

THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. 84

JUNE 1942

SIXPENCE



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Editorial.

Ah, end of Term—thou blest event !
Soon from the buildings we'll be sent
To laze around in weather fine,
'Mid woods of fir-tree and of pine.

THESE lines (excepting of course line 3) express the intentions of High School pupils when the final day of the session is drawing near. Once more we quit these venerable halls of learning and set off with zest to enjoy our summer holidays. But by no means are we to *play* all the time. A record number of cadets go off to camp, others are to help in forestry or in agriculture ; and in war time this is the best way to enjoy a holiday, to do something to help the national effort. Good luck to them all !

Despite the ravages of war (in the shape of surveyors, excavators and concrete-mixers and finally a " tank ") the School has pursued the even tenour of its way and now the Mag. comes out again as usual. The printer is doing his best and aspirants to literary fame have been almost numerous this term. We are glad to receive so many contributions from the Junior School ; they cannot all go in but keep trying, young folks, and be sure that if we think your stuff good enough it will certainly appear in the magazine.

The events of the past term ! It was a pleasure and satisfaction to all of us that the Cadzow exhibition was an outstanding success. We tried to make this exhibition a worthy tribute to the memory of a gifted and beloved master : we are happy to know that it was so ; and the organisers wish for no better meed of praise than this, that they achieved their

purpose. Several of the pictures were presented by the staff of the School to the Dundee Art Galleries ; and the Orchar Gallery, Broughty Ferry, and the Dundee Art Society now also possess examples of Mr. Cadzow's art.

The Art Department is certainly in the news this term. Congratulations to Mr. Halliday and to Mr. Gibson who have each had five pictures hung at this year's exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy. Mr. Halliday sends pencil-drawings and water-colours, and Mr. Gibson three drawings and two oil paintings.

Furthermore, a selection of drawings and paintings by pupils of the Art Department has been accepted by the Director of the National Gallery of Scotland for exhibition in America. The Museum of Art, Toledo, Ohio, asked if examples of work by some of the Scottish Schools could be sent to them for educational purposes. Drawings and paintings from three schools were chosen as examples of the most progressive work being done in Scotland at the present time.

Things we do miss in war-time are the School exhibitions of art, needlework and handicrafts : but they will blossom again when Peace returns.

Though the weather has not been very kind cricket, tennis and golf teams have managed to carry out their programmes successfully. An exciting cricket match was staged between staff (with a sprinkling of F.P.'s) and pupils on the evening of 10th June. The rector, Mac and Mr. Treasure had good knocks, but the pupils finally won by 87 to 63. The annual gala

settled the swimming events and for the first time in the war years we had a full-dress Sports day with all the usual events. What a pity the sun refused to shine and make it like old times—minus the ice cream and lemonade.

As we go to press the results of U.C.D. and St. Andrews bursary competitions are not yet to hand, but Beryl D. Cameron and I. H. B. Carmichael secured places on the merit list at Edinburgh and both obtained bursaries. Sandy Mann has been awarded a Kitchener Scholarship for medicine. At the varsities we learn that Ian Kidd has collected medals in Special Latin and General Philosophy. Fraser Ross gained the medal in Junior Anatomy, Doreen Kidney the medal in Botany and Lockhart Frain-Bell the medal in Pathology. Alan Peacock got his blue for cross-country running.

Helena Duncan
Visits from our soldier F.P.'s have punctuated pleasantly the end-of-session rush. Captain David Elder has been wandering out and in telling of life at Gib. and helping with the cricket. Dick Strachan has been "over" again and again: we're glad to hear he is due for an "off" spell.

To all F.P.'s serving with H.M. Forces we wish a safe sojourn and a speedy return. We hope this year may see the turn of the tide and although there may be many difficulties to overcome, the future scholars of the D.H.S. may well be able to say that the year 1942 was another "annus mirabilis" for the British Empire and the other United Nations.

Some of you this year will be leaving these hallowed portals to seek new pastures. We are certain that all in their last year will retain kindly and happy memories of the years spent here. To those leaving we express our sincere wishes for their success, being confident that their success is the success of the School. We

hope they will continue to take as much interest in the future of the School as the School will take in theirs.

To all associated in any way with the School we wish a happy and healthful holiday.

* * *

Congratulations to Captain Marshall who has been appointed second in command of the Dundee Battalion of the Army Cadet Force, with the rank of Major. See further in Cadet Report.

* * *

Ian G. Kidd gained the Blair Greek Prize at St. Andrews; Murray M. Burns has been awarded a Caird Grant of £50 in engineering; Beryl Cameron took 10th place (equal) in U.C.D. Bursary Comp.

* * *

In Dundee F.P.'s Union Tennis Tournament Barbara Stevenson and Gray Grant won the mixed doubles. Barbara was also runner-up in the Girls' Junior singles. Gray Grant won the Boys' Junior singles. H. Gilles was runner up in Boys' Senior singles.

AN APOLOGY.

As a result of an unfortunate misunderstanding at the Printers, we published in our last issue the poem, "On Leave," by For a M. Garry. We had been asked by the authoress to withhold publication as money was to be raised for the Red Cross by selling locally copies of the poem. We are very sorry for this distressing mistake and apologise most sincerely to Miss Garry.

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

Polish Pilgrimage.

PART III.

AN idea flashed across my mind. I turned round and straight away went back to Airvaux. I remembered about a large body of French Air Force Cadets, from Tours, who were camped in a glen at the foot of the hill. I went to them and explained my situation, asking them to allow me to join the transport. Very suspicious in the beginning, they finally let me pass the night with them, and gave me some food. They told me that, before I could join the transport I must get permission from their "Commandant du Transport" who was not present at this late hour. I spent the whole night sitting on my belongings.

Shivering from the wet cold of the morning I was thoroughly investigated by a white-haired colonel. After an hour of cross-examining he considered me to be all right and gave me permission to join the transport, which was bound for the south of France. So I had to wait until the expected train would arrive. In the meantime we were busy preparing our meals. The French had sacks of coffee beans but no mills to grind it, so we had to help ourselves with the "neolithic" methods, grinding coffee with stones. It took us, of course, some time to do it and a great deal of effort, but the coffee tasted doubly sweet in consequence. The only other food the boys possessed was tinned beef, nicknamed in the French army argot "singes" (monkey's meat). I got a little bit of it on a piece of dry bread and washed it down with a cup of black coffee, made by us all with such an effort. I forgot to mention that we boiled our coffee in army boilers using wet twigs as fuel. They developed a great deal of smoke and we were frightened it would attract German bombers. Fortunately we did not stay too long in the glen.

The same day, early in the afternoon, we were told not to go far away as we might be entraining soon. At 2 p.m. a parade was ordered and we all made for the railway station where I boarded a cattle-truck train after numerous bugle calls. Everything was done methodically and carried through without excitement.

I had nineteen travelling companions, mostly young cadets, who did not realise what was

going to happen to their country. They were still full of hope and joked all the time. I will never forget the following incident: One of them wanted to throw out an empty "singes" tin. "Do not do that," said a friend, "we will forge from it our victorious steel!"

The train went with the speed of a tortoise, stopping at all possible unexpected places. At such moments we took the opportunity to run to the nearest houses to buy wine and all obtainable food. During the day everything went all right; we sat on the floor boards, chattered, and killed time how we could, but at night it was a different story. Then we lay on the floor packed like sardines in a tin. For four nights I slept with two pairs of quite smelly feet on either side of me. The wonder was I did not get gassed!

