

Interests

THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. 87

JUNE 1943

SIXPENCE



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Editorial.

AS we approach the end of the session, Shelley's well-known words come ringing in our ears:—

“ We look before and after
And pine for what is not.”

During these difficult and uncertain days we can do little more than “ look before ” and repeat hopefully to ourselves “ après la guerre.” And no amount of wishing will bring into our hands that for which we pine. So there's nothing for it but to keep going on. “ Up, brave heart, let's trudge another mile ! ”

Surely never did a school year close like this one. Instead of the usual two months' summer vacation at the end of June, we get barely a week to recover our breath after the exertions of the present term. Then the new session begins and we sweat and swot till the end of July, when at last come the summer holidays. This unusual arrangement has, of course, been made to allow pupils to “ do their bit ” on the land—so polish up your spades and tune your voices to sing “ The Farmer's Boy.”

* * * *

Parents will be shocked by the sign-board which now appears at the entrance to the Girls' School with the words “ This is a Rest Centre.” “ Is this what we pay fees for ? ”

we can hear them indignantly exclaim. We wish to reassure their troubled minds. The notice contains no reflection on the vigour of our academic life. To Leaving Certificate students especially it is sheer irony, indeed, “ the most unkindest cut of all.”

* * * *

This summer, too, brings its changes : we take farewell of Mr. Stalker, head of the Classical Department, who retires after thirty-nine years' service in our school : and so another well-known master passes from our midst, one who has given of his best and has striven not merely to teach but to instil in the hearts of his pupils a genuine love of the classics. He takes with him all our good wishes for a pleasant retirement—*otium cum dignitate*.

The Modern Languages Department also sustains a loss by the resignation of Miss Helen M. Park, who is leaving us to be married. Miss Park, whose main work was in German, set high standards for herself and demanded a high standard of work from her pupils. We shall miss her very much. We wish her all happiness.

The Science Department also feels the loss of Mr. Wardlaw who is now on Active Service with the Air Force. In his place we welcome Mr. Seath, who has come “ for the duration ”.

Further appreciations will be made in our next issue.

* * * *

Two lectures were greatly enjoyed during the term, one on "Nazi Youth" by Dr. Eggar of the M.O.I., who enlightened us considerably on Nazified Germany, and the other on "Local Government" by Mr. William Borland, Town Clerk elect, who initiated Forms V. and VI. into the mysteries of municipal affairs. Both lecturers gallantly withstood the barrage of youthful questioning.

* * * *

Our heartiest congratulations go to our Head Prefect, James R. Gray of Form VI., on obtaining 11th place (equal) in the Edinburgh Bursary Competition and in gaining a Cowan House Scholarship in Mathematics.

* * * *

Our sympathy goes out to the parents and friends of Elizabeth Miller and Jimmy Gray, pupils in the Junior Department, whose untimely passing we deeply mourn.

* * * *

As we go to press we learn that Lt. Ian Isles, Armoured Corps, N. Africa, has been

awarded the M.C. for bringing in very important information.

* * * *

Please send any information regarding F.P.s serving with the Forces, to Miss Falconer, D.H.S.

* * * *

Congratulations to the following on passing their finals :—

Final M.B., Ch.B. :—James Aitken, Derick A. E. Dewar, John A. R. Lawson, Sheila Ore, Walter L. M. Perry, Ian Scrimgeour (with commendation), Ian M. Troup, John Eadie.

Final L.D.S. :—Grace Brown, Joyce Campbell.

Final B.Sc. :—W. Jones, Elec. Engineering with 1st Class Honours.

* * * *

Hons. B.Sc. (Mechanical Engineering) :—Murray M. Burns, Robert D. Leitch.

Prizes :—Lochart Frain-Bell—Price Prize, Surgery.

Ian Scrimgeour—Royd's Prize, Medicine and Pathology.

" Art Appreciation."

WITH pleasure we hear of distinctions conferred on the Art Department—we should say special distinctions for the matter of ten or so pictures in the Scottish Academy is becoming almost perennial. Since our last issue Mr. Halliday's "Narvik" has been hung in Rosyth, certain of the preliminary sketches have been exhibited in the Dundee Galleries and one has been hung in Bradford at the invitation of the Art Gallery Committee.

Mr. Gibson also has been honoured, and to him also the School extends congratulations for the recognition of his skill by the R.S.A. and for his sharing the award of the Guthrie Prize. His oil "Lisbeth" was reproduced in the *Scotsman*.

Still more recently we have word of an exhibition in Toledo, Ohio, U.S.A., which reflects credit on pupils and the Art Staff. American boys and girls attend these galleries

voluntarily and in their spare time to draw and paint and observe. An exhibition has been arranged representative of certain work in Scotland and through Mr. Halliday, High School boys and girls are having their painting exhibited. Mr. Halliday has contributed a note on the conditions in which the work was done.

We look forward to an exhibition of even more general interest to be held in the Dundee Art Galleries in October. There the whole range of the High School pupils' endeavour will be on view.

We look back as well with respect for the increasingly recognised achievement of our late Art Master, James Cadzow. We all know that he is finely represented in Dundee. A notable selection of his etchings and drawings has now been accepted by the Glasgow Art Galleries.



[Photo. by D. & W. Prophet.

Back Row—A. A. F. Bryson (Boase Medal—Golf; Don MacEwan Prize for Cricket). J. M. Gyle (Harold Martin Cup—Champion Athlete of Middle School). C. Cramond (Loveridge Cup—Mile Race.) I. R. Paterson (Pirie Cup—Golf). I. M. Duguid (Ballingall Gold Medal—Dux, Gym.).

Second Row—I. M. Reid (Leng Silver Medal—Singing). H. B. Gibb (Junior Championship Cup—Swimming). T. A. M. Peet (Championship Trophy, Swimming—Boys). W. F. Brown (Dux, Commerce). J. H. Pullar (Leng Silver Medal—Singing; Championship Cup—Dux, Gym., Girls). W. G. Grant (MacEwan Prize for Cricket). C. R. V. Doe (Aystree Cup—Champion Athlete of Junior School).

Third Row—J. Angus (Jane Spiller Prize—Dux, Form III., Boys). J. S. H. Kidd (Harris Gold Medal—School Dux, equal, Girls). J. R. Gray (Harris Gold Medal—School Dux, Boys; Dux—English, Mathematics, Science). C. R. Macdonell (Harris Gold Medal—School Dux, equal, Girls; Dux—Latin; Championship Cup, Swimming—Girls). S. Cameron (Jane Spiller Prize—Dux, Form III., Girls).

Front Row—G. Craig (Polack Gold Medal—Dux, Gym., Form II., Boys). J. M. Galloway (Junior Championship Cup—Swimming). H. Fulton (MacIennan Prize—Dux, LV., Girls). R. Chawla (Polack Prize—Dux, LV., Boys).

School Medallists,
Session 1942-43.

Dundee High School
Magazine.

“John Stewart’s Book of Arithmetick.”

D.1802.

THE other day, spring cleaning brought to light John Stewart’s notebook which had lain for a century in a cupboard in the Art Room of the Boys’ School. John Stewart may have been a pupil at one of the earlier institutions which amalgamated in 1834 or he may have been a member of the staff when the present building was opened in that year—the book was commenced about “January 19th, the year of god 1801” and finished on June 29th, 1802—but, whoever he was, I have enjoyed reading this fragment which is perhaps his only memorial.

