

THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. 90

JUNE 1944

SIXPENCE

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[SIXPENCE

Editorial.

WE are nearing the end of our fifth session of war-time school. The peaceful summers of pre-war days seem far away, indeed, and we have gradually and doggedly grown accustomed to war conditions. Strange thought—some now entering school have never known “peace”: children born in 1939 are now being enrolled.

We look back over the magazines of the past five years reflecting, sometimes in their editorials and always in their lists of F.P.’s serving with the forces, the awareness of the ruthless, grinding, insatiable machine of war. And our boys still go forth to fight, and with what high hopes and courage! And on leave they still come back from the four corners of the world to visit us and cheer us with their own cheerfulness and make us marvel at the experience these youngsters have packed into a few years—landing tanks at Anzio, straffing Munich from the skies, training commandos at Los Angeles. What a magazine we could make with their stories! But they do not all come back.

Dark days we have seen and, amazingly it now seems, we weathered them; then slowly, with many setbacks, we climbed out of the morass—North Africa, Italy, the mastering of the U-boats—till the day of June 6th, 1944, dawned and at last we were able to strike back in France. We have been disciplined by experience and we dare not yet hope too much, but we feel the day of freedom dawning and the worst of the wearing tension has lifted. This may be the last summer editorial

to be written in wartime! We should, indeed, be thankful that the work of the School has gone on steadily during these years, that evacuees could come back in safety, that we escaped bombing, that final examinations were never suspended, that Sports Day can still be held. Even the School Dance has returned and we may get back two of our classrooms hitherto used as A.R.P. shelters. Yes, we are stepping forward and the worst is behind.

What of the past session? The pupils have been busy, at lessons of course, they are inevitable, and in other ways. During the winter the Boys’ Lit. met on Friday nights and, in collaboration with the Girls’ Lit., produced an open Musical Evening which was the best of its kind. The Christmas Dance, as we have said, also made a very welcome re-appearance. Victoria Day was celebrated with a Tennis Tournament, much enjoyed despite the weather. Sports Day minus prizes, ice-cream and lemonade, but not minus enthusiasm, was carried through, with its up-to-the-minute perfection in organisation, on June 3rd. The Swimming Gala took place on June 6th. Congratulations to all the winners and well-played the losers. For further details see the Medallist group. On Thursday, June 8th, thanks once more to Mr. Borland’s arrangement, Miss Kathleen Long gave us a splendid pianoforte recital. Her pleasing personality and her magnificent rendering of the pieces in her long and varied programme made it a delightful and memorable afternoon. This year, as a grand finale, we have an ad-

ditional and ambitious project in hand. The senior pupils have been hard at work for many months practising and rehearsing "Iolanthe" which is to be produced in the Training College Hall, June 22nd to 24th. We wish it every success.

We have been to three services in St. Mary's Church this session and at the last one the Girl Guides and the Cadet Corps paraded in uniform. These services which will, we hope, become a regular feature of our School life, are very much appreciated and we should like to say to the Rev. J. H. Duncan how much we value his work for and interest in the School.

Cricket, golf, and tennis have been carrying on as well as our strange summer weather will allow, while the doughty cadets are working up the commando spirit and indulging in a spate of "spit and polish" in preparation for the summer camp.

It is customary in the Summer Number for the Editor to wish his readers a "Happy holiday." This kind thought is still at the back of our mind but a more appropriate message for many would be "Go to it!" Gone are the days when we used to laze around for two months enjoying a blissful leisure. Nowadays we still enjoy ourselves in the summer months, but only our minds are given rest and relaxation. Our hands are busy and our muscles often strain and heave at work "of national importance." So again the girls will sally forth as gay and well brought up bohemians to the berry-picking at Blairgowrie. In September the boys will help with the harvest. We note with pleasure that the holidays are in July and August this year. Last year's arrangements, though well intentioned, had many disadvantages. This year a pupil who desires to do harvesting during September will be allowed off School only if—here is the catch—the Rector and the Headmasters of the various departments consider his school work sufficiently good to warrant his being absent for a month. (There you are, Forms IV. and V.—don't say we didn't warn you!)

To those pupils who are coming back in September we wish a successful year and we look to them to carry on the traditions and uphold the reputation of the School. It is a duty of which we should all feel deeply conscious and one which we should be proud to

fulfil. To those who are passing through the "Doric portico" for the last time we wish God-speed. May success and happiness come their way.

Goings there must be, but one is leaving us this June whom we would fain keep longer. After long, often hard, but happy and ungrudging years of service to the School and to many of the most important spheres of its corporate life Mr. Borland is leaving us at the close of this session. Though other pens, better qualified than ours, praise him as a man and assess the value of his work, we should like here to pay our tribute to one whose long and faithful service to the pupils of D.H.S. has earned a respect and gratitude which it is impossible to describe in mere words. This magazine, too, owes him much. He was responsible for it for many years and it flourished in his hands; even when his direct contact with it ceased he was ever ready to help and advise in the organising and running of it and to criticise material and assist in fashioning or remoulding it. Such services were especially valuable in producing the special Centenary Number. He has borne the heat of the day and has truly earned his retirement.

Since penning these lines we learn with great regret of Mr. Borland's illness. We hope that ere long he will have regained his health and will be able to enjoy his retirement.

Before we lay aside our editorial pen we wish to say a word about contributions. In an editorial dated June, 1936, we came across the following: "You have handsomely fulfilled our expectations in the matter of contributions. We are in the novel position of having almost more than we know what to do with." In our humble opinion "novel" is rather mild, "soul-shattering" might be a better epithet. We cannot help but notice (archaic, Mr. Laird?) that the contributions to the Mag. have been falling off of late, in quality and in quantity. What about it, all you budding MacGonigals? Let us hope that next year's editor will be overwhelmed with poetic and literary "gems." We wish him luck.

Some results are to hand. Donald Ross has taken 10th place at Edinburgh in the general list and 3rd place in the John Welsh Classical Bursary. James Gray, completing

his first year at Edinburgh, is 2nd in Mathematics, 1st in Applied Mathematics and in the first three in Physics. An F.P. and former editor of the Mag., William Fraser Mitchell, has been appointed Professor of Education in the Selby Oak Colleges, Birmingham. Dick Strachan has gained a well-merited D.F.C.: he has a great many operational flights to his credit. Our Art Master, Mr. Halliday, is in the news again. He has had two pictures accepted by the National Gallery, London, for their permanent collection. These pictures, both dockyard scenes, will form part of the pictorial record of the war being compiled by the Ministry of Information. Another of his dockyard scenes, "Merchant Ships, 1943," has been accepted by the Central Institute of Art and Design and will be shown in R.A.F. stations throughout the country.

Apologies and belated congratulations to David Stohlner on completing his M.B., Ch.B.