At one of the stations before Bordeaux I observed quite a big crowd assembled in front of one of the trucks in the train opposite us. I went to see what was happening. The whole truck was a transport of German pilots captured in France. They were all big, broad-shouldered, and looked well fed. I managed to speak with one of them: he was not worrying about his present fate and was cocksure about the defeat of France. They were so sure of their freedom in a short time that they did not worry about being taken prisoners.

Step by step we eventually reached Bordeaux. There at the station I met some Polish officers and soldiers who were organising a small transport to go further south to Bayonne, and I arranged to go with them. As there were still a few hours before the train was due, I got out to the city to buy some provisions. It was easy to get anything one wanted. After I made my purchases I walked a little way through Bordeaux, quite a risky affair at the time without identity papers. I saw the damage done by bombs to the famous cathedral. Only a corner of the church was destroyed, but the strength of the blast was so great that the steel shutters of shops and window frames were bent inwards.

At the very moment when I stopped to gaze at all this, I felt a hand on my shoulder. On turning round, I met the gaze of a policeman. Unfortunately I could not satisfy his demands concerning identity papers, and quite an excited

debate followed. We were soon encircled by a curious crowd and my situation became quite delicate.

But suddenly like a "deus ex machina" appeared a Polish lieutenant who knew me. He had left the station at the same time as myself to get provisions. The French cop spoke more politely to him than to me, little wonder considering my general appearance. My denims were crushed and stained and I had not had a shave for two weeks. Eventually the cop agreed to go with the lieutenant to the police station, leaving me in the charge of another agent in the "Pharmacie" on the corner. I sat inside, my every movement being watched by the highly suspicious chemist and by the excited crowd of "spy-hunters" restrained from entering by my police guard outside. Fortunately the arrival of my lieutenant with the other "agent" put an end to my embarrassing situation. The policeman took me back to the railway station, advising me, already in a more polite tone, not to wander far from the transport, as being without papers rendered me liable to all kinds of unpleasantness.

I just managed to get the train before it departed from Bordeaux, which brought me with a whole batch of others to Bayonne. There we were brought at first to a temporary Polish Army Office where we were all registered and put on one common list. After that we were given shelter in a Sports Stadium. We got straw mattresses and tried to arrange our beds as comfortably as possible, but some big lorries soon arrived and took us to St. Jean de Luz, our embarkation harbour, a typical southern French fishing village, with its picturesque old houses and narrow winding streets.

When we arrived the whole place was literally packed with Polish army vehicles of every kind. Soldiers and officers of all possible units were waiting for ships. Some of the Polish lorries were loaded up to the limit with their own weapons and with those picked up on the road, left by the fleeing French. Unfortunately we had to leave many weapons at the roadside as our lorries would hold no more. Many Polish units brought everything right up to the harbour including guns, cars, ammunition, and all their military equipment, but when the boats came along there was unfortunately no

shipping space for all of them, and all the equipment left had to be destroyed. The French tried in vain to prevent us doing this, but we were determined that nothing should fall into German hands. We should have embarked on the very day that we arrived but the sea was too rough. We sailed round the ship for an hour in a small boat—very seasick—but owing to the rough water we could not get up the ship's ladder. We had to go back and wait all night on the quay. I could not sleep but sat, cold and uncomfortable, on my suitcase. Around me, closely packed, soldiers lay sleeping in grotesque attitudes. The moonlight struggled intermittently through stormy clouds and to my numb and weary brain the scene around me appeared like a ghastly battlefield; but the "dead" arose with the coming day and again made for the ships.

Next day we did embark and made our way in a convoy escorted by two destroyers. There were four ships in our convoy—I was on the *Arandora Star* which got torpedoed on her next voyage to Canada with a transport of German and Italian internees. The destroyers watched our convoy like two sheep dogs, circling and criss-crossing continuously; sometimes they disappeared altogether then suddenly raced back close to our ship. They protected us well and we at last arrived safely at Liverpool.

Then my difficulties began. I had still no identification papers and had no one to vouch for me as I was the only one from our unit on that ship. I was taken by the military police and put aside in a room and told to wait. After half an hour two civilians came and asked me for papers. The old Bordeaux story began again. I had to tell my biography "ab ovo" with full details to five different people, who assiduously put everything down in writing. They all appeared not to have understood what I said in order, it seemed to me, to draw from me still more details. I had to write down the name of the street that I lived in in Warsaw and the schools I had attended. That I had completed my studies in Vienna was in itself a ground for suspicion, as well as my knowledge of foreign languages. The whole interrogation, including inspection of all my personal belongings, took five hours. Then I was told to wait again, and during all this



[Photo. by D. & W. Prophet.

Back Row—G. F. Lowden (Airlie Cup—Champion Athlete). J. I. Tullis (MacEwan Prize for Cricket).
D. K. R. Lawson (Ballingall Gold Medal—Dux Gym.). J. R. Kirkaldy (MacEwan Prize for Cricket).
G. L. Ferguson (Pirie Cup—Golf; Harold Martin Cup—Champion Athlete of Middle School). A. A. F. Bryson (Boase Medal—Golf).

Second Row—I. T. Carrie (Loveridge Cup—Mile Race). M. R. Reid (Jane Spiller Prize—Dux, Form III, Girls).
A. Smith (Jane Spiller Prize—Dux, Form III, Boys). J. M. Muirhead (Championship Cup, Swimming—Girls).
M. M. Cross (Championship Trophy, Swimming—Boys). E. M. Doe (Leng Silver Medal—Singing).
W. M. C. Skinner (Polack Gold Medal—Dux, Gym., Form II, Boys).

Third Row—I. C. Morton (Dott Memorial Medal—Dux, Art). J. F. A. Walls (Championship Cup—Dux, Gym. Girls).
I. H. B. Carmichael (Harris Gold Medal, School Dux—Boys; Dux—Latin).
B. D. Cameron (Harris Gold Medal—School Dux, Girls; Dux—English, French; Leng Gold Medal—Essay Competition).
W. D. Carswell (Dux—Mathematics, Science). B. F. Stevenson (Tennis Championship Cup—Girls).
I. R. Paterson (Leng Silver Medal—Singing).

Front Row—J. K. Mearns (Junior Championship Cup—Swimming). A. H. Dunn (MacLennan Prize—Dux, L V., Girls).
D. McLaren (Junior Championship Cup—Swimming). D. F. Collins (Polack Prize—Dux, L V., Boys).

Omitted from Photograph owing to postponed decision—T. L. Buttars (Aystree Cup—Champion Athlete of Junior School.)

time I was not offered even a cup of tea. After another hour I was bundled into a police van with some other suspects and taken to the police station.

There they took away all my belongings, but as I had a cousin in London I fondly believed I would soon get them back again and be free. I expressed this hope to the police constable who ironically approved it and added that I would probably get £5 from my cousin too. In the meantime I was put in a cell with a wooden plank for a bed and some blankets. My cell companion was a very sympathetic young Irishman, who was detained because of illegal crossing from Ireland. We soon were good friends and as he had money he sent out for cakes, which I enjoyed with all my heart. In this "boarding-house" I spent two days. Then one morning the door opened; I was taken from the cell and brought down to the office. I got all my belongings back and was told that I was going to London. I was very happy and asked if I got money for my fare, but they generously said that they were to cover all my expenses and even gave me a "cicerone" to London. I was put again with some other chaps into the same fashionable "Black Maria" that I came in, and was taken to the railway station, always under the watchful eye of our "guide." And so to London.

I asked the detective in the train if I will be able to go to a camp because I thought everything had been cleared up. He did not want to disillusion me and bolstered up my belief. Unfortunately at the London terminus a conveyance grimly similar to my recent carriage awaited me.

