontrollable laughter. He was a very small, pompous man who, when examining a class of children, fell accidentally into a large wire wastepaper container! This happened several years ago, but the Indians on that Reserve are laughing yet!

Clattin' Neeps Encore.

HERE again we have the diary of a laisey skuleboy aiding and abetting the German War effort.

MONDAY 7th : 10.30 a.m.—Rotten day, refuse to start.

10.35—Mind changed by G. F. L.

10.45—I have started, thou hast started, he has started . . . so sorry I forgot. Set out for our billet doux (soft billet, I hope!) complete with guide, philosopher and friend.

11.00—Raining.

11.01—Pouring.

11.02—Teeming.

11.03—I am soaking, thou art . . . take 'im away—don't start that again.

12.15—We are coming up the final stretch of Lumley Den (square 4).

12.16—We have come up ditto—we stop.

12.17—Here will we eat,
And let the sound of raindrops drip in
our ears,
In the shade of the old oaken tree.

1.5—We set out again; for this relief, much thanks.

2.30—Reach Kirriemuir.

2.31—Lose our aforesaid guide, etc.

2.35—Lose ourselves, usses yins, the road and our tempers.

2.35½—Swear, swear, and swear!

2.45—There's a long, long trail awinding, but it does not lead to the land of our dreams—Clova.

3.50—Reach Cortachy.

5.30—Reach Hostel, in 8 hours, no minutes; av. speed = 3.25 m.p.h. G. F. L. says he could walk as quick. (NOTE.—Bad English, and I'd like to see him try.)

5.35—Have snack (3 cups of tea, 8 slices bread and jam).

6.30—High tea.

8.30—Supper.

9.30—Pipe and a pint.

10.30—And so to bed.

TUESDAY 8th : 7.30—Awooked (N.B. passive).

9.30—Arose (N.B. active, very).

9.35—Told I am going to work; this rather takes syrup off the bap. (No gilt on gingerbread at Clova.)

10.15—Shown how to clat. "Clat 'em a' oot bar een."

10.30—Start.

10.31—Stop.

10.40—Start Clat 'em a' oot bar neen.

10.50—Ditto.

This is an infinite series, for net result (which is fishy) apply, W. More.

12.00—"Louse."

12.15—Have dinner.

1.15—Finish dinner.

1.16—Asleep.

2.30—Awooked by G. F. L. who has just done same.

2.35—Feel tired.

2.36—Asleep.

2.37—Dreaming.

2.38—Nightmare (daystallion perhaps more appropriate).

5.00—Tea.

6.00—Sleeping.

9.30—Supper.

10.15—Grunt phew—asleep.

WEDNESDAY 9th—Feeling very tired. Routed out of bed by Mr. G. and forced to work. (I thought we were fighting for democracy, etc.) Sleep behind haystack.

THURSDAY 10th—Inspect the work we didded on Tuesday inst. Wonder why the neeps have all turned brown.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY—Nothing to report.

SUNDAY 13th—Am forced to go to kirk by aforesaid petty tyrant. Snoring disturbs congregation—thrown out on neck.

MONDAY 14th—A small advance was made on the neep front according to plan. Wonder whether branch over river will bear my weight. Swimming in river ruins flannels.

TUESDAY 15th—Make interesting scientific discovery:—

Self + H₂O = black precipitate.

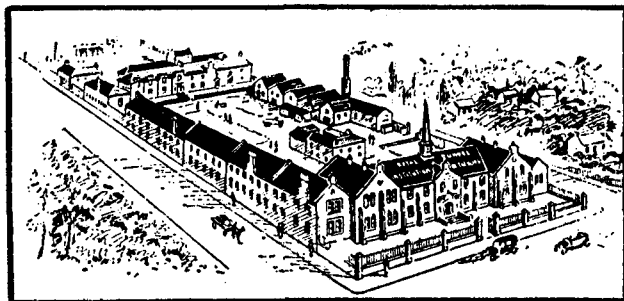
Wash dishes, juggle with a genuine Gibson cup, but DON'T drop it. Thank goodness tin plates don't bust!

