

THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. 83

APRIL 1942

SIXPENCE



The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

No. 83.]

APRIL, 1942.

[SIXPENCE.]

Editorial.

THE flowers that bloom in the Spring, Tra-la', etc., etc. Alas, our only flowers as yet are those grown so devotedly and tended so jealously by the Staff year after year; and as for Spring, about which we were tempted to write in poetic fashion—one look suffices to convince us that Spring has not yet come. For Spring's traditional associates—fleecy, gambolling lambs, shyly budding twigs and twittering birds we must, in this world of School, substitute the dreaded "Leavings", cancellation of rugger and hockey fixtures because of inclement weather, and that annually recurrent problem of the School Dance—"To be or not to be, that is the question"?

But, dear Reader, this glum mood does not always furrow the editorial brow. Even in wartime there are a few lightsome changes from the common round of School. On January 14th, Dundee was honoured by a visit from His Highness, the Duke of Kent, who inspected Civil Defence forces in the D.H.S. playground. Amongst the motley throng were three girls from Form 5 representing the School fire-watchers. Unfortunately His Highness did not stop to have a word with any of them and, in consequence, remains in ignorance of fire-watching duties as performed by the D.H.S. pupils! In addition to the attraction of the Civil Defence Parade, there was, on the same day, a delightful concert by the London Symphony Orchestra which was greatly enjoyed by the many music-lovers in the School.

On Friday, March 20th, the girls have been invited by the Boys' Literary Society to a joint meeting in the Science Lecture Room. The Boys' Society has been debating most vigorously, and sometimes acrimoniously, every Friday evening and we hope that the girls, having been rebuked, reproached and threatened for talking in Hall, class-rooms and corridors, will take full advantage of this golden opportunity of flaunting their oratorical powers.

Owing to the increasing shortage of paper, many bright pupils have suggested that it would be an excellent idea to scrap all examinations—so far, however, the Staff have received this suggestion with a marked lack of cordiality! But who are we to talk of paper shortage when, in our disjointed ramblings, we are filling up precious space in the Mag? So gentle Reader, we end our remarks by wishing you good luck and a very pleasant Easter Vac.

* * *

It is with deep regret that we have to announce the death of Miss Peat a former teacher in the Junior School. A fine tribute is paid to her elsewhere in this number.

We were deeply grieved to hear of the death, at the early age of 18, of Elsie Weir, who left at the end of Form 3. Elsie was always a great favourite amongst us and all who knew her will join in extending their sincere sympathy to her parents.

* * *

As a tribute to the memory of Mr. Cadzow, the man and the artist, the staff arranged for an exhibition of his works—etchings, drawings and water-colours, to be held in the Art Galleries, commencing Saturday 21st March—the exhibition to be opened by Lord Provost Wilson. All who knew Mr. Cadzow and admired his work must welcome this opportunity of seeing so many fine examples of his art.

* * *

The “romantic element” must be noted this term; we announce with pleasure the following marriages of F.P.s—Charlie Grey and Betty Jolly; Jimmy Laing and Daphne Shepherd; Pat McPherson and Muriel Anderson. All good wishes to the happy pairs.

* * *

Tony Wright's French, of course, is improving: Jean Wright has collected two Medals in her University classes. Our air-minded A.T.C. pupils are also in the news: Ian Morton gained first prize for an aeroplane drawing in an A.T.C. competition open to the Dundee squadrons; John Brown with a “Hurricane” took the third prize in Class C for models of flying-scale aeroplanes.

* * *

We were delighted to see some old friends lately all looking fit and well—Mr. Paton, Ian P. Davidson, Dick Strachan, Willie Gillespie. We hope to get more news from them later.

* * *

Salute to Capt. J. G. Ross, second in command of parachute troops in the successful raid on Brunéwald.

EDINBURGH,
27th February, 1942.

DEAR MR. LAIRD,

I yield to pressure and pen this letter under stress of exams. Yes, gentle reader

(whom I may now address instead of the editor, who, I hope, won't mind), they do have exams. at Varsity, despite all that one hears—and it is not altogether untrue—about the gay old times one has (etcetera, etcetera, ad nauseam); exams., too, for which one has, most unfortunately, to work, and working for which occupies a large proportion of one's time. However, this is not the sort of thing one should say in a letter of this kind. I suppose one should write a description of life at Edinburgh 'Varsity.

Well, one lives, if one gets into it, in a Hostel (or Residence Hall, as the term is), with about 119 other “students,” 112 or so of whom seem always to decide to come trickling up to one's study on the evening you choose to work and on whom one retaliates in the same way. They come to borrow ink, Latin prose versions, paper of one kind or another or jam, or to sell the “Student,” or just to annoy you. (Those who come for the last-mentioned purpose appear to be the most numerous.) One also, nowadays owing to shortage of staff, makes one's own bed, and one expects soon to be cooking one's own food and doing one's own washing. Apart from these activities, one plays games (shove ha'p'ny, fives, rugger or tiddley-winks), one goes to dances where one dances if one knows how, goes to societies if one can find time, and even attends classes and S.T.C. parades. The last two, incidentally, are what one comes here for.

One might further add that Edinburgh is a very fine place but cold (though not half as cold as St. Andrews or Aberdeen).

My best wishes to the School in general and to the School Mag. in particular.

Your former partner in the crime of producing the “Mag,”

ALEX. ANDERSON.

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



Miss JESSIE PEAT, L.L.A.

**Dundee High School
Magazine.**

Miss Jessie Peat.

FEW if any of the present pupils will remember Miss Peat, but those of us F.P.'s who entered the School in the boys' preparatory department while she was infant mistress heard of her death with sadness, and mourn the passing of a figure, the memory of which occupies in their childhood's recollections a revered place from which it can never be obliterated. To my youthful mind Miss Peat, whom I always picture, rightly or wrongly, in a black silk blouse with a high collar, a gold chain hanging from her neck to her waist, as was then the fashion, was an august person, not to be trifled with. She had a certain aunt-like quality: she was familiar with her boys as if they were nephews, but to them she was definitely of an older generation, with whom one never thought of taking liberties. 'I suppose she cannot have been more than 40 then, but to youth that means age.

Miss Peat did not think of her little boys of 6 as infants: she did not want younger boys, of 4 or 5. Her classroom, with its old-fashioned stepped floor, its high window-sills, and open stove (abolished in favour of central heating when I was in Class I.B) was everything a modern infant room ought not to be. We sat tight in our dual desks most of the day; except when we went to Father Sturrock for gymnastics. There was no space for the singing games, dancing, and play activities which we now advocate for young children, and there was no infant handwork to speak of. Perhaps she thought the place was not fit for babes. She wanted boys old enough to be able to set their minds to work, and she had no difficulty in securing their consent to do so.

As I look back on these years with Miss Peat, I realise that in some way she was far ahead of her times, in spite of her room. The methods she used in 1910 to teach reading and number would be approved to-day for all except backward children. Her beginnings of history teaching, in I.B, with "history pictures," little dramatisations of scenes from "Highroads of History," put on with the contents of a cupboard of "properties," some of which were contributed by the boys, would be praised to-

day by H.M.I. I well remember, as young Arthur, drawing Excalibur (a ruler) from out the anvil (an upturned wastepaper basket) while Merlin and the knights stood around. And "When did you last see your father?" was acted in a way which gave me a dislike of Roundheads which lasted for many years. Miss Peat kept a high standard of quality in the songs she taught us to sing, and the poems we learned by heart. There was no trash written for "infants." She must have been fond of R. L. S.'s Child's Garden of Verses. The hymns we learned, I.C, I.B, I.A, and Class II. together, were of the best, and when she read us stories, they were from good authors.