To-day there is much talk of reform in Education and Arithmetic has not escaped criticism. I propose then, with a promise of some entertainment, to interest you in this Arithmetic of over a century ago. We may find cause for reassurance and perhaps, at the same time, we may find that here and there we but look at ourselves from a distance.

Most of the writing is in good copperplate and headings of sections are elaborately penned. I fancy that, at the cost of a great deal of time, material was copied from a blackboard although occasional examples worked by himself indicate that John Stewart (rest his soul) was no model of accuracy. No mistakes were corrected and this caused me some trouble at first, especially with the tables.

TABLES.

MONEY.

24 groats	1 noble.
2 nobles	1 merk.
3 merks	2 pounds.
1 merk 1 noble	1 pound.
240 pence	1 pound, etc.
1 moidore	27 shillings.
12 pounds Scots	1 pound sterling.
20 stivers	1 guilder.
6 guilders	1 pound Flemish.

“AVERDUPOISE” WEIGHT.

16 drops (or drams)	1 ounce.
16 ounces	1 pound (abbrev.—libs)

14 pounds	1 stone.
28 pounds	$\frac{1}{4}$ cwt.
56 pounds	$\frac{1}{2}$ cwt.
112 pounds	1 cwt.
5 cwts.	1 hogshead.
10 hogsheads	1 pipe or but.
20 cwts.	1 tun or load.

LONG MEASURE.

3 barleycorns	1 inch.
4 inches	1 palm (<i>cf.</i> hand).
12 inches	1 foot.
3 feet	1 yard.
3 feet 9 inches	1 ell English
5 feet	1 geometripace.
6 feet	1 fathom.
5 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards	1 perch.
40 perches or 130 paces	1 furlong.
8 furl. or 320 perches	1 mile.
3 miles	1 league.

LAND MEASURE.

36 falls	1 pole.
40 poles	1 rood.
4 roods	1 acre.
10 acres	1 furlong square.

CLOTH MEASURE.

4 nails	1 quarter.
4 quarters	1 yard.
3 quarters	1 ell Flemish.
5 quarters	1 ell English.

(*Cf.* brass measure inlaid in Miss Mess’s desk.)

ENGLISH DRY MEASURE.

2 pints	1 quart.
2 quarts	1 pottle.
2 pottles	1 gallon.
2 gallons	1 peck.
4 pecks	1 bushel land measure.
5 pecks	1 bushel water measure.
4 bushels	1 coomb or comb.
2 coombs	1 quarter.
6 bushels	1 boll (varied).
4 firlots	1 boll.
4 quarters	1 chaldor or chaldron.
5 quarters	1 wey or tun.
2 weys	1 last (<i>cf.</i> ballast).

ENGLISH LIQUID MEASURE.

2 pints	1 quart.
2 quarts	1 pottle
2 pottles	1 gallon.

8 gallons	1 firkin.
9 gallons	1 firkin of beer.
10 gallons	1 anchor or anker.
2 firkins	1 kilderkin.
2 kilderkins	1 barrel
42 gallons	1 turce or tierce.
63 gallons or 2 barrels	1 hogshead.
2 hogsheads	1 pipe.
2 pipes or butts	1 tun of wine.

SCOTS LIQUID MEASURE.

4 gills	1 muchkin.
4 muchkins	1 pint.
8 pints	1 gallon.
16 gallons	1 hogshead.

APOTHECARY'S WEIGHTS.

24 grains	1 scruple.
3 scruples	1 dram.
8 drams	1 ounce
12 ounces	1 pound.

TROY WEIGHT.

24 grains	1 pennyweight.
20 pennyweight	1 ounce.
12 ounces	1 pound.

(With exception of Troy ounce for sale of gold and precious stones, Troy weight was abolished in 1879.)

GAUGER'S TABLE.

231 cub. inches	1 wine gallon.
282 " "	1 ale gallon.
(both abolished in 1824)	
104 cub. inches	1 Scotch pint.
2210 " "	1 Scotch wheat firlo.
3224 " "	1 Scotch barley firlo.
2150.4 " "	1 English bushel.

These make a very formidable list of tables. Wine and spirits, barley and oats, tobacco, cloth and silks, gold and precious stones were evidently the chief articles of merchandise. Common measures for various commodities appear to have been the exception but it would be interesting to know how many of these measures which have been dropped from arithmetic books still survive in the various trades, and as Sir Wm. M'Kechnie writes, "No doubt we have simplified our Arithmetic in the last generation but it is still possible to find the poor children toiling away at long laborious questions, involving all kinds of operations in our absurd weights and measures, which few or none of us have occasion

to use in real life. Is not the Atlantic Charter one more reason for scrapping our weights and measures, and adopting the metric system?"

METHODS.

1. A highly commendable feature is the systematic checking of answers.

E.g. 1. Multiplication is verified by "Casting out the nines."

6413	
948	
<hr/>	
51304	6
25652	3 5
57717	6
<hr/>	
6079524	
<hr/>	

E.g. 2. The method of checking addition is very laborious and is not so satisfactory as adding "down" instead of "up." It does, however, leave evidence of having been carried out.

£	Sh.	D.	f.
589	14	7	1
9	06	1	1
13	06	3	0
7	12	3	0
18	01	8	0
<hr/>			
638	00	10	2
<hr/>			
48	06	3	1
<hr/>			
638	00	10	2
<hr/>			

Often verification is obtained by actually working the question in reverse from the answer and occasionally by solution of a simple algebraic equation.

2. *The Golden Rule of Three.*

Our predecessors evidently realised the precious and all important value of Proportion in mathematics. To-day we have changed the language and the symbol :: for =, but I wonder how many teachers would shudder

at the words "rule" and "three" and the "more or less" half-truth in their own teaching, on reading what John Stewart learned :

" In the simple rule of three, whether direct or reverse, two of the given numbers imply a supposition and is always of, or may be reduced to, the same denomination which the required number is of. In working a due order is to be observed in placing the given numbers, the rule for which is as follows :—the number to which the demand is affixed possesses the third (place), and that number in the supposition that is of the same kind or quantity with it must be in the first place. Then will the other number in the supposition be in the second place ; it is of a denomination distinct from the other two.

A general rule to know whether a question propounded be of the direct or reverse rule :—

If more require more it is of the direct
less less rule.

If more require less is is of the reverse
less more rule.

The three numbers being disposed of according to the foregoing direction and likewise having heard what rule the question belongs to, if it be of the direct rule of three proceed as follows :—multiply the second number by the third or the third by the second (which is all one) and divide by the first number. The quotient will produce the number required.

If the question be of the Rule of Three Inverse multiply the first and second terms together and divide that product by the third term and the quotient will be the answer to the question."

e.g. If the half of a merk
buy the fourth of a pound,
how much cochineal
can I have for a crown ?

$$\begin{array}{r}
 \text{sh} \quad \text{oz.} \quad \text{sh} \\
 \text{If } 6-8 : 4 :: 5 \\
 \underline{12} \qquad \qquad \underline{12} \\
 80 \qquad \qquad \qquad 60 \\
 \qquad \qquad \qquad \underline{4} \\
 80)240(3 \text{ oz. Answer} \\
 \underline{240} \\

 \end{array}$$

Compound Proportion went under the heading of " Double Rule of Three," and of this I will only give one example.