I watched from a small window the kaleidoscopic pattern of passing streets. I expected to see the famous centre of London, but instead of it the car suddenly stopped. I heard the clanging and creaking of big iron gates, and the dismal re-echo of a bleak prison courtyard. We got out and were put straight into an office. I was quite amazed with this new accommodation, but I knew that protest would be useless. There was placed at my disposal a nice single room with a small window crossed with six thick iron bars, and the door clanged behind me. I was in Pentonville, one of the unfortunates who came under the famous article 18B.

The first thing I wanted to do was to write a letter to my cousin but I was told that the rules did not allow letter writing before ten days, so I could do nothing but wait. At my first exercise next day at 11 a.m., in the prison courtyard, I met there a genuine cocktail of nations—Dutch sailors in their typical beards and caps, Austrians, Germans, Czechs, French, Poles, even Chinese and Japanese. One day there arrived during afternoon exercise some M.P.'s to judge for themselves the conditions we were living in. My impression was that it was like visitors' day at the zoo. Some of the internees wanted to speak to them but the prison warders pushed them back and would not allow them. Then came other investigators from all possible quarters including War and Home Offices.

In the prison courtyard were two blackboards; on one of them were numbers of prisoners who were to be set free or to be shifted; on the other names of those who had got letters or parcels. These were the two main points of interest in the exercise yard.

The food was not bad but the rations were very small. As I was getting weak I asked the medical officer for more food. It took two weeks before I got a little more bread in the evening. I met some Poles who were similarly situated to myself and we promised to keep together. After two weeks in Pentonville I, as well as other Poles, were asked to the office. There we spoke with a clerk from our Consulate in London. We were taken one by one and explained to him our situation. He considered it his duty to be amazed at everybody's predicament and told us all that the whole affair will be settled at latest beginning of the following week. But nothing happened. We waited another two weeks, then asked the Governor of the prison what is going to happen to us. He told us that all steps were being taken by the War and Home Offices, but that our Polish authorities did not agree with them. Then in turn we were told by the Poles that it was the British who made the difficulties, but the man from the Consulate never came again. We protested again and asked for another interview. We waited another two weeks but without any result. So we decided to make a hunger strike until someone from the Consulate appeared. The news about our strike

spread all over the prison, and on the following day a warder informed all the hunger strikers that the Governor of the prison gives his word of honour that he will do his utmost, but only under normal conditions.

Next day another clerk appeared. We spoke very strongly to him and the result was that after seven weeks we were taken to a refugees' camp, from where after some days we joined the Polish army in Britain. We got no compensation for the weeks we had spent in prison.

I was drafted to the North-east coast of Scotland and have been there for one and a half years. I am getting on fine in Bonnie Scotland. I have met there very nice and hospitable people, who make me feel very much at home, but I hope the day will come soon when Poland will rise like the Phoenix from its ashes. Meantime nothing is left to me but to wait and fulfil my soldierly tasks—another day nearer to victory—another day nearer to a free and mighty Poland !
A.P.

The Red Grouse.

KNOwn in many parts of Scotland as the "Torry Mic" because of the harsh cry it utters when alarmed, the Red Grouse is the only bird found exclusively in Britain and more especially north of the Border. Scotland indeed without grouse is unthinkable. Before the war, grouse was one of the few remaining "industries" which was not drifting south. It marked one of the high lights on the calendar; the "Glorious Twelfth" was the beginning of the "Scottish Season." Think of it, this bird of our moors caused hundreds, nay thousands of Sassenachs and many Americans, too, to don the kilt, to the great benefit, be it said, of the native Celt.

Yet little is known of this bird, which has become such a notable feature of our national life. Its origin has never been established, though it may be a modification of the ptarmigan or a cross between that bird and another species.

In historic writings we often find the grouse referred to as the "Gor-cock" or the "Red Game." In documents dated 1531 the spelling appears as "Grows" and it is not until 1603 that the word appears in its present form.

It seems remarkable that grouse have retained such a high survival when we consider their haunts and their many enemies. They live for the most part on exposed moorland, very often at high altitudes. The nest is on the ground and the birds as a rule sit very close. Foxes, eagles, hawks and stoats are among the principal enemies of the adult birds while gulls and crows are constantly on the lookout for eggs and chicks.

Often a severe spell of weather sets in after the grouse have begun to incubate. Sometimes they sit through a snowstorm and are afterwards found dead, presumably suffocated,

on the nest.

There is a small threadworm varying from one-third to one-half an inch in length which lives as a parasite in the intestines of nearly all grouse. These parasites are found originally on the young leaves and flowers of ling where they remain till swallowed by the bird along with its food. Grouse continue perfectly healthy in spite of this unless the worms are present in large numbers or the birds become old or underfed.

Young grouse sometimes suffer from a much more deadly parasite. This organism attacks the intestines of the bird with fatal results.

The nest is of the most primitive nature being just a scrape well concealed among heather or long grass. An average clutch consists of from six to nine eggs though sometimes as many as fifteen are found in one nest.

So long as incubation has not commenced, grouse eggs can stand a great deal of frost without injury. The chicks, however, are very sensitive to cold; the mother broods them continually unless on very mild days. Like almost all ground nesting birds the grouse, during the nesting season, has no scent. Grouse are monogamous. They flock until the spring when they pair off but flock again should the weather become wintry.

There is a Gaelic tradition which says that the cry of the cock grouse when he rises startled from the heather is "Co, Co, Co, Mo Chlaidh, Mo Chlaidh" which might be interpreted as "Who goes there? My sword, my sword!"

At different times grouse have been exported to various parts of the world but they do not seem to thrive anywhere so well as on their native moors.
T. S. H.

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India and the Trip Out.

BY A D.H.S. EVACUEE.

OUR ship slipped down the Mersey in the early hours of the sixth of August. We awoke to find ourselves at sea and surrounded by about twenty-six other ships. We were escorted by a destroyer and a sloop and also a Hudson kept constant patrol above us.

On the second day out we were at breakfast when we heard a thud which shook the ship; most people thought that we had been torpedoed. Going on deck we found that the Hudson was bombing a submarine about a quarter of a mile to the starboard. The destroyer went racing up and dropped depth charges; result, another submarine went to the bottom—for good.

On the third day the convoy broke up and we were left on our own. We heard later that four ships that had been in the convoy were torpedoed.

We were now somewhere in the middle of the Atlantic, having travelled round by Ireland, although we did not know our position. For the first week we zig-zagged all the time.

One day we saw a dot in the sky which soon grew wings. The gun crew immediately manned the gun aft and we thought our time had come. She looked like one of these huge Italian seaplanes. The plane dropped about a few hundred feet and we thought that she was about to attack us. But she turned out to be one of the "Yankee Clippers" from Lisbon, the stars and stripes being visible on the wings. As she roared overhead the pilot waved to us and we all started cheering. We also gave him a jolly salute on the foghorn.

After a fortnight at sea we saw land and everyone crowded to the rails. It turned out to be the Cape Verde Islands and we docked at St. Vincent. We remained three days refuelling and taking on water. I do not recommend the Verde Islands to any one who travels as they are the most barren islands I have ever seen. The town consisted of a few shops and bazaars, but there was nothing to see unless you were interested in cocoanut palms or cactus. Most people bought beads and bags made out of coloured seeds and very cleverly sewn. There were crowds of bronze-coloured natives

diving for money: it was very amusing. But we soon shipped anchor and were away.

For those who are interested in "smokes," cigarettes were 2s. for a tin of fifty for any quality; for those interested in beverages, beer was 4d. a glass, "shandy," 9d. per glass, a small whisky was 6d. and a large 9d., while soft drinks were 6d. and 3d. per glass on the ship.