School under Miss Peat was emphatically not a play centre, yet we liked it. We attended only from 9 to 1, and there was no time to be lost: we could play in the afternoon at home. We learned good habits of work which we found useful higher up the School, though we didn't give Miss Peat credit for them. Our conduct in the lunchroom, where we went to buy a "halfpenny loafie" from Lamb's, was a disgrace, but Miss Peat never came there. What we did in the playground, so long as we didn't maim each other, she ignored. In those days the idea that a teacher was concerned with manners outside the classroom was too new to have penetrated to D.H.S. But she was no spoil-sport. "Bobbies and Thieves" or "Kilties against Trousers" (and in those days there were always more kilts than trousers in winter: I remember only three boys who never had kilts) could go on with as much noise as we liked to make so long as there was silence for the "line" when the whistle blew. She had no trouble with discipline, and there was little bullying of younger by older boys, because we knew "Peattie" didn't stand that sort of thing.

I doubt if it can be said that, as little boys, we regarded Miss Peat with affection: that came later, though, boylike, we didn't talk about it. We certainly always respected her, and we gratefully acknowledge that she taught us much and well, and set our young feet securely on the path of learning.

J. Lumsden.

Miss Jessie Peat.

MISS JESSIE PEAT, so long Headmistress of the Junior Department of the Boys' School, died at her home in Newport on the 22nd of January after a short illness. The news was received with deep sorrow by her many friends who had rejoiced to see the good health and spirits she had enjoyed in her retirement.

Miss Peat was educated at the High School, and the School may well be proud of this pupil. She received her training as a teacher there, and, having seen her worth, the Directors never let her go. Step by step she was promoted, until—the first Headmistress—she succeeded the last Headmaster of the Boys' Lower School.

The gradual advancement was well suited to Miss Peat's temperament. In spite of her good sense and sound judgment she distrusted her own powers and dreaded embarking on a new enterprise. The spirit of adventure was not hers. Faced with a new task she was worried and unhappy until she saw her way clearly. Here, however, in the first years of her teaching she had the encouragement of her old teachers, who were ready to give her counsel if she needed it. As more and more responsibility was laid on her, she discovered her own strength and gained confidence.

By the time I came to the High School in 1908, Miss Peat was already one of the most highly esteemed members of the staff. The efficiency of her organisation and teaching was recognised by parents and staff alike, and it was with envy as well as awe that I made the acquaintance of the lady who was to be my opposite number for so many years and my friend for life. At that time she was assisted by Miss Annie Macgregor and the combination was indeed formidable.

The similarity of our interests threw us much together and many a problem we faced in company. It was interesting to note how much she was the product of her time and training. She was neither revolutionary nor diehard, for, while she held the value of things known higher than that of any hypothetical reform, she had an ardent desire to learn new ways and a determination to keep her place in the march of Progress.

Besides, she set considerable store by the verdict of public opinion. Reforms, like

justice, must not only be good but be acknowledged good. The School depended on the goodwill of patrons and it was necessary that changes should be acceptable to pupils and parents. Success was essential. There is little merit in hitching your wagon to a star if you fail to bring home the harvest.

So above all things Miss Peat was practical. She never undertook work she had no hope of accomplishing, and she never willingly set a child a task beyond his strength.

In our discussions she preferred not to express her views until she had time to weigh both sides. With flattering interest she listened to opinions more rashly formed, while with gentle "How" or "Why" she spun the rope which served for the suicidal exit of vain-glory or conceit. There was no malice in it, only a keen desire to get at the truth.

When the time for retiring came Miss Peat looked with dread on the prospect of a life of idleness. She had just lost the sister who had been her companion, and her home was very lonely. But she faced her problem with her usual grit and the reality proved how groundless her fears had been.

She decided to break with old associations and make her home in Newport where she had many friends. She took an interest in her house and garden, helped with Church work, walked and read and visited. Soon the days were too short for the activities she found to fill them. She was in great request for parties, where her youthful spirit was the admiration of all her friends.

Miss Peat loved intercourse with other people. She sympathised with their joys and sorrows, listened to their tales, joined in their pursuits. So the few years of her leisure were happy ones until the war came and then a great private sorrow.

This too she bore with wonderful courage, and it was not till the beginning of November that she received a warning that her busy life was too much for her strength. For a time we hoped that a temporary rest would restore her health. But by the New Year it was evident that this was not to be. Her strength rapidly declined, and on the 22nd of January she had passed away.

Her epitaph is in the lives of hundreds of boys whom she taught to "Play the Game." A.D.

Polish Pilgrimage.

PART 2.

I SPENT some days in Paris where I met a cousin of mine who had joined the Army, so we both enjoyed Paris how we could, knowing too well that they were our last hours of civilian life, perhaps for a very long time. It was far from being the same "ville lumière" that I had seen on my former visit. At that time the blackout was in Paris far stricter than in London, and getting about at night was very difficult. Everywhere in big squares and in public gardens you could see newly dug shelters, trenches and at several places Barrage Balloons, called always by the Parisians "Saucisses." Paris was excited but still optimistic.

One day during the morning parade I heard my name read out by the C.O. I was to proceed via Gare St. Lazare, together with others, to the chief assembly point at Bressuire. It was an old village with characteristic winding streets and a big square, the site of a fine old church in early Romanesque style. Our Quartermaster, though charmed with all this, was on the other hand very worried at the lack and insufficiency of our quarters. I was billeted, together with many others, in a glass-roofed building of an umbrella factory. We slept on a concrete floor with a thin covering of rotten and wet straw, and this in March month. We protested, and the result was that we got fresh straw and one blanket each. I got an unpleasant backache for some days, my first experience of the discomfort of army life. We were all still in civilian clothes. We were a very queer mixture: cadet officer beside a private, and lieutenants marching to the kitchen to get their dinner in the same line as all lower ranks. Food was very poor but nobody bothered about that; all were full of good hope and trust in the military power of France, but we were all too soon to be disillusioned.

There was nothing so funny as the French recruits going to their depots. Here was one carrying an umbrella in his right hand and paper parcels hanging from the buttons of his greatcoat; the latter was flapping open disclosing an open tunic and a dirty shirt.

Another was wearing blue puttees and a green tunic and was equally untidy. Almost all of them had a water bottle filled with "pinard" (a cheap French wine), from which it was obvious some had been taking all too frequent sips.

Our faith in the French Army was somewhat shaken by the appearance of this motley crowd which I have described. Some kind of explanation was obviously required. Therefore, we were told by our officers that we must not judge from outside appearances regarding the French poilu, for in all the real essentials he was a conscientious soldier. This, I am afraid, was merely a gloss to explain away the too obvious deficiencies in the French Army, of which bitter proof was soon to be forthcoming in the headlong retreat. Some of my comrades who were in the few fighting Polish divisions on the French front have painted sorry pictures about the French panic. Sometimes French soldiers threw away all their equipment keeping only the proverbial bottle of wine. It was often left to the Senegalese or the Poles to cover the retreat. I still remember that when the situation on the front became critical an appeal was made to the Poles for volunteers to form a "suicide brigade." The number of volunteers was so great that only a fraction of them could be accepted. All these boys got at once new equipment so much envied by the others—brand new battledress, berets, haversacks, etc., and best of all the most modern short rifles instead of the ancient three-round Berthier rifles. I suspect that some of them, mine at least, had been used already during the siege of Paris in 1870. Some of our detachments had been sent up to the front with these ancient firing pieces. Surely a strange situation considering that there were ample stocks of new rifles in France. There were hundreds of lorries, tanks and guns brand-new from the factory installed in places like Versailles. In the woods around the chief Polish camp of Coetquidan, where I was shifted from the assembly station of Bressuire, there were huge artillery munition dumps in the open air. Alas they were never used, as well as many other huge reserves of war material all over France.