If 20 dogs for 30 groats
Go 40 weeks to grass,
How many hounds for 60 crowns
May winter in that place ?

Note that the winter is 12 weeks long.

$$\begin{array}{r}
 \text{D} \quad \text{W} \quad \text{C} \\
 \text{If } 20 : 40 :: 2 \\
 * : 12 :: 60 \\
 2 \times 12 = 24 \text{ Divisor.} \\
 20 \times 40 \times 60 = 48000 \text{ Dividend.} \\
 24) 48000 (2000 \text{ Hounds Ans.} \\
 \underline{48} \\
 000
 \end{array}$$

It is interesting to note that questions on Simple Interest are treated solely as examples of Proportion and not under any separate heading. Partnership "counts" too come in under the sub-titles "Fellowship without time" and "Fellowship with time." Especially in these sections every endeavour was made to give an air of reality to the problems—no doubt this was necessary to offset an operation taught entirely by rule, the only justification being a correct answer. Ratio is not mentioned and in its place something like "600 seamen : 1500 lbs beef" frequently occurs.

Three merchants, A, B, and C, freighted a ship from the Canaries to England with 194 tuns of wine of which A had 46 tuns, B 64 tuns and C 84 tuns, but meeting with

a storm at sea the sailors were obliged to cast $48\frac{1}{2}$ tons overboard. How much must each man sustain of the loss ?

3. *The Rule of False.*

“ The Rule of False is so called because by the help of false supposed numbers the true ones are discovered. Before the knowledge of Algebra came to be common this rule was in high esteem and found to be of great service and though not so universally practised now as formerly yet still it continues to be of considerable use.”

Strictly the method is limited to quantities such that variations in one kind are proportional to variations in the other, but, in fact, this is true of practically all the subjects of elementary Arithmetic. The Rule of Single False is still frequently used (although not by that name), for example, in Profit and Loss questions where the Cost Price is not stated.

The Rule of Double False corresponds to the division of the straight line joining (S_1, E_1) and (S_2, E_2) externally in the ratio $E_1 : E_2$.

S_1 and S_2 are the first and second trials, while E_1 and E_2 are the respective errors. So far as I know this rule is not used nowadays in Arithmetic and indeed, as the preamble in John Stewart’s notebook states, it is no longer necessary.

E.g. Rule of Single False.

A Gentleman a chaise did buy,
A horse and harness too.
They cost the sum of 3 score pounds,
Upon my word 'tis true.

The harness came to half the horse,
The horse twice of the chaise,
And if ye find the price of them,
Take them and go your ways.

Suppose £18 for the harness.
Suppose the harness £18
Suppose the horse to be 36
Suppose the chaise 18

Result £72

If £72 : £18 :: £60

60		
72) 1080		(£15 price of the harness
72		£30 price of the horse
60		£15 price of the chaise
360		£60 proof of the whole.

E.g. Rule of False Double.

A person buys 30 pints of liquor for 50 shillings part beer at 6 pence per pint and part wine at 3 shillings per pint. How much was there of each sort ?

Suppose 6 pints beer — 3 sh.
24 pints wine — 72 sh.

75 —should be 50.
First error 25.

Suppose 8 pints beer — 4 sh.
22 pints wine — 66 sh.

70
Second error 20.

6	8
25	20
8	6
200	120

120 ————— 16 B comes to 8 sh.
14 W comes to 42

5) 80 (16 Beer —————
5 14 Wine Ans. 50
— ————— Proof.
30 30

4. *Vulgar Fractions.*

Surely the day will soon come when all but simple vulgar fractions will give place to decimals. To-day in jute offices in Dundee, while the younger generation expresses prices in pence to two places of decimals, an older generation will change a price of $2\frac{5}{16}$ pence for 40 ins. into 2 and $3\frac{3}{4}$ twelfths and then proceed to work out the price for 56 ins. again to the nearest twelfth of a penny.

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In schools the poor pupils may still do very well with compound fractions by obeying rules of priority which are little understood, so that I must moderate my criticism of John Stewart's pages of austere questions and answers to be learned like another shorter catechism. Here are some of them.

- Q. How far may a proper fraction be expressed ?
- A. Without end as $\frac{1}{2}$ may be called $\frac{2}{4}$ or $\frac{3}{6}$ or $\frac{4}{8}$, etc.
- Q. How are vulgar fractions reduced to a common denominator ?
- A. Multiply each numerator into all the denominators but its own for a new numerator. Multiply the denominators for a common denominator.
- Q. How do you find the proper quantity of a fraction in the known parts of an intiger ?
- A. Multiply the numerator by the common parts of the intiger and divide by the denominator.

Remember again that very many scholars divide by multiplying by the fraction inverted without in the least knowing why, when you smile at this ancient method.

Divide $17/21$ by $3/5$.

$$\frac{3}{5}) \frac{17}{21} \left(\frac{85}{63} = 1 \frac{22}{63} \text{ Answer.}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 22 \\ 63 \) \ 85 \ (\ 1 - \\ \underline{63} \ \ 63 \\ \underline{\quad} \ \ 22 \end{array}$$

MISCELLANEOUS PROBLEMS.

If a hedgehog in the daytime climbs 27 feet up a tree 112 feet high and comes down 11 feet at night, in what time will be reach the top of the tree ?

A gentleman had 6 unfaithful servants, A, B, C, D, E and F, who, knowing where their master's money lay, went in privately and stole each of them as follows:—A stole 1/-

per day, B $\frac{1}{4}$, C $\frac{1}{8}$, D $\frac{2}{-}$, E $\frac{2}{6}$, and F $\frac{3}{4}$. This continued till it was or they were discovered and it was found that they diminished their master's money by the sum of £25 19s 2d. I demand how many days they continued and how much each of them stole severally.

How many barleycorns will reach round the globe of the world which is 360 degrees and each degree $69\frac{1}{2}$ miles ?

How many days have passed since the birth of our Saviour to Christmas 1791 ?

If 15 hundred of our lead
Cost 16 pounds in gold,
How much of that Saturnian ore
For 40 pounds is sold ?
If that a rule 3 feet in length
Doth give 5 feet in shade,
And if a steeple 99,
How high in feet is't made ?

Admit I lend a friend £110 for 6 months and he promises to pay me the like kindness when I desire it, but when I came to request it he can lend me but £75. The question is how long may I keep his money to recompense my kindness ?

By South Sea coast near where I dwell
A shallow creek doth cut the shore,
Wherein the sea by rage do swell
And so brought in of fish great store,
Wherein one monstrous fish was found
At the retireing of the flood.
The people espied it on the ground
Half water deep and plunged with mud.
This monstrous fish by strokes and strength
At length they slew and cut in three,
Whose head was just 8 feet in length
Was first cut off for man to see.
Its tail was found as long to be
As half its body and its head.
The body it did just agree
With head and tail as it lay dead.
Now this is all I have to wish.
To know the length of this big fish.

A certain Turk went up to Mahumet's temple to worship and in his way he met a

pilgrim to whom he said, "If ye would pray to Mahumet to grant me success and double the crowns in my pocket, I will give you 8." This he found done by a miracle and gave him 8 and proceeding further he met another pilgrim to whom he said the same words. He found the crowns remaining doubled and gave him 8 and going further he met a third pilgrim to whom he said as before and found the crowns he had yet remaining doubled and gave him 8 and then found he had nothing. I demand how many crowns he had in his pocket when he met the first pilgrim.

