

THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. 86

APRIL 1943

SIXPENCE



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Editorial.

“ Yet once more, O ye Laurels and once more
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never-sear,
I com to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing
year.”

KNOWING but too well how remote is this mellowing year, the editor slowly, but deliberately, takes up the infamous editorial pen, now almost thirty years old, and sadly needing replacement, and starts to write. This job proves even more difficult than usual owing to the exceptionally mild winter and pleasant spring. Such occurrences, to say the least, seldom occur, and former editors seem to have entirely overlooked the possibility, leaving no witty and apt remarks for your present editor to include in this editorial.

Turning to more important results of the good weather, sport in the School has decidedly thrived throughout the term. Rugby enthusiasm has remained constantly high in both school and Class XV.'s. Travelling restrictions have unfortunately greatly curtailed the number of matches possible, but we wish to congratulate the 1st and 2nd XV.s on playing hard, lively rugby and upholding the School's honour against only too few opponents. We are also pleased to note the success of the 1st and 2nd Hockey XI.'s in the many games they have played throughout the term

January 14th brought a musical treat, to the lower forms of the upper School, in the form of a children's concert given by the B.B.C.

Scottish Orchestra in the Caird Hall. On the 10th and 17th of March large School audiences attended the Repertory Theatre to see a performance of Sheridan's "The Rivals." Both entertainments were enjoyed by all present.

With the evil shadow of the Leavings now passed, many pupils, who have long been asking

. . . ah, why

Should life all labour be?

are looking forward to a pleasant third term.

We are pleased to note a large increase in the weekly target for the War Savings Campaign, and expect to smash, in the "Wings for Victory Week," our return of £400 in War Weapons Week.

Captain Gibson of the Naval Recruiting Board delivered an interesting lecture to the senior boys, illustrating it with many lantern slides. While on a naval note, we should like to mention the interest with which we have all watched the growth of Mr. Halliday's portrayal of the Battle of Narvik. We should like to congratulate him on the successful completion of such a big job in so short a time.

In conclusion the editor wishes all associated with the School a happy Easter and a pleasant holiday.

* * * * *

For some years now the Old Girls' Club has sent an annual gift of books to the School Library, and even in war-time it is keeping up this gracious custom. This session the

library receives nine volumes from the series "Britain in Pictures." Thanks O.G.C. : these gifts are much appreciated.

* * * *

Congratulations to Margaret Main and Pauline Quig on passing their final M.B., Ch.B.

* * * *

Congratulations to Major J. Graham Ross of the Paratroops on winning the D.S.O. "The courage and leadership of this officer throughout the operation was of the highest order"—so runs the official report.

We are all very glad to know that George

Blair is safe, though a prisoner in Japanese hands.

But it was with deep sorrow that we heard of the death of Lt. J. F. Cooper. Lt. Cooper gave his life in a gallant attempt to put out a fire in an ammunition truck which threatened the safety of a convoy. Our sympathy goes out to his wife who, as Marjory Bruce, was also an old pupil of the School.

* * * *

PLEASE NOTE.—Any corrections, promotions or additions to the list of F.P.'s serving with the Forces should be sent to Miss Falconer, High School.

Middle East Notes.

MR. TAYLOR, of the Classical Department, now an L.A.C. with the R.A.F. in the Middle East, sends in a recent letter some interesting details of his life out there. We quote a few extracts :—

"Even in this land of barren earth, we are given little or no time to spare with a frequently returning rota of watches, and most of the interspatia filled by navying at odd jobs, with pick, shovel and crowbar. But at some time or another I have been in Baghdad, Damascus, Jerusalem, Basra, Suez, Heliopolis, Ismailia, Cairo and Amman. The only experience of leave I've had in about a year (for I reached the Middle East in May, 1942) was a 'pass' of four days which I spent with a friend in Jerusalem, where we had a rush round sightseeing, which was engrossing. The new part of Jerusalem is like the West End of London, though, of course, much smaller, with multitudes of ultra-modern blocks of flats, really beautiful to look upon, with the finest of shops, all the work of Jews naturally; but it was the historic old city within its perfect walls of Saladin's time that interested me most, especially the citadel. Damascus, of course, shows strong French influence, especially the boulevarded roads in the residential quarter, and French is widely spoken. In that town there is the finest arcade of shops I've seen, where the super-abundant bales of multi-coloured silk catch the eye, not forgetting the carpets and silverware. But generally in all these places where

you find native Arab quarters you find unbounded filth and no sanitation whatsoever; of all the cities I mentioned only new Jerusalem has a system of street drainage.

At home people complain of ever-rising costs, but it can hardly compare with *this* part of the Middle East in particular, for it is the most expensive of the lot. Butter costs 12s. per lb., and sugar 1s. 6d. per lb., and most commodities are so dear that we cannot think to buy; a bottle of very ordinary ink costs 5s. and we cannot get that or other things in our canteens to surmount the difficulty. We are rationed, too, in our canteens; cigarettes, e.g., at 60 per week. A cup of tea costs 6½d., a bottle of beer 9s. to 18s., whisky, etc., is £3 to £5.

The land in which we have our camp is desert, though quite unlike the Western, Syrian and Sinai deserts which, as you know, are of yellow sand; this desert of ours is of barren earth, baked and hardened so much by centuries of terrific heat that hardly a weed can grow in it, for its consistency is well-nigh that of cement. In spite of the fact we are not actually south of the tropic of Cancer, this area is reckoned to be one of the hottest inhabited areas on earth (we are near a town); summer *shade* temperatures are from 130° to 140°, and at one large R.A.F. station last year 136° was registered at midnight; hence, one finds quite a new physical ailment—without exposure to the sun, men are liable to "Heat-stroke." I am not, accordingly, looking for-

ward to summer which extends from May to October. Yesterday while I was out of camp, *there came over a cloud of flying ants, each about half an inch long, and many still hang about; they brought too (quite a rarity) many birds.*

All along the horizon's edge is vegetation in the form of groves of date-palms which extend as far as a mighty river, fast-flowing and muddy. The nearby town is the least interesting, I think, of all those I've seen, and probably the filthiest. There is quite a good subscription library attached to the English Church, and here you can buy anything in the shops, if willing to pay ten times the English price; the latter is the only way in which anything is rationed.

There are many historic places I've been near but unable to visit; among these were Petra and Jerash (the Romano-Greek name was Philadelphia, the popular name being

Semitic), which unhappily I have only seen in photograph; at Amman I saw a fine arena of the time of Hadrian and the ruins of the Roman citadel. All these places have suffered through the Arab practice of removing masonry to build their own hovels, but fortunately Roman architecture is massive and Arabs are born lazy, so that much of the visible signs of Roman culture remains.

We live here in tents and have been flooded out a dozen times, but with the promise, or threat rather, of summer I have dug down the floor of mine some three feet, and in the process found many fragments of pottery, a few of which were coloured, possibly relics of the Medes of long ago."

* * * *

Mr. Taylor ends his letter by saying that he is fit and well. He sends his best wishes to all the staff.

The Peregrine.

IN the air there is no British bird to equal the Peregrine Falcon for dexterity and speed. It is estimated that a Falcon in good condition will travel at round about 150 miles per hour.

Peregrines are the birds used in Falconry. The Falcon is the name given to the female. Being the larger, she is sent up after birds such as herons or geese, while the male, known as the Tiercel, is used against partridges, grouse and the smaller game. The young Peregrine in Falconry is known as the Eya.

With the eagle the Peregrine is one of our earliest nesting birds. At first the nest, usually placed on some high inaccessible cliff, is little more than a scrape. Soon, however, it becomes lined with bones and feathers and pieces of fur. The same site is used year after year, and in the course of a few seasons the nest often becomes quite a bulky structure. The eggs—three or four in number—are a beautiful brown colour blotched and mottled with deep red.

The young Peregrines when hatched are covered with a white down. They leave the nest when about six weeks old but remain in the neighbourhood for a considerable time afterwards. The parents educate them care-

fully before finally leaving them to fend for themselves.

