

*Jan Taylor*

# THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. 88

DECEMBER 1943

SIXPENCE

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DUNDEE



# The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

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[SIXPENCE.]

## Editorial.

IN the current phraseology—we have had it! In previous years we regarded Form VI. as a schoolboys' Utopia—a class which did nothing in particular unless, of course, a little experimenting in colourful ties, etc. *Nous sommes toujours en apprenant*, as Voltaire once said, and scarcely a day has passed since the start of the session without some rude shock being administered to our easy-going complacency. Our opinion of Form VI. sank recently, however (to quote our Allies), to "an unprecedented low" when we realised with horror that we were responsible for the Christmas issue of the Mag. Our wartime diet of "spam" and "mince or mince and veg" had already lowered our powers of resistance and this latter stroke nearly proved too much for our enfeebled constitution. We have survived, nevertheless, and retain a sufficient grasp of the situation to wish our readers, in all sincerity, "A Happy Christmas and a Good New Year."

With the coming of December the long nights have again compelled us to change our time-tables and school now begins half-an-hour later than usual. We have, however, many happy memories to look back upon during the cold winter months—memories of the sunny (sometimes at any rate) days which we spent in the harvest fields.

During August and September a number of pupils were working on farms all over the country and the girls were berry-picking at Blairgowrie.

The holidays themselves were unusual this year since it was decided that school should finish at the end of June and the new session begin almost immediately. Thus we went on holiday at the end of July not quite sure what form we were in and wondering whether it was really a good idea after all.

The excitement and rush which were such common features, in peace-time, of the last few weeks of the Christmas term are even less evident than usual this year since, owing to the vacational arrangements, Forms V. and VI. have finished a week of exams.—with attendant damping of spirits, of course. Nevertheless an effort has been made this term to brighten up the social side of the school, a side which has been sorely neglected during the past four years, and we note with interest that—at the time of writing—it is proposed to hold a Musical Evening on 10th December as well as the Christmas Dance on the 17th—good luck to them both!

There were some unfamiliar faces amongst the staff when we returned to school in October and we realised, with a sigh, that Mr. Stalker and Miss Park had left us after

years of faithful service. We give them our sincere good wishes and at the same time extend a cordial welcome to the newcomers, Miss Foggie and Miss Swan and Mr. Howat, who have already won a place in our affection.

On 1st November, at Derby House, her home in Newport, died Mrs. Ferrier, widow of Mr. David Ferrier, at one time music master in the High School, and composer of our fine School Song. Mrs. Ferrier as Miss Glenday was herself a music mistress in the School under Mr. Ferrier and remained an enthusiastic music-lover all her life. It was by her kindness that we were permitted to print the Song. We are glad to acknowledge the High School's indebtedness to her, and to pay tribute to her memory.

## Mr James S. Stalker, M.A., B.A.

**M**ANY generations of former pupils would learn with regret that Mr. Stalker had retired. There cannot be many of them who did not know that in his youth he had struggled with wind and tide in the stormy seas of the North. Probably all of them realised more or less vividly that when he said "The Pentland Firth breeds men" he was telling of something which had been revealed to him at sea in the broken waters off the Caithness rocks.

But how many ever heard that five years of his own school life were spent at Crieff and that in the year 1895 he was dux medallist of Morrison's Academy? Yet such is the proud fact and in the time of the writer at least the somewhat grim and austere demeanour of the Northerner was blended with the warmer and more romantic outlook usually associated with the Perthshire Highlands.

His high spirits, his determination and zest in expounding his philosophical ideas, and his vehement enthusiasm for the classics are things which come at once into our minds when we see him or think of him. He was never a negligible quantity but an alert and forceful personality with an active fighting spirit

Congratulations and all good wishes to those "Old Boy" P.O.W. who are back among us once more; and warm and sympathetic thoughts for those who still remain in enemy hands. We are privileged to include in this issue and the next an excellent article by Captain David Recordon on his experience as a P.O.W. in Germany.

Congratulations also to the Art Department on their splendid Exhibition in the Art Galleries this term, and especially on the interest aroused by their excellent 'poster' work; to Christina R. Macdonell on taking first place in the Leng Essay Competition (25th September); to William S. Gauldie on winning a valuable prize in Architecture, and to Mr George Bruce on his "Finella" broadcast.

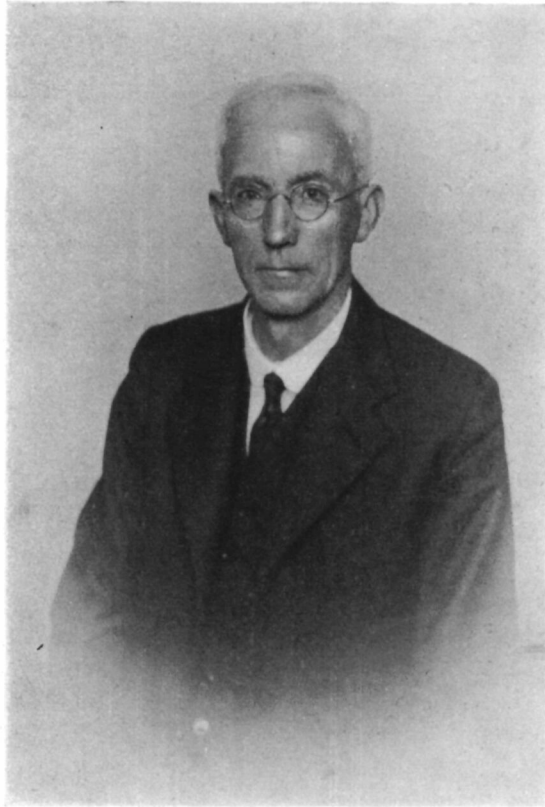
which is no doubt transmitted to his sons who are now serving with the armed forces of the Crown.

In September, 1943, Mr. Stalker retired from the position of Senior Classics Master of the High School after 39 years' service and he carried with him the cordial congratulations and good wishes of the pupils, his colleagues on the staff, and the Directors. Long may he continue to show in public and in private his virile Scottish patriotism and his passionate devotion to the interests of education and true culture.

### Biographical Note.

Born at the School House, Aukengill, Caithness, on 11th September, 1878. Educated there and at Morrison's Academy, Crieff (Dux, 1895) and the University of St. Andrews where he took degree of M.A. with Honours in Classics. Had teaching experience in Caithness, Ayr Academy, and Bo'ness Academy before coming to Dundee High School in 1904. Graduated B.A. at London University with Honours in French. Participated in all the school games and societies. An ardent angler and sea fisherman.

W.



**Mr JAMES S. STALKER, M.A., B.A.**

**Dundee High School  
Magazine.**

## Miss Park.

IT seems a very long time ago that Miss Park, fresh from College, bright and alert, but with the quiet modesty so characteristic of the best north country folk, first stepped before a High School class. That day, with the unanimous approval of the Board of Directors, she was appointed to the staff of their Modern Languages Department.

She came to Dundee with the best credentials. A native of Aberdeenshire, Miss Park was educated at Peterhead Academy, where she became dux of the school, and at Aberdeen University, graduating there with First Class Honours in Modern Languages.

For two strenuous decades now Miss Park has shepherded the German classes of the High School of Dundee with great devotion, and, often under difficult working conditions, has steadily improved the standard of attainment and has achieved year after year great success and distinction in the external examinations. Her work in the French classes has been equally thorough and effective in quality.