WEDNESDAY 16th—Invasion of neep fields by coo. Chase coo round field, looking for gate. Discover there isn't one. Knock down fence, drive coo away, build up fence. Counter-attack by coo. Knock down the built-up knocked-down fence; defeat of coo. Flank attack by Leicester ram. Ram retreats in face of heavy artillery fire (chuckies).

THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY—Nothing to report.

SUNDAY 20th—Attack on summit of hills.

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F. W. HOBBY, *Manager.*

Cross wire-brig. Whoops, am lying parallel to river, wow! swung through 180°. Finally return to P.O. for consolation.

MONDAY 21st—Fill G. F. L.'s bed with "thustles" and pinch his pyjamas. Quarrel with G. F. L. Pyjamas found, and lost again. Thustles found and thrown at me. Return with thanks, score direct hit on unprotected stern of G. F. L.

TUESDAY 22nd—Mannie C.'s horse demonstrates quick step and strays from the straight and narrow dreel. Neeps and

chuckies, skin and hair flying. Mannie C. reprimands the skunnerin' hoot. Mannie C. scolds the ditto. Mannie C. swears at ditto; all very amusing.

WEDNESDAY 23rd—Try to keep G. F. L. from posting so many letters. G. F. L. refuses ∴ I must keep my eye on him.

THURSDAY—Last day's work. Whoopee! Heartbroken at the thought of leaving my beloved neeps! Morose.

FRIDAY—Home sweet home again after the last post!

My Village.

IT is the quaintest village I have ever known. What more beautiful view could there be from a cottage doorstep than the magnificent Caithness hills purple in the distance and the sparkling Moray Firth on guard beneath? Then if you stand on the orchard wall at the back you see, much nearer, a green hill covered with larch and happy brown burns singing on their way. What a happy picnic can be had there when the shy primroses are aflower and timid deer frolic by! The village itself is very tiny and thatched cottages are nowhere replaced by new houses. The old-world style is completely preserved. The air in this land of dreams is always fresh and fragrant and in the gloam of a summer evening, when the lamps are lighted and the peat smoke is curling upwards and the night-scented stock has awakened in the gardens, what more can the eye or heart desire?

The village domineer with his tawse is the terror of the youth for miles around. The post-mistress with a household of Persian cats has grown exactly like them and is cross and not at all amiable. The beaming, rosy nurse, willing at all times, leaves her house vacant often in the dead of night. Then there are the two village shops which sell everything from a loaf to a card of buttons, and the shoemaker who mends the bairns' boots. Of course there are the carpenter and the beadle and, most important, the minister, a kindly man with a shuffle hat and a Gladstone bag. These are the people of my village.

There are also the points of historical interest. How exquisitely the Old Parish Church is preserved! With its box-pews and its high

pulpit it has not been changed for many centuries. At the organ a boy is always in attendance to blow the pipes. The offering is still taken in quaint boxes on poles. What excitement there was when a real Moderator came to preach in full dress! In this Church it was said Prince Charlie and his men spent the night on the eve of Culloden. This church, too, had a lucky escape when the Wolf of Badenoch strode over the mountain to burn Elgin Cathedral, laying waste the land as he went. Not far from the village the burning of the Clavie takes place every year. Just outside the village itself is the dark and gloomy moor where the witches met with Macbeth. This is indeed a tiny village, but of romance it has at least a share.

J. MANSON.

Blitz

(WE DO NOT FORGET)

A fitful night, dark clouds pursued the sun,
A gloomy night, the day now closed its run.
Above the noise of car and bus and feet
The painful wail re-echoed down the street.

And some hearts quailed, and others prayed for
strength;
And all hoped that it would not be of length.
Vain hope. . . . The Nazis came. . . . Men
wept
To see their comrades dying as they slept.

That heap of rubble there was once a home,
But now. . . . Alas. . . . a hideous hecatomb
Beneath these ugly stones has death come swift
Into Eternity men's souls to lift.

The rich and poor came here ; they knelt to
 pray ;
 Soul-stirring sight, men worshipped here to-
 day ;
 A thing of love, it towered above this spot,
 The Nazis knew this . . . did not care . . .
 forgot.

“ A time-bomb here !—the devilish thing lies
 dumb—
 Has not gone off—evacuate your home ! ”
 Now bags are packed hot-haste, the locks
 snapped shut,
 No heed is paid to bruise or sore or cut.