When first the marriage knot was tied
Between my wife and me,
My age did hers as far exceed
As three times three does three :

But after ten and half ten years
We man and wife had been
Her age came up as near to mine
As eight does to sixteen.
Now tyro skilled in numbers say
What were our ages our wedding day.

Answer : Sir, fourty-five years you have
been,
Your bride no more than just
fifteen.

A man bought 120 eggs at 3 for a penny with 120 more at 2 for a penny and in mixing them all together he sold them, just as he bought them, at 5 for 2d. Now the question is whether he gained or lost by the bargain and how much.

W. M.

The Sea-shell.

HE was walking along the shore, which the glassy sea was softly lapping, when he saw it; saw the "shell" gleaming quietly in the moonlight. "Strange," he thought, "I've never seen or heard of one like this." He picked it up, it lay on his hand while elusive colours flitted to and fro in its depths. He wondered, vaguely, what he connected its shape with; it was formed in the shape of a drop of water falling, you know, that pear-shape which is the perfect form of stream-lining. The only holes in it were four small apertures at the back, equally spaced round the "body" of the shell, and another in the exact centre of the front, or rounded end of the shell. There it lay shimmering; there was a steely hardness about its surface. It was very heavy, he guessed about five and a half pounds in weight, and he could feel a slight tingling emanating from it. "Very odd," he muttered to himself, "how could any creature get in and out of that shall, and how does it move?"

Then he noticed that it was beginning to glow brightly, a strange ethereal blue radiated

from it; suddenly a powerful shock threw him on his back, unconscious.

He did not see, indeed no one saw, the "shell" fly through the air; fall to within six inches of the shore, and then suddenly arrest itself and hover in the air. For a moment the "shell" remained thus in an undecided fashion, then it darted to the insensible form lying on the beach, and came to rest just above the man's head. An opening appeared in the side of the "shell," but it was not an opening formed by part of the shell rolling back. It would be more accurate to say that the edges of the hole appeared first and then contracted towards the centre of the aperture, the edges went on contracting until they simply disappeared.

A "thing" which may be likened to a miniature will-o'-the-wisp slid out of the opening and rested on the forehead of the unconscious man. Some of the fire from the "will-o'-the-wisp" diffused through the man's head.

Meanwhile the unfortunate discoverer of

this strange creation was being subjected to the most fantastic of dreams.

At first when he lay on the ground he seemed to be in total darkness, then gradually a light broke through; not an earthly light, but a pink light such as we sometimes see when a "woolly" cloud is caught in the rays of the setting sun. Quickly the pink light revealed a landscape which was bordered on the right-hand side by cliffs which seemed to be formed of blue marble. Green, rolling, park-lands extended to the horizon where he could discern the outlines of a distant city also formed of the blue marble. Numbers of will-o'-the-wisps were leaping about in the air and rolling along the ground. High overhead many "pear-drops," exactly like the "sea-shell," were flitting about silently and smoothly.

On the shore the "will-o'-the-wisp" lifted his forehead and withdrew into the "shell," the hole closed and the shell moved away from the man's body, and seemed to be waiting.

With the withdrawal of this aline "will-o'-the-wisp," darkness returned to the mind of the discoverer.

It was perhaps half an hour later when the man began to recover consciousness. He sat up with a dazed expression on his features, then with a shake of his head he stood up. As he did so a slight humming began to come from the "sea-shell," and, as he turned his head towards it, the "shell's" nose began to tilt upwards. There was a slight clang as four metal plugs fell from the four holes and landed on some pebbles on the beach. Four beams of white light shot from the holes and the "shell" soared upwards and out of sight. Our dazed observer stooped and picked up the four "plugs" and dropped them in his pocket.

Overhead the moon was shining and the stars were gleaming.

I. A. L.

Time Traveller.

On every side the pendulum is swinging
marking the passage of the seasons;
the world is a whirl of green and brown,
a sphere spinning to the tune of calendar and
clock.

I am standing still
surrounded by the flux of time,
with the years passing by in a coloured blur.
Backwards and forwards, and always faster,
swings the pendulum,
starting so slowly that you hardly see it move,
then swiftly quickening in tempo
until, before you notice it
the hour has struck and the spring unwound.

Oh, to put the clock into reverse;
to see the years roll back
and the Earth become young again;
to see the planets circle
and the dead stars live again.

Put back the clock and stop the flow of time.
Do not let them see what lies in store;
conceal the brown Earth
and the shrivelled Sun,
the reddish light and the thinning air.

Look into the telescope at Mars,
and see your destiny in its
deserts,
with the cold, thin wind
blowing the reddened sand
about the broken columns.

The sand, only, moves,
and the approaching ice-caps
creeping towards each other
complete the embalming of a world.

Your hope lies in Venus,
the planet of youth,
still warm from Creation.
There life may be born
and a new race raised,
but to what end and what purpose?

I. A. L.

Quo Vadis*(An epic of Polar co-ordinates).*

I'm a little Conic
 Playing in the sun—
 I'm a baby Locus
 Whose journey's just begun.

I'm a hyperbolic Lens
 Watching an eclipse—
 I'm a generating line
 Or maybe an Ellipse.

I'm a wee Parabola
 Lying in my cot—
 I'm a Major Axis
 Or am I just a blot ?

I'm a *common* Tangent
 (Never prim and formal)
 No Eccentric Circle
 Can change *me* to a Normal.

I've a nice equation
 Proving I'm a Sphere.
 A little More persuasion
 And I'll disappear.

Farmer and Fisherman.

A CONTRAST.

The farmer sows his seed
 Upon the permanence of nature and waits and
 Expects, and knows the reliable lengths of
 time.
 He stands upon his acres and calculates
 The seasons and waits upon the fulfilment
 Of predestined order. He knows the hills
 sleep
 Ever and will provide as from themselves.

Not so the fisherman.

He steps upon deckboards that forever move
 Uneasily to music deeper than human.
 He does not trust the life providing element ;
 His house stands sidelong to the sea,
 Fending its remonstrance as if poised,
 Built upon a rock, impregnable and very
 ancient,
 Snouted, turned seaward as is the seaman
 turned.
 But basalt itself a sleeping sea
 Containing the sweltering eruption

The brainless and unreflecting power of
 night,
 That night of which the earth is capable.

G. B.

JUNIOR SECTION.**From My Window.**

As I look from my window at the eve of a
 hot summer day on the flowers, the shrubs,
 and the roses all in bloom, the trees and
 the rest of the garden, my thoughts grow sad
 at the thought of what happens during winter
 with the snow covering the ground.

Beyond the garden the field of the freshly
 cut hay lies on the ground sending up a sweet
 odour. And then beyond—on a small rise,
 a field of swiftly ripening grain waving like a
 sea of small waves in the cooling breeze of the
 close of day.

After that the outskirts of the small town
 show against the sinking sun—beyond again
 cultivated fields and an occasional wood.

K. G. L. (II.)

The Little Prince goes to Bed.

O ! that dark passage, that stone floor, how
 it haunts me ! I climb the lonely stair. Up,
 up I mount into my castle. Through the
 small window the moon casts its silken beam
 lighting my bed. The stars also twinkle. The
 dwarfed oak with its massive trunk sways
 gently in the summer breeze.

A. J. M. (I.)

The Lark's Song.

