

THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. 91

DECEMBER 1944

SIXPENCE



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Editorial.

OFFICE-BOY ! Another pen ! We believe we're off this time ! Yes, after consigning half a writing-pad to the waste-paper basket and breaking two pen nibs, we have at last begun the Editorial for the Christmas Mag.

It finds the School looking a little more like itself, with two shelters reconstructed into classrooms happily occupied by Miss Anderson and Mr. Laird. The latter, having enlisted Form VI., is busy re-arranging our far-reaching library for the School. Let us hope that in the years to be D.H.S. pupils may derive from it not merely thrills, but learning also.

With the disappearance of shelters, fire-watching and a late start in the morning we feel that the sixth winter of the war is a decided improvement on its predecessors. The Girls' Lit. is now holding meetings through the winter term, since the streets are lighted. The boys, as ever, are continuing their weekly squabbles—apologies impending ?

That perennial worry, the School Dance, seems to be fairly well settled for the 15th December. We heard the Hockey Captain mouthing strange words at this decision ; everyone else seems quite content.

At the end of June the School pupils gave a presentation of "Iolanthe." It was played for three nights in the Training College Hall with great success, and the actors had their hard work rewarded with universal praise. Congratulations to Mr. Miller, the producer, to Mr. Treasure, Miss Coutts, and all who took part, on a magnificent show.

During the summer holidays the School tradition of war service was fully maintained. The senior girls again went berry-picking ; the boys were lending a hand in the harvest-field. Also, the Cadet Camp was held in July, and the cadets returned gladder and wiser boys.

Our services are again to be utilised in the Post Office at Christmas. As this entails an extra week off School, Forms IV. and VI. are jubilant, while Form V. chalks it up as just another Leavings Class grievance !

We are pleased to see that a company of Rangers has been formed among the senior girls. Many of the former Guides are in this company, so that it starts with a supply of experience to draw on ; we wish it a happy and prosperous future.

Once again the School has "pulled it off"—our only entrant for the 1944 Leng Essay Competition, Sheila M. Elliott, took first place. Well done, Sheila !

All pupils were very sorry to hear of Mr. Borland's illness. The good news of his recovery lifted a cloud from the School.

Miss Wyhtock's sudden illness was a great shock to the School ; we are very glad to hear that she is now coming on well.

We welcome three new teachers to our midst—Miss Mains, Miss Martin, Miss Ruby Falconer, and Miss Anderson. May they have a long and happy sojourn at D.H.S.

And so we close this Editorial with best wishes to all our readers for a Merry Christmas and a Good New Year.

Mr Laird.

Mr. Laird has come downstairs. The removal was effected quietly and the event was almost unremarked. None the less it is an event.

The High School is most singularly fortunate in having in Mr. Borland's place one who is so variously gifted—need we remind you, he is Chemist, Linguist, Artist, English scholar—and friend; one who knows more about you than you do yourself, and who will give you more of his understanding than you deserve.

We believe that something of his humour still hangs in the air of his so recently vacated room; and we hope that this magazine which has for long borne his impress will still carry over from the successful past a—something—of him.

Briefly we congratulate the School on its luck.

* * * *

It gives us much pleasure to hear of the success of Mr Alec. Robertson's play "Aubrey writes a Book," which has been produced at the Little Theatre, by members of Dundee Dramatic Society. We take to ourselves some reflected glory, for Mr Robertson is closely associated with us not only as a director, but

as an Honorary Vice-President of the Boys' Literary Society.

* * * *

We are pleased to note the publication of a book of poems by one of our English masters. The book is now on sale in Dundee, increasing a reputation already made by his frequent broadcasts. Congratulations, Mr. Bruce!

Academic Distinction.

William Melville Ames, M.A., B.Sc., Ph.D.
—Degree of D.Sc. awarded on 24th January, 1944, for the thesis, "The Preparation of Gelatine."

Obituary.

We also record with regret the death of Mrs. Maclellan. Mrs. Maclellan predeceased her husband by two months.