Some things they love are left within the house,
 Dick's toys, his drum, and little Fred's white
 mouse.

Dad's pipe and pipe-rack hang upon the wall ;
 The wireless set, their books, the kiddies' ball.

* * * * *

So passed the fitful tragic night . . . dawn
 came

To flaunt the desecration and the shame.
 The All-Clear went. . . . What use to us
 bereft ?

Have pity, help us, Lord. . . . No mercy left ?
 P. S. M. (Class IX).

A Very Irregular Ode on Articles.

Articles come and articles go ;
 But where
 Do they go ?
 They vanish into the air.
 That, I think, you should know.
 They start off smoothly, nicely, fine
 And nine
 Out of ten
 Are put then
 Into a waste-paper basket.
 They ask it.
 Conscientiously, quickly, gigantically,

The writer recites it rantingly.
 He thinks he's good and very clever.
 But is he ? Never.
 The Magazine must have articles. Write
 By day and by night.
 You'll be praised as a hero,
 A Nero,
 If your article is printed
 Without being stinted.
 Space must be filled,
 Time must be killed.
 So write, write, write
 By day and by night.

Your article is needed to fill up a space
 So it is said.

But to where does it go ? It leaves not a trace.
 It's not even read.

After the mag. the School is quite warm
 And the dear little pupils can come to no harm

For the pipes are hot.

(The article was not)

Think of a subject, oh poet,
 Then calmly throw it
 Away.

No one will know it,

And you'll never be known to rue it
 Some day.

For you will never get it taken !

(If you do you'll be mistaken ;

The Ed. will take it with a smile,

And you meanwhile

Will think yourself a writer,

But you'd do better as a fighter).

Don't take my advice,

But to Ed. be nice

And write, write, write

By day and by night.

Someone's got to fill our mag.

Do not let me see you lag.

So get your pens and pencils out.

Eureka ! let me hear that shout.

Let the contributors come,

Let them come, let them come.

D.I.X.S.M.

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

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News of an F.P. in America.

DEAR "BAIRDIE,"

I was never so pleased in all my life as when I got your letter on the 22nd; it took exactly one month to come. I have stayed in this afternoon especially to write you (*consider yourself important, my dear*).

You poor kids not getting any candy—believe me if I had some money I would buy a box of toffee-apples and send it to you, they are so good here.

Why don't you kick Mr. — in the pants? Here, if the kids don't like what the teacher does, they tell him, and he can't do much. It's fun, just the opposite from home.

We do not yet hockey here, that being a boy's game. In summer we get baseball, tennis, and swimming. In winter, skating, tobogganing and indoor games, like roly-ball (that is throwing a ball with a team over the net and not letting it touch the ground on your side), basket-ball (something like netball) and soccer (like football).

In grammar school I was fire-marshall, i.e., I had to go into the three girls' washrooms and make sure that no one was in them every time there was a fire-drill, which was twice a month. It was some job to run all over the school in two minutes, as the washrooms are at different parts of the school. In High School there is not such a thing as a prefect. Sure, all the girls are nice to me. Here is our programme for each day.

1. English (8.45 a.m.).
2. Algebra.
3. Latin.
Session — go to session teacher, who reads notices and attends to things.
- 4A. First Lunch.
- 4B. Science or Second Lunch.
5. Music.
6. Physical Education (Monday, Health; Tuesday and Thursday, Study; Wednesday and Friday, gym).
7. Study or Library.

The boys do not sit at one side of the room and the girls at the other, but all mixed up or in alphabetical order.

The kids here are swell, I just feel like one of them now. Most of them use make-up. Does Zebe still talk as much as she used to? If she

does tell her that her talk here would just be a drop in the bucket. Everybody talks at the same time and nobody listens to anyone else; it is so funny.

We really do have fun at school here. In Grammar School we had a social hour once a week, that is, dancing with the boys, practising for our graduation party. At it we had games, dancing, refreshments and a sing-song. The next day was graduation and it was ever so hot. All the girls wore white dresses, long stockings and high heels. The boys had white pants and shirts with blue ties. Each boy led a girl up to the stage and we had to walk ever so slowly while the orchestra played the graduation march. We then sang and there were speeches (you know the boring type). The boys recited a poem and some of the girls (I was one of them) danced. Then we got our diplomas and awards of honour along with marshall pins. Then (oh happy day!) we marched down the aisle to two months' vacation.