When one realises how loath Miss Park is to hear words spoken in praise of herself, it is difficult to do justice to her manifold exertions in and for the school. She belongs to that select band of experts who, shunning cheap popularity and easy promotion, dedicate their great talents to their own special subject and ever strive after the ideal of perfection. She is helped in that arduous task by the very qualities innate in her—patience, determination, keen powers of discrimination and observation, unobtrusive sympathy, loyalty and, vitalising them all, the eager questing for truth.

It was these unusually strong traits of refinement much more than the patent mastery of and enthusiasm for her subject, which from the very outset of her teaching career made perfect discipline the bracing atmosphere of her classroom and won the respect—and occasionally the grudging admiration—of lusty

young giants whose interests were openly extramural. We have seen German pupils, junior and senior, as the bell rang their release from, let us say French, bustle away with sighs of relief and line up in an orderly queue, with tense, eager faces, outside the door of V.G.

At times it falls to the lot of the craftsman, even among teachers, to work with what can not by any stretch of wearied imagination be called intractable material. Miss Park was no exception. Her old pupils, after brilliant successes at the university, used to write to her gratefully in appreciation of the first-class grounding she had given them. Such letters must remain the consoling and private treasure of the happy teacher. But two little incidents culled from modern history reveal in our opinion more strikingly than any such emotional, though spontaneous outbursts of gratitude how instinctively Miss Park maintained the old High School tradition for thoroughness and accuracy.

Not long ago at Training Centre in this country the Commandant was summing up in a personal interview the vices and virtues of a young soldier who had been a conscientious pupil of Miss Park. "You are much too concerned with meticulous accuracy. That may be all very well in civilian life; but in the Army . . ."

The other incident was the visit a few years ago of H.M. Chief Inspector of Schools for Scotland to Miss Park's classroom to transmit to her the compliments of the Chief Examiner in German on the accuracy of her pupils' work in the Leaving Certificate Examinations. Some of us regard those two incidents as unique testimony, unofficial hall-marks of an outstandingly successful teacher.

The affection felt by her pupils was deepened by the activity and interest which Miss Park showed in the numerous school societies and functions.

Fitting tributes have been paid to her elsewhere on other occasions for the ungrudging support she has given wherever the weal of the pupils or of the staff was involved.

On the sports ground, at Girl Guide parades and summer camps, with school parties and concerts, with the Girls' Swimming Club and its popular galas, at Debating Society meetings and at hockey matches her help has been constant and invaluable. May the many snapshots which record her participation in these events always evoke joyous memories!

Miss Park paid regular visits, studiously busy, to France, Switzerland and Germany during summer holidays which might otherwise have been spells of restfulness between the well-

filled school sessions. And if scholarship was one object of her visits, yet her love of noble buildings, of fine pictures and of the best music found, abroad, further and other satisfaction than it found at home.

Her vigorous and ardent nature loved the open country too, and she could give vivid word-pictures of the wind-swept moors, the jagged, towering hills, the isles and lochs of her homeland. In such moments the artist within her stood self-revealed.

It is only when she has gone that the school will learn what a treasure it possessed in her service.

We wish her health, long life and happiness.  
W. A. W.

## The Legend of Finella.

ONE morning in November several classes were informed that instead of their usual work they were to hear the Schools' broadcast at 11 a.m. On proceeding to the hall they heard the announcer say that the Legend of Finella was to be given, an ancient tale of Angus and of the people of Angus.

The voice of Kenneth, King of Scotland, told how he would bring law and order to his kingdom. He was frustrated by the quarrelsome family of the Mormaors who at this time dominated Angus. They quarrelled with others and with one another. Kenneth, to put an end to these feuds, pursued and killed the young Cruthlent, son of Finella. This Finella was a woman of great determination and cunning. She appeared to appreciate the king's reason for killing her son, whereas, in fact, she was biding her time.

Years later King Kenneth committed a crime in his own interest. He murdered by poison a claimant to the throne of Scotland hoping thereby to ensure the succession of his own son, Malcolm. But Kenneth's conscience cried out against him. He sought, by service to the church, to atone.

While on a pilgrimage Kenneth and his

retinue stayed as the guests of Finella. She had, with great show of friendship, invited him, but deep down in her heart she planned revenge. Her hour had come. The king was charmed by all he saw. In the evening Finella took him to a chamber where a statue of King Kenneth stood holding in his hand a golden apple. "That apple of gold is a gift to you, my liege," Finella told him. The king, smiling, reached out and gripped the apple. He crashed to the floor pierced by arrows shot from bows hidden in the surrounding walls. Controlled by a devilish mechanism these cross-bows, aimed at the spot where the king must stand as he touched the apple, were released when he gripped the golden fruit.

With fiendish laughter Finella gazed on the dead king. The retainers forced the door and Finella fled hotly pursued. She reached the river. Standing on a crag above the torrent she must choose capture or death. Death! With a wild cry she leapt. (There is a crash of music followed by silence.)

We were interested to hear that "The Legend of Finella" was the work of Mr. Bruce. We understand he is to have another Schools' broadcast in January.



*[Photo. by Watt & Sons.]*

Miss HELEN M. PARK, M.A.

Dundee High School  
Magazine.

# Cost of Living in the Year 1775.

THE name "Bothwell Castle" takes our thoughts back to fierce battles between Scots and English, to Bannockburn, and to days when fifteen feet walls of hewn stone provided much-needed security. The ruin of this "ould castle" still stands on the banks of the Clyde, but in 1775 it had a successor which must have seemed full of pride in its bow windows and elaborately carved ceilings, with pull-bells from drawing room and billiard room, yet requiring blinds to its windows. The title was, however, restored to the ancient ruin when, a few years ago, the younger building was demolished.

Certain of the domestic records of the 1775 household came to light during the demolition and I have enjoyed the privilege of reading from them a delightful story of the doings of Eliza Appleton, the housekeeper, who purchased eggs eighteen dozen at a time, and of pork never less than the whole reasting pig. In the account, "close baskets" and "a small boister for the maid" keep company with a regular order for a dozen or more pounds of lint, and "to And. Quinton for bringing things from Hamilton . . . 1/-" or "to carriage of a turkey on 24th Dec. . . . 1/-." I have, however, selected only those items of which amount and price are given—"to cooper for repairing kitchen tubs . . . 1/2" does not convey any appreciation of labour value. Towards the end of the list I have detailed some excerpts from the carpenter's book.