Many will have heard the story about Ian Kidd, but it is worth repeating. Lieut. Kidd was taken prisoner when on a patrol near the Anzio Bridgehead in Italy. When he arrived at a German prison camp he found a welcome awaiting him from three other D.H.S. F.P.'s

who were prisoners there—Major Fred Scott, Wormit; Lieut. Duncan Ferguson, Newport; Captain Heath, Dundee. There was a merry party, the three "residents" giving him the best hospitality that their limited resources allowed. Lieut. Kidd finds life not too bad. He writes: "There are lectures to attend, amusements, games, and a little theatre. They are doing 'Iolanthe' in a month."

The English Department again acknowledge with thanks a gift of books from the Old Girls' Club. They will form a very welcome addition to the Junior Library.

It has just been officially announced that Mr. Laird, well-known as Mr. Borland's capable second-in-command, is to be the new English Master. We wish him every success in his new post.

High School Junior Red Cross Link 307 has been awarded First Place in the Portfolio Competition of the Scottish Branch of British Red Cross Society. Contributions to the portfolio were made by Link members of Forms III., IV. and V.

Norman Ireland, C.A., has been made a partner of his firm in Bogota.

A Naval Ceremony.

WHILST His Majesty the King was inspecting the Home Fleet a signal came to the ship in which I was serving, requesting the company of two ratings of each division to attend a Ceremonial Sunset on board the C. in C.'s Flag Ship. I was fortunate in being chosen as one of the ratings to represent my division.

At 20.45 hours we were assembled on the quarterdeck of the Flag Ship, where the massed band of the fleet was playing light music. The flags of the five dominions were hoisted and "Broken at the Yard." For a moment they fluttered, then hung limp, as the breeze died away. At 20.55 His Majesty,

accompanied by Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser and other Flag-Officers of the Fleet, appeared on deck. Now all was still, the sea was calm and the sun a glorious ball in the west.

A rifle shot was fired, the five R.M. buglers sounded "Still," and the band played "The Last Post." Slowly and majestically the five flags came down on the halyards in perfect time, together with the C. in C.'s Flag. The Royal Standard was hoisted and the "Carry On" sounded.

It was a scene which I shall never forget, for it had embedded within it some of the fine traditions of the Senior Service.

S.P.B.

Mr Borland.

IT is now more than thirty years since I first sat in Mr. Borland's class. Yet my memories of him there are as vivid as if it was only yesterday.

I see him giving out home reading. With him it was no perfunctory announcement of title and author. Instead, he told us how he himself, as a small boy, acquired his first Dickens. Immediately, each one of us became that small boy himself, entered the bookshop enquiringly, spotted *David Copperfield*, gave a last penny, and, hugging the book as one only does something bought with a price, carried it home rejoicing. Peggotty's House became for us Aladdin's palace, roc's egg and all, as romantic a place as it appeared to David Copperfield himself.

That is only one memory of Mr. Borland. Another is of his gift of reading. Like Lord Wavell, I think that Mr. Borland has always considered poetry as meant to be declaimed. Who that heard him can forget his reading of *Sohrab and Rustum* or *Oenone*? Those lines—

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign
power,"

as Mr. Borland read them, became imprinted on the memory of at least one boy. Then he would read Newbolt's "He fell among thieves," and, before our eyes rose Clifton School and the Afghan snows, then, suddenly, the sweeping of a sword, and "over the pass the voices one by one faded, and the hill slept."

Of his teaching of history, what I recall most vividly is his exposition of the Civil War. Long years after, when I stood on Edgehill and Marston Moor, the memories which came back to me were not of University days but of Mr. Borland's blackboard, which he used with such skill in illustrating his outline of the Civil War.

Wherein has lain the secret of Mr. Borland's influence as a master? Surely, in the charm of his personality and in his consuming love of literature, nay, of all the arts. There has always been a vivacity, a kindliness, a spontan-

eity about his personality which has made it irresistible. Whenever I think of him, it is of his alert figure, the kindly tones of his voice, and his ready never-failing smile. Further, it is he who has done most to cultivate the aesthetic side of the School. His love of books gave us our splendid school library. His love of art secured for Mr. Cadzow's etchings a place in the Art Galleries of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee and Aberdeen. His school recitals by well-known quartets introduced many of his pupils to Chamber music. But if the word "aesthetic" conjures up a kind of pedagogic Bunthorne, nothing could be further from Mr. Borland. He has loved all great art, not because it was the thing to do but because he could not help it. I defy anyone wholly to resist his infectious enthusiasm. I am perfectly certain that he has given in some measure to all his pupils that love of good books, without which the study of English in the classroom is but a dark patch upon the world.

What a welcome, too, there has always been to the returning old pupil. Long as the interval between visits may have been, the welcome always remained the same. And I did not need to go to Dundee to find Mr. Borland. On any Dundee holiday he was always to be sought out at the sign of Mr. Brunton, bookseller, Edinburgh! There, I have forgathered with him many a time.

What a warm-hearted, enthusiastic, affectionate, and may we call it, West Country, nature has lain behind his sunny smile. He has had his own anxieties and trials, but, amidst them all, he has never descended on his friends, as some others do, like a Scotch mist. His pupils he has followed as if they were his own children, in their joys and in their sorrows. For me it is a poignant thought that, with his going, the last of my own teachers has left the old school. For him, retirement must bring the keen pain of separation. May he know that the love and kindly sympathy of his old pupils goes with him into his retirement, and may he have many years of happiness and friendship before him.

J. R. PHILIP.



WILLIAM P. BORLAND, Esq., M.A., B.A.,
High School of Dundee—1907-1944.

The First Italian Mainland Landing.

3rd September 1943.

SICILY was firmly in Allied hands (we had taken part in all the main landings there) when about midnight on 2nd September, 1943, we weighed anchor in Augusta harbour and headed north towards the Straits of Messina. Our ship was one of a small force of the larger type of landing craft known as L.S.Ts., and our destination was "George" Beach, which lay north of Reggio on the Italian mainland. The landing was planned to take place early next morning on the fourth anniversary of the outbreak of the war, and we were proud to be carrying part of the famous 8th Army, which we knew would put up a good show as usual.

As we sailed silently northwards past slumbering Etna on our port side, many thoughts ran through our minds: Was it going to be easy? Did Jerry have some new tricks in store of us that hadn't been tried out in Sicily? etc., etc.

The darkness passed, and in the grey, misty morning light we saw the high mountains with clusters of houses on their summits, whilst along the shores at the foot of the mountains lay the tiny villages of Giarre, Taormina, Theresa and others too numerous to mention. It was through these highlands that the British Army had chased the disorganised Germans and Italians a week or so earlier.