Wanted!

Guide Belts, Tenderfoot Badges, Patrol Emblems, etc., will be gratefully received by the Guiders owing to the increasing difficulty of obtaining supplies.

They have also on hand some requests for Second-hand Uniforms and would be glad to hear of any that would be available.

H. H. C.

John Maclellan, M.A.

(Rector, High School, Dundee, from 2nd June, 1904, to 31st August, 1932.)

FOR twenty-eight years he went in and out among us, Directors, Staff and Pupils, guiding the general policy of the School, selecting candidates for vacancies, and all the time teaching Latin and Greek with a thoroughness and earnestness which his pupils still never hesitate to extol. The glamour of languages gripped him early, fostered, it may be, by a Highland veneration for those ancient tongues which guard the way to pupil and power. But once he had begun the serious study of classics, a career was forgotten, and the lure of knowledge was the only incentive. Yet when he turned from the mastery of seven languages to "gainful work," he said that he found the teaching profession a completely satisfying vocation, demanding and absorbing all the qualities of a full personality.

His birthplace was Maryburgh, a small village at the entrance to Brahan Castle, on the Conon, a river of Ross-shire surely the finest scenic county in Scotland. The immediate district was ideal for a student with the long summer vacation then usual at universities, and many a "roman" walk, he told me, did he take through the Brahan Woods to Loch Ussie. The above village and Dingwall accounted for his primary education; but the thirst for knowledge was first fully awakened by Alexander MacBain, LL.D., of Raining's School, Inverness. He often spoke to me about him. It was quite usual for a Master in these Highland Schools then to teach any and every subject. But MacBain was a classic and Celtic scholar, and a notable Philologist—witness his Etymological Dictionary of the Gaelic Language—and Mr. Maclellan, being bilingual from his earliest years, was helpful to his master while yet at school.

Translations in verse were encouraged by MacBain, and the slim lad from the Conon supplied some, anonymously, to the chuckling amusement of his teachers. And I remember the walls of the Latin room here carrying similar translations by his pupils of Odes of Horace. The train journey to Inverness was slow, cold, and cheerless in winter. There were no warm, well-cooked meals at mid-day. Each sheltered and fed as he could. What a contrast between then and now!

In due time he proceeded to Edinburgh University, where he was six times medallist in the classes of Latin, Greek, Sanskrit and Celtic and graduated with First Class Honours in Classical Literature in 1890. He returned to the University, however, to study Sanskrit alone, under Professor Eggeling. In the study of languages a student's curiosity drives him backward in time, whereas in Science curiosity drives him forward. Anyway in 1892 he was awarded the Vans Dunlop Scholarship in Sanskrit; and Dr. Rost, Examiner for the Oriental Languages Tripos in Cambridge, reported that "he had never in his long experience met with papers of such uniform excellence as Mr. Maclellan's."

This finished his training as far as outside agencies were concerned. In November, 1892, he came to St. Andrews as assistant in Greek to Professor Burnet. Professor Butchart had recommended him, saying that "he would have perfect confidence in entrusting him with the Honours, no less than the Ordinary classes in Greek," and when he left, these eminent professors bore witness to his "admirable powers as a teacher." About this time, however, a regrettable accident at Rosemarkie injured his health, and indeed cast a gloom over all the rest of his life. He sought recruitment in Switzerland, France and Germany, and, never idle, he returned much restored with a familiar knowledge of French, written and spoken, and only a slightly less familiar grip of German.

His apprenticeship as a Rector was made in Elgin Academy, and in 1904 he came to the High School. It was an appointment which gave much concern, not only to the Directors responsible, but to the town. The School was indeed in very low waters from a variety of causes, some financial, some scholastic. I am astonished at the prophetic accuracy of the testimonials he submitted, for they were closely verified by my own experience and friendship with him. The enrolment in September, 1904, was only 407, but there was a group of unfledged teachers, and a group of raw pupils going up to the University, each of whom, in their separate spheres, determined to do something for the High School. That

year twenty medals were won at Universities and a great number of prizes. A rumour had gone abroad that the existence of the School was endangered, and these students had determined to show that it deserved continuance.