PRICES FROM THE HOUSEKEEPER'S BOOK.

	s.	d.
1 doz. eggs .. .. .	0	4
1 lb. fresh butter .. .. .	0	8
1 pint milk .. .. .	0	2
1 quart cream .. .. .	0	6
1 lb. beef .. .. .	0	3½
1 hen .. .. .	1	2
1 duck .. .. .	0	9
1 turkey .. .. .	2	6
1 chicken .. .. .	0	4
1 lamb .. .. .	1	10
1 roasting pig .. .. .	2	6
1 lb. refined sugar .. .. .	0	9
1 peck of salt .. .. .	0	8
1 lb. mustard .. .. .	2	0
2 loaves of bread from Glasgow (rare purchase) .. .. .	1	2

1 peck of oatmeal .. .. .	0	9
1 doz. fresh herrings .. .. .	0	4
1 lb. salmon .. .. .	0	9
200 oysters in the shell .. .. .	3	4
1 doz. oranges .. .. .	2	6
1 yd. fine flannel (swanskin) .. .. .	2	6
1 yd. fine diaper .. .. .	1	6
Strings for the cook's aprons .. .. .	1	0
1 pr. worsted stockings .. .. .	3	1
2 nails cambric .. .. .	1	3
1 doz. shirt buttons .. .. .	0	3½
1 ironing blanket .. .. .	4	0
1 pr. shears .. .. .	0	6
6 band boxes .. .. .	2	0
4 mouse traps .. .. .	0	10
Set of stone breakfast cups .. .. .	2	4½
Tacks and 2 lb. bed cord .. .. .	3	0
Broom for henhouse .. .. .	0	0½
2 doz. heather besoms .. .. .	1	2
Crystal cruet .. .. .	3	6
6 scrubbers .. .. .	0	6
1 lb. rosin .. .. .	0	4½
1 mat .. .. .	0	6
1 lb. "pottashes" .. .. .	0	7
(presumably for scouring silver, etc.)		
Letter sent to post .. .. .	0	1
Letter from post .. .. .	0	9
1 bottle Daffy elixir .. .. .	2	3
1 bottle Arquebusade water .. .. .	5	0
1 lb. lint .. .. .	1	0
1 sheepskin .. .. .	0	7
Silk ferret (length of silk tape) .. .. .	0	4
1 throat drop (reel?) .. .. .	0	2½
1 Scotch pint red currants .. .. .	0	6
1 Scotch pint raspberries .. .. .	1	6

(1 Scotch pint equals 3 imperial pints).

WAGES FROM HOUSEKEEPER'S BOOK.

	£	s.	d.
To "one day mangling the linens" .. .. .	0	0	9
„ 6 monts' wages to servant living in Bothwell Castle .. .. .	2	0	0
„ 3 months' board wages .. .. .	3	5	6
To engaging servant .. .. .	0	1	0
(cf. arles or King's shilling).			
„ sweeping 3 chimneys .. .. .	0	1	0
„ glazier for cleaning 90 sash windows .. .. .	1	2	6
„ drawing the maid a tooth .. .. .	0	0	6
„ making 5 shirts .. .. .	0	10	0
„ ruffelling 8 shirts .. .. .	0	4	0

„ setting “ rite ” the clocks	..	o	1	o
WAGES FROM CARPENTER'S BOOK.				
To Thomas Rogers.		£	s.	d.
to putting up scaffold against bow window to stop and paint the joints of stone to prevent the wet from “ getting inn ” .. .. .	2 days	o	7	o
to casing bell wires, making chopping block for larder, making a sliding table for the children and repairing of tables and sundries	21 $\frac{3}{4}$ days	3	16	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
to taking out pulleys and weights from top sashes of dining Room and Billiard Room to put into family apartments .. .. .	1 day	o	3	o
„ George Lining to making paper blinds for windows and repairing furniture .. .. .	6 days	o	10	o
To John Waples to putting up carriage for stairs and making a plaster box for the plasterers and sundry other jobs	5 $\frac{1}{2}$ days	1	o	2
„ Walter Blandford for packing harpsichord	$\frac{1}{2}$ day	o	1	9
„ Robert Blaikie to repairing and making the servants hall door shut with a weight and battening of walls of drawing room for canvas for papering and sundries .. .. .	8 days	1	5	o
„ Robert Blaikie to cutting circular running moulds for “ Anti Room ” for plasterers	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ days	o	5	3
„ Dun Geddes to repairing “ manger roulers ” and putting shelves in hunters stable for flower pots .. .. .	2 days	o	3	o

If you are a craftsman I must now ask you to spend your 3/6 per day with Eliza Appleton. You should then ask yourself whether a craftsman to-day could purchase more food with his wages. Compare also the value of 1/6 per day to Dun Geddes, who was probably a carpenter's labourer, with the value of say 9/- per day in 1938. Although you will be

amazed at the pay given to a housemaid who could scarcely clothe herself in sheepskins, you may, on the whole, be persuaded to agree with me that the change in the cost of living is not so pronounced as in the standard of living. There were few luxuries and entertainments on which to spend money and little variation in the day's menu, which was, none the less, wholesome and lavish.

Imagine Eliza Appleton's Christmas dinner of turkey and roast pig followed by plum pudding rich with eggs, and the company rosy and mellow at a shilling a bottle—but for this year anyhow, “ you've had it.”

W. M.

### Autumn Leaves.

The woods are surely lovely  
In this Autumn month so gay,  
The crisp gold leaves on every  
Branch and twig, in bright array.

But, when their time is over,  
They float with ease and grace,  
Down through the evening twilight,  
In lanes to take their place.

A great West wind has risen,  
They scamper o'er each field,  
Where stooks of corn have wavered,  
But stubble stiff won't yield.

At last their journey's ended.  
They're buried deep in snow.  
They've lived a life of beauty,  
But everything must go.

KATHLEEN M. JOLLY (I).

### La Grippe.

J'ai peur  
Du flu !  
Tout à l'heure,  
J'ai vu  
Un peu trop  
De whisky chaud,  
Sans eau,  
Et j'ai vu  
Deux faces  
Dans la glace,—  
Trois moi  
A la fois !—  
Et, ma foi,  
Tous les trois  
Ont flu !

With acknowledgments to “ Punch.”

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## Wild Creatures in Winter.

TO creatures of the wild the coming of winter, with snow and frost, means hardship, starvation and sometimes death. During hard weather many birds move down to sea level and may be seen feeding on river estuaries and along the sea shore, especially at low water. When lochs and ponds become frozen over, the water-birds are forced to leave. Sometimes some of them wait too long and losing strength they fall easy victims to stoats, foxes and other animals or birds of prey. During prolonged frosts thirst is an even greater hardship than hunger.

When ice begins to form on a stretch of water the birds which inhabit it generally try to keep some patches open. During a hard frost several years ago I watched birds keeping a small patch near the centre of a loch free from ice. Before the frost set in several hundred birds could be seen on the loch. When ice began to form on the surface many of them left. A few however remained. These birds for a long time seemed to be indifferent. As the ice formed round the sides they simply moved further out, until there was only a patch of clear water left about twenty feet in diameter. As though realising that their fate now depended on their own efforts they began to swim rapidly round and round inside the encroaching ice. This kept the water in constant motion. The diving birds could be seen constantly diving and bobbing up. Day by day this went on. Gradually the ice gained, but when the thaw set in the birds still had a few feet of open water, where they were able to dive under the ice in search of food. Continually while the fight lasted birds would scramble out on the ice, tuck their heads under their wings and go fast asleep. When they woke they returned to the water, while others took a spell of rest.

When wild birds or animals are reduced to the last extremity it is a rare instance when one will help another. Generally the weaker ones succumb and are often eaten by the others. However some years ago I watched the following incident. A clump of sloe bushes overhung a sluice. The spray had frozen on

the branches and in some places hung in icicles. A robin had alighted and its feet had frozen to the branch. Another robin was perched beside it pecking as hard as it could at the ice around the imprisoned bird. How far its unaided efforts would have succeeded I cannot say. After watching for some time I crossed over and broke away the ice. The bird seemed exhausted, but on being taken indoors it recovered and was liberated, apparently none the worse.

Many animals escape the rigour of winter by hibernating. The hedgehog and dormouse are true hibernators; this is to say they go into a torpor and remain in that state till the warmth of Spring returns. The badger, squirrel and bats sleep at intervals throughout the winter but wake up occasionally and go foraging for food. Badger and squirrel tracks are often seen in snow.