When the nesting season is over Peregrines travel far. Their range is world-wide but for some unknown reason they are not met with in Iceland. While travelling from place to place they usually attach themselves to flocks of other birds and in consequence are never short of food.

Though causing a great deal of damage to other forms of bird life yet in limited numbers they are not so deadly as many species which are tolerated everywhere. One of their worst vices is that of killing for sport. They will strike down bird after bird apparently for the sheer joy of killing. On the sea-cliffs where puffins are constantly flying to and fro a Peregrine may perch on a projecting rock, high above the sea. As the hapless puffins fly beneath the Peregrine will swoop and strike sending one victim after another hurtling to the rocks below. They are such adept killers, however, that they seldom leave a victim lying disabled to die a slow miserable death.

The Great Black-backed Gull is a fiend compared with the Peregrine. These great gulls often kill with extreme cruelty, disem-

howling their prey and leaving them to die in agony.

Some time ago I located a Peregrine's eyrie high on a cliff on the west coast of Scotland. While I was watching the birds one day, two Rock Doves landed on the shore nearby. I was partly concealed by a rock and the Doves started to feed among the shingle, apparently unaware of my presence. Chancing to look up, I saw the Peregrines in the air. Suddenly the Tiercel dropped straight on the Doves. A few feet from the ground he pulled up; the Doves rose and made off but the falcon immediately stooped at one of them. This bird dropped to the ground again while the other made good its escape.

When the Rock Dove landed, the male Peregrine came down on it, again forcing it into the air where the Falcon attempted to strike but, just in time, the Dove dropped to the ground. This went on for some time until it became obvious that the Dove was about done. I stepped out from my shelter

and stood up. At first the birds appeared not to see me but suddenly the Dove, which had been crouching on the ground, began to flutter in my direction. It rose and came straight towards me with the Falcon close behind and a little above. The Dove passed over my shoulder, one wing almost flicking my face. The Falcon followed at terrific speed. When about arm's length away she opened her wings and shot high overhead. Her mate joined her and together, after circling once or twice, they soared back to the eyrie. I looked round to see what had become of the Dove. It was crouching close to a rock. When I approached it flew off, rather erratically, just skimming the rocks. The Peregrines made no attempt to follow.

Peregrines seldom lift their prey from the ground. They usually strike in mid air, then turn and swoop, catching their victim before it reaches the ground. Should they miss on the first attack they hardly ever try a second time.

T. S. H.

Forestry for Beginners.

A Glossary.

Axe—(A.S., *eax*). Note the unusual spelling due to the backward nature of the Anglo-Saxon. Pronounced ECKS. Physically wonderful instrument obeying Gibb's Law.
viz., $w_2 = 2w_1 = w_1 + w_1$
where w_2 = wt. in lbs. at 5 p.m.
 w_1 = wt. in lbs. at 8 a.m.

Bonus—(Latin *bonus* = good). Note "good" comes to the recipients—not to all who work for it. Pronounced BAWNUS. An extra sum of money received by men in charge of mill, and discussed in Forestry dialect (see *swear*) by other workers in general.

Bogey—(Dv. unknown—no wonder). Probably from bogey coming from bogle = devil, and hence evil spirit. Pronounced BOWGEE. Decidedly evil contraption incorporating such devices as skeeds (see *skeeds*) and peens (see *peens*). N.B.—Peet claims an alternative meaning, viz., a wet condition of the ground.

Cross-cut—(cross, Latin *crux*). Pronounced CROWS-CUT.

(1) An aimless occupation in which there is much give and take on both sides.

(2) Evil process of increasing the number of pieces of wood lying about (crux-crooks, .*evil*).

Davy Broom—(Dv. Salvage = *scrap heap*). Metal erection used to break bridges, bogeys, etc., also to empty loads of wood into ditches. Often to be seen half buried in sawdust heaps, mud, etc. Pronounced *****!!

Gaffer—(Dv. *gaff* = *iron hook*: *fer* = *iron*. Hence tough gentleman.)

(1) Gentleman in charge who is paid to blow 1 whistle 9 times daily.

... 9 whistles in 9 hrs.

... 1 whistle in 1 hr.

... Pay = 1/4 per whistle.

(2) Originator of forestry dialect (see *swear*).

Hag—(A.S., *haegtis* = *witch*). Hence that which is burned. Pronounced HAAG. All sorts of waste wood which is burned to keep workers warm and to boil kettles.

Also used to smoke out mill and stop production—and hence no bonus.

Keel—(Dv. unknown. Do not confuse with part of M.O.'s boat). Pronounced KEEL.

- (1) Used by gaffer to measure trees.
- (2) Used by Mr. More to prove Pythagoras.
- (3) Chalk—but chalk is calcium carbonate.

... Keel Chalk
= Calcium Sulphate. (Apply A. Wardlaw.)

Midyokin'—(Dv., mid = *between yokin'* = *working a la Mannie Cook, Gibb, etc.*) Pronounced MUDYOKUN.

- (1) Time when one is officially not working.
- (2) Time between times when one is unofficially not working.
- (3) The process by which 10 mins = $\frac{1}{4}$ hr. = $\frac{1}{2}$ hr.
i.e., 10 = 15 = 30 . . . Tam's Law.

Mill—(A.S., mylen, Latin *mola*). Pronounced MULL.

- (1) A pugilistic fight between man and nature.
- (2) Place where men in charge receive bonuses for work done by other workers.
- (3) Place frequently smoked out. (Note double meaning.)

Peens—(Origin doubtful but usually found in plural.) Pronounced PEEENS.

Things sticking up in holes on bogey (see *bogey*) ow'r tae which (note dialect) things are rolled after being rolled up things for rolling things up on (see *skeeds*).

Skeeds—(cf. skid = *slide*; see *Davey Broon* in ditches.) Pronounced as spelt—for no apparent reason.

Things for rolling things up on, on which things are rolled up on way ow'r tae peens (see *peens*). Note close connection between peens and skeeds and bogey.

2 skeeds + 4 peens + 4 wheels = 1 bogey (?)

Sned—(Probably ancient exclamation on meeting with long-lost friend Edward.) Pronounced SNEED (both e's as in sned.)

- (1) Ca' in' doddies aff o' trees.
- (2) Ca' in' trees aff o' doddies.

Swear—(Unknown to D.H.S.) Pronounced ***!; cf. *Davy Broon*.

- (1) Dialect used by forestry workers to describe gaffers, bonuses, Davy Broon, etc. (see *gaffer*).
- (2) Dialect not understood by D.H.S.

Tonnage—(ton = *weight* : *age*). Hence that which ages one by means of its weight. Pronounce TUNNUDE.

- (1) Useless wood which is made use of.
- (2) Loaded on to lorries and *vice versa* with respect to peens (see *peens*).

Timber—(**!***!?) Pronounced WID.

- (1) Root of all evil.
- (2) Underlying cause, principle, etc., of the whole business.
- (3) Cause of gaffers, Davy Broon, dialects, etc.

Whistle—(cf. noise made when opponent trumps ace in whist). Pronounced WHUSSEL.

- (1) Small metal object with metal ball and various holes to be blown through.
- (2) Blown by gaffers 9 times per day, and referees ($\frac{2}{3}$)ⁿ per 90 mins.

August—September 1939.

A butterfly alighted on the sun-soaked roof
and spread its brittle wings;
Spread them to absorb the heat
stored in the rough, red tiles;
Flattened itself against the tiling,
to shelter from the wind.
The wind was autumn's preface,
blowing from the East,
saturated with eruptive pollen.
Plans were maturing on the trees;
harsh caterpillars gnawed the choicest
blooms;
Dragons' Teeth dropped from the splitting
husks,
when gorse pods detonated in
the noon.
All over Europe the eggs were hatching,
bringing forth destructive larvae.

I. A. L.

Diplomatic Exchange.

IT was a very hot dull Sunday afternoon and the Diplomatic Ship lay alongside Ballard Pier, Bombay. The sky was leaden and it was doubtful if the monsoon would be kind to those who were embarking.