The summer was too hot to do much of anything but swim. Then in September, with much quakings, I went to the much-dreaded High School, but it turned out to be much more fun than Grammar School. The first half year that you are there, you are called freshies and everyone who is not a freshie calls "freshie" after you and you yell back at them. The teachers join in the fun. You do not get any set programme but choose the subjects you want beforehand. You had to have four main subjects and two not so important. As majors you had to take English and General Science, then you were given a list to pick out the other two you wanted. The list is like this: Algebra, Home Arts, Mechanical Drawing, Shop, Latin, Spanish, French, Business Training. Minors: Gym., Music, Art, R.O.T.C. (an organisation for boys like Boy Scouts, I think).

In our grade-books we do not get marks out of 100 but: S—superior 95-100; G—good 80-88; D—failure; E—excellent 88-94; F—fair 75-80.

Last winter was fun. We waded about through snow up to our knees; the girls at Grammar School wore ski-pants with a jacket

which are ever so warm. This winter I suppose I'll have to wear anklets or knee-socks as High School kids never wear ski-pants to school. I'm not looking forward to that 10° below zero weather, but the skating is good.

Chicago is an enormous place, the longest street being 22 miles long and from where I live you have to go 9½ miles to get down-town.

Trams are called street-cars here and they only have one deck, so do the buses too. Elevated trains, that thunder above our heads, take us to practically anywhere in the city for 6d. The shore-line is a beautiful sight with its tall skyscrapers and its four lane drive. At one point there is a large fountain, whose sprays shoot in different directions, that is

lighted up for several hours each night with all the colours of the rainbow. It is such a pretty sight that it almost strikes one dumb.

The other day in the library I overheard four young punks about 10 years old having a very heated discussion about the war. There were plenty finger-waggings and their faces were all screwed up as they tried to express their point. I was just in fits at them. One said, with our army and navy being the best in the world we could easily stop Hitler. I felt like saying, "You're wrong there, Britain has the best navy, 'cos Britannia rules the waves."

Well, I must stop now.

Love from

SHEILA.

Dundee High School Old Boys' Club.

APPROXIMATELY three weeks and five days before the end of the term the Secretary starts to receive from our worthy Editor a series of written, verbal and telepathic communications informing him, reminding him and insisting that the Club's contribution to the columns (and let us say literary style) of the Magazine is due, overdue and now almost too late: whereupon the Secretary sets himself either to find a willing contributor or to conceive a new way of saying that subscriptions for the current year are now due. On this occasion, however, the Secretary was in the fortunate position of having convened a full-dress meeting of the Executive Committee—and that means that those who happen to remember, wear their Old Boys' Club ties. He informed the meeting of the Editor's request for a contribution to the "Mag." and put forward the suggestion that if each member contributed a line it would probably be quite sufficient. We are afraid, however, that the lines put forward did not make a suitable contribution to a publication with the decorum of the "Mag.," and when the meeting was about to break up in confusion, David Bell, our esteemed Chairman, put forward the suggestion that if the Secretary would make up something (not anything—mark you) and send it to the Editor, the Committee would heartily endorse whatever he (the Secretary, that is) might say. Now as you know David Bell is a simple farmer and the rest of the Committee are decent people and they cannot be expected to know that when you endorse a

thing you become personally responsible for it and that those who jointly endorse anything can be brought into Court as joint-defendants—or as they say South of the Border, co-respondents.

So here goes!

What the members of the Committee really wanted to say was that during these times of stress they feel that the Club must of necessity curtail its activities and that social functions can only take the form of small informal gatherings. Our Annual Meeting is to be held on the 18th of December and it is hoped to discuss the possibility of such a one being held in the New Year.

The increase in printing and postage costs raised the question of whether we could continue to distribute the regular termly issues of the Magazine to our members, but it was felt that the Magazine is serving a very good and useful purpose indeed in keeping our members in touch with each other and with the School. Particularly is the Magazine appreciated by those Old Boys who are now overseas and, although the continuance of the Magazine may result in a deficit on our Revenue Account for the remainder of the War period, the Committee consider that the members of the Club would appreciate its continuance so long as our Editor and the printers can manage to keep it going. The Committee wish to thank very much our many willing members who are continuing their subscriptions during the War period although the Club has not much to offer them in the way of a practical return. The Club's Revenue Account for the past



Summer Camps—
Old and New.