During severe weather the ranks of many of our animals and birds become greatly reduced. With some it may take years to make up the ravages of a hard winter, while others can make up the leeway in a very short time.

But there is one animal which can live through the severest frost and which enjoys snow. The otter has a great time when snow falls. This animal has an incredible intelligence. He can adapt himself to all sorts of changing conditions. To watch him at work or to watch him at play leaves us amazed. After a fall of snow a number of otters, young and old, may get together. They proceed to a hillside where they commence to make slides. One after another they race up and toboggan down, squealing and barking with excitement. The otter will even make snowballs; he rolls them about and sometimes he tries to balance them on his nose. There are no food hardships for him. He keeps a diving hole open on his fishing range. This hole is generally situated under a thick bush. He makes long excursions below the ice, coming back to his blow-hole when he needs to breathe or to eat a large fish at his leisure.

T. S. H.

## A Visit to a Soap Factory.

ONE fine spring morning five years ago, the headmaster of the school I then attended, announced to the boys that in about ten day's time the whole school was to pay a visit to Lever Brothers' soap factory at Port Sunlight in Cheshire. That was the first we heard of what turned out to be a most educational tour of a huge works.

We boarded the motor coaches at nearly ten o'clock on a fine May morning and left the school, which was outside Liverpool, and headed for the city centre. We passed through the Mersey Tunnel and motored through Birkenhead and on down the Wirral to Port Sunlight. We approached the model factory, which is a town in itself, from the north-west and, for nearly ten minutes, we passed between rows of well-kept, modern houses, which had each its piece of tidy and colourful flower garden in front. We were passing through the town of Port Sunlight, of which the entire population works in the soap factory. The little town with its pretty gardens and the large open spaces, even between the different factory buildings, justly bears the name of Port Sunlight.

On first entering the factory we were shown around the chemical research laboratories, where we were informed an improvement in the process of the manufacture of the many different varieties of soap which Lever Brothers make is discovered every three days. This large laboratory, with its hundred and fifty employees, is on the west side of the main entrance to the factory and is of modern design. The large, and generally open, windows provide ample fresh air for five times the number of employees in the building.

On leaving the laboratories we went into a huge room where there were two enormous tanks containing boiling carbolic soap, which was half-way through its process of becoming world-famous "lifebuoy." We were told that these tanks are heated electrically and that at different temperatures certain kinds of chemicals are drawn off. We were also informed that only a very small percentage of the money that is used in the manufacture of

soap is obtained from the sale of the actual soap and that the by-products are by far the most important concern of the firm.

From this room, which smelt so strongly of disinfectant, we crossed a quadrangle and entered the largest of all the buildings where the soap is run into moulds and then cut into bars. The soap is next rolled by means of granite rollers; it is at this stage that the scent is added.

We then passed into an adjacent building where their famous "lux" toilet soap was being packed. First we saw cartons and wooden boxes travelling along conveyer-belts from an adjoining building, where they had been made and printed. Into each of these cartons a specified number of tablets of soap were dropped by an automatic machine. The carton passed on and a special glue brush hit the lid and left a dab of glue on it; the carton was then closed by an automatic punching system. Meanwhile the wooden boxes were being filled and closed by a seemingly fool-proof nailing machine.

From here we went into the printing works where all the different kinds of boxes were made and printed with bright and attractive colours.

We next passed through to the packing depot, where numerous trolleys and vans of every description were running hither and thither, and men and women worked at full pressure loading vans, lorries and railway trucks.

From this busy place we made our way to the main building, and, having there received a box containing a sample of their most famous types of soap, we once again boarded the buses.

What struck us all most about our visit was the happy and efficient set of workers Lever Brothers employed, and we all agreed that it must be due to the good conditions in which the employees lived and worked. How fine it would be to have a Britain based on the lines of Port Sunlight!

H. B. G. (V.).

## P.O.W.—Germany.

### PART I.

WHEN, a little over a month ago, I sailed up the Forth on board *The Empress of Russia* I felt that a chapter of my life was closing and that, on the whole, I should prefer not to re-open it! My relations and friends have decreed otherwise and I have since talked of little else *but* my captivity. This interest is quite natural, of course, all the more so among those who still have dear ones out there, so that when asked to contribute something about my experiences for the School Mag. I foolishly consented and have since bitterly regretted my weakness.

During the last fortnight of my leave I have lain awake at night wondering what there could be of interest to the schoolboy or girl in the hum-drum existence of a P.O.W. in Germany. "They will want something exciting, with a 'kick' in it," I said to myself, "and nothing very exciting has happened to me in the last 3½ years." (I cannot write about escapes; it isn't allowed.) Perhaps I could call my article "Travels on the Continent at the Reich's expense"—I have certainly done a bit of travelling since that ill-fated 12th June, 1940, at St. Valery.

St. Valery-en-Caux. What visions that name conjured up for me! That once-prim little seaside resort, nestling between the cliffs—24 hours of death and destruction made you look a sorry sight! One little incident there I shall never forget. About 10 o'clock on the evening after the 51st Division's surrender I was driving an army truck along the quay-side. I was returning to our dressing-station on the sea-front after taking the most seriously wounded to a French hospital on the hill. It was dark save for the last flickering flames of one or two buildings. My front wheels stuck on some fallen masonry on the road, and I started reversing for another attempt at getting through. Suddenly there came a Whizz-whizz-whizz-whizz over my head, followed by a succession of loud crashes uncomfortably close at hand. I hastily shut off my engine and raced for the nearest shelter, a burnt-out hotel. From this comparative safety I listened (within the short space of only 10 minutes) to the heaviest bombardment I had yet experienced. I could see the flashes

far out at sea and the rapidity of the firing amazed me. Yes, it was the British Navy, and it must have given the enemy further up the town something to think about! It certainly shook me while it lasted but put heart in me too—I needed it just then. After all, I thought, we still have the finest Navy in the world and thanks to it we'll yet win this war.

I'll pass briefly over the next few weeks when I was looking after our wounded at St. Valery and later Rouen, and take you to the Citadel, Doullens, where I had my first real taste of captivity. This was a "Transitory Camp" and eleven drivers, myself included, were sent there in July, preparatory to being sent to Germany. We found a very mixed crew there, mostly French including many Senegalese and Algerian native troops. The camp was an old fort and had high walls all round in addition to patrolling sentries. Inside conditions were bad, food being inadequate and quarters deplorable, while about half the camp suffered from dysentery. There were about eighty of our men there and I'll never forget how kind the Algerians were to them. The latter were allowed out of the camp on working-parties and often brought back bread and other food given them by French civilians. This they largely shared with our men, and at a time when an egg might fetch in the camp 1000 francs (over £5) and a loaf of bread 8000 francs (£30)! Most of the Algerians had spent a few days in the South of England after the evacuation of Dunkirk and had been very hospitably treated before their return to France and subsequent unfortunate capture. As a result the poor fellows were very pro-English and couldn't do too much for our lads.

In those early days most of us conserved our energy by staying in bed till noon. We donned greatcoats for 7 a.m. roll-call, ate a meagre breakfast of "ersatz" coffee and a piece of bread, and returned to bed! We were therefore able to relieve the monotony by playing volley-ball every afternoon against a team of French officers.