Up the gangway the enemy or technically "Diplomatic Passengers" were streaming two by two. They had to pass an armed sentry at the foot and show numerous passes and passports. Also standing at the foot of the gangway was one of those quaint Bombay native policemen with his bare feet, blue suit and yellow balmoral and of course his umbrella. Along the quayside as far as the eye could see was the baggage of the passengers arranged alphabetically and awaiting shipment.

Embarkation commenced at two in the afternoon and was completed by midnight and the ship left for the anchorage and there waited several days until our safe-conduct had come through the Swedish government from Japan and the Axis powers. Whilst lying in the stream in Bombay the Japanese must have realised that all our Royal and Merchant Naval craft had not yet been sunk.

The passengers were on the whole members of the Japanese consular service and spoke and understood English perfectly. Some of them had even been through the Battle of Britain.

One's main impression during the voyage to Lourenco Marques was that though they were naturally anti-British they were not on the whole pro-Nazi. The trip across the Indian Ocean passed without incident and the fact that we were all lit up was a welcome rest for the personnel of the ship. We had five or six deaths en route and the dead were buried at sea with full Japanese rites even to the extent of being sewn in a Japanese Ensign. The deaths were due to illness contracted before embarkation. Every morning at eight o'clock the passengers mustered on the fore deck and bowed to their Emperor or the Rising Sun; they then went through a course of physical training and for the rest of the day lived a life quite European in its routine.

When we arrived at Lourenco Marques, the capital of Portuguese East Africa, we sailed past the *Tatsuta Maru*, the first of the exchange ships from Japan. We were greeted with

rousing cheers from the British Diplomats on board, who had nearly all managed to smuggle a small Union Jack with them which they were waving enthusiastically. Most of them looked very well and fit though some seemed rather sad and tired. We had three weeks in Lourenco Marques whilst the exchange was taking place and had the unique experience of mixing with people of all nations. It was rather interesting to note that owing to the shortage of medicines and anaesthetics in Japan, Portuguese shopkeepers had been warned not to sell any such goods. There is no doubt that Japanese subjects are officially instructed to buy as great a quantity as they possible can of any goods that are short-in Japan, such as leather goods, tobacco, drugs and clothes.

After the second exchange ship, the *Kamakura Maru*, had arrived we took our complement of South Africans on board and took them to Durban, Natal. The British were taken by other two allied ships to Britain.

J. M. A. G.

Dusk.

When dusk has come
And soothed the rose to sleep,
And 'neath the nodding trees
'The shadows creep,
When star-like daisies
Shut their eyes,
And in the pool
Below them, lies
A clear reflection
Of the skies,
Where real stars shine,
Then all is peace, tranquil and calm,
And Beauty stretches forth her arm
As if to say: "All this is mine!
'These flowers, these trees,
Oh, man! so wise,
Behold ye not my works of art
With grateful eyes?"

And thus, contentedly I sigh
As on the garden seat I lie
In perfect bliss,
Wond'ring to see the twilight fall.
I would not miss for all the world
An evening such as this!

R. P. S.

1st XV. *Standing*.—G. Hutton. R. Ferguson. D. I. Robertson. I. Paterson. G. Johnston.
J. Brown. D. Black. C. Crammond. A. Murray. G. Grant.

Sitting.—M. Cross. I. Carrie. I. Duguid (*Capt.*). A. Bryson. A. F. Baird. (*Abs.*, M. McKenzie.)



[Photos. by D. & W. Prophet.

2nd XV. *Standing*.—I. Robertson. M. Barrie. G. High. G. Hynd. W. Wallace. A. Doig.
M. Dorward. D. Ross. R. M'Kelvie.

Sitting.—G. Ferguson. A. Bell. J. Gyle (*Capt.*). M. Skinner. A. Boyd.

Rugby Teams,
Session 1942-43.

Dundee High School
Magazine.

“Phone Calls.”

BURR-BURR . . . burr-burr . . . burr-burr !

THREE 'phones ring in three different houses, three soldiers are waiting to speak to three different ladies. How will they be received? Let's cut in on the wire and see. "Hullo, hullo, aye, this is Inverdocherty 1212, Maggie McTavish speaking . . . who wants me? . . . Private Angus McDonald! . . . oh dear, it's my lad, I'm all forfauchen . . . Hullo, Angus, is that yersel' . . . aye, this is me. My, but it's wonderful to hear your voice, ye might jist be ben the hoose. But, Angus, it must be costing ye an awful lot . . . what, one and sixpence. Oh, Angus, I'll no' enjoy it for thinking on the expense . . . What, ye dinna care, Angus McDonald! I'm some thinking the army's had a demoralising effect on ye . . . What's that, how am I? Och, I'm fine, Angus, but the coo's are missing ye. Yon wee black an' white ane misses ye the most . . . What's that, ye didna ring me up to speak aboot coos! What did ye want, then, it must be awfa' important to be worth a' that siller. . . . What's that ye're saying, will I marry ye? . . . Angus McDonald! On a public telephone, an' all! . . . I canna think. . . . ye've fair taken my breath awa' . . . listen, there's the peeps, dinna say another word or they'll charge ye. I'll send ye my answer on a post card. Ta-ta, Angus."

"Hullo, hullo, yes, this is Lady Plumage speaking . . . Who wants me? . . . Trunks? Trunks? What kind of trunks, elephant trunks or travelling trunks? . . . A trunk call, of course, how stupid of me, I quite forgot you made them . . . Well, go ahead, my girl, I'm all ears . . . What! You thought as much, I've never heard such impertinence in all my life. I shall report you to the supervisor . . . What's that? I'm through? Don't be absurd, I haven't begun yet . . . Oh, my call's through, I see . . . Hullo, hullo . . . who? . . . John? . . . John Wetherby, R.N.? Never heard of such a person. . . . Oh, Bimbo! My dear lamb, why didn't you say so at first. You know how silly I am about names. Tell me, how are you, Bimbo? And the Navy? . . . Still keeping all the little ships in order, convoys and all that kind of thing? . . . What? You've just returned

from sea? . . . But, Bimbo, my dear boy, I thought you had a shore job, at the Post Office, you know. I felt that you were so safe when your mother told me to send your letters there. . . . what, you're getting leave, coming up to town to-morrow, to stay with me! . . . Well, I suppose it's all right, after all, you are my nephew, but it is a bit sudden. I was going out tomorrow . . . oh, just a silly little function, you know . . . they've asked me to open a canteen for carrier pigeons . . . yes, pigeons, such brave things, you know, my dear. They fly and fly and fly and always come back to the same place, the Admiralty, I think it is. . . . Yes, isn't it wonderful, I don't know how they do it. I expect it's the smell or something . . . you think it's probably the smell. Well, you ought to know, you've been there. What? You're not on visiting terms yet! . . . You've been in their wretched Navy for six months now, surely they must have heard of you . . . Thank goodness they haven't! Well, I must say I can't see why . . . Hello, are you there . . . Bimbo! . . . Well, I never, they've actually cut me off."

"Hello, yes, this is Pennsylvania six five thousand . . . what? What? A Transatlantic Radio call, well, what 'ya know about that! Hello . . . Hello . . . Say, operator, this line's gone sour on me. If this is someone's fool idea of a joke, I don't get it . . . No, this is not the Sing Sing Glee Club, an' it ain't the Tin Pan Alley Spelling Bee either . . . get off the line . . . go chase yourself around the block. . . . Say, operator, where is this call any way? Some phoney guy's trying to chisel in on my line . . . What, hold on? What'ya think I'm doing, playing Stack a Sticks with the darn thing . . . All right, sister, don't lose your dignity, I ain't losing mine . . . Well, for the land's sake, if it isn't Elmer! Honey, this is wonderful! . . . But I never imagined you could call me up from England. . . . What, a special favour for my birthday! Boy, oh boy, do I feel emotional! My, but it's good to hear your voice, Elmer. How are ya doing, big boy? Me? I'm feeling swell. Whereabouts are you? . . . what, you can't tell me! Well, isn't

that just like these English, trust them for a dumb idea . . . Yea, I got your Postal Card, thanks a lot. I showed it around to all the folks back home. They think you look swell in your uniform. . . . What, you're going to call off? But, Honey, I only just begun to collect myself. I got a whole heap of things to say, but I can't think what they are. What? . . . It's costing you forty seven shillings a

minute to call me. Is that much in real money? . . . What? . . . Say good-bye? Oh, Elmer . . . Elmer . . . Well, what'ya know about that! He's gone."