We were again on the high seas for another fortnight and the temperature rose as we neared the equator. Most of the passengers slept on deck as the cabins were like ovens even with the fans going full blast.

The evenings were beautiful with the heavens filled with stars and the ship leaving a trail of phosphorescence as it cut its way through the sea. This luminous wake slowly faded as the ship passed on.

Flying fishes were a common sight as they skimmed across the water from the bows of the ship and even a few landed on the decks to be seized by the Lascars (Indian sailors) and eaten. Dolphins also played about near the ship chasing the flying fish. Sharks were seen and one day a whale was observed spouting water as it rose to the surface.

After another fortnight we docked in Capetown, a lovely city with fine shops and picture houses. It was a pleasant treat after being so long at sea. We stayed only one day in Capetown and then set off round the coast.

Our next port of call was Durban, and this port I thought was even finer than Capetown. Zulus, highly decorated with ostrich plumes, would dash up to you with Rickshaws. These huge fellows, all of them over six feet tall, would pull you at an easy trot through Durban. What I thought was rather strange was the signpost which said, Nyassa 2,600 miles or Capetown 1,800 miles; such colossal figures one never sees at home.

We then sailed round Madagascar to Colombo in Ceylon. This also was truly a lovely port with its white buildings and silvery beaches.

Then came Madras where a friend and I went by rickshaw to see the aquarium. There

they were selling to visitors live or dead sea horses at one anna each.

On the 15th of October we finally docked in Calcutta after having taken about ten weeks on the trip out.

Calcutta is just like any other large town, the only difference being that most of the people are dark.

After spending a week in Calcutta I left with my parents and travelled by train to Barielly in the United Provinces.

India is such a vast country that one considers a hundred miles to be a short journey; in travelling you have often to spend one or two nights in a train.

Now you will be saying, "Well, what about India?"

India is very modernised to-day except in the villages and hills, most educated people speaking English and adapting themselves to European ways.

In the ordinary villages life proceeds as it did centuries ago. They have still the same customs, ploughing with wood, and using primitive tools. In the villages in the plains where wood is scarce or dear the women make cow-dung cakes which are then dried and used as fuel. Most likely this has something to do with religion as most villages are Hindus who worship the cow.

In every European home there are usually six servants. A Cook, a Bearer (valet), Table Boy, Chaprasi (messenger), Masalchi (dish-washer, and a Gimicher (sweeper). Outside there are also a Chowhidur (watchman), a Mali (gardner), and two Coolies, also a Dhohi (clothes washer).

The rate of pay ranges from that of the sweeper upwards, being from twelve rupees to thirty-five rupees, and I have put it in order on the other side except for the outside servants.

An ordinary Indian can live on about six annas a day and they have free quarters. They can also make a little more with their tricks.

For the first few months after my arrival in India I had a holiday, tennis being a pastime, and shooting. I have shot duck and small game but as yet I have never had the oppor-

tunity of going after big game although I have seen a few panthers while in the hills.

In March, 1941, I went to the Hallet War School in Nianital. This school is co-educational and it was just opened for boys and girls who had come to India. Situated at about 7,600 feet it is the highest Co-ed. school in the world. It stands on a hill 1,000 feet above the lake at Niani Tal which is a small hill station and the most popular in the U.P.

I was in the top form at the school which was the fifth in the Senior Cambridge class.

An ordinary day in the school routine is as follows:—

6.30 a.m.—Rising Bell.
6.50 a.m.—Chota Hasri (small breakfast).
7-7.30 a.m.—Prep. for IVth and Vth Forms.
7.30-8 a.m.—P.T. under an Army P.T. instructor.
8-8.30 a.m.—Breakfast.
9.5-9.30 a.m.—Morning Chapel.
9.30-11.15 a.m.—Study.
11.15-11.30 a.m.—Break.
11.30 a.m.-12.55 p.m.—Study.
1-1.30 p.m.—Lunch.
2.15-3.45 p.m.—Study.
3.45-4.15 p.m.—Tea.
4.15-6.30 p.m.—Games.
7-7.30 p.m.—Supper.
PREPARATORY—

7.30 p.m.—Ist Form to bed.
8 p.m.—End of Prep. for IInd Form.
Evening Prayers.
8.30 p.m.—End of Prep. for IIIrd and IVth Forms.
9.30 p.m.—End of Prep. for Vth Form.
9.50—Vth Form to bed.

Saturdays and Sundays are free days, but on Saturday morning there are Art classes, and P.T.

On Sundays students can go down to Niani Tal but must return for roll-call at 6 p.m.

In the way of games the boys play Football, Cricket, Hockey and Tennis and the girls Hockey, Netball and Tennis. It is impossible to play Rugby as the ground is so hard.

We had a grand time at the school even though the term was nine months with short breaks in June and September-October. The long break is from December to March, when the Plains are cool and pleasant.

In December I sat for the Senior Cambridge Exam, but I do not know whether I have passed or not as the results do not come out until May as the papers are sent home to be corrected.

In this exam we had to make carbon copies of every written exam, in case the first lot of papers are sunk. Then they send the carbon copies, and if they also are sunk everyone gets a pass!

Rampur, which is my home in India, is the main town in Rampur State ruled over by a Nawab with his Prime Minister and other State officials. The financial side is looked after by an English I.C.S. man and the Police by an English I.G.

In Rampur there are two sugar factories, our cotton mill and a few small industries.

The European population of Rampur numbers thirty in all. Their main pastimes are Shooting, Cricket, Golf and Swimming.

Of all the Indian towns which I have been to I think Delhi is the finest, especially New Delhi with its big European shops, hotels and cinemas.

As the war nears India she is preparing herself against attack. A.R.P. services have been formed and Calcutta has a regular black-out these days. In Rampur I am a member of the Rampur Raza Guard (same as Home Guard) and we have had plenty of training. I find that my training in the Cadets stands me in good stead in this. So I take off my Topee to the officers of the D.H.S. Cadets.

After this conflict is over I hope to return not perhaps as a pupil of D.H.S. but I will always remain a former pupil. Well, fellow scholars, all the best and good luck!

From A Prisoner of War.

I know a land where I long to be,
A land I dearly love,
With deep purple hills and heather moors
And a clouded sky above.

I know a glen which I long to see,
A glen where I was born,
Where the tumbling burn sings glorious songs
To the fields of golden corn.

I know a wood where the pine trees grow,
A wood where oft I lay,

While the young roe deer came down to drink
And the birds sang sweet and gay.

I know a field where the curlews nest,
A field of luscious hay,
Where the bleating sheep call to their lambs
And the timid rabbits play.

I know a well which is clear and cold,
A well where birches grow,
Where both man and beast drink long cool draughts
And the rush blows to and fro.

I know a house there upon the choicks,
A house I long to see,
With its white stone walls and bright log fire
And a table set for tea.

But best of all there's a face I know,
The dearest face to me,
Of my mother waiting at the door
On the day when I'll be free. S. C.

The Sour Milk Burn, Arrochar.

High on a crag sits an old man cobbling
Sits he cobbling night and day.
Glowes he red in the fires of evening.
Hides he in cloud when skies are grey.
'Tis there I rise amid bogs and boulders
Where blaeberrries, heather and wild flax grow.

There I rise on the heights of Ben Arthur
And start my leap to the loch below.

Down through the rocks, dark, with white veinings

I cut me a channel sharp and steep.
Straight it drops from the heights to the valley
Where Loch Long's waters lie still and deep.
Swift is my passage through rowans and birch trees,

Tormentil, bluebells and foxgloves tall
Eager I rush where the sea loch awaits me,
Where tides shall cradle me after my fall.