Dundee High School
Magazine.

year shows a credit balance of £1 17s. 2d., which is considered satisfactory.

To all our "Old Boys" we extend the heartiest seasonal greetings and best wishes for all happiness and prosperity in the New Year.

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

A/L.N.A. James M. Hutton, F.A.A.
 Cpl. Ian A. Donaldson, Scots Guards.
 L/Bdr. David M. Donaldson, R.A.
 Pte. James M. Donaldson, R.A.O.C.
 Cadet T. R. S. Paterson, O.C.T.U., R.A.
 2nd Lieut. William Paterson, B.W.
 Douglas Christie, Wireless Officer, M.M.
 Duncan S. Miller, Wireless Officer, M.M.
 James S. Nicoll, Wireless Officer, M.M.
 Captain Thomas H. Thoms, R.E.

Promotions.

Lieut. Kenneth J. Burnett, Border Regiment, promoted Captain.
 J. Scott Nicoll, Scottish Horse, promoted to 2nd Lieut., Indian Army.

Margaret Thomson and Linda Weir are serving with the Wrens.

Pro Patria.

Alan R. Beveridge, Sgt. Pilot, R.A.F. Killed in action, July, 1941.
 William M'Inroy Miller, Radio Officer, M.N. (attached R.F.A.). Lost at sea, 4th April, 1941.
 R. B. Nicholson, Engineer, M.N. Torpedoed by enemy submarine, April 29th, 1941.
 C. H. Newstead, Sgt. Pilot, R.A.F. Killed in action, August, 1941.
 D. Snodgrass, Wireless Operator, M.N. Died as result of enemy action, June, 1941.
 A/L/A D. C. Stewart, F.A.A. Killed in flying accident, 27th August, 1941.
 William Watt, Sgt. Pilot, R.A.F. Killed on active service, August, 1941.
 Ronald Watson, R.N.V.R. Killed in Action December 1941.
 2nd Lieut. George William Mackay. Died on Active Service, December 1941.

Missing.

J. Donald Brown. Posted as missing, 12th April, 1941.
 J. C. Miller, D.Sc., Lieut., R.N.V.R. Reported missing, November, 1941.

Dundee High School Old Girls' Club.

WE take this opportunity of sending hearty Christmas and New Year greetings to all members of the Club at home and abroad.

A Re-union in the form of a buffet tea was held at the end of September. Our President, Miss Kathleen Stevenson, gave us a very interesting and racy address. We were lucky enough to secure as a speaker an officer of the W.R.N.S., who spoke to us about the girls in her charge. As a result of this, much

hospitality has been given by the Old Girls to members of the W.R.N.S. To add to the success of the re-union some of our musically gifted members were kind enough to add to the programme. About eighty members attended this very pleasant function.

In spite of the many difficulties of the present time our Club membership is keeping up. Many new members have joined since June and more have signified their intention of joining in January.

Reports.

Rugby Club Report.

For the first time since the outbreak of war we have been able to settle down to our rugby at the beginning of the season. Much leeway has been made up and we are nearer to peacetime conditions and standards than we had hoped. Due to the petrol shortage we still lose valuable time in getting to the grounds, but in these days, we must not complain. This is one

of the ways in which we are helping the national effort

Our first and second fifteens have been playing well and team-work has been good. The third fifteen has played a few games but not enough, perhaps, to keep enthusiasm as high as it might be. More can and should be done by boys in the upper school and their co-operation would be valuable in preparing for the future.

Forms I. and II. have fared better in regard to matches and have had very few vacant Saturdays. Numbers in these forms are small, and it is not always easy for each form to turn out a team, but perseverance and the right spirit have overcome these difficulties.

Classes LIII., IV. and V. have been catered for on Saturday mornings and it has been encouraging to see so many of these young boys turning up to the practices. Members of the first and second fifteens have taken turns in assisting with the coaching of the juniors and, in this respect, have done good work.