Mean business, this listening in on the 'phone, isn't it. Not a bit the sort of thing any decent fellow would do. Still, it was quite amusing!
A. R.

Flight Heraldry.

MODERN aircraft go into battle now-a-days with emblems and mottoes painted on their sides in much the same way as the knights of old used to decorate their shields with their coat-of-arms.

It is the captain's privilege to choose an emblem for his aircraft, but he does it after consulting his crew. Then he commissions a member of the ground staff to paint the picture or emblem. Great care must be taken not to paint it in too gaudy colours as it would attract the searchlights.

There was a recent case of a member of the ground staff who chalked a large victory V on the underside of an aircraft. It had to be washed off because of the unnecessary danger that it would bring to the crew when on a flight over enemy country.

A pilot who boasts a family crest sometimes has that painted on his machine. Others favour elaborate designs, many of them with Latin quotations—often rudely derogatory to the Nazis—underneath. The captain of a certain "D for Donald" has a fine painting of Donald Duck to take with him over Germany, and a bomber marked "P" has a representation of Pop-eye the Sailor.

A Canadian squadron boasts among its emblems a fine drawing of a Red Indian's head. The captain of another aircraft with a long record of attacks on Dusseldorf, Cologne, Dortmund, Essen and Hamm, has adopted as his emblem a picture of a witch riding a bomb instead of a broomstick. Beneath is the motto: "Terror of the Ruhr."

The commonest form of bomber decoration is a fresco of bombs or swastikas, each one denoting an operational flight. When the twenty-first attack is reached a key, symbolising a coming-of-age is incorporated,

Actually, the decoration of fighting aircraft with badges and crests is as old as air-combats, and these crests usually reflect the taste, not only of the pilot but of the nation to which it belongs. Thus in the last war, the German crests were nearly all gruesome in the extreme, the skull and crossbones being very popular. French crests, as one would expect from an artistic race, were often designed with beauty as the first consideration. Thus the famous "Escadrille Cigogne" (the Stork Squadron) had painted on the fuselage of each machine, a flight of storks, beautifully designed. In this squadron were to be found most of the leading French aces and its record was as heroic and deadly to the enemy as any in the war.

But after the last war, crests reached a point where the Air Ministry had to step in and take control. Squadrons were allowed to have their crests, but they had to be officially approved.
HAM.

"To Lucasta" up to Date.

Don't tell me, Kid, I've let you down,
If I join up and leave
Your repartee and curly crown
And charming lack of sleeve.

True, now, at higher game I fly
And, with a kindling glance,
Lead other spitfires joyfully
Through other kinds of dance.

But, if I did not go, my dear,
You'd put me on the shelf
And, with an eye as sure and clear,
Take up the plane yourself.

SPERO.

The difference
is in the make
and fit

UTILITY WEAR

for Boys, Girls
Men and Women

ALTHOUGH the make is Utility, the makers put the very best possible materials into it.

AND not only the best possible materials, but the best cut, the best style, the best fit.

WITH good reason, therefore, we recommend Utility Wear, knowing that you and your family will recognise the essential limitations imposed by war, and yet applaud the skill which has evercome certain of these handicaps

CAIRDS

DUNDEE

PERTH

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

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A Gay Young Bejant.

IT was with the firm intention of working very hard, and paying no heed to the reputed disturbing influences of 'Varsity social life, that I, in company with many other earnest young seekers-after-truth, went up to St. Andrews in October of last year. However, it was inevitable that, after a few days, all our good intentions should melt away like summer snows before the glorious array of temptations. Each of us had firmly assured himself "Now I really am going to work, and I will not waste my time with all these dances and meetings and societies. I'm going up for the sole purpose of work."

Well, you shall see how our downfalls came about. The first thing was a "Coming up Imprompt." We had to learn many new things, and the first was that what we, in our pre-varsity ignorance, had called a dance, is known to those lordly beings, the students, as an "Imprompt or a hop." Feeling like one last fling before the grind we went—and came away under the spell. For in that place there are on an average five dances per month and, once the habit is begun, hop fever is a lasting disease. Here, too, we began to realise that our (so far) modest weekly expenditure would keep us for approximately one day. For besides these hops, in our first week persuasive people would approach us and cajole us into joining this society or that. "After all it's only one and six, and think of the fun you get out of it." And being green we joined this and that until there was a bewildering array set out before us, where meetings seemed to take up every night of the week twice over. And yet we comforted ourselves by saying "We need not go to these meetings." O happy ignorance!

Our proud independence, too, was altered. It was like being back at school in the lower classes. For the men of second and third year status treated us as dirt, ordered us about and contemptuously called us "bej." We were nothing to them, and they let us know it. But more of that anon.

Before we knew where we were, societies were meeting every day and we were going—it was early in the term and they did get up

some very interesting things. Our consciences were slowly being smothered.

Then came November, and with it a custom of which we had heard many but vague and contradicting rumours. What was this Raisin Monday?

Gradually we gathered the idea. Every bejant (and bejantine—the female of the species) has by custom a senior (i.e. third year student) who looks after him in a general manner and helps him in the complicated life at the University. In gratitude for this the bejant gives the senior a pound of raisins (war-time substitute 20 cigarettes) in exchange for an elaborate receipt in Latin. To ensure that every bejant does this, on Raisin Monday any senior may stop any bejant and ask him for the receipt or ask him to repeat three verses of *Gaudeamus igitur*.

On learning this the University buzzed for several days with bejants trying to find the words of the *Gaudeamus* or begging receipts from seniors in exchange for cigarettes. For any error in receipt or recitation meant a fine of ten more cigarettes.

As the receipt was in Latin it was a bit awkward for seniors and bejants who were not Latin scholars, and one heard the Arts faculty being implored to correct receipts.

On the day itself the seniors from 8 a.m. till noon spent their time cornering any bejants visible, listening grimly, and pocketing fines right and left.

Meanwhile work was fitted in as best as could be, and assumed a very different aspect from that expected. The main change from school was that no one compelled us to work, and so our poor smothered consciences only woke up to their duty two or three days before the exams. Then of course we worked till two in the morning, which did us little or no good. And yet most of us managed to scrape through the exams, and came back after our first term—not as we had begun it, serious and hard working young men, but all of us just "Varsity bejants—workers and wasters too."



CLASS L.IV.B :—

“ The Black Death was the death of the Black Prince.”

* * * *

ACTIVE OR PASSIVE :—

Active : “ The boy ate the goose.”

Passive : “ The goose ate the boy.”

* * * *

Small girl interested in brother’s French :
“ What does *derrière* mean ? ”

BROTHER : “ Behind.”

SISTER : “ Well, why do they talk of the ‘ London *derrière* ’ ? ”

* * * *

“ All the world’s a stage,
And all the men and women merely payers.”

* * * *

FRENCH :—

“ *Je vais vendre des tonnes de spécialités aux indigènes !* ”

“ I’m going to sell tons of patent medicines for indigestion.”

* * * *

“ *Un jeune homme riche ou de bonne maison,*”

“ A rich young man or a housemaid.”

* * * *

ESSAY :—

“ If I could not get work in Dundee I should join a football club or get married.”

* * * *

The Art dept. having been to see “ The Rivals.” “ Odds Violet and Viridian.”

Spring.

Don’t laugh at me,

I’m serious,

I’d work, but, gee !

(Don’t laugh at me).

The season’s de—

Leterious,

Don’t laugh at me,

I’m serious.

SPERO.

JUNIOR SECTION,

Fern Hall.

"THE MURDER was obviously done by a small revolver, but the trouble is "who did it?" said my friend, Ferguson, the detective.

"I'm not so sure," said I, "you remember the bullet was found in the man's leg, not a vital spot. A small scratch was found on the left shoulder."