I have digressed for a moment because I wished to give you some first-hand account of the rot which had set in in some parts of the French Army. I have also heard many stories from my comrades who worked in war industries in France, of the refusal of the French workers to work longer hours, and of an almost incredibly dilatory spirit.

I stayed in Bressuire about ten days and was then shifted, with a whole batch of others, to the big Polish Camp in Bretagne. It was at Cotequidan, situated in big pine woods that I got my first impression of barrack buildings in rows and squares. Mysterious direction arrows, e.g., to A.1 to G.4, etc., were at first a great worry to me, all the more so as nobody could give you exact directions or information.

I started my training in the Infantry N.C.O. Training Centre. We were very busy as the training had to be completed within three months instead of the usual six. We did our utmost and did it willingly. Readers must not think that I want to boast, but believe me it is really contrary to stubborn human nature to manage something *willingly* when one is ordered to do it. We were lucky to be in Camp in the spring, as the men who were there in the winter had had a very hard time of it. Winter in Bretagne is not so mild and rainy as in Scotland. In the winter frozen pipes were an everyday occurrence, and conditions were difficult all over the Camp. But this was only in the beginning; camp conditions improved from day to day, and on the day of my arrival the camp seemed to be already in full swing.

Every day came new transports of Polish recruits. It was quite a difficult element to deal with as it had already assimilated some bad habits from the French influence, being easy-going and unpunctual. By and by, however, they improved very much and became good soldiers and sincere friends to us.

I always studied eagerly the "Paris Soir," and we all realised that the situation was getting always worse, but we never supposed that France would not be able to stop the German attack.

At the beginning of June air-raid alarms at night were very frequent. We cursed them, as we had to get up, dress in full kit, take rifles and hurry half a mile through a wood in

almost complete darkness to previously arranged assembly points. We remained there often for several hours, our teeth chattering with cold, but fortunately nothing ever happened.

On the 15th June, 1940, we were told that our unit had to be evacuated further south. In a hurry we packed everything, and burned old straw from our mattresses, ancient symbol of breaking camp. Then we got on to a train, consisting only of cattle trucks. We advanced very slowly as all the lines of communication were very congested at the time. On the morning of the next day we arrived at Airvaux, a small provincial railway station. We had to spend the next night in a farm on a hill three miles away and then resume our journey.

Some of my comrades who were tired or too lazy to go so far with all their belongings preferred to remain and sleep in the trucks. The next morning, however, they had to bear all the consequences of this decision.

Tired and overheated we reached "Vieux Moulin" (Old Mill) Farm. After a frugal meal consisting of black coffee and bread we went to get a rest in a loft of a half-ruined granary. The straw was wet and rotten and filled the air with a penetrating smell, but we were so tired that we did not pay attention to that, but fell down immediately and went to sleep like logs. Early in the morning we were awakened by the roaring of planes which skimmed the roof of our billet. We ran downstairs as quickly as we could to get into the open, but the planes had already disappeared in the thick morning mist.

Half an hour later a despatch rider came hurriedly and told us that in the morning just at the time when we heard the planes, Italian bombers bombed and machine gunned our train and the railway station at Airvaux. He told us that the number of casualties was at the time still unknown, but it was expected to be quite high. I hurried with some other boys down to the station to help with the rescue work. When we arrived a very sad sight met our gaze. Many wounded soldiers were lying beside the bullet-riddled trucks. Some doctors were already present and attending to them. We helped to carry the wounded to the ambulances, brought water and did what we could



Lovely, Youthful
COATS and SUITS
For Spring

To-day, more than ever before, quality clothes are a wise investment. So, for your daughter, select thoughtfully, with an eye to this important point.

And, of course, she's going to love the beautiful shades we've chosen for her delight—the styles—the smart fit and dainty little touches so essential to the young. Prices from' ... **59/6**

Girls' Department

Complete School Outfitting

We are Official Outfitters for
Dundee High School

CAIRDS

17-25 Reform Street, DUNDEE
145-159 High Street, PERTH

THE BOOK MART

TEXT BOOKS USED IN THE SCHOOL.

NOTE-BOOKS AND GENERAL STATIONERY.

ALL THAT IS NEWEST IN THE BOOK WORLD.

Mrs MACGREGOR,

Bookseller and Stationer,

8 WHITEHALL STREET, DUNDEE.

TELEPHONE No. 5439.

FOR SUPPLIES OF

Fresh Fruit and Flowers

'PHONE 2145 and 2146

(TWO LINES).

W. E. DRYDEN,

23 Victoria Road, DUNDEE

(Top of WELLGATE STEPS).

to ease them. The body of two trucks was literally blown off by a small bomb which unfortunately fell accurately between them. The whole space between and beside the rails was covered with scraps of human bodies, twisted rails and scattered splinters. Some soldiers who had been fortunate to escape told us that the Italians had at first dropped two small bombs on the train and then machine gunned fleeing soldiers who looked for shelter.

In the late afternoon we came back, hungry and tired, to our billet. We were informed that we might be moved at any moment, and march-readiness had been ordered. The evening came, but this time we preferred to sleep outside in a garden beside the farm in order to be in the open in case of an air attack. At 11 p.m. we were awakened and told to await further orders. Unfortunately they never came. After an hour, and being anxious about the complete silence in the farm, we sent one of our comrades down to the village to enquire what we had to do. We thought our Officers, N.C.O.'s and some others had gone down to Airvaux to provide transport facilities for us. But our messenger came back and told us that all Polish troops had already left Airvaux. He had been very politely told to do anything he liked. We were stupefied with such unexpected news, and as we were undecided what to do we held a small meeting. In our group of soldiers which remained in the garden I was the only one who came from Poland. All the rest were Polish emigrants who had already lived for years in France. All of them had French identity cards. I did not have any identity papers as my Polish passport was already in charge of the recruiting office in Bessières. We got in Coetquidan only certificates of registration with the army number. It was a small sheet of paper with your name and army endorsement stamp. Army books were to have been issued later. The only other document with which I could prove my identity was an Army Health Certificate from Bessière. (I got it in a dirty shed with a table and broken chair: the whole examination consisted of one question, "Are you feeling well?" As a rule an affirmative answer followed and then on the spot you got the scrap of paper mentioned above.) My position was indeed not a very favourable one. I was left alone in the dark night at an unknown

place. All the others had cleared out being safe with French "Cartes d'identité," and being acquainted with the country. I had no money, no papers, no rifle even, in a French army dirty denim suit (camp tailors had preferred to make uniforms for higher ranks who paid for them rather than an oversize battle dress for a private).

My first thought was that I would not be able to get out of this trouble. I took all my poor belongings, i.e., my haversack and my small suitcase that I had bought in Bucharest and meandered apathetically along the road. I had deposited my other suitcase because of its size and weight in a "café" near the station when we left the train. I never went to get it back. The only thing which reminds me of it is the key which I keep still "somewhere in my kitbag." My suitcase was quite a famous and well-known object, because of its size, at the camp at Coetquidan. Even now in Scotland, soldiers, who did not know me at all, ask what has happened to my suitcase. But never mind about it—I go back to my story.

(To be continued.)

The Teacher?

There is a fierce young man,
His name is Ian St—I—s ;
When Mr. Simpson's absent
They call him Mr. Miles.

He's O so very haughty,
And thinks he's boss of all ;
He spans us when we're naughty,
When we him names do call.

He's got an awful temper,
He's got an awful neck,
You'd think he had distemper,
He growls and snarls like heck.

He's got a starry jumper
To frighten all around,
It is so bright and gaudy
You almost hear its sound.

When Mr. Simpson back returns
It fairly cramps his Style(s),
'Cos all is quiet once again,
So exit—Mr. Miles.