The equipment was old; long desks stretched across the rooms; the floors were as hummocky as barrier ice floes; the back court was clay-covered on a dry day, but on a wet day—water and mud. The desks began to be renovated in 1909, and the court was concreted in 1915. Up to 1909 the School had to fight for its life, financially, and the leader was Sir George Ritchie. The mutual understanding between the Local Education Authority and the High School has increased since then, and perhaps it has never been more complete than now.

The Wednesday afternoon "Recreation Scheme" began in 1922, and the Rector commends "the staff for the whole-hearted enthusiasm with which it threw itself into this movement."

The new heating and ventilation system was introduced to both Schools by 1913.

The lordly fashion of paying the Staff once a quarter was changed to monthly payments in 1920. But let me not recall these dark days when even key positions received meagre salaries.

The whole status of the profession has risen, yet may I remark that Mr. MacLennan's own steps in salary were always the spontaneous acts of the Directors.

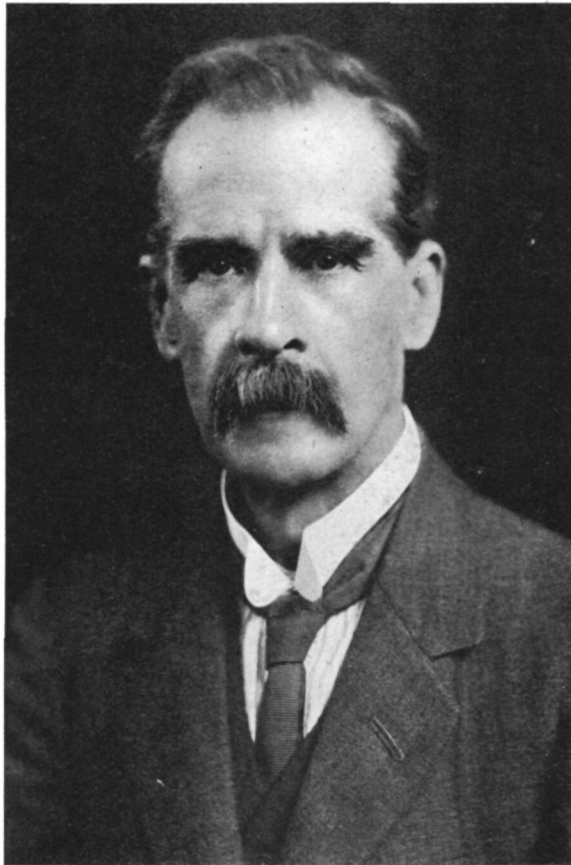
His yearly reports form really a history of the School, and not of the School only but of many of its pupils. If I were required to examine the early life of (say) The Honourable Mr. Justice James G. Shearer, Judge of Patna High Court, I could begin at the 1902-3 Prospectus and trace all his doings in School and University until he emerged in 1916-17 1st in the list of the Indian Civil Service. Mr. MacLennan spent part of his summer holidays in compiling these successes beyond the School range. Every item was written out by himself, no typist, no telephone. May not his latter years of ill-health and obsession, have had overwork as a secondary cause? I must recall, to some of the Staff at least, our "cabinet meetings" prior to any change in the curriculum and for the assessment of "predicates" to Leaving Certificate candidates.

The battle of El Alamein was not planned and discussed more thoroughly. Another part of Mr. MacLennan's work which he considered of vital importance was the selection of new teachers. To prepare a leet of 5 might involve scrutinising the testimonials of 25; then careful inquiries were made about the character of each; personal interviews; a teaching test, and a final report to the Directors. It requires a psycho-analyst and a seer combined, to select a good teacher, but once on the Staff he received all reasonable freedom and support. Several continued their studies, took higher degrees and so increased their efficiency; some were sent to conferences, here and on the Continent; while he remained at home drawing up his report for the year and answering endless correspondence.