"Yes," replied Ferguson, "but why would they bother to shoot him afterwards? You say that poison was found in the scratch. He would have died instantly from that."

"Yes, but the bullet might have been a 'blind'."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Ferguson, "I believe you've got it right!"

The following afternoon Ferguson and I went to Fern Hall, the scene of the murder. The owner was at the door of his house waiting for us. Fern Hall was a large, stately mansion, situated in Devonshire. There was a big lawn in front of it. Behind the house were the stables.

Our client's face looked very worried and pale. "I'm so glad you've come," said he, "ever since the murder of the coachman I have been very nervous."

"I think we'll wait here till night," said my friend, "but first of all I must see the stables."

We inspected them, but we found nothing.

At night Ferguson and I went back to the stables. On the way I asked him, "What do you think injected the poison?" "I think it was an arrow—" He stopped short. Something was quivering in a tree-trunk beside us. I flashed my electric torch. It was a small arrow!

I was about to bend down and pick up the arrow, but Ferguson grabbed my arm and whispered, "Don't let on that you are not hurt, come with me." He walked or rather tiptoed in the direction from which the arrow had been fired, but we found no trace of anyone.

The following day Ferguson and I went to London. The next evening we went back to Fern Hall. Ferguson gave some instructions

to Mr. McBain, the owner of the Hall. "At seven o'clock you will go quietly up to the library, not to your study. Do not sit near any window. Don't come downstairs again till I tell you."

At seven o'clock our client obeyed Ferguson's instructions. When McBain went upstairs Ferguson told me to come into the study. The lamp was lit. A figure was seated in McBain's chair by the window. The blackout was undone. "It's a nice dummy," I observed. I did not know for what purpose it was to be used.

"Get your revolver ready, and follow me," said my friend. We tiptoed stealthily to the outside of the library window, and waited there. A dark figure was approaching the window. He did not see us, so he took what looked like a revolver from his pocket and fired at the dummy. We both sprang at once on to the man's back, and I hit him over the head with the butt of my revolver. He collapsed on the ground.

The man turned out to be Mr. Yemen, a frenzied lunatic. Another small arrow was found beside the dummy.

How poor Yemen had the idea of poison arrows for murdering people, even a brilliant detective like Ferguson never found out.

DAVID P. DORWARD.

Spring.

The Spring is here with gay young flowers,
The snow in nooks and crannies cowers,
The lark aloft to Heaven doth sing,
The birds and beasts all welcome Spring.

The rabbits play in meadows green,
The dormice once again are seen,
The deer depart to higher hills,
And every bird sweet music trills.

The children put their sleighs away,
For snow and sleighs have had their day,
And now, the long drear winter past,
The lovely Spring is here at last.

A Fighter Sweep.

I was posted to go on a Fighter Sweep over France. Two others and myself left England high above the clouds, and passing over the Straits of Dover I saw a few m.t.b.'s. cruising about.

We came down to 500 ft. to see if there were any trains about, for we were in Hurri-bombers and we meant to burst up trains if there were any. Instead we found ourselves confronted by two Arados. "Oh, boys, easy meat!" said the Squadron Leader as we dived to the attack. The Arados climbed to try to reach a superior altitude, then they came tearing down on us. The Squadron Leader turned his plane right up on its nose, and we followed suit. The Arados were surprised and could not pull their machines out of the dive. Our leader turned his machine round and tore down on the Nazi seaplanes. With our eight guns blazing we almost crashed into them. One Arado blew up and the Squadron Leader's plane was almost buried under the wreckage. The other Arado got one of its wings shot off and went down in a spin. "The way is open now," said the Squadron Leader as we flew serenely on.

I then looked down to the ground to see if I could see any signs of a train and there—no, not a train, but shining steel tracks stretching away into the distance. I told the Squadron Leader through the R.T.'s what I had seen and he told us to spread out in battle formation. Then I saw something really important, a railway station with a loaded troop train just leaving it. I thought of attacking but quickly changed my mind when I saw five wagons loaded with A.A. guns. They had already started pumping shells at us and I had more than one near miss. "It's no use," said the Squadron Leader. "We wouldn't get low enough to bomb 'em without being shot down." I then had an idea. "Let us go down the track for six miles or so and bomb the bridge we saw back there." So we tore along as hard as we could to get there before the train could see us. "There it is," I said, "guarded by soldiers, but that doesn't matter—gosh! look at them running." We made a dummy run on the bridge: the second time we "let it rip"; the whole earth seemed

to open up. When I looked back the only sign that a bridge had been there was a few twisted girders which lay about and also holes in the ground where the bombs had landed.

The train rushed on and on, and the soldiers in it must have thought of the narrow escape they had when the British planes came over. Suddenly there came a rending crash, a terrific explosion as the engine boiler blew up, scores were killed and injured and the A.A. guns were wrecked.

Rat, tat, tat, tat, tat, tat, went a machine gun in a sand-bagged post and I stiffened as I saw the bullets enter the engine, but nothing happened. About a quarter of an hour later the engine started spluttering and coughing, then finally conked out. I tried to speak through my R.T.'s but it too would not work. I opened the hood and baled out. Unfortunately I was at about five hundred feet at the time and landed with a splash in a pond before I had time to guide the 'chute out of the way. I crawled out more dead than alive expecting to see Nazi soldiers all round. There were none so I took off my parachute and crawled on my stomach till I got to a clearing. Then I got a shock, for the "clearing" was surrounded by barbed wire and inside was a very skilfully camouflaged aerodrome with Focke-Wulfs inside!

For three days I hid in a wood feeding on raw cabbages and potatoes. On the fourth night I crawled through a hole I had made under the barbed wire. As it was night the aerodrome was blacked-out in case of any British "nuisance" raiders, and a few F.W.'s were ready to take off. I crawled over the field and climbed into the nearest plane. It was a cold night but I dared not warm up the engine. I pushed the electric starter and the roar of the motor sounded twice its volume after the quietness. I heard a whistle shrilling: German troops poured into the aerodrome and the shouting was drowned in the sound of firing. Crack, crack, crack broke out the rifles: zing, zing, zing, zee, sang the bullets, and I felt as if someone had hit me with a hammer in the arm and the warm blood trickled down my sleeve. But I was off, the bullets had hit the plane but not in a vulnerable spot. I climbed up past the clouds even

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though it was cold, so that I was out of range of the A.A. guns. After twenty minutes I came to the English Channel, only to be met by six Spitfires. Only then did the dreaded thought enter my mind—if they shot me down thinking I was a German. It would be only a miracle that I would land in British territory!

There were only two things to do—either to bale out or to show a white flag. I chose the latter for my arm was useless and I did not want to land on it. The hood of the Focke-Wulf can be blown off by a small charge of gunpowder, but I did not know how it worked so I took my good arm and smashed it through the hood. I then pulled my handkerchief from my pocket and held it out of the hood. The Spitfires saw this and closed round in tight formation so that I could not get away. After fifteen minutes' flying we sighted the English coast and ten minutes later we were circling an aerodrome and touched down on it. As I taxied across the field I saw men pour into trucks and tear over the field to meet me. A mechanic pushed his head in through the opened hood and said, "Blimey, I thought you were another Hess," in a disappointed tone.

I got the D.F.C. for gallantry and devotion to duty and my Squadron Leader was also decorated. He told me that crossing over Belgium ten F.W.'s attacked them. He got two and the other chap got one and one probable. They escaped to the clouds then, and left their pursuers far behind.

R. W. G. KELLIE (L.IV.B.).

Spring Cleaning.

YESTERDAY, as I was passing by the mole's house, I thought I would pop in to see him. Down the narrow, dark, twisting tunnel I crept, till quicker than it takes to tell, I was plunged into a chaos of distemper, paint, paraffin, and sizzling sausages.

I found myself standing in the doorway of a once neat little room. There, in the centre of the room stood the Toad, the Water-Rat, and the Mole. All were engaged distemperring the ceiling, while a strong smell of burning filled the air.