A silvery river twined past a small village
 on the floor of a valley. Beyond was a stretch
 of land covered with golden sheaves from the
 recent harvest. A cart piled high with sheaves
 crunched along the rutted country lane. As I
 watched I heard the sound of a bird singing.
 Higher and higher it went until it had gone.
 But such was the beauty of it that I sat until
 I felt cold. Even the trees seemed to have
 stilled and bent their heads to listen. Then
 the lark sank and even as the darkness spread
 over the land the first chill night wind
 whistled through the darkening trees and
 lights sprang in the village.

F. G. (I.)

The Heron.

AMONG the larger British birds the Heron is one of the few which have continued to flourish in comparatively large numbers. It is perhaps difficult to find an altogether satisfactory explanation for this. The bird is silent, unobtrusive and wary but this is equally true of the Bittern which has long been extinct as a breeding species in this country. The Heron's nest is generally placed in an almost inaccessible tree-top but above all the bird must have a power of adaptability which has enabled the species to live and thrive in a changing countryside.

Though we generally associate the Heron with solitude through its habit of standing alone by the side of some lonely mere or river it is by no means a solitary bird but nests and generally roosts in colonies.

Built of branches and twigs with an inner lining of moss or turf the nest is placed high, usually in a tall spruce or larch tree, often well out from the main trunk. The Heronry is sometimes situated at a considerable distance from water, the birds having to make long flights to and from the feeding grounds.

The eggs are a beautiful greeny-blue matt colour. Three to five in number, they are laid in March or early April. From the time the ungainly young birds are hatched the parents have an endless job supplying them with food as their appetites are enormous. Long before the nestlings are able to fly, they scramble, hanging on by their bills and feet, out along the branches; sometimes they lose their hold and tumble to the ground to die slowly of starvation. As soon as the young birds can fly they are left to fend for themselves.

To and from the feeding grounds the Herons fly high. In the air the head is drawn back between the shoulders, while the long legs trail behind. The wings are large and rounded making the flight powerful and easy.

When Falconry was popular in this country the Heron was considered to give the greatest sport of any bird. It would put up a great fight

against the Falcon. On sighting the Peregrine dashing in pursuit, the Heron immediately began to climb. Both birds mounted higher and higher, but usually the Heron began to tire first. In spite of its utmost efforts it began to sink when the Falcon was able to rise above and wait for a chance to strike. Sometimes the Heron swerved at the last moment and so escaped, as a Falcon hardly ever strikes a second time. More often, however, finding escape impossible, the Heron would defend itself with its sword-like beak. The Falcon, unable to pull up, would impale itself and both birds would fall to the ground dead, the Heron's neck broken by the impact of the Falcon's headlong swoop.

On calm clear nights, unless during the nesting season, Herons seldom return to the Heronry. They sleep at the water side standing perfectly still often on one leg with the head sunk between the shoulders. At the least movement they wake up and are instantly on the alert. When fishing, they either stand perfectly still or walk forward with a slow careful step. The neck is held perfectly straight at a slight forward angle with the beak projecting downwards. Should a fish or other aquatic creature come within range, like a flash the bird strikes and usually swallows its prey whole. Frogs, the young of water birds and fish form the principal diet of the Heron. They often fly to the sea-shore or river estuary where small crabs and shrimps give variety to the fresh-water menu. The Heron with its large appetite is a very unpopular bird among fishermen.

A few years ago the owner of an estate in Galloway stocked a large ornamental pond in his garden with goldfish. Several months afterwards it was noticed that the fish began to disappear. This continued until, finally, a watch was kept, when it was found that a Heron was the thief. Shortly after dawn each morning, though the bird was almost unknown in the neighbourhood, a Heron flew down, took up a stand at the edge of the pond and proceeded to enjoy his breakfast. T.S.H.

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The Hawkhill.

MOST people think of the Hawkhill as it is in the present day— closely packed, highly populated, industrial district of our native city. Yet these massive mills and factories with their roaring engines, cover ground which has an interesting story.

Formerly the Hawkhill was merely a district of fields, not even called the Hawkhill. It stood outside the city and was simply pasture land and broad expanses of lush, green grass. The wall of the town had a gate at what is now a busy thoroughfare—the West Port. This West Port or Gate was the furthest limit of Dundee in the direction of the Hawkhill.

There is an interesting story connected with the naming of the Hawkhill. According to this tale, a certain Dundee citizen had acted very generously towards his fellows and his generosity brought him distinction. In order to reward him, the leading members of the community, who owned the land around the city, decided to present him with a gift of land—quite a natural gift in the days before the Industrial Revolution. As they were anxious to give the man a suitable area of land, they resolved upon the following plan. They were to let loose a hawk at the West Port and the land over which the hawk flew was to become the property of the town's benefactor. As soon as the hawk was freed it flew up the hill, and the land in this direction became the possession of the generous citizen. The hill took its name from the hawk and even to the present day is known as the Hawkhill.

At this time, that was of course many years ago, the district now known as the Hawkhill was a genuine rural district. It had few or no buildings, and was mostly pasture land where sheep, goats and cattle wandered about freely. Even 70 years ago, what is now known as Peddie Street was the site of a dairy farm which supplied many of Dundee's citizens with milk.

However, during the last century with the growth of industrialism, the Hawkhill was gradually acquired as a site for factories and houses. To-day its rural aspect has entirely disappeared and only the name remains.

In passing through the present-day Hawkhill, there are some curious names which merit one's attention. It would be necessary to write a book in order to discuss all the peculiar place-names in the Hawkhill, but even a few of them will be sufficient to illustrate the history of the place.

Among the names of streets which excite one's curiosity are such names as "Ryehill Lane," "Well Road" and "Mount Pleasant."

The name Ryehill Lane is in itself suggestive. One immediately thinks of broad expanses of rye, waving in the wind. When one sees the present Ryehill one can hardly believe that such pleasant spots ever existed on the same ground as the steamy tenements and the roaring factories. Where peasants formerly worked amid the rye under the blazing sun, there now is nothing but squalid, sooty tenements where the sun can never penetrate.

Next is "Well Road." This suggests that there once must have been a well or spring in this vicinity and instead of a dance-hall and a picture-house there probably was some dancing stream, gurgling and jumping through the Hawkhill.

"Mount Pleasant" instantly makes one's mind turn to some green hill or knoll in the country. There one can visualise sheep grazing and one can almost hear the low bleating of some lonely flock of sheep quietly grazing on a sunny slope. One can imagine such a hill being the property of a man like Michael—

"Among the rocks

He went and still looked up to sun and cloud,
And listened to the wind; and, as before,

Performed all kinds of labour for his sheep,
And for the land, his small inheritance."

Is it possible that such a quiet haunt can be no more? Alas, it is. To-day Mount Pleasant is but a street off the busy Hawkhill, and though its houses are quite pleasant and quite airy, all its ancient rustic air has vanished.

So much for the Hawkhill of the past. The long arm of the city of Dundee began to stretch out in search of new sites to build houses for its increasing working population. Into its greedy clutch it took the pleasant meadows of the Hawkhill.

On the peaceful lands the giant of industry erected mighty factories and high tenements. These buildings were not well built but were set up as quickly as possible. They stand today—soot-begrimed and in many cases decayed—as a sample of what men call the blessings of the Industrial Revolution. At the same time as the houses and mills were erected the quiet cart-tracks of the Hawkhill became busy roads and carts, lorries and cars poured through the narrow streets. The

Hawkhill became one of the busiest highways in the neighbourhood. This continued right on until the more modern, wider Perth Road was opened and then the use of the Hawkhill as a main road was no longer necessary.