After much journeying and discomfort I arrived early in October, 1940, in a British Ofag (Officers' Camp) in Southern Bavaria. Here I was most impressed by the courtesy and

consideration shown to us by the Germans. For the first time there seemed to be no shouting! My next impression was of "lashings" of hot, sweet "ersatz" coffee with milk, which tasted heavenly after the "tisane" (camomile and mint tea) we had been drinking for some weeks. We were lucky there too, as there seemed no limit to the potatoes we could obtain and I found myself eating them for lunch, tea, supper and even breakfast (recommended by the Ministry of Food, I believe!). Red Cross parcels were already beginning to arrive in small numbers and in my first week I had an eighth share of one. This was soon increased to one among four and what a difference that food made! It meant we had something to eat with our potatoes, something to put on our bread, and perhaps, above all, real tea!

A few days before Christmas, 1940, enough parcels arrived for an issue of 1 each for both Christmas and New Year. Half of them were special Christmas parcels containing plum pudding and Christmas cake and they *made* that first Christmas in captivity. In this we were luckier than most camps, as many Stalags (men's camps) did not receive any Red Cross parcels till March, 1942. Actually it was not till July, 1941 that we received a regular issue of a complete parcel per week but with few exceptions this has been kept up in all camps in Germany since. The improvement in the health and morale of our men due to the parcels had to be seen to be believed, and many owe their very lives to them. The Red Cross has done and is doing a wonderful job of work and we are all tremendously grateful to it. In addition to food, of course, the Red Cross sent out thousands of invalid comfort parcels, uniform and clothing, books, sports equipment, and, above all, cigarettes—50 a week for every prisoner. Thanks almost entirely to it, therefore, the average British P.O.W. in Germany is as healthy and fit as anyone in this country. He has enough to eat (much more than the guards), plenty of warm clothes, and ample recreation for his leisure hours.

I know many of you would like to know how those of us who had not to work (mainly officers and n.c.o.'s) spent their days. In the very early days classes in all kinds of subjects were organised in the Oflag and main Stalags. Languages were popular, and included French,

German, Italian, Spanish, Hindoo and Arabic. Then one could learn about architecture or pig-breeding, book-keeping or beekeeping, to mention only one or two subjects. Many textbooks continually arrived and quite a few officers and men were able to pass exams. sent out by London University. There were always large attendances at popular lectures on a variety of subjects, from coal-mining to tiger-hunting. Music and art occupied the time of quite a number. I bought a violin early on and spent many enjoyable hours practising. Later I played in one or two orchestras, which, besides providing entertainment for the rest of the camp improved one's playing a lot. Nearly every camp had a dance band, and many of these were first-class. The bigger camps had symphony orchestras of 30-40 players. Variety and repertory shows also provided a welcome break in the monotony.

Many of the costumes and props were home-made and pretty makeshift in the early days. It was wonderful how ingenious some people were! Latterly many of the shows would have done credit to a first-class professional company.

Plays by Shakespeare were performed on several occasions with great success. The Germans were particularly keen on Shakespeare, and we were able to hire excellent period costumes for these plays. Incidentally, Shakespeare's plays were still being performed in Germany when I left!

Naturally many people devoted a lot of time to sport wherever this was possible. Tennis, quoits, volley-ball and handball were popular in camps where space was limited, but wherever a sportsfield could be obtained, football was the 'rage.' We were particularly fortunate in this respect at my first Oflag VII.D., in Bavaria. We could visit the sports field every afternoon, and I played "soccer," rugger, handball and hockey with occasional games of baseball and tennis. There was an association football league comprising eleven teams and there was tremendous rivalry and keenness. There were one or two international games and the play in these was well up to first-class professional standard.

We had excellent swimming, too, at this camp, in a lovely lake a few miles away. We were allowed the use of the village (Tittmoning)



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(Top of WELLGATE STEPS).

"Bad-platz," from 9 till 10 every morning during July and August. We were charged 20 pfg. (3d.) a time, which was cheap at the price.

At only two camps out of seven in which I was did I obtain any skating. The first was VII.D. where we built a small rink in the courtyard (the camp was a castle). This was done by building up snow banks and flooding the centre. This rink took us over a week to build owing to the slope, which necessitated 3 feet of ice at one end! The rink, though extremely small, gave us a lot of enjoyment, and not a little amusement at times, during that first severe winter. We had six weeks of it and it certainly helped to keep me fit. We weren't so lucky last winter. I spent a great deal of time helping to build a nice big rink but the thaw came before we'd had a week of skating, and though we kept working on the banks for another fortnight it never froze up properly again and we watched our rink gradually disappear over the space of a month!

*(To be continued).*

### A Coral Cave.

I FLOATED into the cave and gazed in wonder at what I beheld on the sandy bottom.

Coral of all hues adorned the yellow sand, sea-flowers and rock-weeds added to the splendour of colour. In a clump of azure coral, clinging to an old unoccupied shell, was a sea-anemone, the beautiful sea-terror to all small fish. Woe betide the fish under the fatal lure of its poisonous but harmless-looking tentacles as it waits for its prey. Under my gaze was also one of the gorgonias, revealing nature as a supreme artist. Sea-shells of every contour clutched at the rocks or lay empty on the sand. At the far side of the cave a poor crab, who had just cast his shell, was being attacked by six or more shrimps. Now and again one would lunge forward and stick its horn in his soft unprotected body.

Looking at all these colours—white, green, grey, purple, orange and blue—I found it easy to imagine a mermaid slipping through the rock-weeds, her hair twining and untwining gracefully among the wavering weeds and the sun sparkling on her scales as on myriads of diamonds.

L. BARCLAY (II.).

### Hymn to Mercury

(Horace Odes I., 10.)

Thou child of Atlas, eloquent of speech  
Who to primeval men did'st language teach,  
Taming thereby their manners wild and rude,  
Who form'd the School of graceful bearing  
good.

Of thee, the herald of the gods I sing  
Who messages from mighty Jove do'st bring.  
Thou skilled inventor of the bending lyre  
Who did'st what pleased thee, though not in  
ire!

When thou had'st stolen Apollo's bulls of yore  
He threatened thee, till them thou did'st  
restore;  
Yet looked he on thee with indulgent smile  
When thou had'st hid his bow with playful  
guile.

Rich Priam, when in grief he went from Troy  
To his foe's camp, did thee as guide employ,  
To elude the Grecian watch-fires through  
thine aid,  
The hostile hordes and the proud Atreans'  
blade.

Thou, guardian of the spirits of the blest,  
Dost lead them to their home of endless rest;  
And favoured of the gods, with golden wand  
Thou rulest o'er the light and airy band.

MEDAN.

### A Cottage.

There is a little house somewhere,  
A big part of my heart lies there,  
A little garden full of friendly flowers.  
And memories of many happy hours.

For memories—like faded leaves,  
Are gathered there beneath the eaves,  
And the happy garden will not cease,  
To bring me its serene and peace.

There's something there I'll ne'er forget.  
The latticed panes, the pink sunset,  
They'll flash back ever to my mind,  
When oft at eve, towards home I wind.

I've left it now for many a day,  
But I'm never really far away;  
Oh, well belov'd, wee but and ben!  
Perhaps someday we'll meet again.

## Twenty-Third of April.

ON a still night in the month of April, I was strolling around, admiring the little town of Stratford-on-Avon. It was very silent and still; even the Avon seemed to hold its breath under the moon. Dark shadows from the trees were flung across the path. On a wild night the shadows would be rather ghostly, but there was no wind. The town and all the people slept.

I wandered over to the theatre. It attracted me, it was so beautiful and so white under the moon. Shakespeare, I felt, would have been very glad to know that this lovely theatre had been built to his memory.