Hit her come lads and girls of Scotland
Who love to wander where winds blow free.
They climb to the cliff where the old man cobbles

And gaze afar over hills and sea.
Proudly they walk through bogmyrtle and bracken,

Bracken that stands as their shoulders high.
Lightly they leap over dark grey boulders
Yet leap not so fast nor so far as I.

MEDAN.



"ART"Y LAUGHS—

Q.—"Now, Donald, if you happened to be going to the North Pole how would you get there?"

DONALD S-M-N: "Well, Mr. G-b-n, I should get an aeroplane equipped with sliders——"

Q.—"What are you doing at the sink, C-rlt-n?"

C.—"Washing my pan, sir."

Mr. G. (sotto voce): "I thought you would have done that in the morning . . ."

* * *

IN THE ENGLISH CLASS:

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

MASTER: "Explain the meaning of the phrase 'Red goud.'"

A PUPIL: "The Scots had taken their own cheese with them."

* * *

CLASS III. LAPSES.

"Split open kegs of salted sprats" means that they opened up barrels of salty dog-biscuits.

* * *

FROM A DESCRIPTION OF THE ZULUS:

" . . . they have hair which is called mohair, and is used for making chair covers."

* * *

NATURE NOTES.

"They know many kinds of birds . . . by their colour and sighs."

* * *

"Frogs lay eggs called spawn, like dirty sago."

* * *

FOOD FLASH!

"C'est la guerre," he muttered as he extracted a familiar blue and white 'National A.R.P. for Animals' badge from the mouthful of pie he had just eaten."

* * *

AT THE "TEST MATCH"

Myself when not so young did eagerly frequent
Wicket and Crease and swung my Bat intent
About it and about: but evermore

Came out with that same Score as in I went.

JUNIOR SCHOOL.

Excitement.

We're feeling most excited,
 A letter came to-day—
 It says, " Dear Jane and Tony,
 I hope you'll come and stay
 In my little seaside cottage
 There's room for both of you ;
 So come by boat to-morrow,
 Your loving Auntie Sue. "

MARGARET R. BROWN (Form I.).

Morning.

When the clouds start a-glowing,
 Then the men begin their hoeing.
 When the sunbeams start to rise
 We begin to rub our eyes.
 Then the little busy bee
 Hums to waken you and me.
 Then my horse begins to neigh
 Because he likes the dawning day.
 Now the kettle begins to whistle
 As if he'd gripped a prickly thistle.
 When your jaws begin a-yawning
 You'll be sure the day is dawning.

R. CLARK.

The Stars.

The stars are very beautiful
 With their pure, clear light,
 And how I like to look at them
 All through the night.

They are shiny, bright as silver,
 As they're polished every day
 By little gnomes who live up there,
 And sleep, and work, and play.

They're very jolly little folk,
 And always like to play,
 And oh ! They love a joke and fun,
 But they must work all day.

They play all night through,
 Until coming of day,

Then stars, moon and all
 Vanish away. D. MENZIES.

The Robin's Nest.

As I was in the woods one day,
 I found a robin's nest,
 And in it were three little eggs,
 Eggs of the very best.

The eggs were white with specks of brown,
 They looked like little stones,
 And there I left the nest at rest,
 It was the birds' loved home.

The nest was 'neath a shady tree,
 Outside the castle wall.
 A robin is a little bird
 That's well-beloved by all.

G. GYLE.

Violet.

Sweet flower of midnight-blue
 How lovely you are !
 Lying in your bed of dew
 Just like a star
 Fallen from the sky above
 To bring us love.

Sweet flower of snowy-white
 You seem to sleep ;
 You close so gracefully at night
 When stars do peep.
 But when the sun takes Luna's place
 You ope with grace.

KATHLEEN CHISHOLM (Form II.).

A Beggar's Thought.

Each new morn I quit the barn,
 Which has been lent me for the night,
 And on upon my weary way
 Keep going, till at last a light
 Will show itself, with beams so bright,
 Heralding me from my weary plight,
 Into a world of pure delight,
 Out of a world where malice reigns.
 But that light will shine but dim,
 Till pure pity comes from Him.

ERIC MATHESON (L.V.).

The Brains Trust

A SPECIAL session of the Brains Trust was recently held in Dundee. In case any of our readers did not hear this remarkable broadcast—it was exclusively relayed to the Cannibal Islands and Timbuctoo and was wholly devoted to High School affairs—the following account has been given by our special correspondent.

Mr. Donald M'Culloch, question-master, introduced the members: C. E. M. Joad, Julian Huxley, Dr. Malcolm Sargent, Commander Campbell and Professor Gilbert Murray. The guest member was Dr. Catherine Gavin of Aberdeen University. He mentioned that they were determined to answer the questions from the Dundee High School to the best of their ability. These questions were submitted by more or less distinguished members of the student body. Several questions from members of the Staff were disallowed, chiefly those from the lady members regarding Fire-watching and from male members regarding Cadets and Home Guard as the answers would have given valuable information to the enemy.

The first question submitted was:

"Should the water-tank in the playground be converted into a swimming-pool?"

JOAD: The nomenclature here is somewhat faulty: swimming-pool is the wrong term. I suggest aquarium, for in this way valuable instruction in piscine science could be imparted.

COMMANDER CAMPBELL: I disagree entirely with Joad. I think the tank should be converted into a swimming-pool. In all my extensive travels I have never seen a more imposing artificial lake, complete with "banks and braes." Further, boats could be sailed upon it thereby providing a training in navigation for Sea Cadets. I'm all for supporting the British Navy.

PROFESSOR GILBERT MURRAY: We must not lose sight of its classical background. The Greek pillars of this venerable institution are a continual incentive to those at present experiencing the delights of Latin and Greek literature, and along with exercise derived from aquatic sport, help them to attain the ideal reached by Mr. Thomas M'Laren and the ancient Romans—"mens sana in corpore sano."

DR. MALCOLM SARGENT: Speaking of background I should like to mention the lime trees under whose shady boughs the School orchestra could play Handel's "Water Music" and—(JOAD: And Kingsley's "Water Babies." Ha! ha! ha!)—and especially the "Barcarolle" and "The Swan," while gondolas ply upon the surface of the lake.

DR. GAVIN: When I was a girl I learned that touching poem:

"Four ducks on a pond,
A grass-bank beyond . . .
What a little thing
To remember for years—
To remember with tears."

(Dr. Gavin here broke into sobs.)

MR. M'CULLOCH commented cheerfully: That's the spirit; but we must pass on to the next question which is:

"How can the School Dinners be made more intriguing?"

JOAD: The most intriguing way is to abolish them altogether. Science has shown us the way. Just as one ox may be reduced to an ounce of meat extract, so a seven-course dinner may be concentrated in a single tabloid.

HUXLEY: I agree with Joad—so long as the tabloids contain the requisite number of calories and vitamins. If a student faints at trigonometry or boggles at logs., all he has to do is to swallow a tabloid and *hey presto!* he's as fit as a fiddle again. No more over- or under-done dinners. The laboratory has supplanted the kitchen.

PROFESSOR MURRAY: I believe in Spartan fare—I was brought up on Greek roots myself—but tabloid fare is meagre and thin. The glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome never sprang from tabloids.

COMMANDER CAMPBELL: I agree with my friend Murray. You cannot smell a tabloid: why—you can scarcely see one. Give me a dinner with a taste and a smell—the roast-beef of old England with Yorkshire pudding and all the trimmings. That's the stuff for growing girls and boys.

DR. GAVIN: May I put in a word for my native land—and for smoked haddies from Aberdeen? Stands Scotland where she did? Alas, no! Not until she returns to—

JOAD: Tripe!