R. A. R. (Form III.).

A Coiffure of Yesterday.

DURING part of the eighteenth century styles in hairdressing, especially those of the fairer sex, reached an extremity which to our present day way of thinking borders on the ridiculous. Indeed contemporary writers and artists obtained a great deal of humorous material from the prevailing fashion and many delightful odes and drawings are to be found which poke fun at the vogue of the period.

When we look at an illustration portraying one of the fashionable ladies of the eighteenth century we wonder how it was possible for her to raise a great dome of hair some two feet above her forehead. Yet such was the fashion of the time, and not only did she raise this great toupee, but she kept it there for between two and three months without "remaking."

After a holiday on the Continent madam might return with her hair, or if the hair should be a little thin, madam would perhaps overcome the defect—but this is whispered—by means of a wig, built high above the head in the form of a huge toupee. Curls, natural or fashioned or even artificial, were arranged down the sides and the effect enhanced by a multitude of flowers or large ostrich feathers. She would arrive in one of our cities to be greeted by these horrid little urchins whose counterparts exist even at the present time, with the cry, "Macoroni." This soon became the name by which the style was known but the reason for such a designation is somewhat vague.

In the "New Foundling Hospital for Wit" we read of a lover meeting his sweetheart for the first time after her return from abroad.

"When he views your tresses thin
Tortur'd by some French friseur;
Horse-hair, hemp, and wool within,
Garnish'd with a diamond skewer.
When he scents the mingled steam
Which your plaster'd head is rich in,
Lard and meal and clouted cream,
Can he love a walking kitchen?"

At the beginning of the reign of George III. barbers in this country were emulating the coiffeur of the Continent; let us look into their craft.

The stuffing which consisted of tow, wool, or horse hair was held together by aid of a liberal supply of pomatum. The hairdresser mounted a step ladder and placed this dome upon the head of his client, then he carefully arranged her hair over the sticky mass. Curling tongs were requisitioned and ostrich feathers or flowers added. To raise up this lofty pile was no mean task and the great labour entailed hindered its being refreshed often. It is recorded that the interior of the mass had even become maggotty on some occasions—such is beauty.

Mr. Gilchrist, an ingenious hairdresser of the day, visited a lady of note in her home for the purpose of "remaking her head" and addressed her thus: "Madam, how long is it since your head has been opened or repaired?" "Not above nine weeks," was the reply. "Ah!" he said, "that is as long as a head can well go in summer."

An elaborate touching up each day was all that was attempted and a generous supply of perfume used to overcome any disagreeable odours which might issue from the interior.

Small hats were worn perched high on the hair at a forward angle and held in position with skewers or pins.

T. S. H.

To Margaret

(Who has yellow hair).

Margaret,
You do not know yet
What trouble's bred
By hair.
Nor do you care yet
That this tress and that strand
Catch eye and heart in mesh
Because you're flax fair.

Margaret,
You have not heard yet
Lips, tongue declare
That never since the world began
Were such locks of hair.

G. B.

Trees.

TREES, throughout the centuries, have inspired both painter and poet to catch with brush or pen the nobility, the grace, the essential spirit of a living tree. Why should bare trees in winter etched against an ice-blue skyline invest the landscape with a mystery which is lacking in the rich fullness of summer? The green haze which mantles the woodland in spring and the bronze cloak which beech and oak assume in autumn have long been the theme of literature and art. Bewitched by the forest's magic and majesty, we are, however, too apt to forget the important part which the forest giants have played in history. The stout wooden walls of England which guarded these shores from the malice of the Spaniard were once mighty oaks who knew the wind's secrets. Ancient trees from nature's own cathedral keep guard at the entrance of Westminster Abbey—these old weathered doors through which generations of worshippers have passed. The banqueting boards of the feudal barons, carved platters of wood—how could a tree foretell its fate?

The coal we now use was formed thousands of years ago from a forest of living trees. Trees whose branches shelter the lonely dweller on windswept heath, whose roots conserve moisture in a barren soil, are more, therefore, than poet or artist can ever depict. They have also a spirit and a life which goes beyond man's knowing. This soul, this stirring, is hinted at in a short poem of Heine's, in which a pine tree in the cold wastes of ice and snow dreams of a palm tree, lonely, also, amidst the burning sands of the desert. Perhaps when you next take the winding path through a wood, you will not pity the felled log or the stump which marks the woodsman's progress, but think of Drake and his wooden walls, of the Abbey with its oaken doors and be glad that you have been privileged to pass beneath the tree's shade. If we could but speak of the beech and the oak as D'Annunzio, writing in Italian, spoke of the trees which he knew, in these words:

To be a lovely Italian pine
On the top of a Roman hill,
When the moon is full;
And feel the night breeze

Stir the delicate tips
That again spring to birth in the midst of old
needles
At the top of old branches
Pink as a little child's fingers.

To be the tallest and darkest cypress
Of the Villa d'Este,
After dusk,
When the fountain
Moves the veil of maidenhair
From its dripping ear
To catch the distant sound
Of the Travertine Cascade;
And feel the evening's charm
With the tender light green
That borders funereal foliage.

To be in the Forum
The life of a hidden herb,
And patient struggle
The fissure to discover in the
Venerable stone,
On which Triumphant Ones trod;
And to find it at last,
And with tiny head strive,
And sprout, and grow green, and enjoy the
sun
Which never saw anything greater
Than Rome.

A.M.

Salvage.

Save up all your salvage,
All your bits of "Junk,"
Vow to clear from "Cubby holes."
Every "scrap" of "Bunk."

"Yank" out all your copy books,
Old as well as new,
Utilise your class report,
Rend the thing in two.

"Scrap" your Latin grammar,
All French books as well,
Literature of any kind, will
Vitalise a shell,

Adolph will be furious,
Gasping in his rage,
Exclaiming as he meets his doom,
S-A-L-V-A-G-E.

D. H. M'INTOSH (Form I.).



- Questions. 1. To get slim volumes.
2. Why the exercise is not done in ink.
3. 300 donkeys or 200 girls.
4. Easiest way to get pi.
5. Wherein you get a choice of politicians.

- Answers. 1. Exercise books.
2. Pencil.
3. Double classes.
4. Turnip.
5. A laboratory.

L.III.A—Youthful reflections on “Young Lochinvar”:

“He staid not for brake” means he did not stop for breakfast.

“Ellen was to marry a man who was too frightened to make real love to her.”

“There was an awful scutter when Lochinvar carried Ellen off.”

The Chancellor of the Exchequer is a man who goes about at certain times to see if he can get any money.

A Bassoon is a low-down instrument.

A coney is a small cone.

A boa is a kind of boat.

William the Conqueror’s archbishop was Lang Frank.

Knights Templars had to be brave men capable of taking care of the weak and religious.

Teacher explaining “Braddock’s army was done so brown”:

“Most of them were killed and scalped”.

Boy: “Please sir, were they not burnt?”

* * *

Science: “Earthworms breathe through their skin and that is how the earth is aerated.”

* * *

THE NEW “COMIC”:

Little girl (recently come to school):—

“Please could I have a comic?”

Teacher: “What comic?”

Little girl: “The one the other pupils are ordering” (e.g. The School Magazine!)

* * *

“The Prioress was kind and tender-hearted always having a few dogs following her.”

* * *

French: “*Un boucher a pendu au crochet un officier allemand qui venait requisitionner toute la viande.*”

A butcher hung a German officer on a crochet hook.

Translation:—(*bougie*=candle).

“They put in front of her a small table with a budgie. . . . The room was so poorly lit that the solitary budgie was no longer seen.”

The Russians blew up one great big damn.

Pupil (describing the witches in “Macbeth”): “They sailed in sieves and talked in riddles.”