During his rectorship he supervised the appointment of 86 new teachers and wrote testimonials for some departing. And his testimonials were not standardised affairs, but long and searching analyses of the good points at least of the bearer.

Even after retiring, a request for a testimonial by a former pupil meant a re-examination of the register and a consultation with some members of the Staff.

However good his school organisation may have been, memory of him recalls at once his power as a teacher. Gruff it may be, impatient certainly, but slipshod work was blasted out of his room and almost out of the School. Pronunciation, quantity, reading, repetition are commended again and again by external examiners. The accuracy demanded by him in the "dead" languages passed over into other subjects, and pupils and staff felt that there was a sanctity in first-class work which steadied the moral tone of the whole School. He taught exactness of thought, he loved the music of words, and Miltonian English was as sacred to him as the verse of Virgil or the prose of Thucydides. A play of Plautus or Terence ceased to be so much Latin painfully rendered into English; in his haunts *The Play* lived; and a whole gamut of languages was invoked to elucidate the ascent or descent of a single word. The gruffness and impatience shown to younger and larger classes disappeared in the small advanced class of his favourite subject Greek; there he became familiar and almost confidential, and some even yet remark on the charm of his rare "misty" smile.



The late JOHN MACLENNAN, M.A.,
Rector, The High School of Dundee, 1904-1932.

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During the 28 sessions in which he was at the High School, he came in contact with 104 Directors, and of these 4 are still on the Board. It was not a formality which ended his reports when thanking the Directors generally, for their support; but on 14 occasions he singles out the three conveners for his special indebtedness. The Secretary's minutes are powerless to record the debt the School owes to Sir George Ritchie for 17 years, to Colonel T. H. Smith for 25 years, and to Mr. C. C. Duncan for the 28 years of unstinted service during his rectorship.

His last report to the Directors covers 9½ pages of the Prospectus. Every activity of the School is commented on, the Boys' and Girls' Literary Societies, the Cadet Corps, the School Savings Association, former pupils' successes,

regret for his own illness, the farewells to named individuals, the conveners, the Secretary, the Treasurer; then turning from the past of his dear School to its future, the Celtic Warrior holds out a welcoming hand to his successor, offering him his warm congratulations and best wishes for success and happiness in the post which he was vacating. A Great Report worthy of the man he really was, reflecting the kindly human qualities which I knew were there, although position sometimes required their suppression. My own personal regret is that, after he retired, work was too incessant for me at least to take advantage of his proffered friendship, and now the chance is gone for ever.

Born 1867; died 5th November, 1944.

J. B. M.

Mr Maclellan.

A REMINISCENCE FROM A FORMER PUPIL.

THERE are some deaths which are felt to mark the end of an epoch. Gladstone's was one in politics, Hardy's in literature, King George the Fifth's in the national life. They were men who seemed to have summed up in themselves a whole age, and when they died, the age was felt to have passed away as well.

It was with feelings like these that his old pupils read of the death of Mr. Maclellan. We knew that for a considerable time now he had been retired. Many of us had not seen him for long enough. But we had still unconsciously been looking on the High School as his. And when we learned that he was dead, we felt that something very familiar was at an end. The High School was no more quite *our* school. For so many of our memories of it were bound up with him.

I have always thought that it was only Mr. Maclellan's University pupils who could really appreciate his stature. In School he was rather remote. Except for the Latin class, and unfortunate incidents of discipline, we saw little of him, and we were unjust enough to think that he had no interest in our sport. But when we went on to University we were able to form a truer estimate. It was not just that we found there that we had a more

thorough grounding in our subjects than the pupils of most other schools. We were conscious, in an infant kind of way, that the High School had impressed us with a truer idea of the meaning of education than many others had. Education was a means to getting a degree, certainly. But it was something very much more, and a degree was the smallest part of it. Education was a training to understand and appreciate the Humanities. And it was Mr. Maclellan who had stamped that idea of Education on the School.