They did not notice me watching the work. "Have a brush," said the Mole to Toad,

"Why should I?" objected he, "I have two brushes already!" "Well, you have a big enough mouth to hold another one!" I gave a slight cough. "Oh!" gasped the Rat. "My dear sir, have we kept you waiting? Do come in, and make yourself at home. We have quite a nice seat—" Here he was stopped short by a handful of wet distemper flung by Mole. "Do excuse him, he is so abrupt. He really means well,—you see, we are short of hands, and—" (long pause, disturbed only by the drip of distemper from the ceiling). "Could you lend a hand?" "Certainly," I responded. Immediately the brushes started swishing.

As soon as I started the Mole gave a long sniff. He coughed, "A strange smell of burning, is it not?" he observed. "I'll go to see what it is" said the Rat. "My goodness the sausages!" he squealed, coming forward with a pan. Reposing in the pan lay six black, shrivelled up things. The pan had a large red-hot part in the bottom. "We have evidently forgotten to turn out the gas" said the Mole thoughtfully. "We! We! You mean you!" said Toad in great anger. "I mean nothing of the sort. It was evident from what you said just now that *you* were the culprit." I decided it was time for me to go. As I went up the tunnel, I heard a confused babble of voices still raging.

SANDY SCOTT, Lv.

The Journey.

MR Dumble was going to Pokerville. He had a car, or what had once been a car, in the mouldering shed he was wont to call a garage. I have read somewhere a description of a car that fitted Mr. Dumble's car exactly—a rattle-trap girt about with a flapping hood and cracked mica! Mr. Dumble's was just like that, but it had a rusty engine and a chipped body as well!

He set out on Tuesday afternoon to reach Pokerville. His friend, Mr. Thimble (who owned a motor-cycle about the same age as Mr. Dumble's motor) was to accompany him part of the way, but he could not come all the journey as he was bound for Sharpville (roughly midway). For the first few miles they went along famously, then things began to happen! A large BANG! from Mr. Dumble's

was the only warning Mr. Thimble (who was in the rear) received. He wrenched the handle-bars round, skidded across the road, and finished up with his front wheel among the nasturtiums and marigolds in the garden opposite. Mr. Dumble, meanwhile, had wrenched his gear-lever right out, but fortunately had been able to stop in time before he landed in the village duck-pond. As it was, the startled ducks and the handful of moor-hens had fled screeching over the adjoining field, while the burly farmer had come rushing over from his stackyard to enquire about the disturbance. Mr. Dumble saw him on the horizon, and hurriedly tied his gear-lever on with a bit of string. By the time the farmer arrived at his pond Mr. Dumble was "streaking" for home and Mr. Thimble was "streaking" for home too!

I may say that the journey was postponed in both cases! ROBERT S. MILLER.

Mixed Battery.

ACTION! Action! Alarm bells roaring! Shell cases clanging from vigorous beating!

I sat up in bed and looked around. A moment before I had been surrounded by slumbering forms—now half the beds were empty, and the late occupants were flying down the gun park, greatcoats flung on over pyjamas, feet thrust into P.T. shoes, steel helmets clanking. In what seemed seconds, the manning teams were at their posts. "Number one gun ready for action!" "Number two—" and so on.

It was quiet now. The civil alarm had died away, and the stars glittered detachedly through a gap in the shredded cloud.

There was no excited fidgeting in the predictor pit, no girlish whisper. Every one was waiting, gunner and private alike, for the word of warning, then of command. The guns swung upwards, seeming to sniff the air for a breath of the "hostile." Telephones tinkled inside the Command Post. Seconds passed, then minutes, then: "Stand easy!" They all went back to bed.

0630 hrs. reveille. Another day; more manning; more spud bashing and guard. The life of the gunsite goes on.

Tonight there is a whist drive in the NAAFI. Everyone will be there, from the Major down. We make our own entertain-

ment here, and no one is standoffish. All in it together, we live for that ear-splitting moment when the guns bark, and all hearts beat quicker as we await the longed-for message from Brigade. Ju 88? He 177? It doesn't matter. To us, it is another Jerry down—OUR Jerry!

A Puppy's Diary.

7.15 a.m. Wake up in master's bedroom feeling ready for anything.

7.30 a.m. That girl comes upstairs to draw blinds. I rush through the open door, and dash downstairs and into kitchen. Cook feeling in bad temper, and am immediately chased outside.

7.35 a.m. Slip round to backyard, and eat kitten's breakfast.

7.37 a.m. Am attacked by the kittens' mother and retire howling with a large scratch on my nose.

7.40 a.m. Make inspection of garden.

7.55 a.m. Have a very satisfactory roll on a dead mouse found in bushes.

8.0 a.m. Rush indoors, and when cook's back is turned, seize a chop off kitchen table. Cook spots me escaping, and pursues me in vain.

8.15 a.m. Have eaten chop. MOST enjoyable!

8.20 a.m. Went upstairs to master's bedroom.

8.25 till 9.45 a.m. Slept.

9.50 a.m. Got up and went out.

9.55 a.m. Win a glorious victory against kitten's mother. Chase her all round the garden. She escapes up a tree. Cowardly thing.

10.10 a.m. Snap at small boy coming in the gate. He flees, yelling.

10.15 a.m. Ate one of the nicest bits of coal I have ever eaten.

10.25 till 1.0 p.m. Slept.

1.0 p.m. Dinner time! Hurrah!

1.1 p.m. Run downstairs, and into kitchen and find a most delicious dinner waiting for me.

1.25 p.m. Help kittens to eat their dinner for them.

1.35 p.m. Escape as cat appears.

1.40 p.m. Look at master with pleading eyes for something to eat. No use!

1.45 till 2.15 p.m. Dozed.

1st XI. *Standing*.—V. Geddes. P. Norrie. B. Stevenson. E. Menzies. C. Rintoul. M. Runciman.
Sitting.—J. Mann. C. Molison. E. Caird (*Capt.*), J. Pringle. E. Baird.



[*Photo. by D. & W. Prophet.*]

2nd XI. *Standing*.—B. M'Naughton. S. M'Gregor. E. Ferguson. B. Grewar. J. Stephen.
 C. Swayne.
Sitting.—I. Henderson. J. Pullar. S. Dick (*Capt.*), F. Walls. B. Robertson.

Hockey Teams,
 Session 1942-43.

Dundee High School
 Magazine.

2.20 p.m. Frightened canary by staring greedily at it.
 2.25 p.m. Rush indoors.
 2.30 p.m. Jump on visitor's lap, and am smacked for it.
 2.40 p.m. Rush outside and have glorious roll in mud.
 2.45 p.m. Rush into cook's bedroom, and

roll on bed. Thank goodness the mud was still wet!

3.0 till 6.0 p.m. Slept.

6.5 p.m. Have supper.

6.10 till 7.0 p.m. Final inspection of garden.

7.5 p.m. Went indoors and went to bed. So ends another day!

DAVID M. BURNS (L.IV.A.).

Singapore—Last Phase.

ON the 8th of December, 1941, at 1 a.m., the Japanese came for their first raid over Singapore, although Japan only declared war at 4 a.m., That morning not much damage was done although "Raffles Place," one of the most important places in Singapore, received a few bombs. At the beginning the Japanese did not come very often; but after a week or so, they started to come daily. Still at that time it was not too bad for we were on our Christmas holidays; but when we went back to school after the holidays it was very dangerous, for we had only trenches, "King's School" being a private school. One morning as I was going to school the siren went; a Home Guard immediately took me by the arm and forced me to jump into a drain (in Singapore on both sides of the principal streets, you have big drains, for it rains a lot). I had to stay in there for a whole hour, and let me tell you it was not very comfortable and rather smelly. Still I was quite lucky, for I remember that once, as the sirens went, a Warden made a lady jump into one of those drains although it was one-third full (it had been raining the previous day). The water went up to her knees and she had to stay in that muddy water till the "all clear" sounded. . . .

But near the end when the Japanese got possession of "Johore Bahru," which is about twenty miles from Singapore, things began to be very bad, for we had air raids from 8 a.m. to 1 a.m. The number of casualties was enormous and when going to school we often saw private cars completely broken down with big splashes of blood which told us of a terrible end. . . .