DR. GAVIN: I wish to protest, sir! I never advocated tripe.

JOAD: Ha! ha! ha!

M'CULLOCH: Your protest is sustained, Dr. Gavin. I take it that a good case has been made out for more succulent and substantial fare. In any case the tabloids and the tablet might get mixed in a school-boy's pocket. The next question is:

"Should jazz music be cultivated in Schools?"

Joad, what have you got to say?

JOAD: I have to say that the terms are contradictory. There is no connection between jazz and music. Jazz is sheer cacophony.

DR. SARGENT: Hear, hear, Joad. Very learned but very true. Jazz is a monstrosity, a perversion of the laws of rhythm, while crooning is a device of the devil. It is a disease which needs treatment in the nose-and-throat department of a hospital, or in a home for the insane.

DR. GAVIN: As a patriotic Scotswoman I object most emphatically to the "swinging" of "Loch Lomond." The perpetrators, I contend, should be swinging too—at the end of the hangman's rope!

M'CULLOCH: That's the spirit! But I see that Commander Campbell has something to say.

COMMANDER CAMPBELL: I am not a musical genius, but I confess I appreciate rhythm—there's pep and ginger in it. And I admire the technique of the crooner—there's an art in it which not even Joad, so far as I can see, is able to understand.

M'CULLOCH: The answer on points is against jazz. I'm afraid the gallant commander has been fighting against fearful odds. And as I see murder in Joad's eye, we had better tackle the next question which is:

"Can the Brains Trust give any inkling as to what happened to the School Dance?"

At this point Joad broke into loud, raucous laughter, and the wireless abruptly broke down!
C.R.M.

The Tank.

The bureaucrat had laid his eye
On our playground as he passed by.
"Build there a tank!" he said, and thus
A tank there was, without more fuss.
With water it was filled, by hose
And palings soon around it rose.
But what are we to do, O chums,
With this tank, when along there comes
The day of peace? It makes one think,
The while one wanders by the brink.
Perhaps the rulers of this school
Might make of it a swimming pool
After the war. At present, though,
A use for it would be, to throw
Therein those teachers who are past
Repair, thus we should see the last
Of those unfortunates who try
To elevate our minds sky-high—
A hopeless task! Now here I mention
A use that merits prompt attention.
The tank should be well stocked with trout
And other fish, for then, about
Midday, when luncheon is prepared,
Teachers and pupils who are scared
Of rationing might care to ply
A rod and line. Then fish to fry,
Would to the kitchen be transported
And thus the school would be supported.
The sustenance which we would gain
Would well be worth the toil and pain.
The pupils' lunches would improve,
And be out of the usual groove.
Of mince on Monday, stew on Friday
And Wednesday being always pie-day.
The number of our "leavings" passes
Would rise, among both lads and lasses.
The standard of our health would rise;
The doctor then would close his eyes
And dream. His dreams would thenceforth
soar
Above the usual tiresome chore
Of seeing what diseases lurk
Within the pupils—that's his work
At present moment!—but enough!
We've had sufficient of this stuff.
My thoughts now back to normal swivel
And cease the writing of such drivel.

I. H. B. C. (VI.).

Antony Van Leeuwenhoek.

In the field of scientific research great names such as Pasteur, Lister and Paul Ehrlich are known to everyone. Few people have heard of Leeuwenhoek, yet if it had not been for the early work of this pioneer of the microscope the story of Pasteur and his followers might never have existed.

Antony Leeuwenhoek was born in Delft, two hundred and fifty years ago. At this time the world was just beginning to emerge from the Middle Ages. Superstition and ignorance were still rife. Galileo had just been imprisoned for life for daring to prove that the earth moved round the sun. This was no world for a scientist, yet out of it emerged the father of all research scientists.

Antony was the son of respectable burghers, in fact they were brewers, ergo, most respectable, for brewers are highly honoured in Holland. After leaving school at the age of sixteen, Antony became an apprentice in a draper's shop in Amsterdam. At the age of twenty-one he left the shop, went back to Delft, married and set up a shop of his own. For twenty years after that nothing seems to be known of his life.

Lenses were being ground now and it struck friend Antony that it would be fun to look through a lens and see things much bigger than the naked eye could show them. But to buy lenses! No! To his thrifty Dutch soul that would be the height of extravagance. He wanted lenses, however, so off he went to the best spectacle-makers and acquired the rudiments of lens grinding. Then he would fuss over his little lenses for hours grinding them finer and better than the best lens-grinder in Holland. This remarkable man found, while friends scoffed, a way of making a tiny little lens scarcely an eighth of an inch across, but which was so perfect it showed little things to him fantastically clear and enlarged.

Now this draper began to turn his lens on to everything he could get hold of. He spied for the first time the sting of a bee, the crystalline pupil of an ox-eye, the build of animal hairs as well as many other things. He was a cautious man, leaving his specimens sticking on the point of his strange microscope for days

in order to re-observe them. Not until he was perfectly sure his observations were correct would he write an account of them. Only those who were of a philosophical nature were permitted to read his writings, and believe me they were very few.

In the middle of the seventeenth century men were delving into books, making observations of their own and no longer taking the Church's say-so as law. In England an invisible college—it had to be invisible because Cromwell would have hanged them for plotters had he known—was set up. These collegians carried out the crudest experiments which we would laugh at now, but remember that Robert Boyle and Isaac Newton were members of this invisible college. When Charles II. came to the throne, this college came out into the open and was acknowledged as the Royal Society.

There was one man in Delft who did not laugh at Leeuwenhoek, and that was Regnier de Graaf, whom the gentlemen of the Royal Society had elected a member. De Graaf had peered through Antony's lenses and seen the weird things he had discovered. He, de Graaf, straightway communicated with the Royal Society. "Get Antony Leeuwenhoek to write you telling of his discoveries," he wrote. So Antony was requested to become a corresponding member of the society. Our friend complied with this request in a long rambling letter written in conversational Dutch, which had to be translated to the learned men. The Society was amazed by the marvellous things related in this strange letter.

From this time onwards a regular correspondence was kept up between Leeuwenhoek and the Royal Society.

Antony went on improving his skill in grinding lenses until one day he turned a tiny gold mounted toy of a lens upon a drop of clear pure water and saw . . .

What he saw in that seemingly pure drop of water gave rise years later to the discoveries made by Pasteur. You would have thought that a drop of water could contain nothing but water. Leeuwenhoek peered through his lens and exclaimed excitedly, "There are

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little animals in this rainwater . . . they swim! they play around!" This was Leeuwenhoek's day of days. This shop-keeper of Delft had broken in upon a world where minute sub-visible creatures lived and bred unknown to man, but which were of such a nature as ravaged and annihilated whole races of men just as surely as the death-spitting war machines of the present day.

By numerous clever yet amazingly simple little experiments Antony proved that distilled water was free of little microbes but as soon as it came in contact with impurities these tiny creatures appeared in thousands. He wrote to the Royal Society telling them of his discoveries. A few members scoffed at him, but more believed him, for they had learned by experience that Antony was a very accurate man. By another set of experiments he proved that if liquid or other matter was heated to a high temperature the little animals were killed immediately.

If Antony failed to see that these innumerable wee beasties of his were the cause of certain human diseases we must not blame him for he was a pioneer who blazed a trail which many others were to follow.

"Poise."