As we neared Messina we could hear the roar of the guns of the 51st Division sending a barrage over the Straits from the Sicilian side, and could see the flash of the bursting shells on the lower slopes of the hills on the mainland. By this time we were only a mile or so from our objective, "George" Beach, and the sea around us was alive with small amphibious craft loaded with infantry and stores. The troops were in high spirits, and as we passed they hailed us with such greetings as "Going my way, pal?" and "Any chance of a lift, mate?" It was not long before we touched down on the beach at our appointed landing place, our bow-doors were opened, the ramp lowered, and soon the trucks were rolling off. For the greater part of the next three hours we were unloading our cargo of sixty-four loaded vehicles, 250 tons of ammo. and 150 troops.

We had a few nasty moments when two F.W.190s dived out of the sun without warning and dropped their bombs on the beach about 25 yards from our open bow-doors and completely wiped out a Bofors gun-crew which had taken up position there. As the black-crossed planes swept over us they "opened-up" with their cannon and machine guns, and six soldiers on our upper deck were badly wounded. During the reminder of our stay on "George" Beach we doubled our "up sun" A-A. look-outs.

After a period during which minutes seemed like hours we pulled off the beach and headed for Theresa to pick up our next load. With a sigh of relief I came down from my gun pit and gratefully accepted the cigarette my pal offered me with the remark "Well, 'Jock,' it was bad enough, but could have been a lot worse." The truth of that remark has struck me since our subsequent landings at Salerno and Anzio; but that's another story.

By the way, if any more of my friends, however well-meaning, mention Mediterranean "pleasure" cruises for a long time to come, I'm afraid I may be rude to them. W.J.W.



The sullen roar of a dawn breaking
Rolls over all the sky,
And the day is blackly borne
Forth to the world on a wind shaking,
On wind persistently forlorn,
To the world in agony awaiting
A new day; a new cry
From out the massive misery
Of earth's poor rulers rent and torn.

Oh, for the old glory,
For the weighty splendour, solemn and slow-
growing,
Magnificent in story!
The quick bright swing of the world,
The strong cool flight of the stars—
Brassy gates and golden bars
To an end not yet unfurled—
But for us, uneasy awaking,
Lost in a fog of a dark wind blowing,
And the sullen roar of a dawn breaking.

E.A.M. (V.)

Mary Slessor (Born 1848, Died 1915).

"The Healing of the Chief."

A STRANGE quiet lay over the village by the river. For the chief lay ill in his hut. The Calbar people were waiting, on tiptoe with suspense. For if the chief died many of them would be slain to go with him into the spirit-world—his wives and some of his soldiers and slaves.

Suddenly a strange African woman, who had come over from another village, entered the chief's harem. She spoke to the wives of the chief, saying, "There lives, away through the forest at Ekenge, a white Ma who can cast out by her magic the demons who are killing your chief. My son's child was dying, but the white Ma saved her and she is well to-day. Many other wonders has she done by the powers of her juju. Let your chief send for her and he will not die."

There was silence and then eager chattering for the women knew their very lives depended on the chief's getting well. If he died, they would be killed. They sent in word to the chief about the strange white Ma. "Let her be sent for," he ordered. "Send a bottle and four rods (value 4/-) and messengers to ask her to come."

All through the day the messengers hurried over hill and stream, through village after village, and along the forest paths to the village Ekenge. They went to the white Ma and asked her to come and heal their chief. "What is the matter with him?" she asked. Blank faces and nodding heads showed that they knew nothing at all.

"I must go to him," she said. She knew that the way was full of perils from warriors

and from wild beasts, but if the chief died many lives would be sacrificed.

Next day she set out on her perilous journey. The skies were grey and it began to rain in sheets; soon she was soaked to the skin. Eight hours later she reached the chief's village tottering with weariness and soaked to the skin.

The Healing Hand.

Mary Slessor, aching from head to foot with fever and overwhelming weariness, did not lie down even for a moment's rest, but walked straight to the chief who lay senseless on his mat on the mud floor. Having examined him she took from her little medicine chest a drug and gave a dose to the chief. But she could see at once that more of this medicine was needed than she had with her. She knew that, away on the other side of the river, some hours distance, another missionary was working.

"You must go across the river to Ikorofiong for more medicine."

"No, no," they said, "we dare not go. They will kill us if we go."

She was in despair. Then they said, "There is a man of that country in a canoe; perhaps he will go." They ran down to the river and persuaded him to go. Next day he returned with the medicine. Soon the chief recovered and the whole village laughed and cried with joy. Now there would be no slaying.

That night the village gathered round Mary Slessor while she thanked God, the Great Physician, for the preservation of their chief.

W.A. (Form I.)

Scottish Cattle.

EXCEPTING the Friesian, the cattle, which roam the five continents of the world to-day owe their present shape and features to the breeders of the British Isles.

It would be difficult to say just when the first cattle were introduced into these islands.

Julius Caesar, in his records, made frequent references to the urus, or aurochs, which lingered on in Central Europe until the end of the eleventh century, and which roamed about the Scottish glens and valleys in very early times.

SCHOOL TESTS

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Remains of some of these primeval beasts have been found in several of the peat-beds of Scotland. In some cases stone axe-heads have been found embedded in their skulls, proving that early man managed to slay them despite their size, and fearsome nature.

The herd of cattle at Cadzow Park, Lanarkshire, are believed to be directly descended from the aurochs. These cattle have many of the characteristics of wild cattle, feeding at night and sleeping during the day, for example.

The West Highland or Kyloe breed of cattle is also of very ancient origin, and is said to be descended from the "forest bulls" to which so many references are made in medieval literature. Even to-day there is more than a touch of the primeval about these creatures with their long shaggy coats and strong broad horns as they wander along the skyline of their native ridges and hills.

After the union of 1603 Scotland supplied large numbers of Kyloes for the English markets, and these were brought down from the Highlands in large droves. These droves

which might consist of anything from 200 to 2000 beasts, made use of roadside wastes and commons for the provision of food during their journey. Accompanying the cattle were the drovers, men whom Sir Walter Scott has described as being as wild and shaggy as the animals they had in their charge.

After the great sheep invasion of the Highlands began both the human animals and the Kyloes began to be scarcer in their native land, and to-day the Kyloe is used more for ornamental purposes than as a profitable farm animal.

When the Norsemen began to settle in Scotland they brought a number of short-legged, hornless beasts, from which the modern Galloway is believed to be descended. Like the Kyloe, the Galloway provided a great deal of food for England after the 1703 union, and these also journeyed by way of the old drove roads. There is one ancient track between Lancaster and the Scottish borders still known as the Gallowaygate.

J.M. (V.)

What a Fright!