Still the looms of the ugly factories continue to weave cloth and still more buildings have been set up. Passing through the Hawkhill to-day one sees crowds of people crowding to and from the factories. These people, with listless faces, seem pale and tired—so unlike their predecessors who worked on the land and were seldom sick.

One cannot help feeling that the present-day Hawkhill is the scene of a great tragedy. Even the name seems ironical. Nowadays, I am afraid, a hawk would never come near the Hawkhill, and thus, even the very name itself is seen as the minor part of a greater tragedy. Perhaps it is true as the Old Testament says, that "a good name endureth for ever," but surely this name only serves to remind us of one of the banes of our Industrial Revolution.

D. M. R. (V.).

The Sports—and other matters.

WHEN the building with the notable pillars confronting Reform Street has become merely the dust of the road and the air, when the last *amo* has been conjugated—(what an unfortunate service for the word meaning love!)—will the story still be told of the customary photographer arriving on time at D.H.S. Sports? He remarked: "You're quarter of an hour behind schedule, what's happened?" To which came the reply: "We began according to the *Wednesday* arrangement 15 minutes later than usual." No, that will have been forgotten too though something of the charming happiness of the young on these annual occasions, Sports Day, may still inhabit the green pastures at present known as the High School Grounds. That refreshing spirit which belongs only to those under twenty and which is distilled only in pro-

pitious airs did not just happen. The manager of this event—the *deus ex machina*—combines in himself something rather unusual—humanity and discipline, strict control of the whole apparatus of arrangement and elasticity. Under him we have our places and our appointments and we have our freedom.

And so the Sports—1943 version—went off as usual—the races were run, the jumps jumped, the tug-o'-war tugged, and the band played. Not quite true this, however, for War has rationed our programme on land and water—our Swimming Gala—is but one Gala now—though the more fast, furious and exciting for that. It too went to time—despite an artist's having a hand in it. If War has curtailed, it has not blighted: it has not dimmed the glow of life—the fun—of youth's activities.

G. B.



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The Wildness of Water.

AS to the wildness of water, I am always amazed at its freedom of movement and its relentless vigour of action. Consider the colossal volumes which are continually heaved up and down, lashed against rocks and spouted into the air itself. No obvious force is applied, no upheaval of the earth, the action is uncanny. The unceasing urge of wave after wave on a pebbly shore, which is always followed by that rattling drag of the pebbles, expresses for me a continuity and dangerous action which I feel in no other place. Another side of its wildness is shown in the frothy lines of bubbles which are left behind each breaking wave. Reader, if you, yourself, have never seen the sucked down, concave lines which this froth takes then you cannot imagine the fear which I hold for the power which hurls these masses about. I must mention one incident which fascinated me concerning the wildness and power of the water. It was in an open sailing dinghy on a breezy day and we were spouting along, leaning out-board at the extra-heavy puffs and getting our usual dripping with spray. Then, somehow I looked down to the mast step and saw a piece of oilskin moving. We did a nasty swerving duck and the bows got a very unseamanly clout from a breaking wave and then that cloth jumped. Yes, jumped at least six inches into the air and fell back again. I put my hand there and felt the planks and timber yielding to the power behind the water and they bent in and out as if sobbing at this fearful energy.

When on the water I never feel the swaying of a boat unless I remember to look for it. My muscles soon accustom themselves to it and I get along fine. When in the water I notice the swelling considerably. One seems to fall on one's chest after a high wave departs and I always make allowance for this by sticking my feet down. Not very romantic, is it? But this heaving and rolling of water contains nearly all its beauty. Polished pewter reminds me of the sea in the moon. It is not silver because of the afore-mentioned streaks. They are beautiful in a desperate sort of way. Their curves may be level and regular to a painter's eye, but to mine, neither lovely nor attractive. I cannot abide views which give me nothing to see but beauty. Personally, I like to see the

sea in nasty moods, when the shallows are yellow and brown with disturbed sand and the wind makes your eyes water. Life must be there! These swellings represent the motion of water and as my mind seems to be impregnated with the forcefulness of the sea, I can see nothing but the broken green masses surging along with a view and only one view, that is to break something or to break themselves.

I. T. C.

Beaches.

The land, it's thick and heavy,
The soil, it's soft and fat,
But when it slides down to the waves
It's ground and pounded flat.

We've all seen beaches sometime
Of shingle, sand or stone,
And everything on earth is there
From dirty oil to bone.

The rocks break down to pebbles,
The pebbles into sand,
And it, in turn, is swept away
By some all-powerful hand.

But reckon up the forces
To shift that weighty soil
To break these hardened rocks asunder
And not be tired with toil.

The sea looks calm and placid,
It gently sways and falls.
The rhythmic motion never ends
Yet always takes its tolls.

So watch the dancing brooks
Beneath the well-fed trees
And study the unsteady stars
Darkening 'neath the breeze.

Still, recall the power and latent force,
The awful surging roar,
And love the beauty of the sea
By staying firm ashore.

IAN T. CARRIE (Form V.).

Reflections on leaving School.

IT was at twelve o'clock on the twenty-sixth of June that I first realised that I was done with school forever. The usual traditional ceremonies were over and I was standing in "the Pillars" looking down Reform Street watching my former schoolmates rushing off home to begin their summer vacation. I had thought a lot about that particular day and now it had arrived.

It was always the custom when I was at school to grouse against the awful life one led and to look forward in pleasant anticipation to the happy day when one would lay down one's book for the last time and leave forever the gloomy building in which one had been forced to labour.

What a glorious day it would be! We would all dash out the gates and celebrate the joyous occasion—the great day when school was finished and we could look forward to—to what?

I do not speak for the men who were with me at school when I say that this was the point at which my day-dreams ended and I began to think hard—very hard. They never seemed to entertain any doubts as to their future careers. Indeed it was accepted by everyone that Johnny was going to be a doctor and Tom an engineer, while Dick was going in for wireless. They always gave me the impression that their lives were all planned out already and that they knew exactly how things were going to turn out. Consequently leaving school meant to them that the initial boring but necessary spade-work was over and that they were about to start out on the life that had attracted them since they were children. I wonder how many of them really believed that or whether some of them secretly entertained doubts as to the future—I always did. Nevertheless I can see them all to-day, as clearly as if I had left school last week instead of fifty years ago, dashing down the playground shouting and laughing—rejoicing to be free.

How ridiculous I must have seemed to them as I stood there gazing into space instead of joining in their fun. How ridiculous I really was. For years I had been secretly dreading that day—the day when the gates closed behind me for the last time and I was thrust

out into the world to do as best I could. I felt like some monk who has been thrust forth from the seclusion of his monastery into a world which he had never really known, a world from whose evils he had been jealousy guarded until then. Why was this?

The reason might be summed up in three words—"too much imagination."

There was a day when I could have quoted a little piece of "Hamlet" on this very subject but nowadays I find so many other things to occupy my mind that my early knowledge has been pushed into the background. My trouble was that I was always crossing my bridges before I could even be sure that they existed. I could never quite make up my mind what I was going to do after I left school because I always saw some snag in each career which caused its rejection. In school, however, one did not need to worry much about such matters until one's later years there. It was a case of going home, doing one's homework and then one could do what one liked. That's what I was dreading—having to do something I didn't like. The fear of remaining chained to a desk haunted me for years. How stupid I really was standing there like some shy little boy who has just been pushed into a room full of strangers.