THE pigeon rose slowly and gently off its nest of youngsters and hopped lightly on to the nearest branch. Its claws took a strong grip of the branch as it leaned forward to fly off. Its little head moved to left and to right as it surveyed the landscape, sending a gleam of green, red and purple fire down its glossy neck; its beady red eyes sparkled; it closed its feathers tight against its body; it braced its deep strong wings which stuck out slightly from the shoulders, ready to open out; the little tertiary feather protuded from its wings like the ears of a dog on the alert, its grey and black tail, which was pushed well back to preserve its balance, trembled, revealing the great internal strain. Its red feet moved restlessly along the branch, as if it were running over the details of flying in its mind, as one scratches one's head or thumps one's fingers on a desk when one is thinking. After, as it seemed, counting ten, it sprang into the air and rose over the breezes with its strong wing-beats.

Features of Innocence.

YESTERDAY I happened to be glancing through the pages of one of the well-known illustrated papers when I saw a photograph which impressed me very much and caused me no little thought. The picture was of a little girl—about five years old—who was kneeling down in prayer.

Her face seemed to reflect for me all that was pure and good on earth and her wide open eyes seemed to say, "I love what I have seen of your beautiful world—show me more." That was the problem. It did my heart good to realise that there were still some human beings who saw nothing but good and beauty in life; but the last sentence that that innocent young face seemed to express rather disturbed me. We are at present in the middle of a conflict which is unparalleled in its hatred and destruction. We live in a world where all the pleasures of life are swamped by all the evils and wicked acts of men. I think that our war-aim, which is so often discussed, should be dismissed with the statement that it is simply to win the war. Our peace-aim is our problem and to my mind such phrases as "To make the world safe for democracy" should also be relegated to their proper place. My peace-aim will be, "To create such a world that the expression on that little child's face shall remain there until she dies."

Ode to a Neep.

In youth, a skinny weed strewn down the field,
O'er thee our heavy hoes we sadly wield,
And to our blows full oft thou hast to yield,
And die a muddy death.

Perchance, full grown, thou'rt eaten by the
coos,
Who show appreciation by their moos,
And with their teeth thy lovely form abuse,
And chew in cooish breath.

We can't imagine how it really feels
To be pulled up from long and muddy dreels,
And placed in pot for someone's midday meals,
—A tragic end i' faith.

And yet, O fair plant, we do wish thee well,
Although our pleasure thou didst oft-times
quell—
A leafy top and root that grows pell-mell
—May you and yours hae baith! J. G.

"Flight."

WHEN confronted with the word "Flight" as a subject for an essay, a series of pictures passed through my mind. My first reaction was, I suppose, typical of the modern schoolboy. I immediately thought of the aeroplane—one of the most up-to-date manifestations of man's inventive powers. I wondered whether the aeroplane would eventually supersede all other methods of travel and whether one day, we would find aeroplanes as common as motor cars are to-day. This interpretation was, however, only a recent one and I wondered how an eighteenth century schoolboy would have thought when someone mentioned "Flight" to him. "Poor chap," I thought, "he'd only think of birds. He didn't know what he was missing."

Then I thought of another interpretation which was also open to my eighteenth-century counterpart. "Flight" signifying an escape. This was perhaps the oldest meaning of the word and as I pondered over it I realised that it was in reality the greatest and grimmest interpretation.

I saw a country road in France some two years ago. The road was filled with a mass of jostling, panic-stricken people, their possessions piled high on farm-carts. They were struggling along, they knew not where. Their one idea was to flee from the death-traps that had once been their homes and which now were targets for the enemy's bombers. But were they safe now?

A low roar was heard in the distance and it gradually increased as a flight of aeroplanes appeared. Some of the peasants tried to take cover in the ditches at the roadside and others lay cowering under their carts—in vain.

Down swooped the black-bellied monsters with a rattle of machine-gun fire and, as they soared up again, there was a crash of high-explosive bombs. A few faces were lifted from the ground and a bloody sight met their terror-stricken gaze. The road was piled high with dead; household goods were rent and scattered. That little French girl lying there maybe once thought of "Flight" as connected with the pigeons that fluttered around the farm where she lived but she saw a deadlier meaning before she died.

A Small Tribute to the R.A.F.

Onward, to glory, or to death.
Those valiant men of the R.A.F.
Ready always, night and day,
Eagerly waiting, to be in the fray.

When night is ended, up comes the sun.
The call goes round, "Here comes the Hun!"
The pilots come out with gladdening eye,
Their object is, to do or die.

Those men with the coats of blue,
Who fly in the morning, with the dew,
Who stunt and do the victory roll,
On returning from the Dawn Patrol.

Those men who save us night and day,
Who risk their lives in many a fray,
Fighting for the things they love,
Battling against the odds above.

So let us give them oft a thought,
Those men, who Britain's safety bought.
For us, they dare all, even to death,
Those valiant men of the R.A.F.

G. WALLACE LOCKHART (Form II.).

The Local Derby.

One thing above others makes Mr. L. ratty,
Sometimes we think that he'll even go batty—
It's when those cart-horses go trundling down
The streets outside on their way to town.

They make such a din that our lessons must
stop,
We hear only carts' rattle and the horses' clip-
clop,
And *still* those horses and carts with a roar
In slow succession, continue to pour—

Till our ears are almost deafened, we find,
As carts lumber along with a noise not too
pleasant,
And rumble and grind, as they slowly wind
Their meandering way down Euclid Crescent.

With many a squeak and many a moan,
With many a creak and many a groan,
Down by the school and round the bend,
Their harshly-grating way they wend.

No bets or wagers are laid on this race,
Of cheering crowd—alas!—not a trace,
For no more than a mile an hour's the pace
When this daily "Local Derby" takes place.



[Photos. by D. & W. Prophet.

Back Row—C. Rintoul. J. Taylor. B. Stevenson (Capt.). N. Galloway.

Front Row—S. Kinnear. J. Richardson.

Back Row—D. K. R. Lawson. A. I. Stewart. I. R. Paterson. Mr George Bruce (President).

I. T. Carrie. A. R. Murray. W. G. Grant.

Front Row—W. D. Carswell. W. R. Murray. J. I. Tullis. J. L. R. Kirkaldy. A. A. F. Bryson.

Tennis Team, 1942.

Cricket Team 1st XI., 1942.

**Dundee High School
Magazine.**

Spring.

WITH the Easter vacation over, school-life begins afresh with a far more pleasant atmosphere to surround work and play.

For the past four months we have lived in a dull and desolate world. During that period winter reigned supreme upon the earth, leaving distress, misery and destruction in its path. For four months the storms have raged in the grey heavens, sending wind, rain, sleet and snow to chill and blast and flood.

But winter with all its gloom is not perpetual, and so, as the sun travelled farther north winter left us slowly but surely.

At last the long-awaited Spring has come !

“The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green fields sleep in the sun ;

Like an army defeated
The snow has retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill ;
The plough boy is whooping—anon—anon ;
There's joy in the mountains ;
There's life in the fountains ;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue skies prevailing ;
The rain is over and gone ! ”

Dame Nature has grown from a death-like sleep into new and beautiful life. Daffodils, crocuses, and many other flowers are beginning to bloom in the gardens. Up in the woods snowdrops and primroses peep forth through a bank of ferns. Buds are beginning to appear on the trees and indeed on some of the old knotted and gnarled branches, the buds have burst and rich green foliage is beginning to show Spring is here ! I.M.

Dundee High School Old Girls' Club.

WE take this opportunity of sending heartiest greetings to all Old Girls and specially to those who are at present serving with His Majesty's Forces. Our thoughts are also with those, and there are quite a number, whose homes are in the Far East. We hope they are all safe and well.

We are delighted to welcome our new members and hope that they will find it possible to attend the Reunion, which, it was proposed at the Annual General Meeting, should be held this year, as last, on a Saturday afternoon towards the end of September.