IT was a dark evening, and there was a strong, cold wind blowing from the north-east. The moon was blotted out by clouds. I was walking home from Scouts, and on the right-hand side of the road there was a cemetery. I am not a believer in ghosts nor in ghost stories, hobgoblins, dragons, witches, or other weird and mythical beings, but there was a hollow feeling in my stomach and a shiver went up and down my spine. Very suddenly there was a flash in the graveyard, and I saw perched on one of the gravestones an owl, a black fat owl, and sitting at the foot of the gravestone the semblance of a human being, white, tall, and thin, with no arms and with one eye missing.

All was dark again in a few seconds and I was left staring into the dark, trembling at the memory of the vision which I had just seen. Could it be real? I had seen it with my own eyes, but then, my eyes might be deceiving me. I stood for many minutes shivering with fright as the wind howled through the trees of the graveyard and rattled the windows

behind me as if calling to the people to come out and see the ghost-like apparition. Suddenly, out of the darkness, this again appeared lasting barely half-a-minute, but this time the owl had vanished and in its place was a curious monster peeping over a gravestone with a broad grin on its face, which was fully a foot long and breathing little puffs of fire. It looked at me; its piercing eyes shone through the darkness. I could stand it no longer; I ran blindly forward and made for home; but I had barely gone twenty yards when the horrible monster appeared before me, and beside him was the devil. I immediately turned to run in the opposite direction, but then I saw the owl perched on the shoulder of the man who had only one eye and no arms. Suddenly without warning I was hit on the back by the devil—and there I was in my bedroom with the cold morning wind coming in at my window and my brother at my bedside telling me it was time to get up! I had had a nightmare, and what a fright! For once I was thankful to get up. J.G.S. (Form II.)

Music of Nature.

MY mind is inclined to wander, dreaming of the greensward in some distant fields, with a dusty lane lined by green hedges and trees capped with heavy foliage, and white fleecy clouds rolling across the sky. It is late spring! and the scent of new mown hay fills the air.

Haymaking is a pretty sight and there are pretty sounds accompanying it—sounds which are music to the ear; the whirr of a cutter, the rattle and jingle of gear, and the voices of the labourers. In the evening after school the children come into the hayfields to play, and when they and the labourers have gone out, there creep in the rabbits and pheasants—to find their seclusion laid low. In the early morning all kinds of birds come there to feed, and their various cries and calls form a wild but enchanting music.

But there are more pleasant sounds being made. Now let us take this small stream, such as can be found anywhere in the country, flowing through the meadows and woods. As it trickles along, rippling over the golden gravel and causing the rushes at the edge to swish gently as it passes by, it seems to be singing to itself:

“I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.”

We in turn hear this song and though we cannot understand it we nevertheless are fascinated by the refreshing sweetness of it.

Then there is the song of the sea, which grips one in a spell of fear and awe. Whether it be the smoothly flowing tide of summer, with the waves lapping gently on the beach, making the pebbles hiss softly as they are drawn out by the backwash, or the boom and crash of the great ocean rollers in winter, thundering against the cliffs during some heavy gale, breaking into tall columns of boiling white froth as their colossal strength is shattered by the immovable stone, there is always present a certain rhythmic beat due to the regular coming and going of the waves, and ever present is the strange music of the sea.

Lastly let us think of the magic of evening on the moors. The rooks are winging their way homeward over the shadowy sky and gradually, one by one, they sink to rest in their rookeries. Soon everything is still and the laughter and bustle of the day is succeeded by sounds which fall oddly on the ear and when they are least expected—the barking of a dog, the bleating of a sheep, or the call of a partridge from the hill.

“With distant echoes from the fold and lea,
And herd-boys’ evening pipe and hum of
housing-bee.” IAN D. M’INTOSH (IV.).

The Dipper.

FAR away among the hills a burn rushes and tumbles among the rocks or swirls deep through bottomless dools. There, summer or winter, two Dippers may be seen flashing past or bobbing on a stone in mid-stream.

The Dipper or Water Ouzel is unique among British birds. It is a perching bird yet it dives after insect food.

If we watch long enough on any turbulent stream we are almost certain to see one or more of these singular birds. I have never known them to frequent slow-moving water. About the size of a thrush, they are much rounder in shape and have a shorter tail.

Their colour is black with a strikingly white breast. A crescent of brown appears below the white of the breast but at a distance this is not easily distinguished.

Only during the very hardest weather, when the streams are frozen over, do they leave the hills and take up a temporary abode near the sea. They seem to feel no cold. I have seen them diving when the water must have been right on freezing point.

The Dipper often walks underwater. One may often be seen standing, just in its depth at the water’s edge; next moment it has gone, having slipped under the surface without a

ripple. When under the water the Dipper travels rapidly with a jerky movement. The wings are used to propel it along, the feet, which are not webbed, are apparently not used unless perhaps to turn over stones. For it is under stones that the bird finds most of its food. Considering the lightness of the Dipper it is puzzling to understand how the bird can remain below the surface with such an appearance of ease. When it does come to the surface it shoots up like a bubble never showing the slightest sign of wetness.

The nest is dome-shaped like that of the common Wren, but it is much larger, with the entrance in the side. A favourite site is right behind a waterfall, the birds having to dash through the water when entering or leaving the nest. In my experience the nest has always been placed near rushing water often actually in spray. When searching one can easily miss the nest altogether. It resembles, more than anything else, a growth of moss.

The eggs, from five to seven in number, are about the size of a blackbird's but pure white in colour.

When the young are hatched they are skinny helpless little creatures but within three weeks or so are fully fledged. They are able to swim and dive before the flight feathers have grown.

Dippers are met with on almost any rapidly-running water. They have been observed at a height of 3,000 feet but this, I believe, is exceptional.

They have a habit of standing on a stone either in the centre of a stream or at the edge, bobbing or dipping up and down. It is from this dipping movement that they get their name.

One of the most attractive features of the Dipper is its song. It is one of the few birds which sings right through the winter. A will carefree song strangely in keeping with its surroundings it bursts forth full of melody, then stops as abruptly as it started to begin again immediately. It is rather like the song of the common Wren but more boisterous, more in harmony with the rocks and the tumbling waters of the hill streams where the Dipper finds its home.

T. S. H.

Origin of Hand Grenades.

(With apologies to Mark Twain)

ONCE in the German state of Schweinland there lived a terrible dragon which spread death and destruction far and wide throughout the once pleasant land. It destroyed all the crops and ate all the knights who had set out so bravely to conquer it. Though voracious in the extreme, it yet displayed a curious whimsical taste in foods. It loved meat—anything from a knight to a nanny-goat—but it loathed vegetables and eggs. Truly Schweinland was in a parlous state; but a liberator was at hand.

Sir Cumference was very fat but he had an original mind, full of ideas. He was also an ardent collector of birds' eggs. In his forthcoming adventure with the dragon he decided to make use of his hobby. One morning he set off bearing as his only weapons three of his biggest eggs. The populace hooted with laughter, but he went on his way and cared

not at all. He had two ostrich eggs and one roc's egg.