Mon père était confus de sa maladresse. My father was ashamed of his state of improper dress.

* * *

Mr. BR—CE :—" Queen Elizabeth's financial policy might be termed cheese-paring."

P—T—RS—N (sotto voce) : " That's rather 'Krafty'."

An Heritage.

The crash of battle's onslaught fills the air,
The last despairing shrieks of tortured souls
Ring in our ears.

The savage war-lord Mars has drawn his sword;

The earth is sundered as the nations war,
While we, this sad day's youth gaze wound'-
ringly

At our inheritance.

* * *

Our fathers fought and died that they might leave

To us, their sons, a world where peace and love

Would dominate our daily life on earth.

Yet all these noble hopes have been cast down,

For once again a nation's savage lust

For temporal power has plunged the world in strife.

'Tis left to us to take up arms once more

Against this would-be world conqueror ;

To beat his mighty legions to the dust

And free the universe from war and sin.

We shall be steadfast, staunch in heart as they

Who gladly gave their lives that we might live,
But *we* must win no barren victory.

* * *

When that the battle's roar has passed away,

When weary men from battle-fields return

To mend their wounds ; and all the gaping sores

Of war's disease have been healed up anew,

We shall raise up, from out this war-scarred ruin,

A nobler world than man has ever known ;

A world where art and science blend as one,

And make the earth akin to Paradise.

We shall create, by our unstinted toil,
A world of gardens and of loveliness,
Where life, for all, is like a golden dream
Which never ends until their Father calls,
And wakes them, when their stay on earth is done.

G. A. H.

On Leave.

My leave's up the morn ; is't a week sin' I came

Back to the Carse ? It's been gran' to be hame,

To step aince again at the tail o' the plow,

Tak' a turn in the byre, gie the sheep a ca' throu',

Watch the sun on the Sidlaws, Tay seekin' the sea,

And awa' beyond Gowrie the road to Dundee.

In oor wee cottar hoose on a caul winter's nicht,

As we sat by the loupin' fire in the lamplicht,

My faither wad sing to the bairn at his knee

That aul' sang : " The Road an' the Miles to Dundee ".

When I fee'd hame to Bervie to drive the third pair

The gaffer was girnie, the wark lang an' sair,

But Seturday came, I'd ma lassie to see,

An' short were the road an' the miles to Dundee.

On the beach at Dunkirk 'twixt the sea an' the land

Like eels happit up to the neck amon' sand,

Says the sergeant : " Aye, Jeck lad, what wadna ye gie

To be footin' the road an' the miles to Dundee ? "

They say we're gaun East, but nae maitter whaur

The sooner the peace, the better the war !

I ken what I fecht for, what Peace means to me,

The Sidlaws, the Carse an' the road to Dundee.

FLORA M. GARRY.

Winter Country.

WE were always careful to tell visitors who came direct from England to the North-East of Scotland that this was not true Scotland. There were no hills of consequence, the nearest approach in that domesticated landscape with its low stone dykes, its scattered shabby trees, its fields of oats and turnips, being one some seven hundred feet high. It spread its blunt height over a considerable area and a perpetual battle was waged between the encroaching heather and the hillside fields. But who other than a native would have known this? Even in winter I had not seen anything exciting until the recent transformation.

I had left Aberdeen on a frosty morning by bus (which was late) and had been interested in the snow on the outskirts which lay to a depth of a foot: this condition held for a few miles and then—the transformation. At what point it occurred it is difficult to say but shortly I became aware that the patched fields and the surfaced road were no more. Instead on both sides were walls of snow with just enough passage room for one vehicle. This was to our hindrance on several occasions when we had to back to passing places that

had been dug out of the snow. And over the walls that varied in height from four to eight, and in places to ten feet;—a white waste. I noted that the gates between fields stood wide open and that the fences at places were down. No sooner had I made this observation than two sleighs appeared pulled by horses. They passed from one field to the next and on over a rise, avoiding thereby the side roads, the normal routes of communication between farms. Well they might for these were so well blocked that at one junction with the main road, where attempts at clearance had been made, a pile of snow stood of sufficient height to conceal a horse. We were fortunate on our journey for we were held up only once for any length of time, on which occasion we were required to push out from the wall of snow in which it was imbedded a baker's van. We had hardly returned to the 'bus when another of the Santa Claus-like vehicles with silent ease moved across a nearby field. Here was the happiness of the child's dream—the old world gone, a silver new one! But did the Santa Claus who held the reins of his sleigh feel a similar exaltation? I don't know

A Trip to the Gold Coast.

WE embarked at Liverpool. The ships which run to the Gold Coast are not large, neither are they magnificent but they are very comfortable. Life on board the ship was very gay and until we passed Madeira it was possible to bathe, or sunbathe, all day without the danger of getting sunstroke. The swimming pool was a small canvas tank about fifteen feet square slung on a wooden frame but deep enough to dive into from an upper deck. There were many deck games, table tennis, quoits, deck golf and tennis. Most of the people slept through the heat of the afternoon and in the evening after dinner there was dancing on deck or bridge in lounge for those who preferred it.

Our first port of call was Madeira. The weather had been getting steadily warmer but was not yet tropical. As the ship anchored a little way off the island the inhabitants swarmed round to sell their different wares—

wonderful embroidery, silver and gold filigree work. All these were displayed on stalls along the decks while youths dived into the water for money.

Not long after our arrival the tenders set off for the port, Funchal, a picturesque, though dirty town. We rode in a bullock-cart round the narrow cobbled streets. These bullock-carts are little open carriages on runners like sledges, with two seats, facing and covered over by a canvas canopy. They are pulled by two oxen and attended by two men dressed like Spanish toreadors, one to lead the oxen, the other to grease the runners by occasionally putting an oiled rag in the path of the cart. The most attractive people in Madeira are the flower girls. They wear their gay national costume and sell lovely flowers at an incredibly cheap price.

Our next stop was Las Palmas, one of the Canary Islands. It is a dirty town without

any of the beauty of Madeira. As it was during the Spanish Civil War the town was crowded with ragged Spanish and Moorish soldiers who had captured the islands for the rebels. No repairs had been attempted and the town appeared battle-scarred and most of the shops were closed. The most beautiful parts of Las Palmas were the nurseries which at that time were one mass of roses of different colours.

We sailed at nightfall after oiling and our thoughts were of Africa which we would reach in a few days. This part of the voyage was interesting as flying fishes broke the surface every few minutes, schools of porpoises romped around the ship and on one occasion great excitement was caused by a whale blowing not far from the ship.

The first port of call in Africa is Freetown. The town is surrounded by hills which give the colony its name—Sierra Leone, owing to their resemblance to a lion. We went ashore and walked round the town, which is a queer

mixture of European and native shops and buildings. I was amused to see the native boys wearing gaily striped suits of pyjamas, straw hats and no shoes. The "mammies" carried their "piccins" on their backs and their shopping on their heads, while the scholars though wearing European clothes carried their books and ink bottles on top of their panama hats.

The native houses are made of red mud and roofed with straw or corrugated iron. As we went past the native quarters I looked into one of the compounds round which these houses are built. What a busy scene it was; the "mammies" cooking over their outdoor fires, the children annoying the goats and chickens, while a monkey chained to a stake chattered in a corner.

We returned to the ship and in a few days' time reached Takoradi where we disembarked. When we had passed the customs we motored to Accra, the capital of the Gold Coast.

HELEN M'LAGAN (Form IV.).

The Black Market Mystery

Or More Bilge About The Baron.