It was on the 30th of January, just one week before the capitulation of Singapore that we were evacuated; at 4 p.m. we were told by a

'phone call that we had to be ready to leave in half an hour.

At about five o'clock we embarked on a big liner, "The Empress of Japan." She really was beautiful, but she had been changed into a troopship and all the cabins had been chopped down.

When we arrived the supper was finished; we therefore had to go without it. It was not till 12 p.m. that we went to sleep, for we had to find a place for our luggage and also for ourselves. We had to go down to deck "D," which was the lowest; cockroaches were running about, and as we were sleeping on the floor on a blanket it was not exactly agreeable. We only left the harbour on the morning of the 31st. Two days after we had left we were bombed by a Japanese plane. The 'plane was brought down, but the "Duchess of Bedford," a ship in our convoy, was badly damaged and had to stop at Batavia. When we arrived at Colombo, 250 people out of the 2,000 evacuees went ashore; we were then able to go to deck "B" which was much better although we still slept on the floor. But the meals were the worst; sometimes they were so bad that we could not eat them: once it was so bad that we did not eat for two days; and every day we had to serve the tables in turn, wash the dishes and the cups, for the Chinese servants would not do anything but the cooking.

At Cape Town we left the "Empress" to go on a smaller ship, the "Letitia" where at last we had cabins and decent meals. On that ship we were followed more than once by German submarines; and during the last weeks of the journey we hardly went down to our cabin and hardly slept, for it was too dangerous. But I think I will stop here, for I do not want to bore you with my memories.

J. M. Querville.

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4-Pronged Digging Forks, ...	9/6	16 in. x $\frac{1}{2}$ in.,	3/9
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Hedge Shears, 8-in. Blades, ...	5/6	Garden Lines, 20 yds., 1/- ; 30 yds.,	1/6
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Personalities of Form Six.

O Muse—thy kind aid we would humbly implore,

That our readers we may not excessively bore.
(We think we've begun in a manner most dashin'

By invoking the muse in true classical fashion!)
Our aim is to give a "close-up" of Form Six,
Their ambitions, positions, their views and their tricks.

First of all, a dread rumour we really must still
That Form Six, just imagine! do little or nil,
That they slumber in class and wake up with the bell—

Yes! this unfounded rumour we really must quell!

But since their good points their less good ones o'er-reach,

We'll only have room for the foibles of each.

So remember, dear reader, though their good points are stunted,

They're not at all, really, as black as they're printed!

Now Isobel A. croons, dances and sings,

Does analysis too, and lots other things—!

Brown's sighing for flying—but a captive he's held,

Planning how to escape from this school unexpelled!

That the last Caird is leaving, we hear with regret,

"Liz" is going to do land-work and then be a vet!

Ian D's no back numbah—nearly mastered the rhumba,

In a little while longah—the same with the conga!

Her playthings of childhood she no longer enjoys

For Betty's now long past the stage of her toys!

Vera's the girl with the lovely dark hair

For a long flowing mane there is none to compare!

Will James R. spend his free afternoon, do ye wist,

In the P— de D—, in spite of his wrist?

How she keeps girls in order indeed is a mystery

And also just how Jean can do ancient history!
Spite of Latin and Greek and swimming and diving

We're pleased to report that Christina is thriving!

You'll know Ian Mackenzie by his curly dark hair,

If there's a wireless to mend, he's sure to be there!

He attends the High School but he wants to be higher,

You see Murray Mackenzie's to be a great flier!

Phyllis says very little, for the most part she's quiet

But behind her sly grin there are thoughts which run riot!

When his boat nearly grounded, and huge breakers pounded,

In the silvery Tay Montie almost was drowned!

When the Sixth Form behaves as though touching hot bricks,

You'll know that young Thomas is up to his tricks!

Mix caprice, sense of fun, two long legs, in a pool,

And give then a stir—and you've Christian Rintoul!

At the "Lit" Ian Robertson, you know's a great talker,

Over mountains and moors too, he is a great walker!

Science fast makes "Rural Runce" quite a dandy,

She makes own nail-polish—with assistance of "Sandy!"

Of Barb.'s foibles (if any) we'd best hold our peace,

Or else Dad's income taxes might start to increase!

At romances with Frances you've got to ca' canny.

She knows far more about them than you do, does Fanny!

Dundee High School Old Boys' Club.

The deaths of Ernest M. Martin (1904-1915), George D. Paterson (1873-1878), Lt. John F. Cooper (1922-1932), T. Lyon Smith (1865-1870), are recorded with deep regret.

Mr. Lyon Smith was the oldest Member of the Club and although unable to attend meetings showed a keen interest in the Club's activities.

We are very pleased to report that news has now been received of Captain George Fraser, Captain William G. Scott, and Captain Arthur C. Baxter who were all reported missing. They are Prisoners of War in Japanese hands.

Our hopes for a speedy recovery go out to Lt. T. Ramsay M'Call, A. & S.H., who has been wounded in the fighting in North Africa.

* * * * *

We were glad to hear again from Mr. John R. Munro, British Columbia, Canada. He is connected with a fish-canning firm and in a letter to the Secretary, Old Boys' Club, writes as follows:—

"You will note that I have been transferred from Nootka to one of the other Plants of our Company. This one is much closer to the City than Nootka and is not nearly so isolated. At Nootka we had contact with the outside world only three times a month, but here we

have boats twice a week, so that I feel that I am really in the midst of things again!

Right now we are in the middle of our Herring Canning Season. As you probably know the total pack of canned fish from B.C. is for the British Ministry of Food. The two main packs are Salmon and Herring. The Salmon season is now over and we have a larger than normal pack for you. So far the herring have not been as plentiful as we would have liked, but there is every indication that before the end of the season we will be over the top with this too.

"Out here, on Canada's 'last frontier,' we take great interest in world news in spite of our isolation, or perhaps it is because of it. Many of our fishermen are Norwegians and there are very few of them who have not had relatives escape from that country since the occupation. One of our men has no fewer than six nephews who have got out and are now training in this country and all waiting on a chance to get back in again. Needless to say we all admire the way the British people have 'done their stuff' during the last years.

"With very best wishes for the future,

"Very truly yours,

"JOHN D. MUNRO."

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

Pte. John M. Anton, Black Watch.
 Lt. Blair, S. R. Black, Black Watch.
 Squadron Leader Robert P. Breem, R.A.F.
 2nd Lt. David A. Brown, F.M.S.V.F.
 Ass. Sec. Leader Kathleen P. Brown, W.A.A.F.
 Mary Brunton, W.R.N.S.
 Capt. Alan C. Bryning, Rajputana Rifles.
 Pilot Officer David S. Buchan, R.A.F.
 O./Coder Stephen P. Burnett, R.N.
 Frederick A. Cairncross, R.A.F.
 Sgt. Major George Cameron, R.A.C.
 Sgt. Kathleen Carlton (Mrs. Kemp), W.A.A.F.
 Radio Officer Murray D. Chapman, M.N.

Sister Helen W. Collie.
 Chief Engineer Arthur W. Cooper, M.N.
 Catherine Cooper, W.A.A.F.
 3rd Eng. Norman Cooper, M.N.
 3rd Eng. Ronald M. Cooper, M.B.E., M.N.
 Major A. Stewart Davie, A.D.C.
 Sgt. Instr. James Drury, A.P.T.C.
 Gunr. John C. Duffus, Training Regt.
 Lt. John S. R. Duncan, Essex Regt. (attached Sudan Defence).
 James A. Farfor, R.A.M.C.
 Radio Officer David S. Fithie, M.N.
 Signalmen Donald J. Forbes, R.C.S.