Arriving at the dragon's cave he stole quietly in and, balancing himself carefully for the throw, let fly with the ostrich eggs. Good shot! One landed fair and square on each eye and a bleary-eyed and more than half-blinded dragon lumbered forward, mouth agape and tail lashing. With all his might Sir Cumference then launched his third missile, the roc's egg. The shot was again perfect, and there was plenty of weight behind it, and of course, the egg was as hard as a rock. It fractured the dragon's skull plus a few vertebrae. As it was a very ancient egg it also gave off some concentrated H₂S in the process. Broken and gassed the dragon promptly expired.

Since that historic day hand grenades have improved greatly—but they are still called "eggs."

A.J. (Form I.)

A Note on the Constitution of U.S.A.

THE U.S.A. is a Federal Republic, governed by a written Constitution, as interpreted by the Supreme Court.

It is federal in that the functions of government are divided between the Central authority and the governments of the forty-eight states, which make up the Union. The reason for this was that the original thirteen states had each different backgrounds and allegiances, there being little in common between the Puritan New England States and the Cavalier States of Virginia and the Carolinas, and each would have rebelled against any suggestion of giving up its independence. Thus it is stated in the Constitution that the states are sovereign and equal, and that any powers which had not been specifically delegated to the Central Government, rested with the states. In general, the States attend to local matters, and the Central body to national affairs, but as the affairs of government become more and more complex and expensive, the Federal Government by lending money, has induced States to take the federal lead even in local affairs. This process has also been aided by the recent "Great Depression," which necessitated the entry of the Federal Government into nominally state affairs such as unemployment relief and public works. Thus we see the gradual strengthening of the Central Government at the expense of the States.

The Government of the United States is divided into three sections—the executive, the legislative and the judicial.

The executive is the President, elected for a four-year term. He is the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy—a vast power in time of war. The President is assisted by a Cabinet, which is created entirely by himself, members of the Legislature being forbidden to hold office. However, his chief power is the veto which can annul any Bill that does not receive a two-thirds majority in both Houses.

The Legislature consists of two Houses, the Senate and the House of Representatives. The Senate is an august body, which alone has the right to reject treaties made by the President. It consists of ninety-six members, two from each State, elected for a six-year term, one-third seeking re-election every two

years. The House is a much larger body, the members of which are elected for a two-year term.

Of the two Houses, the Senate is the more powerful. At first, this is a little hard to understand. As stated previously, each State has two Senators. It is a very unrepresentative body as statistics will show. Thus, New York State with a population of twelve millions, has the same number of Senators as Nevada, with less than one hundred thousand of a population. The House, elected on a proportional basis, with its rigid rules, large membership, and short term, lacks interest. All business is carried on by committees, the members of which are always elderly men, put there by virtue of their long membership of the House. This is known as Seniority. The members of committees tend to be men from the one party areas, such as the Solid South or the Agricultural North; thus they are somewhat out of touch with the current of events.

It is exactly the opposite in the Senate, with its small membership and long term. Therefore, despite its unrepresentative character, it holds public interest.

The third branch, the Supreme Court, whose duty it is to interpret the Constitution, is a deeply venerated body. The chief function of the Court is to settle disputes between the Federal Government and the State, and to find out whether a law is constitutional or not. It has very wide powers.

Each State has a government corresponding, with minor deviations, to the Federal Government, with a governor, Legislature and a Supreme Court.

The Constitution has been amended at times, ten amendments having been passed at the time of its adoption, but it is a difficult task to effect an amendment. It must be supported by two-thirds of both Houses of Congress, and by the Legislature, to the extent of three-quarters of the States. Perhaps the most famous of the amendments are the thirteenth, which liberated the slaves, and the eighteenth, the Prohibition amendment, which forbade the manufacture of intoxicating liquors. This, however, was repealed by the twenty-first amendment of 1933.



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In this short summary of the U.S. Constitution, we have attempted to give some picture as to the government of that great country, of the Constitution which the Americans regard almost as a sacred thing, despite its many anomalies only rectifiable by laborious procedure. This last we do not meet in the elastic, unwritten British Constitution, which

can be speedily adapted to meet specific demands. But to the American, it is a talisman, which is the basis of his liberty. They regard the Supreme Court as the custodian of their liberties, and public opinion would raise an insurmountable barrier to the President who tried to bring the Court under his control.

D. C. (IV.).

Has Your Fiddle Got a Label?

A DUNDEE second-hand dealer dreamed for half an hour of wealth. There, plainly seen through the 'f' holes of a violin he had bought for a few shillings, were the words *Antonio Stradverio, Cremona, anno 1721*. The dealer told his good luck to his neighbours who gathered to see the wonder. In response to a telephone call a journalist came rushing to report the find. On a first look at it his chances of a scoop dissolved, and with it, the dealer's fortune.

"A Strad, did you say?" he asked. "Who said it was a Strad?"

"There's the label."

"My nephew has two such Strads, and there are probably five hundred in Dundee! That's the label of German makers of the cheapest fiddles made."

"A dirty fraud!" the dealer declared.

Maybe it appeared so to him, but in fact no great trickery was involved. The signs of a Strad are not words on a label but beauty of wood, careful cutting and richness of varnish, all of which make for easy differentiation from the cheap factory instrument. The hundreds—sometimes thousands—of pounds paid for Strads are the price of depth and sweetness of tone which result from the other good qualities.

In Cremona, where Stradivarius lived and worked, the modern bowed instruments came into being—violin, viola, violoncello, and the double bass, all during the period 1580-1740. Why it should be so is a mystery. In all the other crafts and industries Cremona was what a small Italian provincial town might be expected to be. Perhaps its comparative nearness to the Balkan forests, where the best woods were found, partially explains it,

perhaps also its proximity to Venice, a musical centre.

The Cremona violin-maker of whom we first hear was Andrea Amati. A product of his was found by a scouter for musical instruments, the employee of a Duke. This instrument had qualities of tone and easy tuning that no previous stringed instrument possessed, and so Amati violins gained a reputation among the amateur orchestras of the aristocracy.

The family of Amati flourished for forty years, during which time they improved the violin, and developed the now familiar viola, violoncello, and double bass from old viols, notably the Viol de Gamba, which, as its name implies, was held between the player's legs. Many of their instruments are still in existence; some few are still used as soloist instruments, but most are kept for show in museums.

Before the family disappeared from the craft they passed on their secrets to a number of apprentices, one of whom founded another violin-makers' dynasty, while still another was the great Stradivarius.