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

MOUTHWASH MANOR—where, as you have no doubt already guessed, the story is going to take place—was the ancestral residence of the late Lord Denture-Playte; a grim and very, very black old residence in a remote district of Softsope-shire, far from the busy hum of men. Here, on a lovely summer's day in 1940, came, in a two-seater sports car (Where did the petrol come from? ED. Poet's licence! AUTH.), two sinister-looking individuals, one with a beard, black spectacles, a Kaiser moustache, pink socks, a toothbrush behind his ear and a cigar in his mouth, the other with a vacant countenance, a monocle, Dundreary whiskers, a bald head and two life-preservers in his armpits. They are, respectively Gerald Arthur Ostricheg and Osbat Eric Wontwash. They alight and survey the prospect.

"Just what we want," says the first.

"Yaas, rathah, bai Jove, don't you know,"

replies his comrade intelligently. "Toppingly black, don't you know?"

They get into the car and drive off.

* * *

Thus began the great Black Market Scandal of 1941-42. The crisis became so acute that questions were even asked in the House of Commons as to why Christopher von Euster-Beuster was not put on the job. Why wasn't he? Wait and see.

* * *

Frederick Tode-Stoole Woffle-Thwoffle, late of Jampot Alley, was so respectable a citizen that anyone but a private detective would have suspected him of grand larceny on sight, so utterly law-abiding was he. The only mysteries about him were: Why did he associate with Moldy Haggis and Saveall Soapbox, both notorious black marketeers? And why did he spend so many weekends in Softsope-shire when he lived in Stoke Poges?

* * *

Let us return to Mouthwash Manor. That once slumberous pile now hums with activity, and large extensions have been made.

Inside, amid the odour of quantities of food, much past its first youth, men are moving about amid vast stores of gorgonzola, bear's-grease, treacle, dog-biscuits, Woodbines, canned-horses, curried camel, false teeth, spaghetti—everything of which there is, or has been, or is going to be a shortage. Hourly huge lorries leave laden with these wares, leaving glorious odours in their wake.

Obviously, this is the headquarters of the Black Market.

* * *

Once again, a car is speeding up the long and ill-surfaced road to Mouthwash Manor. It is night, and a howling blizzard is in progress (not that the blizzard is of any consequence but it is merely corroborative detail to add verisimilitude). The car stops at the Manor, and three figures emerge. They are Woffle-Thwoffle, Haggis and Soapbox.

Quietly they enter the manor, and, while Haggis and Soapbox stealthily advance towards the store-rooms, Woffle-Thwoffle proceeds with determined tread towards the manager's office. . . .

Inside the manager's office some minutes later a dramatic scene took place.

"Gerald Arthur Ostricheg," says Woffle-Thwoffle firmly (for the manager is indeed G. A. O.), "you have put me in a high position in the Black Market. You have revealed your secrets to me. Now this is the end!!"

After stopping to take breath and remember his next sentence, he goes on:

"My associates, known to you as Moldy Haggis and Saveall Soapbox, are at this moment engaged in walling up your employees behind barriers of canned horse. Unless you telephone immediately for the police to come and arrest you they will open the tins and your whole staff will die of asphyxia from inhaling the fumes. I myself" (producing a tommy-gun from beneath his tie-pin) "will attend to you."

So saying, he removed his spectacles, wig, and false nose to reveal . . .

But, of course, the astute reader has already guessed that Moldy Haggis and Saveall Soapbox are indeed Jacob Gomeril and Karl von Kovbotel, and that Frederick Tode-Stoole Woffle-Thwoffle is none other than the immortal sleuth, Baron Christopher von Euster-Beuster.

ECK.

(After)maths.

HE sat alone in the bare, darkened room, nearly bare enough to be a cell. He had no friend to share his misery this time. Through the darkened window came tiny shafts of the sunlight he could not enjoy. From afar off came the voices of free people at play. From outside the window he heard a robin sing and he grew sad at heart with sheer, overwhelming envy. Outside his prison he heard footfalls as beings passed to and fro but none knew or cared about him and all were intent only on departing as soon as possible. Sometimes in the dull room the silence would be broken by a swishing between the bare wooden benches and then for another interval the deep silence could almost be heard in the hot, airless room. Then furtively the prisoner would slip his hand into his pocket and eat something pink that it was evident he did not want his warder to see.

Was he trying to poison himself? This went on for a long, long time and the prisoner became more and more restive. The warder took off his swishing garment and put his coat on preparatory to taking himself away. Was he to leave the prisoner alone all night?

No, he was a really mild man and when he was gloved and ready he said, "You can go now." The boy, for he was a boy, thankfully tied up his books at the quickest possible speed and left the tired dusty room behind him in his desire to go roller-skating after tea. He had happened to be, for once, the only boy in the class who hadn't done his maths home exercise and so he had to sit in the company of the master in a hot classroom with the blinds down for a whole weary hour. It was very lucky for him that he had some of those valuable pink lozenges with which to while away the time! Poor, lazy Horace!

Values for Boys

BOYS' PULLOVERS. Roll neck, zipp fastening front. Shades Blue and Grey. Sizes 26, 28 only. SPECIAL PRICE, **7/6**

BOYS' GREY FLANNEL SUITS. Two garments. Shorts with double seats and belt loops. Made from hard-wearing materials in medium shades. Fit 5 to 12 years. First Size, **35/-**

BOYS' SPORTS SUITS. Jacket with half belt at waist. Shorts lined and finished with side straps. In better quality Tweeds of Brown, Grey, Blue and Fawn. Neat check and herringbone design. Fit 7 to 12 years. First Size, **38/6**

BOYS' NAVY TRENCH COATS. Double-breasted with belt all round. Lined check, proofed interlining across shoulders. Usual big hem. Fitting 4 to 12 years. First Size, **35/-**

And everything for
The High School
of Dundee
at the Boys' Shop at

Smiths
MURRAYGATE, DUNDEE

SMITH BROTHERS

Wonderful new comfort for feet—when your shoes are
repaired “**The Malone Way**”

The Malone Shoe Repair Service

Central Receiving Office:—62 NETHERGATE
(opposite **OLD STEEPLE**)

Other branches throughout the city or, upon request, we
will call for and deliver your shoes—'**Phone 2131**

Factory and Office:—MID STREET, DUNDEE

Telephone (House and Office) 4354, Day or Night.

P. NUCATOR & SON

(Sole Partner—**ALFRED NUCATOR**),

78 and 80 BELL STREET,
DUNDEE.

PLUMBING, HEATING, SANITARY FITTINGS.

Sea Talk.

YOU don't know it as I do—not that I have more than a nodding acquaintance with it—I mean the sea. How can I begin to talk about it when I know that every time I mention it I miss the truth? I attach to the very word sea a spurious emotion or a literary association. It was something taken for granted. Even the fishermen rarely used the word. They would say “50 miles East o' Sumburgh” or “20 mile oot,” but never the word itself. Yet we breathed its salt day and night and its sound was so much in our ears that we only recollected it during brief periods of summer calm when the air was empty of sound. Visitors said that they smelt the salt air a mile and a half from the town and that they could taste the salt on their lips a mile distant; but I never noticed this. As boys we spoke of going to the sands “to dook” or to the Balaclava basin—never to the sea. It was almost as much an everything to us as the air we breathed.

In the stormy months if the mat that lay outside our front door were lifted the sand would rain from it, and in the summer little oily herring scales, semi-transparent, glistening blue, stuck to its hairs. Then, too, after school if the tide were low we would be off to the sands to help the fishermen dig for “sanle”—sand-eels I suppose the word was corrupted from. The pronged graip lifted the wet sand like sods of turf and out flashed the “sanle.” You had to be very quick to catch them. The fishermen were all that. The sea which they served and which yet served them had made them quick-handed. It made them and it killed them. They stood between us townspeople and it: so if I cannot tell you directly about this universal element I can at any rate mention some of its effects on these blue-jowled, thick-ankled men.