It may interest members to know that with the sum of money which we handed over as a retiral gift to Jessie she purchased Savings Certificates. Along with the money she received a flowering plant.

We would once again ask members if they would be good enough to notify us of change of name and address.

The following are the office-bearers and Executive Committee elected at the Annual General Meeting :—

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

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

President—Mrs. Walker, Newport.

Vice-Presidents—Mrs. Wm. Locke, Miss B. H. Robertson.

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

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

Executive Committee—Mrs. Ritchie (Nelson Terrace), Mrs. G. F. Ritchie, Miss Frances Laird, Miss F. Fargie, Miss M. Cargill, Mrs. M'Pherson (M. Anderson), Miss J. Mathers, Mrs. Wm. Allan, Dr. W. Smith, Miss J. Gordon, Miss Keil, Mrs. Luke, Miss Margaret Hutton, Miss M. K. Borland, Miss Edith Lee, Miss K. Stevenson (*ex officio*).

It is with a deep sense of loss that we place on record the deaths of Mrs. D. B. Mathers and Miss Peat. We shall miss very much the real interest which they took in the Club.

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

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Dundee High School Old Boys' Club.

THE Old Boys' Club has very little to report at this time as owing to so many of our Members being on Active Service we have not held our usual Outings or Matches this year.

We are glad to report that many of the boys who left School last year have now joined the Club and we take this opportunity of welcoming them among us.

The deaths of Sub-Lieut. Lindsay J. Millar (1927-1938), William Keir (1924-1930) and Col. P. S. Nicoll (1874-1879) are recorded with deep regret.

A number of our Members have been posted Missing in recent months and our sympathies are extended to their friends and relatives during the period of waiting.

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

Midshipman D. I. Kidd, M.N.
Surg. Lt. Cdr. Walter G. Campbell, R.N.V.R.
Cadet Alexander F. Niven, O.C.T.U., R.E.
Radio Officer James S. Nicoll.
Telegraphist W. M. Osler.
2nd. Lt. George C. Stalker, R.A.
Aircraftman Alastair C. Stalker, R.A.F.
Radio Officer D. Ian Smith, M.N.
L.-Cpl J. Geddes, Signallers, R.A.
Lieut. D. Hackney, I.A.
A.C.2 D. G. M'Call, R.A.F.
Cadet C. Smellie, O.C.T.U.
Cadet J. Johnston, R.A.S.C.

Promotions.

Lieut. Alex. S. M'Call, I.A., to Captain and Adjutant.
Lieut. Ian G. M'Call promoted Captain on the field in Libya.
Cadet J. C. Spence to 2nd Lieut., transferred to I.A.
Cadet A. D. Spence to 2nd Lieut., Rajputana Rifles.
L/Cpl. Joyce C. Elder—Instructress, Radio-location.

Cpl. Ian MacLagan, R.E. Took part in Commando raid on St. Nazaire. Reported missing: now reported prisoner of war.

Pro Patria.

Robert G. W. Beveridge, R.A.F.V.R. Killed in Middle East, April, 1942.
William Keir, B.Sc. District Commissioner, Kenya. Killed on 21st April, 1942.
Sub-Lieut. Lindsay J. Millar, R.N.V.R. Killed on active service, March, 1942.
Colonel W. A. Robertson, C.B.E., M.C., T.D., R.A.M.C. Died 26th March, at Stammlager VIIIB, Germany.
Captain W. N. Taylor, I.A. Killed on Singapore Island, 20th May, 1942.

Reports.

Cricket Report, 1st XI.

The 1st XI. has had a successful season. The first game, played against Forfar Academy, resulted in a time-draw. Continuing, the team gained six successive victories in school matches, and suffered their only defeat of the season again a strong varsity side. The batting has been consistently good throughout the season and, although largely inexperienced, all members of the side have shown keenness and enthusiasm, and promise well for the future.

There has been a dearth of bowlers, but those who

have bowled, have done reasonably well. Lack of variety in this department has proved rather a handicap at times. The fielding close to the wicket has been of a high standard, but the out-fielding could be improved. Five games have yet to be played, one of them against a team captained by the Rector, and including some members of the staff.

The team this year is composed mainly of young players, who, under the tuition of Mr. Stark, should make a very good 1st XI. next season.

We take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Bruce,

as President of the Club, Mr. Stark, as coach, and all other members of the staff for the interest they have shown in the welfare of the team, and for the time they have devoted in helping to make this season a really successful and enjoyable one for all.

J. I. TULLIS.

Cricket Report, 2nd XI.

So far this year the 2nd XI, have failed to emulate the fine example set by their seniors in the 1st XI. Of the four games already played, only one can be written off as a victory in their favour. Lack of experience is probably the greatest drawback and as a consequence team work has suffered. Some excellent individual play has been seen, which promises very well for the future.

Cadet Report.

Since the last issue of the Magazine the School Cadet Corps has undergone a few changes. For the majority of the boys the kilt has become a thing of the past and battle-dress has taken its place. Only the under-fourteens retain highland dress while the over-seventeens are in the battle-dress of the local Home Guard.

We congratulate Major Marshall on his promotion to second in command of the new Cadet Battalion, and we welcome Lieutenant Halliday to our ranks. Sergeant-Instructor Stark also has offered his services to the Company and we are very glad to welcome him. We congratulate C.S.M. Lawson and C.Q.M.S. Barbieri on their appointment to the permanent camp staff at Cortachy this summer.

It is interesting to note that the regimental numbers of the new National Cadet Force begin with the School Cadet Company and the illuminated enrolment form designed by Lieutenant Halliday, which represents No. 1, is in the name of Sergeant Stephen P. Burnett. We are proud of this honour.

Parades for the remainder of the term will be held at the grounds and will continue until 5 p.m. This should be a great help in preparing all ranks for our fortnight's camp and enable us to settle down to our work there more readily.

This year should be a record one so far as numbers go; one hundred and twenty cadets should make camp a real good show and well worth while. All we want now is good weather and we can only hope that the sun may shine.

Cadets, you are doing a grand job and the School is

proud of you for it. You have a fine tradition to maintain as No. 1 Company of the City of Dundee Battalion, you have also a big responsibility. We are confident that you will carry on the good work and fine example of those who have served in the Corps in the past.

No. 1 Company—FOR-WARD!

T. M'L.

Guide Report.

We have just come to the end of a successful session at Guides. Owing to early black-out we were unable to hold meetings during the winter term although nature notes were continued as usual. Meetings were resumed again at Easter and a number of recruits were enrolled.

Isobel Henderson assumed leadership of the Chaffinch Patrol when the former leader left.

On behalf of the Company I extend sincere thanks to the officers for their keen interest and help throughout the session.

S. E. M'C.

Tennis Report.

We had a disappointing beginning to our tennis season this year as our first match, which was against Morgan Academy, had to be cancelled on account of bad weather. The team which consists of S. Kinnear and B. Stevenson, N. Galloway and J. Richardson, C. Rintoul and J. Taylor, has played very well so far.

We were again fortunate in gaining the services of Miss East, who gave us, on two occasions, good coaching and sound advice.

There was quite a good entry this year for the Tennis Championship and many close ties took place. E. Johnston of Form 3 did exceedingly well in reaching the finals but was defeated by B. Stevenson after three hard-fought sets.

We take this opportunity of thanking Miss Whytock for the interest she has displayed in our matches.

The results of matches are as follows:—

May 16—Morgan Academy	..	Cancelled.
May 23—Madras College		5-1
May 30—Harris Academy		7-1

We have still to play Morgan Academy and our return matches with Madras College and Harris Academy.

B. F. S.