The Guarneri, the family of the first mentioned apprentice, kept up the tradition. They were a very religious tribe, for they had the image of Saint Theresa as their trade mark, and the best known of them, Guiseppe, labelled his handwork with the sacred initials I.H.S. (Jesus, Saviour of Men). Hence he is known to this day as Guiseppe del Gesu, and a violin by him is called a Jesus-Guarnerius. Guiseppe was always in bad health, and subject to fits of depression. He made many bad violins, but in his more enlightened moments could turn out instruments that have been equalled only by Stradivarius, and

surpassed by nobody. The violin played by the famous Paganini was a Jesus-Guarnerius.

Antonio Stradivarius reached a high peak of perfection in almost all the violins and 'cellos he made. His best period, perhaps, was from 1710 to 1724, when he produced some of the most glorious instruments in use by musicians to-day.

Much has been written about his secrets. The varnishes he used have been said to be the reason for his good tone. Violin makers can yet mix varnishes as good as, if not better than, those of Antonio, but in his more leisurely age he could let the special wood dry thoroughly, take time over cutting it, and leave it for months till the varnish sank into the Balkan Pine. If he had a secret, it was probably absence of hurry.

He died at the age of ninety-three, having spent eighty years producing violins, violas, violoncellos and double basses, on which all modern efforts are modelled. His two sons carried on the business for many more years, and produced fine instruments without quite rivalling those of the old master. One more great maker appeared in the town, Carlo Bergongi, whose 'cellos in particular are remarkable. At last came his turn to pass, and the fire of Cremona's inspiration was burned out.

P.B. (V.)



The Spring is fast fading, | It dies when the first rose blooms. | The clear burn over its stones cascading | The brown trout jump up and down. | The birds in the fresh trees sweetly singing, | The hawthorn sheds blossom in the lane, | The sun shining brightly is bringing | New hope, new faith, new joy again. In the meadows the foals are fast growing, | On the hillsides the little lambs bleat, | Far away on the mountain the cattle are lowing | And the perfume of flowers is heavenly sweet. In June we can't help rejoicing, | We are gay like the birds and the bees, | To heaven our thanks we are voicing, | For God has given us all these.

School Notes.

MATHEMATICS :

E. J. (Form V.): "A cone has a narrow point at the top and swoops out forming the shape of a triangle with its sides."

* * * *

ANOTHER ATTEMPT FROM FORM V. :

"A cone is a geometrical figure which is the same as a circle minus a segment, and the borders of the circle, i.e., the edges near the segment, have been drawn together, so that the circle instead of being flat, now had a peak at its centre."

* * * *

FRENCH :

"La troupe, qui se composait de deux cents cavaliers."

= "The troop which was composed of two cent cavaliers !"

* * * *

" Dame ! je suppose . . . "

= Woman ! I suppose . . . "

* * * *

" Tu vas prendre un parti. "

= " You're going to throw a party. "

JUNIOR SECTION.

Journey to School.

My journey to School is a pleasant and rather interesting one as I live on the outskirts of the town.

Birds twitter as they hop across the road or perch on the telegraph wires ; cows graze idly in the fields.

As I approach the town the scene becomes one of activity. I can discern the occasional bark of a dog, the ringing of bells, the chiming of the clock, the departure of trains from the station, the noise of cars and buses, and the perpetual conversation of the people.

Almost everyone is rushing about. Men and women hurry to the factories and offices, and children, some with expressionless faces, and others reflecting the early morning glory, hurry to school.

Soon the School buildings become more and more visible, and I am joined by a crowd of chattering school friends. Together we enter the School gates to resume once more the everyday humdrum school life.

I. H. H. (L.IV.).

Medallist Group (1943-44).



[Photos. by D. & W. Prophet

Back Row—P. Blain, A. Boyd, W. Taylor, A. Wanless, W. Skinner, T. Buttars.

Front Row—E. Reid, D. Carnegie, W. Harrow (*Capt.*), R. Main, G. Leddie.

**Cricket Team, 1st XI.,
Session 1943-44.**

**Dundee High School
Magazine.**

Cardiff.

"CARDIFF is a beautiful and dignified city. One feels, on seeing it for the first time, as one feels when meeting a charming and congenial person of whom one has heard nothing but slander." So wrote H. V. Morton in his book "In Search of Wales." How true his words are of this fine city. Cardiff and Glamorganshire are always written about in newspapers as though they were plague spots. This is entirely wrong. No person can claim to have seen Wales unless he visits Cardiff and the county whose minerals are famed throughout the world.

Cardiff is, in many respects, similar to Edinburgh. Its castle is in the very heart of the city and Cathays Park brightens its centre in the same way as Princes Street Gardens brighten Scotland's Capital.

Cardiff is one of the very few beautiful cities which grew up out of the Industrial Revolution. This is because it grew round the castle and Cathays Park. Cathays Park contains the finest group of civic buildings in Britain. The Law Courts, the City Hall, the National Museum of Wales, the University and the National War Memorial stand, in a leisurely way, among the trees and grass in a manner which would make any town-planner envious.

There is another Cardiff. You reach it over a long, dreary road, and there is an exciting atmosphere of ships and railway waggons about it; you are among the docks of Cardiff. It is the Cardiff of coal.

Cardiff has the largest and most modern coal transport system in the world. Her docks are a model of speed and efficiency. Coal trucks thunder down the inclines from the Welsh Valleys and stand in their thousands in the sidings, their loads ready to be shipped to all part of the globe.

Besides exporting over eight million tons of coal annually before the war, Cardiff has a

very large general trade—timber, foofstuffs, tin-plate and metal ores being in greatest demand.

Cardiff's maritime importance can be judged to some extent by the following story. An old Arab met an Englishman in the desert early in the war and asked him from which part of Britain he came, the Englishman replied "London." The Arab then replied that that was impossible as Britain was an island with only three towns—Cardiff, Glasgow and Liverpool.

On the outskirts of Cardiff are two other places of interest to the traveller—Llandaff Cathedral and Taff's Well. Llandaff Cathedral, at least its foundations make it so, is the oldest Cathedral in Britain, but no certain date can be given for its founding, the approximate date is given as 300 A.D. The cathedral is unique in that it has no transepts, thus, as soon as you enter the whole church is visible. The Cathedral was badly damaged by the Luftwaffe in 1940, the roof being completely destroyed while a large portion of the interior was badly damaged, and the spires were damaged to such an extent that the tops had to be removed for safety, but like other British Buildings Llandaff Cathedral will rise again when victory is ours.

Taff's Well is the smallest spa in the kingdom, and the waters are similar to those of Bath, but the temperature is only tepid while Bath water is really hot. The waters are said to be a cure for rheumatism and gout, and the local inhabitants believe that there is a future for Taff's Well, and I believe it quite possible.

So we see that we have many varied places of interest in Cardiff, and I hope that, in the piping days of peace, when the Better Britain ceases to be a mere dream, some of you will visit the city where coal and beauty blend to give Cardiff.

H. B. G. (V.).

Examinations.