Yes, we are slowly but surely making up the leeway already referred to, and credit for this is due to those boys who have contributed so loyally and enthusiastically to this progress. But we all want to play our part in this recovery, for it is only by united effort that it will be assured. It is team-work that counts and the team we are playing for is not just the 1st, 2nd or 3rd XV., or Form I. or Form II., but the SCHOOL. We cannot have too many playing members in this team and we do not wish to leave anyone out.

There is a place for you in the SCHOOL side and your weight will help the push. We have started the season with that initial Short Shove—now for the long determined shove and Success.

T. M'L.

Hockey Report.

We have a full fixture card and hope the weather will be kinder to us this season. From last year's 1st XI. only two remain; the new team is keen but lacks experience.

The following office-bearers have been elected :-

- President—Miss Whytock.
- 1st XI. Captain—Elizabeth A. Y. Caird.
- 1st XI. Vice-Captain and Secretary—Jean M. Muirhead.
- 2nd XI. Captain—Elizabeth Beard.

Christmas term results :-

1ST XI.		For	Against
Oct. 25—Madras College (A)	..	4	3
Nov. 8—D.H.S. F.P.'S "A" (H)	..	0	4
„ 15—Harris Academy (A)	..		Off
„ 22—Morgan Academy (H)	..	1	3
2ND XI.		For	Against
Oct. 18—Grove Academy (A)	..		Wet
Nov. 15—Harris Academy (H)	..		Wet
„ 22—Morgan Academy (A)	..	2	4

Cadet Report.

The winter programme is again in full swing and every endeavour is being made to keep the training up to date and interesting. The initial enrolment of 140 is very satisfactory, representing as it does a very large percentage of the boys in the senior school. The Corps is now affiliated to the 1st (Dundee) Battn. Home Guard in addition to its long standing affiliation to the 4th Battn. The Black Watch, R.H.R. This was considered advisable by the War Office as our parent battalion is now on service, the Home Guard have equipment and facilities that can be of great

value to the Corps, and a number of the senior cadets are also on the strength of the Home Guard. The arrangement in no way affects our permission to wear the uniform and badge of The Black Watch.

The recruits in the charge of Lieut. Wardlaw and the band with Pipe-Instructor M'Leish are reported to be making progress in their training. The remainder of the Company is having instruction in the newer arms and tactics, and smartness is maintained by periods of drill.

We look to the present cadets to keep the standard of discipline and efficiency set by those who have gone before. Many of them are now serving their country at war with the same enthusiasm and self-sacrificing spirit that they used to give to their Cadet Corps in happier days of peace.

W. L. M.

Guides Report.

We have now completed another enjoyable term at Guides. We succeeded in holding a number of meetings before the black-out compelled us to stop them for the time being. Leaders, however, meet their patrols whenever possible and nature notes are still being written every week. Badges are to be held as usual in December and work for them is being continued.

There were a number of vacancies in the ranks of the Patrol Leaders and they are filled as follows :-

- Skylark—Betty Elder; Nightingale—Jean Kidd; Thrush—Phyllis Norrie; Chaffinch—Betty Greig; Bluetit—Sheila Dick; Robin—Anna Fredman; Swallow—Joyce Mann; Kingfisher—Elizabeth Baird.

Sheila M'Call was elected Senior Patrol Leader. A large number of recruits have gained their Tenderfoot Badge and have been enrolled. Several recruits, who came shortly before Guides closed, are to be enrolled when the meetings start again.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking our Captain and Lieutenants for their keen interest in our work and the trouble they have taken in making our meetings enjoyable.

S. E. M.

Boys' Literary Society.

This term the Society, with Mr. Bruce as President, has successfully resumed its activities, and a number of meetings have been held in the Technical College.

There have been debates on the subjects "Is detective fiction justified" and "Should blood sports be abolished." Both debates were keenly contested and their success is shown by the rising attendance which the Lit. has since enjoyed. Forms II. and III. gave us some very interesting papers on 21st November and acquitted themselves well for such youthful members. The first outside speaker was Dr. Coulson who gave us an illustrated lecture on "Perpetual Motion," at which a large number of the Society was present.

Those meetings have been greatly enjoyed by all and it is with high hopes that we look forward to 1942.

W. R. M.