I tentatively tried the main door. It was locked, as I had expected, but a little side door, by which the actors usually entered, stood open. Some careless actor must have left it open after the play in the afternoon.

The inside of the theatre was made white by the moonlight which streamed in through the windows.

No sooner had I begun to look about me, admiring the beautiful Memorial, than I heard a noise of voices which came from the green room. I wondered who this could possibly be. It *might* be some actors going home after rehearsal. Well, they would be very late, for my watch told me that it was nearly midnight. Some instinct made me creep back into a dark corner.

Out of the green room, laughing and chatting they came, dressed in Elizabethan clothes. They talked in a queer fashion, but one which I easily recognised as Shakespearian.

From the corner I could see all that was going on quite easily. I could also pick up the threads of their conversation. I gathered that they did not think that the theatre had changed since the last time that they had been there.

Then a hush fell upon them as one whispered that someone was coming.

And to my great surprise, in walked Will Shakespeare! I could see him plainly. Then he turned to his company, and I gathered that they were going to rehearse a play.

I stopped long enough to enjoy myself and to get a good view of Shakespeare. I then went out by the little door. Looking at my watch I saw that the time was nearly one o'clock.

While going home, I wondered if I had dreamed it all. No, I didn't think so. It was all too realistic. But why Shakespeare had chosen this day to come to see his memorial again, I could not think.

Then I remembered. It was the twenty-third of April, Shakespeare's birthday! He must come every year to see his theatre, and his birthplace, and to rehearse his old plays.

When I reached home, I resolved to go each year to see Shakespeare and his merry company again!

C. M. B. (III.).

### Forgivable Error.

WEARILY he plodded up the crescent, a lone Belgian soldier in a foreign land. The damp cold of the insular winter invaded his bones and sombre thoughts of uninviting barracks his mind.

As he raised his head to avoid a fellow-being on the pavement, his eyes were suddenly gladdened by the sight of a large cheerful cream-coloured board on which were the warm red words: "This is a REST Centre."

"Some Samaritan has made here a place for the tired stranger," he thought, as he crossed the road and mounted the steps, only to receive a shock as the swing doors closed behind him.

Long black curtains hung on either side of the entrance and stairs rose before him through subdued light to a series of stained-glass windows. Gone were dreams of canteen and reading room. He became conscious of a light patter of feet and a twittering of sound. Little girls passed and repassed in quiet uniform. His thoughts turned from the comforts of the body to those of the spirit. He was in a convent!

Embarassed, he turned to see a welcome form sweep from out a side-corridor with stately step and black draperies aswing. A man, short of stature and cheery of countenance, approached. The shrewd and twinkling eye and, shall we say, comfortably rotund figure betokened a type with which he was happily familiar. Touching a passing girl on the shoulder he asked, with reverence, "Is that the holy Father?"

A. L.



HIS RIV'RINCE.

Dundee High School  
Magazine.

**Castles in the Air.**

I'd like to be a nurs'ry maid  
 And sing sweet babes asleep ;  
 But maybe they would want to cry,  
 And that would be no treat.  
 I'd like to be an actress  
 And act upon the stage ;  
 But I would get so tired of it,  
 If I were not the rage.  
 I'd like to be a botanist  
 And study flowers so gay ;  
 But I'd have to wander very far  
 For flowers upon the way.  
 Heaps of things I'd like to be,  
 But I will have to wait and see  
 If Fate will pave the way for me  
 And let me go to Varsity.

ZETTA BELL (I.).

**Thanksgiving.**

I've so much to be thankful for,  
 A cosy chair, a dancing fire,  
 A cup of tea, a faithful friend,  
 A book to read, a sock to mend,  
 Small homely tasks to pass the day,  
 And loving hearts to cheer my way.  
 I've so much to be thankful for,  
 A ticking clock, a bonny flower,  
 A polished floor, a cosy rug,  
 A pretty vase, a silver jug,  
 Small homely things to make me gay,  
 And loving hearts to cheer my way.

KATHLEEN CHISHOLM (IV.).

**The Joys of Youth.**

Rise up, O Leavings Class !  
 Have done with lesser things ;  
 Give heart and soul and mind and strength  
 To face the task of spring.  
 Rise up, O Leavings Class !  
 Your homework tarries long ;  
 Toil through the day in brotherhood,  
 In toil the night prolong.  
 Rise up, O teachers all !  
 The class for you doth wait,  
 Its strength unequal to its task ;  
 Rise up—and keep it late.  
 Lift higher yet the marks !  
 Come, strive to gain a pass ;  
 As victims of the dread exam.—  
 Rise up, O Leavings Class !

E. A. M. (V.).

**The Storm.**

If ever you should chance, one day,  
 When going out to play,  
 To see a storm come roaring down,  
 Jump into the house with one big bound,  
 Shut the door and then look around—  
 Out of the window.

Then you'll say, " Oh ! what a sight ! "  
 As rain beats down with all its might  
 Upon the window pane.

Lightning slashes up the sky,  
 Thunder crashes loud on high ;  
 But, as you know, it will not last,  
 And soon the storm will all be past,  
 And 'twill be clear again.

DONALD MENZIES (LV.).

**Rhymes of the 55 (B.C.).**

Julius Caesar came from Rome,  
 To try to invade our island home,  
 I think he just managed to land in Kent,  
 But at sight of the Britons he turned and went,  
 He planned an invasion across in Gaul  
 But pride aye comes before a fall ;  
 His armies met with a hot reception,  
 No hats, no rabbits, and no deception.  
 The Romans were not the only chaps  
 Who tried to be invading " saps " ;  
 Hitler's Nazis tried the like,  
 But now it's *our* turn to turn and strike.

D. DUNCAN (IV.).

**Mathematics.**

The sight of elegant equations  
 Is joy confined to mathematics ;  
 The symbols urge those calculations  
 Beloved of algebra fanatics.  
 No keener quest beneath the sky  
 Than seeking  $x$  in terms of  $y$ .  
 The logic of each taut deduction  
 Is limpid, resolute, and binding ;  
 Each line displays a new construction,  
 Each phrase a triumph at its finding.  
 It schools the mind and charms the eye  
 To look for  $x$  in terms of  $y$ .  
 No muddlehead or mental slattern,  
 Can feel the pleasure of evolving  
 The intricate and final pattern  
 That makes the puzzle worth the solving.  
 Truth, beauty, and enchantment lie  
 In  $x$  expressed in terms of  $y$ .

" ALGY BREST. "

## Dundee High School Old Boys' Club.

THE deaths of Gnr. D. M. Brown (1916-1928), Captain Ian G. McCall (1930-1932), George Elder (1880-1884), and Sgt.-Obs Ian Mackay (1933-1938), are recorded with deep regret.

The Thirteenth Annual General Meeting of the club was held on 7th December 1943, when Reports and Accounts were submitted and approved. Office-Bearers were appointed and vacancies to the Executive Committee were filled.

The Honorary Secretary has recently been busily engaged in enrolling Old Boys who left school last session, and there has been again a satisfactory increase in our "Lifers."

*President*, - - John R. Crystal.

*Vice-President*. - Alex. Robertson.

*Executive Committee* :—

John R. Lawson.	W. L. Marshall.
A. S. Rae.	G. F. Ritchie.
H. Craigie Smith.	Keith Milne

L. B. Weatherhead.	Lewis I. Collins.
Alex. Wardlaw	John W. Thomson.
Frank G. Young.	Thomas McLaren.
Ian M. Grant.	Ian T. Carrie.
P. K. M. Smith	

*Hon. Secretary and Treasurer* :—

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

*Hon. Auditors* :—

Messrs Moody Stuart & Robertson, C.A.