The bell clangs out, our time has come,
So to our fate we wend our way,
From shoulders up, we seem quite numb,
We only for the best can pray.

The room is reached, our doom is sealed
Resignedly, we settle down,
The papers from a bunch are peeled,
And handed to us with a frown.

A bright blue blur is all we see,
Our senses are so dull and dead,
But as we sit, our weird to dree,
The tight band lifts and clears the head.

Two hours have passed, hear the bell sound,
We're free to yell and shout and bawl,
And say to those who cluster round,
"It wasn't really bad at all." C.C.

Medallist Group, 1943-44

Back Row.—J. Blair (Harold Martin Rose Bowl, Intermediate Sports Champion), W. W. Harrow (Don F. M'Ewan Prize for Cricket), A. M'Leish (Jane

Spiller Prize, Dux, Form III. Boys), C. R. V. Doe (Polack Gold Medal, Dux, Gym., Form II. Boys), A. Calder (Junior Championship for Swimming, Boys), R. S. W. Chawla (Aystree Cup for Junior Sports Champion), J. G. Marshall (Boase Medal and Pirie Handicap Cup for Golf), G. W. Mottashaw Loveridge Cup for Winner of Mile Race).

2nd Row.—G. L. Ferguson (Airlie Challenge Cup, Champion Athlete for the School), J. D. F. Carnegie (Don M'Ewan Prize for Cricket), D. Steel (Jane Spiller Prize, Dux, Form III., Girls), E. K. Johnston (Girls' Tennis Championship Cup, Dux for Music), A. J. Fraser (Bryson Prize, Dux, Technical), R. O. C. Webster (Championship Trophy for Swimming, Boys).

Front Row.—M. M'Leod (Dux, Art (equal)), B. Bradburn (Leng Medal for Singing), D. M. Ross (Dux of the School, Boys (equal), Dux Latin, Dux, Greek), E. Thompson (Dux of the School, Girls), G. A. Hutton (Dux of the School, Boys (equal), Urquhart Cup—Champion Shot, Dux—English, Maths, Science, Gym.), I. Milne (Championship Cup for Swimming, Girls), C. D. Molison (Dux, Art (equal), Dux, Gym.).

Sitting.—W. Stark (Oakley Cup, Champion Shot, 1st year), M. Wadsworth (Junior Championship Cup for Swimming, Girls), A. B. R. Bell (Leng Medal, Singing), I. J. Dunn (John MacLennan Prize, Dux L.v.), A. R. Gunn (Polack Prize, Dux L.v.).

Dundee High School Old Boys' Club.

The activities of the Club have continued to be curtailed owing to war conditions, but we are trying to enrol as many as possible of the boys who leave School at the end of each session so that we may maintain contact with a view to having a virile and active Club when things get back to normal. At the end of last session we enrolled 36 Old Boys from the Upper Classes, and of these no less than 12 are on our Life Membership Register. We are

looking forward to even better enrolments this time. Membership Forms will be handed out to the Senior Classes before the end of the session, and can also be obtained from the Honorary Secretary, C. E. Stuart, C.A., 11 Panmure Street, Dundee.

Lt. Ian G. Kidd, A. & S.H., reported missing in March, 1944, now a Prisoner of War.

Dundee High School Old Girls' Club.

ONCE again we have pleasure in sending our greetings to all members of the Old Girls' Club. Owing to black-out conditions we had to hold our Re-Union on a Saturday afternoon for still another year, but this in no way detracted from the enjoyment of the function. It was gratifying to note that in spite of the fact that many members are engaged on war work the Re-Union was well attended.

At the Annual General Meeting the following office-bearers were elected :—

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—Miss Barbara Robertson.

Vice-Presidents—Dr. Winifred J. Smith, Mrs. James Lee.

Hon. Secretaries—Miss E. Burns Petrie, Balna-

bruach, Monifieth., Miss M. Borland, 18 Norwood Crescent, E. Newport.

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

Executive Committee—Miss Jean Gordon, Miss Keill, Mrs. Luke, Miss Margaret Hutton, Mrs. James Scott, Miss Sheena Bruce, Miss Margaret Robertson, Miss Margot Cosh, Mrs. Spreull, Miss Agnes Mudie, Miss Winifred Cooper, Miss Jean Ritchie, Dr. K. M. Jack, Mrs. Brush, Miss Dorothy Adams, Mrs. Wm. Lock (*ex-officio*).

The following have joined the Club since 1943 :—

Dorothy Adams, 29 Blackness Road, Dundee.
Elizabeth Adams, 29 Blackness Road, Dundee.
Amy Baxter, 10 Hill Street, Broughty Ferry.
Irene Brown, 4 Invermark Terrace, Dundee.
Winifred Brown, 46 Clepington Road, Dundee.
Jessie M. Bruce, 460 Strathmartine Road, Dundee.

Elizabeth Caird, 15 Hill Street, Broughty Ferry.
Beryl D. Cameron, 385 Perth Road, Dundee.
Myra G. Duguid, 17 Yewbank Ave., Broughty Ferry.

Betty Elder, 6 Addison Road, Broughty Ferry.
G. Vera Geddes, Edenbank, Wormit.

Moyra Grimmond, 74 Main Terrace, Maryfield.

Hazel M. Jamieson, Sunnyside, Woodmuir Terrace, W. Newport.

Olive Johnston, The Rowans, Invergowrie.

Cynthia Milne, Ashleigh, E. Newport.

Eileen Morris, Briarmount, Ladybank.

Doreen M. B. Reid, Corone, 4 Woodburne Street, Dundee.

Christian Rintoul, 16 Airlie Place, Dundee.

Phyllis Robbie, Linden Lodge, Strawberrybank, Dundee.

Cath. H. Smith, 11 Tay Terrace, Newport.

Jean H. Stephen, 27 Westfield Road, Broughty Ferry.

Muriel Sutherland, 55 Frederick Street, Downfield.

Jean R. Thain, 322 Strathmartine Road, Dundee.

We announce with pleasure the following marriages :—

Miss Tibbie Mathers to Geo. Myles (June, 1943), Countlich Cottage, Guay.

Miss Mary Soutar to Mr. Leopold Muray.

Miss Margaret Baxter to Lieut. Jerzy Szaniauski, c/o Baxter, Auchencairn, Rosemount.

Miss Helen Park to Mr. James Milne, 22 Lintrathen Gardens, Dundee.

Miss Maimie Purvis to Mr. Brian Whittle.

Miss Helen Hunter to Mr. Wm. Burns, "Carselea," Invergowrie.

Miss Nan Parker to Mr. Wm. S. Johnston, B.Sc.

Miss Jean Mathers to Mr. Matthew Brawley, Albany Lodge, Dumfries.