Another place where many of us came to know him better and to develop affection for him was his home. I am not thinking of the teas there for Class X at the end of each summer term at which, those who had been there before us told us, there would be strawberries. I think rather of times when we happened to be back in Dundee and climbed Constitution Road to spend an hour or so with him in his study. One was able then to appreciate something of the breadth of his mind and the fineness of his intellect. In the classroom he stuck very much to his last. He was quite unlike my own namesake in the Girls' School who taught the same subjects, but who could be induced from Homer to a fascinating ten minutes about fishing in Caith-

ness or the strategy of Lord Haig's campaigns. The Rector stuck closely to his text. The only references to outside literature I can remember in his classes were quotations from Tennyson—and that to illustrate Horace's metres—and the Bible. But in his home he would talk of many things. There was not there the austerity of Rector towards a pupil. But Classical scholarship, German and Italian literature, theology, politics, Gaelic—all these yielded topics of interest and matters for illustration, and you sometimes left him feeling surprised that one who carried so heavy a burden of administration, and who had suffered so much with pain, had had the time and the will to make himself master of so much.

Mr. Maclellan would have made a fine University professor. He would also have made a brilliant civil servant. He chose school-teaching, and made himself a great headmaster. He took no part in the public life of Dundee—his health would not allow him—but through his pupils he had no mean influence on it. We—that generation of his pupils on whose behalf I have been asked to write—called him Moses. Who first gave him the name is unknown. But it was not altogether inappropriate. Moses was a lawgiver, and from the High School under Mr. Maclellan many of us learned laws of life which will last us till the end.

DAVID M. G. STALKER.

A Tribute from The Old Boys' Club to Mr Maclellan.

There is no doubt that John Maclellan was a great Headmaster and during his time at the High School his personality influenced every department of its life. He did not dominate in the aggressive sense, but he ruled easily and without question by the sheer force of his character and scholarship. Though he was the deadly foe of all humbug he was not unkind, had a ready sympathy for real difficulties, and acted justly and wisely in his dealings with both pupils and staff.

None of his pupils could understand or appreciate to the full, the breadth and depth of his learning and culture. He was however admired and respected by all those who were actually taught by him and by those who were not, he was certainly respected and in some cases even feared.

As we look back we are bound to confess

that at School, owing to his austere manner, he was held in awe by all but a few. Only with the passing of years did we realise our debt to him. The quality of his work became apparent only on more mature reflection. As we take our farewell of him we pay our tribute of praise and gratitude to an enthusiastic teacher, a fine scholar and a wise administrator.

A Tribute from the Old Girls' Club to Mr Maclellan.

MEMBERS of the Old Girls' Club heard with deep regret of the death of Mr. John Maclellan, the Rector of the School, during the time that so many of them were pupils.

The formation of the Old Girls' Club must have given Mr. Maclellan much pleasure, for surely the Club is proof that former pupils feel proud of their School, that they found a comradeship there which they wished to continue in later life. That Old Girls felt this pride and comradeship was mainly due to Mr. Maclellan, who worked so hard and so ably to give the School its high status in Scottish educational circles.

Many pupils were never taught by him, but all received the benefit of his just and able leadership. Poor health prevented him from taking an active interest in the sports field, but he was always in the background, encouraging the development of the recreational side of the life of the School. Truly he believed in the Latin proverb, "Mens sana in corpore sano."

It was the privilege of a few pupils only to know Mr. Maclellan really well. Those Old Girls who specialised in Classics always had a great respect and regard—indeed, a real affection—for their Rector and teacher. For first and foremost he was a Classical scholar of the first rank, and to those fortunate pupils he passed on something of his great knowledge and love of Classical literature. How ably he brought to life what had appeared the dullest of prose by showing his pupils its rhythmic structure and precise meaning! How he chuckled over Aristophanes!

But the whole school benefited by his administration and fine intellect. The long list of former pupils who have distinguished themselves in their own professions is a fitting tribute to Mr. Maclellan—a tribute which speaks for itself.