Their houses stood with their shoulders to the shore. Their dwellers took the sea's first blow, bringing us in the mornings the

catch which was for us and the ignorant world; ignorant we were too of what the sea in its encirclement of them had done to them. It bound the village; its salt constricted the pasture behind; its gale fastened the bent grass in front; its fog was in the nostrils of the child in its cot. It invaded the ears, and entered the eyes.

I have watched from a breakwater the toy boats—so they seemed—put out on that weight of water. To this the seaman was bound and all it contained—to what was non-human—to the crustacea of the sea-pools. Consider the hermit crab. From a rock, half rock itself, its pin-head eyes, with passionless stare, project; the mechanism of movement awkward, the legs propelled, the back a settlement for parasite. The pounded shells, mussel, razor, buckie, fan, have as much life. These, the members of other creation, are the sea's deeds. In the crab, hermit spider and partan the sea is articulate. Through these it gives tongue to terrors lips cannot tell. Before these presences the seaman works. They are perfect in their incorruptable petrification and in their ignorance of life. Over these his boat slips and down to these his nets and line grope. Who will tell upon the shingle beach which the shell splinter, which the particle of skull, long bleached by the ebb and flow? These are the seaman's associates.

The sea kills and drowns, but it does not destroy life itself, the individual life perhaps but not the close village life—the organic life of men whose eyes look towards the sea and whose hearts hold over against the impersonality of the sea the personality of their Maker.

“They that go down to the sea in ships
That do business in great waters;
These see the works of the Lord
And His wonders in the deep.
For He commandeth, and raiseth the
stormy wind

D. M. MELDRUM & CO.

SPORTS OUTFITTERS

TENNIS RACKET Restringing and Repairing

Owing to quota restrictions, supplies of Tennis Rackets will be considerably curtailed this season. It would, therefore, be an economy to have your old Racket overhauled and repaired

We can restring or repair Tennis Rackets, making them for all practical purposes as good as new.

Prices for Restringing, - 25/-, 30/-, 35/-

Bring your Racket in NOW.

13-15 REFORM STREET, DUNDEE

'Phone 4751

DIG FOR VICTORY—GO TO IT

WITH GARDEN TOOLS OF GOOD QUALITY.

DO NOT WAIT.

BUY NOW.

Spades from ... 8/6 to 12/6
Digging Forks, 4 prong, 8/6 ; 5 prong, 11/6
Paxton Hoes Handled, 5 in., ... 8/-
Draw Hoes Handled, 6 in., 6/9 ; 7 in., 7/6
Garden Rakes, Malleable Heads,
10 Tooth, 7/- ; 12 Tooth, 7/9

Paxton Hoe Heads, 7 in., 4/- ; 8 in., 4/3
Dutch Hoe Heads, 8 in., ... 3/9
Edging Knives, ... 5/9
Hedge Shears, ... 4/6, 5/-, 8/- and 8/6
Edging Shears, ... 12/9 and 14/9
Lawn Shears, ... 14/3

PHINS LTD.,

'Phones 6094-5.

29/31 NETHERGATE, DUNDEE.

Which lifteth up the waves thereof.
 They mount up to heaven,
 They go down again to the depths ;
 Their soul is melted because of trouble.

* * *

Then they cry unto the Lord in their
 trouble
 And He bringeth them out of their dis-
 tresses."

So the brief life and the sudden death are

given meaning, and the sea people's sorrows
 and joys are sustained in songs. I have
 listened while the girls sang as they gutted the
 herring and to the men's voices raised in the
 kirk. These people were shaped between the
 thump of waters and the Word. Could they
 have been other than ready, quick, voluble,
 assertive, bigotted, kindly, sometimes drunken,
 sometimes ascetic, always courageous ?

G. B.

Signs of Spring.

HOW often have we rejoiced to see the first
 little snowdrop, and to feel that Spring
 is really on its way ? After the long dreary
 months of January and February, it is very
 pleasant to watch the progress of the next
 few months—towards warmer weather and
 longer evenings. We know well the day when
 Spring seems to have come at last, bringing a
 bluer sky, an atmosphere of happiness and
 renewal of life. Bees come from their winter
 quarters, lured by the sun, to buzz in and out
 of the opening yellow and mauve crocuses.
 Birds begin to twitter in the trees, which will
 soon be clad with their tiny pale green leaves.
 In the woods the starry yellow celandines,
 and the wild anemones are appearing. We
 meet happy bands of cyclists carrying home
 their bunches of primroses, gathered from the
 sweet-smelling ditches, introducing to the
 town its first breath of Spring. In the fields
 the proud ewes contentedly watch their lambs,
 which skip and frolic from the sheer joy of
 living. The farmer begins to sow his seeds
 in the rich brown earth, and the pale green
 spears of new grass appear throughout the
 countryside.

The rivers are full of young eels which have
 come from the sea, and small pools are black
 with tiny wriggling tadpoles all at different
 stages of growth. The sea loses its cold,

hungry aspect and once more invites us over
 the horizon of sparkling blue and white
 billows.

April and May are usually the months for
 bird-nesting, when the happy hedge-sparrows
 and blackbirds guard and feed their fledglings.
 The blue-tits frequently nest in special boxes
 provided for them in private gardens. It is
 delightful to watch the parent birds flying to
 the nest with green caterpillars in their beaks,
 while the babies pop their heads up at the
 entrance hole to devour the tit-bits.

Meanwhile, other creatures are searching
 for insects besides the birds. Hedgehogs and
 hibernating animals come to life again and
 begin to hunt for food in the country lanes.
 The rabbits bring along their young fry to
 nibble the spring cabbages in the cottage
 gardens, which are bordered with waving
 daffodils.

The townsfolk joyfully receive the warmer
 weather, and hasten to bring out their more
 gaily coloured garments. The shopkeepers
 paste bright Spring posters on their windows
 to attract the passers-by. Hospitals are cheered
 by visitors bringing armfuls of flowers from
 the country where everything is truly alive with
 the "Rustle of Spring."

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

Dundee High School Old Boys' Club.

WE have to report that the Annual General Meeting of the Club was held on 18th December, 1941, when Reports and Accounts were submitted and approved. Office-bearers were appointed and vacancies on the Executive Committee were filled.

The deaths of Lawrence Melville (1883-1888), Frederick A. Fleming (— -1891), and John M. Scrimgeour (1891-1896), who were all Members of the Old Boys' Club, are recorded with deep regret.

We also record with deep regret the death of Captain James Keir, who was killed in action in November, 1941.

The Honorary Secretary and Treasurer has been very agreeably impressed by the financial success of his literary effort in the December, 1941, Magazine and must consider himself the object of envy by many who find journalism and affluence very far apart. In other words, although the times are hard the Old Boys' Club Subscriptions are coming in very well and thanks are due to our many supporters.

OFFICE-BEARERS FOR 1941-42.

President—FRANK G. YOUNG.

Vice-President—JOHN R. CRYSTAL.

Hon. Auditors—

Messrs. MOODY, STUART and ROBERTSON, C.A.

Hon. Secretary—

C. E. STUART, C.A., 11 Panmure Street, Dundee.

Executive Committee—

T. R. Lawson.	Alex. Stalker.
James S. Nicoll.	Alex. S. Drummond.
David P. S. Duncan.	John R. Lawson.
Keith Milne.	A. S. Rae.
A. S. Davie.	H. Craigie Smith.
C. N. Van de Rydt.	L. B. Weatherhead.
A. Robertson.	A. Wardlaw.
Leslie Smith.	

Deaths.

JOHN S. Edward (1877-1880).

William M. Tocher (1875-1881).

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

Pte. J. S. Anderson, R.A.P.C.