We place on record with regret the deaths of :—

Miss Mabel Duncan, Tealing., Miss Gertrude Scott, Roxburgh Terrace, Dundee, Miss Evelyn T. Milne, "Seaward," Monifieth, Mrs. Longworthy, Alyth.

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

Pte. Mudie Barrie, General Service.

2nd Wireless Officer Ronsteel Barrie, M.N.

Paymaster Lt. Herbert Beats, R.N.V.R.

Surg.-Lt. Wm. E. A. Buchanan, R.N.V.R.

O.S. Robert A. Cant, R.N.V.R.

Lt. Derek A. E. Dewar, R.A.M.C.

A/S/O Irene A. Doig, W.A.A.F.

Cadet Peter L. Edwards, I.A.

3rd Officer Elnora M. Fordyce, W.R.N.S.

Pte. Wm. Gray Grant, I.T.C.

Wren Isobel Henderson, W.R.N.S.

Lt.-Col. Wm. R. Hutchison, R.E.M.E.

Christina Laird—serving with C. of S. Canteens Overseas.

Guardsman Lachlan G. Low-Mitchell, Scots Guards.

Lt. John A. R. Lawson, R.A.M.C.

Cadet Earle Nicoll, Indian Army.

O.S. D. Ivan Robertson, R.N.V.R.

Harold S. Ross, R.A.F.

Lt. Ian W. F. Scrimgeour, R.A.M.C.

Pte. Fred Sturrock, Royal Scots.

Lt. Ian M. Troup, R.A.M.C.

Wren Jean M. Webb, W.R.N.S.

PROMOTIONS.

Stephano Barbieri—F.A.A. to Sub. Lt.

and Lieut. D. S. Bryson. R.A.S.C., to Lieut.

Gordon D. H. Doig—R.C.S. to Officer Cadet (India).

Roy S. Gillanders, R.A.F., to Pilot Officer.
Margaret T. Harvey (Mrs. Amberton)—
W.A.A.F. to Flight Officer.

Robert F. Hunter, Black Watch, to 2nd Lt.
Thomas C. A. Hutchison—R.A.O.C. to Major.
James M. Ireland, M.B.E.—R.A.O.C. to
Lt.-Col.

Dugald I. Low-Mitchell, R.A., to Lieut.

R. Malloch Mathers, R.I.A.S.C., to Lt.

Donald M. Mathers, R.A., to Lt.

Major Herbert D. Philip, M.B.E., R.A., to
Lt.-Col.

William V. Webb—R.E.M.E. to Staff Sgt.

John Wighton—Indian Army to Capt.

PRISONERS OF WAR.

Capt. Fred Scott, Fife & Forfar Yeomanry.
O.S. D. J. D. Wighton, R.N.

AWARDS.

Cadet Alexander Duncan, M.N., commended
for brave conduct. June 1944.

Lt.-Col. Wm. R. Hutchison, R.E.M.E.,
mentioned twice in despatches.

Fl.-Lt. Richard A. Strachan, R.A.F., awarded
D.F.C., May, 1944.

PRO PATRIA.

Captain John W. Scrimgeour, R.A., died on
active service, 1st June 1944.

Miss Falconer, Dundee High School, thanks
the Old Boys and their parents who have sent
in names for publication in this Magazine, and
asks that those whose names have not been
included in the lists of those serving will send
them to her and also any information of
promotion, etc.

Reports.

Cadet Report.

We have taken advantage of the better weather this
term by carrying on our training out of doors. The
seniors have made good progress and in the recent
Cert. "A" examination there were no failures.
One cadet, Cpl. Sharp, scored a possible. Passes were :
Individual, 25 ; Section Leading, 19. The Juniors
have improved steadily and more have now joined the
senior Company.

In a recent march past of the services during
"Salute the Soldier" week, Major-Gen. Rennie,
who took the salute, commented on the smart bearing
of the cadets from our company. This is as it ought
to be, and it is very encouraging to hear praise of this
kind.

The Annual Inspection of the Company took place
on 26th May at the Grounds. The Inspecting Officer
was Colonel Morrison, M.C., who commands the
Angus and Fife Sub-District. He expressed his
satisfaction with our turnout and congratulated us on

the high standard of our training. This training, he
added, would be useful in the world of the future in
peace and war.

Camp this year is to be held from the 1st to the
11th July, at Kinghorn, and we are looking forward
to a profitable ten days. The enrolment for camp is
approximately 130.

Rifle Shooting has continued this term on the range
in the gymnasium. The Urquhart Cup has been won
by C.Q.M.S. G. A. Hutton, and the Oakley Cup by
Cadet W. E. Stark.

We take this opportunity of thanking Lieut. Stark
for organising our practices and competitions. We
also thank our other officers, especially Major M'Laren
for the hard work they have put in on our behalf.

C. S. M.

Girl Guide Report.

This term the activities of the Guides have been
carried on as usual.

The School Church Service, held in Saint Mary's,
was attended this time by members of the Cadets
and Girl Guides in uniform. It was very gratifying
to see such a large number of our Company present.

At the Annual Inspection of the Cadets, Major
M'Laren, O.C., asked the Guides to serve tea to the
Inspecting Officers, so four of our Patrol Leaders had
the honour of helping in this way. After the in-
spection a vote of thanks was given to the Guides.

I should like to take this opportunity of thanking
the Guide Officers for their unfailing interest through-
out the year.

S. F. M. D.

Tennis Club Report.

This year our Tennis team has been quite success-
ful. So far we have not let "the Old School" down.
We have had two matches with the Morgan and one
with the Harris, all of which the "High" has won.

The team consists of E. Johnston and E. Menzies.
Y. Marshall and H. Mungo, B. Robertson and D.
Patterson : Reserves—S. Grant and C. Molison.

We have yet to play a Harris return match, and one
against Morrison's at "home." It is to be hoped
that the present standard will be maintained.

We have been fortunate in gaining the services of
of Miss East, whose good coaching and sound advice
have contributed so much to our success. We should
like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Whytock
and Miss Foggie for the help they have rendered us,
and for the interest they have shown in our matches.

There has been a very good entry for the Tennis
Championship, but play has been very slow on account
of bad weather. We held an "American Tourna-
ment" on Wednesday, 17th May, which was a great
success. Finally, the Tennis Championship was won
by Elinor K. Johnston.

E. K. J.

Cricket Club Report.

This year our 1st XI. retains only two of its last
season members. This lack of experience in the
earlier games, told its tale. Latterly, however, in
wins against Grove, Morgan, Harris and Forfar, the
team has been showing what it can do when it
overcomes nervousness.

We must not forget Mr. More. As President he
has devoted much of his time to us, in the way of
finding umpires for 1st and 2nd matches. We take
this opportunity of thanking him. Our thanks also
go to Mr. Stark for his valuable coaching, and to the
masters who have kindly given us their time to act as
umpires.

W. W. H., Captain.

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