Names to be added to the List of  
Members serving with H.M. Forces.

A.C.2 W. H. Rutherford, 1929-1939.

2/Lt. William L. Cuthill, 9th Gurkha Rifles,  
1936-1941.

Engineer Officer Robin B. Kinmond, M.N.,  
1932-1937.

Lt. Ralph H. Morrison, R.A. India Command,  
1924-1929.

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

Gunner Alastair R. C. Alexander, L.A.A.,  
R.A.

Lt. Wm. Gibson Birrell, R.A.M.C.

James A. Birrell, R.A.F.

John C. Brown, R.A.F.

Stuart Dempster, R.A.F.

Capt. Joseph G. Farquharson, Hyderabad  
Regt.

Capt. Ronald C. Farquharson, R.E.

Lt. Thomas I. Farquharson, Indian Inf. Regt.

Winabelle Farquharson W.R.N.S.

N.A. II. Ronald B. Ferguson, F.A.A.

Marjorie E. Fyffe, C.N.R.

L/Cpl. Quintin S. Grant, R.A.P.C.

Fl. Lt. Malcolm Greig, R.A.F.

Felicity Grove, W.R.N.S.

Chief Radio Officer J. Alastair Laird, M.N.

Margaret S. Larg, W.R.N.S.

A.C.2 Kenneth Law, R.A.F.

Cadet David K. R. Lawson, O.C.T.U.

N.A. II. Murray Mackenzie, F.A.A.

F/O. Lena H. M'Laren, P.M.N.S., R.A.F.

Capt. John S. Mann, R.A.M.C.

Cadet Walter R. M'Niven, M.N.

2nd Lt. Arthur A. B. Miller, R.A.

Chaplain Alex. A. Morrison.

F/O. Daniel J. H. Morrison, R.A.F.

Capt. Nancy M. Morrison, R.A.M.C.

Sgt. Adam Piggot, Black Watch.

Pte. Ian G. Styles, Black Watch.

Cadet Cecil Whyment, M.N.

*Promotions.*

Gavin G. Adams, R.A., to Lieut.

Thomas Agnew, B.W., to Capt.

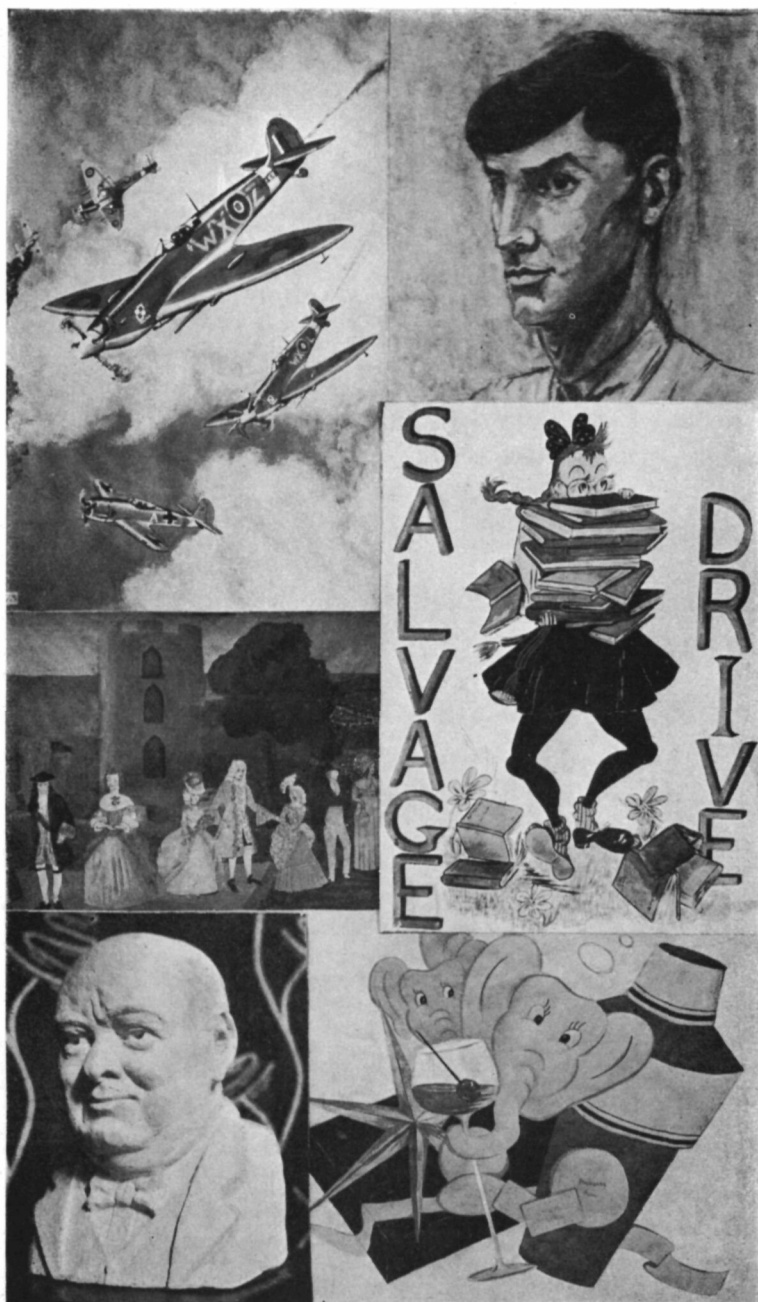
George Blair, R.A.M.C., to Capt.

Jean Drummond, A.T.S., to 2nd Lieut.

Fergus Greig, I.A., to Lieut.

J. S. Johnston, R.I.A.S.C., to Lieut.

William Low, R.I.A.S.C., to Lieut.



[Photo. by J. D. Brown.]

Exhibits from Art Exhibition held in  
Art Galleries, November 1943.

Dundee High School  
Magazine.

A. Theo. Marchall, R.E., to Capt.  
 Walter A. Marchall, R.A.F., to Pilot Officer.  
 Gordon E. Panton, Reconnaissance Corps, to  
 2nd Lieut.  
 Ian Pearson, R.N., to Lieut.  
 James R. Soutar, R.N., to Sub.-Lieut.  
 David A. Simpson, Army Air Corps, to Lieut.  
 Douglas W. Waddell, R.M., to Lieut.  
 John Wighton, I.A., to Lieut.  
 Guthrie Wilson, R.A., to Major.  
 Douglas M. Wright, R.A.F., to Fl. Lieut.  
 O.S. Geo. A. Main to Sub.-Lieut.  
 David S. Bryson, R.A.S.C., to 2nd Lieut.

### Prisoners of War.

Major J. Graham Ross, Paratroops.  
 Capt. David Recondon, R.A.M.C., is re-  
 patriated.  
 Capt. Ker Standing, Cameron Highlanders,  
 has escaped from an Italian Prison Camp.

### Awards.

Lieut. Graham M. Patrick, F.A.A. Mentioned  
 in Despatches, September 1943 and  
 awarded D.S.C. November 1943.  
 Flying Officer E. W. Forwell, R.A.F.  
 Awarded D.F.C., October, 1943.  
 Flight Lieut. Douglas M. Gall, R.A.F.  
 Awarded D.F.C., August, 1943.  
 Capt. (Temp. Major) Herbert D. Philip, R.A.  
 Awarded M.B.E., August, 1943.  
 Capt. (Acting Major) James A. Wright, B.W.  
 Awarded M.C., November, 1943.