Cpl. Ian Garden, R.A.F.
 Pilot Officer Douglas Garden, R.A.F.
 2nd Lt. Clement T. Godfrey, R.A.S.C.
 2nd Lt. Francis W. Graham, R.A.
 2nd Lt. John Graham, 1st Royal Gurkha Rifles.
 Lt. John Grant, R.A.M.C.
 Betty L. Horne (Mrs. Carruthers), W.A.A.F.
 Lt. Alex. S. Jack, 1st Batn. Nigeria Regt.
 2nd Lt. Ian G. Kidd.
 Signalman Peter D. Kinnear, R.C.S.
 Captain Arthur S. Kydd, R.A.
 Pte. James S. Laird, Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders.
 Cadet Edward Lawson, O.C.T.U.
 L/Cpl. Catherine K. Lemon, A.T.S.
 Cadet Dugald I. Low-Mitchell, R.A.
 Winifred McNicoll (Mrs. Preston Watson), W.A.A.F.
 Major Ernest M. Martin, Duke of Wellington's.
 2nd Lt. Donald Mathers, R.A.
 Captain Andrew Mudie, R.A.P.C.
 Captain Lawrence D. Mudie, R.A.
 Petty Officer Mabel R. Petrie, W.R.N.S.
 Lt. Col. Harold Philip, R.A.
 Ena Preston, W.R.N.S.
 Capt. Alan Reid, R.E.
 Lewis F. Robertson, R.A.F.
 Lt. John W. Ross, A.D.C.
 Capt. Wm. G. Scott, R.G.A.
 Helen Scrimgeour, A.T.S.
 O. S. James Sharp, R.N.
 Trpr. Fred. W. Sheriff, R.A.C.
 Lt. Fred. Slimman, Manchester Regt.
 Capt. Kenneth Smith, Black Watch.
 Capt. Wm. C. Smith, R.A.S.C.
 Robert Soutar, R.A.F.
 Signalman John M. Stalker, R.C.S.
 A.C.2 Crichton T. Stevenson, R.A.F.
 N.A.11 Alistair I. Stewart, F.A.A.
 Capt. David L. Struth, R.A.
 Jean Turnbull, W.L.A.
 Flight Officer C. B. Walker, R.A.F.
 A.C.2 David W. Wallace, R.A.F.
 Sister Anna Webster (Mrs. Chitty).
 Betty Wilkie, W.A.A.F.

Promotions.

L.A.C. Ronald S. Aiken to Pilot Officer.
 Pte. Alex. Binnie to 2nd Lt., Black Watch.
 Sub. Lt. R. A. Burnett, R.N. to Lt.
 Cadet Wm. Cochran to Captain, Indian Army.
 Cadet Ian A. Donaldson to 2nd Lt., Black Watch.
 Cpl. Joyce Elder to Sergt.
 2nd Lt. Donald Grant, R.A. to Capt.
 Henry C. Plant to 2nd Lt., Gurkha Rifles.
 Wm. Mudie to Capt., R.C.S.
 Pilot Officer J. S. Nicoll to Squadron Leader.
 2nd Lt. Frank L. Philip to Capt.
 Alastair C. Stalker, R.A.F. to L.A.C.
 George C. Stalker, R.A. to Staff Capt.
 Sgt. Richard A. Strachan, R.A.F., to Flight Officer.
 2nd Lt. Gavin L. Wilson to Capt., R.E.M.E.

Prisoners of War.

Captain Alex. Y. Adam, R.A.M.C.
 Capt. Arthur C. Baxter, Gurkha Rifles.
 Flying Officer Wm. M. Blackwood, R.A.F.
 2nd Lt. David A. Brown, F.M.S.V.F.
 Capt. George Fraser, R.A.
 Major George A. Graham, R.A.M.C.
 Capt. Wallis A. Heath, M.C., R.A.
 Capt. Fred. Scott, R.A.
 Capt. Wm. G. Scott, R.G.A.
 Capt. Wm. C. Smith, R.A.S.C.
 Lt. Geo. Blair, R.A.M.C.

Awards.

Major J. Graham Ross, Paratroops, awarded D.S.O.—North Africa,—Jan., 1943.

Pro Patria.

Chief Eng. Arthur W. Cooper, M.N., died on active service at sea—Oct., 1942.
 3rd Eng. Norman Cooper, M.N., presumed lost through enemy action—March, 1942.
 Major Ernest M. Martin, Duke of Wellington's died while serving in Iraq—Dec., 1942.
 Wireless Officer David Guthrie Jack, M.N., killed by enemy action—March, 1941.
 Lt. John F. Cooper, R.E., killed in action in Middle East—Feb., 1943.

Reports.

Rugby Report.

Since the last report we have been fortunate in having very good weather, enabling everybody to get up to the grounds to enjoy not only the rugby but also the fresh air.

Our 1st and 2nd XV's have been playing well and team work has been good, more noticeably perhaps among the forwards than the backs. Although we have had few matches these were played hard and the results were quite satisfactory.

The 3rd XV. in their too few matches have shown promise and should provide a good 1st XV. in future years.

It has been very encouraging to see so many of the younger boys turning up on Saturday mornings to take part in practice games and actual matches. Forras L.V., L.II., and III. have had quite a number of games with local schools and have shown good progress. Members of the 1st and 2nd XV.'s have taken turns in helping with the coaching of the younger boys.

A word of praise is here due to Mr. M'Laren, who although hampered by ill-health has continued to coach and encourage everyone concerned.

I. M. D.

Hockey Report.

Since the weather has been so good this season our play seems to have improved and I think we have lived up to Miss Whytock's expectations. On March the 27th we are entering a team for the Tournament at the Morgan grounds and we are playing the annual "Little Sevens" on the 10th of April. I would like to thank all the staff who have kindly given up so many of their Saturday mornings to umpire our matches.

OFFICE-BEARERS.

Captain, 1st XI.—E. CAIRD.

Secretary—C. RINTOUL.

Captain, 2nd XI.—S. DICK.

RESULTS OF MATCHES PLAYED.

			For	Against.
Madras	H	4	1	
Bell Baxter	H	0	2	
Bell Baxter	A	4	0	
Grove	A	2	0	
Morgan	H	3	0	
Morgan	A	2	1	

E.A.Y.C.

Cadet Report.

The Company has continually held parades in uniform throughout the winter session and the work has proceeded apace. The recruits, under Sgt.-Inst. Stark and senior N.C.O.'s have become a body keen and able to enter into the Company's work. The band has progressed, thanks to the help of Mr. M'Leish, and is competent in its necessary business. The remainder of the Company have continued to

train for Certificate "A," both individual and section leading. Instruction on the rifle, map-reading and field intelligence occupied most of the time.

To cover all the ground it has been found necessary to have two extra parades each week and to continue the Friday parade after School hours. This will be done after the Easter holiday. All members of the Company over seventeen years of age have been discharged, but due to co-operation with the Home Guard, they will be seconded and be able to remain with us. The estimate numbers for camp are promising, especially from the younger cadets.

The Company is now an independent unit and will be known as the Dundee High School Company A.C.F.

C.-S.-M.

Guide Report.

After having been suspended since October, owing to the black-out, Guide meetings were resumed on the 5th March. New recruits this term have brought the number in the Company up to 100. This is the highest figure which has ever been reached.

Throughout the winter money has been collected for the Baden-Powell memorial fund, and this has been used to keep carrier pigeons in the air.

Despite black-out difficulties, patrol leaders have kept up patrol meetings during the winter, and Guide work has been progressing. We should like to take this opportunity of thanking our officers for their help and encouragement in all our work.

B. D. E.

Boys' Literary Society.

The Society has now completed another session of lively meetings in the Technical College.

After the Vice-President's address on 27th November the Society held a new form of meeting, viz., a Brains Trust. This proved so successful that the existing syllabus was altered to incorporate another such meeting on 19th February. Varied sets of papers from Forms II., IV. and V. have been heard throughout the term, and the Society is deeply indebted to Messrs. T. S. Halliday, D. C. Johnston, G. R. Bruce and J. H. Duncan for most interesting and instructive lectures. The two Hat Nights held have brought ample opportunity for discussion on many interesting subjects.

It was, however, found impracticable to hold a joint meeting of the Boys' and Girls' Societies, which was consequently cancelled.

We would like to thank Mr. Catto for his work as President this Session. His enthusiasm—he has been absent from only one meeting—has been transmitted to all the members, resulting in an average attendance of 50 throughout the year.

J. R. G.

64 Medals awarded (London and Manchester)

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