We live and learn. That's one of these little truisms that have always been my standby for they help me to realise that someone else had to work out his life on a trial and error system too. I am getting on in years now and looking back I realise that, regrettable though it may seem, "brass-neck" and advertising are almost as important as intellect these days. I learnt my lesson pretty quickly. I had not been away from school for more than a couple of years before I really appreciated that there is no time in this world for would-be "Hamlets." We had a big job before us in those days. We had a bit of a mess to clean up and I like to look back and give myself a little pat on the back and say, "Well, old chap, your plan of campaign was maybe a bit hazy to begin with but you did your bit just the same."

Well, then, you must excuse me you know—I'm an old man and inclined to ramble a wee bit—but then I always was.

Dundee High School Old Girls' Club.

WE have much pleasure in sending our greetings once again to all Old Girls wherever they may be.

At the Annual General Meeting it was decided to follow the custom of the past two years by holding the Annual Re-union on a Saturday afternoon in September or October. This has proved to be the most satisfactory arrangement under present conditions.

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

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

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

President.—Mrs. William Locke.

Vice-Presidents.—Miss Barbara H. Robertson; Dr. Winifred J. Smith.

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

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

Executive Committee.—Miss M. Cargill, Mrs. M'Pherson, Mrs. Wm. Allan, Miss Jean Gordon, Miss Keil, Mrs. Luke, Miss Margaret Hutton, Miss Mary Borland, Miss Lee, Mrs. James Scott, Miss Sheena Bruce, Miss Margaret C. Robertson, Miss Margot Cosh, Miss Agnes Conn, Mrs. Spreull, Mrs. Walker (*ex officio*).

The following have joined the Club since June, 1942:—

Margaret B. Brown, 46 Clepington Road.
Sheena Bruce, "Gowan Brae," Seafield Road, Broughty Ferry.
Muriel Cooper, "Cairnslea," Invergowrie.

Nancy Galloway, 17 Nairn Street, Downfield.

Moira Martin, 89 Blackness Avenue.

Sheila M'Call, 411 Blackness Road.

Sheila Plant, 322 Blackness Road.

Jean S. Richardson, 2 Law Street.

May Smith, 1 Binstead Avenue.

R. Gwynne Soutter, 72 Woodlands Terrace.

Joyce Taylor, Carlogie House, Carnoustie.

Moyra Treasure, 20 Panmure Terrace, Barnhill.

Dorothy H. Wallace, 29 Brechin Road, Kirriemuir.

Katherine F. Wilson, 1 Albert Square.

We announce with pleasure the following marriages:—

Dr. Isobel Fernbach to Dr. John Forfar, 10 Queen Street, Broughty Ferry.

Miss Dorothy Grossart to Rev. Allan Bell, St. Colombo's Manse, Invergowrie.

Miss Mary Jamieson to Sgt.-Pilot Ian Ramsay, 23 Clepington Road, Dundee.

Miss Betty Luck to Dr. Denholm, c/o Luck, Carluke.

Mrs. Mair to Sir William Beveridge, Pinner, Oxford.

Miss Dorothy Whyte to Mr. Young, "Sandyford," Monkton, Ayrshire.

We place on record with regret the deaths of Mrs. Geo. Stevenson and Miss Lydia Stevenson.

The Dundee High School Old Girls' Club

The deaths of Lt. Ian S. Cowley (1929-1937) and Rev. George W. Howie (1881-1888) are recorded with deep regret.

Our hopes for a speedy recovery go out to Guardsman Normam Clark, who has been wounded in the fighting in North Africa.

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

Stewart Anton, R.A.F.
 Squadron Leader Arthur G. Abel, R.A.F.
 Squadron Leader George C. Abel, R.A.F.
 N.A.II. A. Fleming Baird, F.A.A.
 Dorothy Brown, W.A.A.F.
 Flying Officer John L. Christie, R.A.F.
 Guardsman N. Clark, Scots Guards.
 Isobel Crawford, W.R.N.S.
 2nd Lieut. Leonard R. Cuthill, 1st Lothians,
 R.A.C.
 O.S. William Davidson, R.N.
 A.C.1 Gordon Dewar, R.A.F.
 Trooper Lionel L. Ferguson, R.A.C.
 Norman Findlay, R.E.M.E.
 Sergt.-Pilot Andrew Fleming, R.A.F.
 N.A.II. Harold Gillis, F.A.A.
 Pte. Colin C. Hayens, Seaforth Highlanders.
 Alex. S. Henderson, F.A.A.
 Writer James B. Houston, R.N.
 Pte. Robert F. Hunter, Black Watch.
 Joyce Ingram, Massage Corps (Rehabilitation).
 Henry Jack, Meteorological Officer, R.A.F.
 Cpl. Alex. Jeans, R.A.F.
 L./Bdr. Ronald G. Laburn, R.A.
 Victor S. Lowden, F.A.A.
 Sub.-Lieut. Donald Mackay, F.A.A.
 N.A.II. Ross M'Intyre, F.A.A.
 N.A.II. Harry W. H. Marnie, F.A.A.
 Sgt. Hugh Mitchell, R.A.M.C.
 Lieut. Wm. S. Mitchell, R.A., I.A.
 Sub.-Lieut. Alan F. Muir, R.N.V.R.
 Dennis O'Donnell, R.A.F.
 A/Leading Writer (Special) Alan T. Peacock,
 R.N.
 Marjory Peter, F.A.N.Y.
 Pte. Charles A. Rattray, R.A.
 Mabel Ritchie, Massage Corps.
 A.C.2 W. H. Rutherford, R.A.F.
 Rena Scott, N.A.A.F.I.
 Capt. Douglas M. Shepherd, E. African
 Intelligence Corps.
 Leslie Shepherd, W.R.N.S.

Capt. Wm. C. Smith, R.A.M.C.
 2nd Lieut. Wm. G. Walker, R.A.
 A.C.2 Alex. Wardlaw, R.A.F.
 Cadet Whitelaw, M.N.

Promotions.

Ronald M. Burns, R.A. to Lieut.
 Douglas S. Dryden, R.A., to Lieut.
 John C. Geddes, 6th Gurkha Rifles, to 2nd
 Lieut.
 Donald C. Hutcheson, R.I.A.S.C., to Lieut.
 Ian G. Kidd, A. & S.H., to Lieut.
 Alan C. Lemon, R.I.A.S.C., to Lieut.
 D. Gordon M'Call, R.A.F., to Pilot Officer.
 T. Ramsay M'Call, A. & S.H., to Lieut.
 Wm. Paterson, B.W., to Capt.
 Kenneth L. Philip, B.W., to 2nd Lieut.
 Capt. George B. Smith, R.A.F., to Major.
 Catherine M. Wallace, W.A.A.F., to Sec.
 Officer.
 Robert A. M'Laren, A. & S.H., to Major.

Prisoners of War.

Cpl. John Muirhead, B.W.

Missing.

Norman Findlay, R.E.N.E.
 Sgt. Douglas R. Jeffrey, R.A.F.

Pro Patria.