### Pro Patria.

Gnr. David Millar Brown, R.A. Died on  
 active service, September, 1943.  
 Capt. Ian G. M'Call, R.A.M.C. Died on  
 active service, October, 1943.

## Reports.

### Rugby Club.

There was a time when, at the beginning of the Rugby Season, it was only necessary to look out our kit, have our boots repaired or replaced and we were ready to take the field. Even if we required a new jersey or a pair of shorts it was a simple matter to go to the sports outfitter and get just exactly what was wanted in size, fit and colour. Things are very different to-day. Before it is possible to make a start, much exchanging and handing down of kit is absolutely essential, and even then, many boys have to go without, and colours are many and varied.

Despite these difficulties and the fact that out of town fixtures for the First and Second Fifteens are limited to two games, enthusiasm is well maintained. This is particularly so among the juniors who are turning out in strength on Saturdays and putting in some good practice. In this respect the senior boys are doing a good job too, for several turn out weekly to coach and referee the younger lads. But for their help it would not be possible to keep going and, in time, loss of interest would be the result. We thank them for the interest they have taken and for the good they are doing. These young boys are the School teams of the future and the work done now will prove its worth in the years that lie ahead. Games with local schools are played on Saturday mornings and, in these days there is no lack of enthusiasm and a fine spirit prevails throughout.

What is particularly worth mentioning is the great keenness of the boys in the Lower School who, although they have no recreation period during the week, turn up regularly and thoroughly enjoy their Saturday mornings at the Grounds. To see these little fellows running around and playing with such happy enthusiasm is one of the most encouraging features in a very difficult period for School rugby.

To those of us who feel that without weekly fixtures with other schools interest in the game is bound to be lost, we would just say, so long as we have enthusiasm such as is shown among the younger members of the School, we need have no fears about the interest waning. By cutting down our travelling to a minimum we are complying with the wishes of the Government and thereby helping the war effort. KEEP IT UP, SCHOOL, and it may not be so very long before we are able to return to normal again and the Dark Blue and Old Gold will be taking the field regularly as in pre-war days. Your efforts now will be the successes of the future.

T. M'L.

### Hockey Report.

Only five of last year's team are back at School with the result our 1st XI is young but full of enthusiasm. We have not started too well but as we have many matches to play we hope for better results.

Our away matches with Madras and Bell-Baxter were both cancelled this season, but we managed to arrange a match with the W.A.A.F.'s team from Leuchars, and we are all looking forward to a return match at Leuchars.

The 2nd XI. have been more successful with their matches.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Whytock, and also other members of staff, who are so helpful at practices.

### Cadet Report.

The Annual Camp was held at Fotheringham House, Inverarity, from 7th to 14th August, and 5 officers and 119 cadets attended. Contingents from the Leys School J.T.C., Pitlochry and Morrison's Acadmey J.T.C., Crieff were attached for the week.

The period before breakfast each day was spent in personal and general cleaning and the rest of the time was given to training and demonstrations. The Leys Contingent did a good job of work producing useful demonstrations, while the Morrison's Attachment gave valuable help to our signals section. An interesting and instructive demonstration was staged by the 79th (Scottish Horse) Medium Regiment, Royal Artillery.

We were fortunate again in having the valuable services of Colonel-Commandant A. E. Kidd as Medical Officer and our thanks are due to him and to the V.A.D. nurses who assisted in looking after the health of the Company. We are also grateful to Q.M.S. Duncan, an ex-member of this Company, who did so much in preparing demonstrations and in giving fieldcraft and tactical instruction.

A show was given by the Army Film Unit, and dancing to the accompaniment of the Pipe Band was a nightly occurrence. A N.A.A.F.I. Canteen attached to the camp proved a popular feature.

The Platoon Cup was won by Number 4 Platoon under Sergeant Doig. The competition was judged by Captain Lewis Collins, M.C., for whose continued interest in the Company we are very grateful.

All ranks enjoyed camp but the general opinion was that a week was too short; most would have preferred the usual fortnight.

Camp was visited by the Commanders of South Highland and Angus Sub-Districts and by the Inspecting Officer, Colonel E. G. Wightwick, Commander Dundee Garrison, who gave a favourable report on the Company. Among the visitors to camp we were pleased to welcome Mr. Alex. Robertson, Convener of the School Cadet Committee, and Mr. and Mrs. Bain.

Our thanks are due to all those who took an interest in our activities and welfare during camp.

166 cadets are on the roll this session—12 are members of the Home Guard, 75 are between 14 and 17 years of age and 79 are under 14.

Most of the instruction this session is being undertaken by senior cadets who hold War Certificate "A." This will be valuable in developing team work and the qualities of leadership. Through co-operation with the St. Andrews University S.T.C. instruction in the Bren Gun will be possible this year.

On Friday, 5th November, the Company enjoyed a show of films which should prove helpful to training.

A number of cadets will attend week-end courses with Number 8 I.T.C. at Perth during November, and it is to be hoped that an opportunity will be given to others to do likewise in the near future.

Unfortunately all our training for the next few months will have to be undertaken indoors but the work covered will stand us in good stead when we can resume parades in the open air.

T. M'L.

### Guide Report.

During this term the Guide meetings have been held as usual in the Hall of the Girls' School.

Many recruits have joined, and it was necessary to open two more patrols—The Blackbird and Wren.

Miss Park's resignation has been felt deeply after her many years of faithful service to our Guide Company, but we welcome Miss Gray, who has now joined us.

The visit of Lady Baden Powell in October, to Dundee, was a great event, and the rally was attended by all our Company. At the conclusion to Lady Baden Powell's speech, she spoke to many of our Guides including the colour-bearers and two of our Officers. The two first-class Guides of our Company, along with the first-class Guides from other companies, had the honour of shaking hands with Lady Baden Powell, and being congratulated on their good work.

Although the meetings of the whole company have come to an end during the black-out, fortnightly meetings are being held for the Patrol Leaders. The recruits are being helped, twice a week during the winter with their work for the tenderfoot badge.

Throughout the term the officers have proved most helpful and shown unflinching interest in our work. We should like to take this opportunity of expressing our thanks to them.

S. F. M. D.

### Boys' Literary Society.

The Society has completed a promising first term under the capable guidance of Mr. Halliday and we look forward to a second term of at least equal success.

This year some of the traditional features of the Society have been restored. We are now meeting in the Science Lecture Room, which has been denied to us since the outbreak of war and, on 10th December, we are holding an Open Musical Evening which, it is hoped, will receive the support, not only of the members of the Lit., but of the School in general.

On 22nd October, Prof. R. C. Garry gave us a very enjoyable address, "Literature and Medicine," which provided an excellent start to the term. This was followed by a lively debate in which the motion, "That the Mind is of more importance than the Body" was defeated. After a Hat Night in which many interesting questions were discussed the Society heard on 12th November, four very enjoyable papers from Messrs. Blair, Mechan, Paterson and Skinner of Form IV. On 19th November the motion, "That the Development of Individualism is Desirable" was defeated after much keen debating, and the most recent meeting has been an excellent address by Mr. Howat, "The Highbrow in Ancient Society" which aroused considerable interest.

The attendance so far has been encouraging, but it is hoped that the coming term will bring greater support from the senior classes.

G. A. H.

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