A/P W. R. Allison, S.A.A.F.

Lieut. Thomas L. Sime, R.N.V.R.

Gordon D. H. Doig, R.C.S.

O.S. John B. Ramsay, R.N.

Capt. T. H. Thoms, R.E.

Capt. Robert Fraser, I.C.

2nd Lieut. Ian Isles, 1st Derbyshire Regiment.

Radio Officer D. Ian Kidd, M.N.

2nd Lieut. Douglas W. Waddell, R.M.

Lieut. D. J. B. M'Kinnon, A.A.

Capt. J. M. Bannerman, Staff, Indian Army.

2nd Lieut. A. C. Baxter, 9th Gurkha Rifles.

Cadet J. B. Braid, Officers' Training School.

Cadet W. B. Cochrane, Officers' Training School.

Cadet D. C. Hutcheson, Officers' Training School.

Major J. Grant, Indian Army Ordnance Corps.

Capt. H. C. H. Ker, R.A.

Flying Officer D. Keiller, R.A.F.

2nd Lieut. R. W. Milne, Royal Indian Army Service Corps.

2nd Lieut. R. H. Morrison, R.A.

Lieut. E. M. Martin, No. 43 Rest Camp, Indian Army.

Capt. D. S. Smith, Staff, 18th Indian Cavalry.

Cadet G. Stevenson, Officers' Training School.

Capt. A. B. Smith, Military Intelligence Officer.

2nd Lieut. J. B. Smith, R.A.

Lieut. C. Tyndall, Indian Army Ordnance Corps.



[Photos. by D. & W. Prophet

Back Row—D. Black. I. Duguid. F. Baird. A. Bryson. I. Tullis.

Second Row—R. Ferguson. I. Carrie. D. Crawford. A. I. Stewart. K. Law.

Front Row—W. D. Carswell. D. K. Lawson. A. B. Mann (*Capt.*). G. F. Lowden. W. R. Murray.

Back Row—M. S. Runeiman. C. W. Rintoul. N. Galloway. M. C. Grimmond. M. R. Treasure.
B. F. Stevenson.

Front Row—E. M. Greig. J. Muirhead. E. A. Y. Caird (*Capt.*). J. Pringle. J. G. Mann.

Boys' Rugby, 1st XV., 1941-42.

Girls' Hockey, 1st XI., 1941-42.

**Dundee High School
Magazine.**

George E. Davie, Signaller, R.C.S.
 Lieut. A. Y. Adam, R.A.M.C.
 Cadet Hugh Bodin, R.A.F.
 Cadet Ian Bodin, M.N.
 Ian P. Davidson, R.A.F.
 Lieut. Geo. A. Graham, R.A.M.C.
 2nd Lieut. Alan C. Lemon, R.I.A.S.C.
 D. Gordon M'Call, R.A.F.
 Alistair Philip, R.A.F.
 Kenneth Philip, R.A.F.
 Lieut. Alistair J. Lindsay Robertson, R.A.
 2nd Lieut. David A. Simpson, R.A.
 2nd Lieut. William D. Waddell, R.M.
 2nd Lieut. Gavin Wilson, R.A.O.C.
 Jean Drummond (Gunner), A.T.S.

Promotions.

L/Sergt. Richard G. Webster to B.S.M. R. G.
 Webster.
 Lindsay Miller—Sub.-Lieut. (Engineer), R.N.

Lieut. John Grant to Major, I.A.O.C.
 Ian B. Taylor to Major, I.A.
 William Watt to 2nd Lieut., B.W. from
 O.C.T.U.

Pro Patria.

Lieut. Ian Cameron Miller, D.S.C., R.N.V.R.
 Lost on the Corvette *Gladiolus* as result of
 enemy action.
 Paymaster Lieut. James C. Robertson. Lost
 on H.M.S. *Barham*, November, 1941.
 Alistair Dunbar. Missing in Crete.
 Capt. James Keir, Q.O.C.H. Killed in action.
 Sgt. Pilot Gordon Dickie, R.A.F. Missing,
 presumed killed, Battle of Britain.

Prisoners of War.

Geo A. C. Little, R.A.S.C.
 Edward Shepherd, R.E.
 Lieut. John D. Recordon, R.A.M.C.
 James H. P. Scrymgeour, R.E.

Reports.

Rugby Club.

In a normal rugby season it is reasonable to expect that, during the Easter Term, a few of the fixtures will be cancelled owing to unfavourable weather conditions, and that is what usually happens.

This term has been very exceptional for, not only have all matches to date been cancelled but practices also have been out of the question and pupils have not been able to use the recreation grounds at all.

There are still three weeks of term left and it is to be hoped that we shall be able, even at this late stage, to enjoy some vigorous exercise in the fresh air at the grounds. The Inter-House competition has yet to take place, and, we hope, can be carried through. The keenness and healthy rivalry which is a feature of this annual competition would make a splendid finish to what otherwise has been a most disappointing term.

Taking the rugby season as a whole and comparing the conditions with those of the two previous seasons, we have not done so badly. There have been no restrictions on the use of the grounds by the pupils and, had the weather been kinder, we should have approached nearer to peace-time conditions than has been possible since the outbreak of war. Teams

worked hard and promised well, and enthusiasm generally has been greater than during the past two years. Forms I. and II. have each had their own fifteens and fixtures with other schools were carried out regularly during the Christmas Term. L3, 4 and 5, many of whom were new to the game, also showed great keenness by turning out in strength to Saturday morning practices. Members of the 1st and 2nd fifteens gave proof of their interest in the juniors by coaching and encouraging the young enthusiasts in a practical way.

As a result of the weather, much valuable time, training and experience for the future have been lost, but, in these days, that is not so important as the loss of exercise in the fresh air to all pupils. However, we are almost through the winter and we can look forward to the Summer Term knowing that we shall be able to spend more time in the open and make full use of the facilities provided for us at the recreation grounds.

We take this opportunity of thanking members of the Staff and officials for their interest, work and willing co-operation in our rugger activities during season 1941-42.

T. M'L

Cadet Report.

The usual weekly parades have been held this term. The weather has almost confined the company work to lectures and demonstrations, and although this aspect of cadet work is both instructive and interesting it will be necessary to spend more time in the near future on drill.

Under the new regulation for the expansion of the cadet force a number of companies of cadets are in the process of formation in Dundee and district. The uniform for all cadets between 14 and 17 is to be battledress with appropriate garniture as authorized by the national cadet authority.

This uniform has already been issued to the High School cadets who are eligible. The remainder will be issued with kilts and tunics. Great care must be taken of all issued uniforms and equipment, whether government issue or cadet property, as replacements will in one case be difficult and in the other case impossible.

The names of those cadets who intend to go to camp this year will be required before the Easter holiday. As attendance at camp is so important in

the training of cadets it is expected that every boy who can possibly do so will avail himself of the opportunity of camp experience.

The spring promotions are as follows :

Sgt. Lawson to be C.S.M.
 Sgt. Barbierri to be C.Q.M.S.
 Cpl. Murray to be Sgt.
 Cpl. Hutchison to be Sgt.
 Cpl. Burnet to be Sgt.
 L.Cpl. Duguid to be Cpl.
 L.Cpl. Baird to be Cpl.
 L.Cpl. Bryson to be Cpl.
 L.Cpl. Carrie to be Cpl.
 L.Cpl. Patterson to be Cpl.
 Dr.L.Cpl Black to be Dr.Cpl.
 Cadet Tullis to be L.Cpl.
 Cadet Thomson to be L.Cpl.
 Cadet Cross to be L.Cpl.
 Cadet Ferguson R. to be L.Cpl.
 Cadet Hutton to be L.Cpl.
 Cadet M'Kelvey to be L.Cpl.