James E. Paterson, M.N. Missing—pre-
 sumed killed—17th October, 1942.
 Lieut. Ian S. Cowley, B.W. Died in India,
 April, 1943.
 Sub.-Lieut. Donald Mackay, F.A.A. Missing
 —presumed killed—Norway.
 Capt. W. Harvey Spreull, Seaforth High-
 landers. Killed in action, April, 1943.
 Capt. Douglas Mackay Shepherd, East African
 Intelligence Corps. Died on active ser-
 vice, June, 1943.
 Pilot-Officer J. Harvie Petrie, R.A.F. Killed
 June, 1943.

BOYS' CRICKET CLUB, 1st XI. *Back Row.*—J. D. F. Carnegie. G. W. Johnston. J. R. Gray
 Mr W. More (*Pres.*). A. T. Ritchie. I. M. Duguid.
Front Row.—I. R. Paterson. A. R. Murray. A. A. F. Bryson (*Capt.*). W. G. Grant.
 W. W. K. Harrow. *Absent*—I. T. Carrie.



[Photos. by D. & W. Prophet.

GIRLS' TENNIS CLUB. *Back Row.*—E. K. Johnston. G. V. Geddes. Y. Marshall.
Front Row.—E. Menzies. C. W. Rintoul. B. F. Stevenson (*Capt.*). E. M. Richardson.
Absent.—L. M. Gabriel.

Cricket 1st XI., 1943.
 Girls' Tennis Club, 1943.

Dundee High School
 Magazine.

Reports.

Cricket Club Report

The Cricket season is drawing to a very successful close. The team this season, although young in years, has not been lacking in experience and this has been shown by the excellent results obtained. Unfortunately the weather has not been too kind to us but out of six matches played, the F.P.'s have been the only team to lower our colours. We are keenly expectant of winning our remaining matches. The batting and bowling has been of high standard, and although the fielding could be improved, this has not been due to lack of keenness.

The batting of the 2nd XI., who likewise have lost only one match, has not been very consistent but the bowling shows great promise, and next year's 1st XI. should prove a formidable lot.

Finally we would like to thank Mr. More, as President, and Mr. Stark as coach, for their interest in the teams, and all the other members of the staff who have given up time for our benefit.

A. A. F. B.

Tennis Club Report.

The Tennis team has not been very successful this year. We had two matches against Harris Academy. These were very close games and ended in draws. We played against Morrison's at Crieff and were given a good beating. The team consists of B. Stevenson and C. Rintoul, E. Johnston and E. Menzies, Y. Marshall and V. Geddes: reserves—L. Gabriel and E. Richardson.

We were again fortunate in gaining the services of Miss East who on two occasions gave us coaching and sound advice. There has been a good entry this year for the Tennis Championship but play has been very slow on account of bad weather.

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

B. F. S.

Cadet Report.

The Company has continued to parade on Fridays and on an occasional Sunday, and has progressed in its training. Work for certificate "A" has occupied most of our time and a new section, the signal section, has been added to our ranks. Passes up to 20th June are: Individual, 29; Section Leaders, 40.

Camp this year will be held during the 7th-14th August at Fotheringham House. The number of cadets who will attend is approximately 125. We are indeed sorry to leave Cortachy where camp has been held for so long.

General Sir Arthur Wauchope, Colonel of the Black Watch, inspected the Company, took the salute at the march past and watched the field exercises of the cadets. He expressed his appreciation of the work and stressed the importance of cadet work in peace and war.

The Annual Inspection of the Company will take place on 23rd June. The Inspecting Officer is Lt.-Col. Wightwick who commands the Dundee Garrison.

We take this opportunity of welcoming three new officers, Messrs. Mann and Murray from the S.T.C., and Mr. Stark. To flying-Officer Murray we give thanks for his assistance. Of the skill and effort expended by Captain MacLaren and Lieutenant Halliday the force well knows and is accordingly grateful.

I. T. C.

Guide Report.

During this term Guide meetings have been held as usual, only one meeting having to be cancelled due to the School Concert.

Guide work has progressed all term, and now everyone is working for proficiency badges. It is hoped that a large percentage of the entrants will pass their tests.

A number of the company are going to attend a Church Parade on Sunday, 20th June, and another event to which we are looking forward, is the visit of Lady Baden-Powell to Dundee in October.

Throughout the term, our officers have proved most helpful, and we should like to thank them for their assistance and encouragement.

B. D. E.

Girls' Literary Society.

After a lapse of nearly four years, necessitated by war conditions, the Society has started to meet again, for the summer-term only, under the Presidency of Miss Lickley.

Our first meeting on 13th May took the form of a Hat-Night. Questions both serious and amusing were discussed and the evening was much enjoyed.

A debate: "The B.B.C. programmes cannot be improved," was arranged for 21st May. After some discussion, Miss Menzies and Miss Doe, who were in support of the motion, were defeated by Miss Macdonell and Miss Kidd.

Form V. and Form IV. provided entertainment for the Society for the next two evenings. Their programmes showed a remarkable amount of talent, so much of which has been lost to us by the war.

On 10th June both Societies met to hear a most interesting lecture on "Costume" given by Miss Bradshaw. Slides portraying the costumes of different centuries were shown and the evening was greatly enjoyed.

On the following week the Society was entertained by Form VI. Their programme showed talent and originality, and was much appreciated.

On 24th June we are to hold a Hat Night along with the Boys' Society which ought to prove very enjoyable.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Lickley and Miss Gray for their work in setting the Society going once more and for taking such a keen interest in its progress.

J. K.

"Alma Mater."

(With apologies to Kipling.)

In the centre of a city looking Southward to the Tay,
There's a proud and stately building where I used to
work and play ;

Though the years have passed between now, yet to
me there comes the cry :

"Come you back, you Scottish schoolboy ; come you
back to Dundee High !"

Come you back to Dundee High,
Come you back before you die :
Can't you see the lofty pillars rising up towards the
sky ?

On the road to the old school, where your life's
work was begun,

Where the early morning hymn, and the "Schola
Clara's" sung

And the pillars from on high, watch life's courses as
they run.

Now at the time o' leaving, you're glad to quit the
school,

And you laugh and joke, and patter, and you play the
blessed fool.

But the time will come at last, sir, when according to
the rule

You will wish for "Alma Mater" with its shaded
cloisters cool.

Yes, you'll wish for "Alma Mater,"

Be you landed clerk or hatter,

And you'll dream of morning break, and the hurried
feet a-clatter,

On the road to the old school, where your life's
work was begun.

Then you'll think of Johnny Whatsit, and your pals
of long ago,

Of Bill, and Jack, and Sandy, and you must remember
Joe ?

You'll think of rain and sunshine, and wind and sleet
and snow,

In that good old stately building that you once a time
did know.

Yes your time is running short

And you'll soon be called to port,

So come back to "Alma Mater" where you once did
work and sport

On the road to the old school, where your life's work
was begun.

Yes, the school still carries on, as it did for you and
me,

And it sends its sons abroad, by land and air and sea.
So whatever you are doing and wherever you may be,

If you still can draw a breath, and you're not too old
to see,

Then come back to Dundee High,

Come you back before you die,

Can't you see the lofty pillars rising up towards the
sky,

On the road to the old school, where your life's work
was begun,

Where the early morning hymn, and the "Schola
Clara's" sung,

And the pillars from on high watch life's courses as
they run.

A. R. M. (Form V.).

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