Light and Shade.

"THERE is no night in heaven"—so runs the hymn. Let us hope that the writer was misinformed; one could grow very weary of endless daylight, as of endless peace. Calm loses its charm, if no storm has raged to emphasise the blessings of quiet; beauty is compative entirely; constant sunshine is more tiring than constant rain. Contrast is the soul of perfection; and so it is with light and shade.

Deep down in the country under the sea there is no light nor any darkness, only the vast green gloom of many waters. Cold pure marble in the grey halls is austere dim; a still heaving alone disturbs the silent calm chilling through the great arches. The dull greyish lichen is clammy and colourless. Eyeless things creep and drag in the vacant world. A still horror pervades the remorseless emptiness. We cannot realize the void created by the lack of dark or day.

In a wood the sunshine flicks in and out among the windy branches, dancing over the laughing leaves which flutter shadows on the grass. The tiny whirl of shade spirals over the blades as the leaf above whisks back to the sunlight through. Wise children see the sprites tumbling down their golden slides and bouncing merrily over the grass, playing hide and seek with gnarly old gnomes in the shadows. The pattern of dark shot with gleam is cool and thoughtful, one of the perfect blendings of day and night, a robe for Memory in tranquil mood.

But when Memory grows fierce and desperate in striving to break through unconsciousness, then she shrieks in the wind and roars in the wave, while the storm on the sea is dark and whole eternities of darkness, and the ghostly grey light over the wave-crests lends intensity to the thunder-cloud. As much of the beauty of light and shade is in their contrast, so also does most of their terror lie there. We do not fear the faint flash which we hardly see on a summer afternoon; but when the lightning blazes into life amid a scattered gloom of cloud, then horror leaps to its power. So it is with night. Candle or torch brings fear. Light drives away the blackness a little, and in revenge it crouches outside the ring of clearness, hostile and full of dread. Unknown forms slide silently into it, waiting:

the dark is here intense and there dim, and only now it moved! As the light trembles or jerks, the dark swallows up what was visible a moment before, and follows hovering on the outskirts of sight.

Yet in complete darkness there is nothing to fear. We do not fend it off, therefore, when it closes round it is as a friend. It feels at once satisfying and exciting—we enjoy so little of it that much is to be learned. But let there come a ghost chill of light, and our faith is shattered in the no-longer dark.

The perfect beauty is attained when the two combine—in a bright harvest field, or a great sea-shell, but most fragrantly in dawn and dusk. The first faint touches of white in the far-flung darkness fall like silver music in the sky. Only a paler shadow, the mist steals among shadowy trees; out of the night a dark flush grows on the horizon where light and shade embrace to give the world a fresh vision of youth. No less wonderful is the gloaming which whispers into dusk the shining day. In the thick soft sky and the air strangely full of movement—dew, or the uniting of light and shade—twilight blends them in mysterious loveliness.

Light and shade pervade all existence. Children wander through a fairyland where brilliant sunshine glows full of happiness one hour, while the next giant shadows swoop down heavy with tears. In perpetual wonder at the flashing alternation the children grow to maturity. We may imagine life as a beam of light gradually consumed by the dark—since darkness and death are usually associated as evil; though perhaps it were fitter to reckon our years as a cloud slowly fired to ultimate brightness. The variations of clearness with men's minds shape their destiny. An intensity of darkness may produce a great brain; but how the spirit will suffer in such a home! The great glories of light falling across the pages of history flame into noble deeds and mighty wisdom, not always among those whose names are known. If the Power whose being is radiant will grant such fire to man, why should the shadows press down some heart to madness? So we are led back to the final problems, the eternal contrasts; light and shade; love and hate; life and death.

E. A. M.

When All The World Was Young

(A NOTE ON CHILD ART.)

1.

THE scarlet sun stands above the orange-roofed box-shaped, house. Its scarlet is equalled by the curtains. On the lawn (despite the heat, for the land is shadowless) two are at tea. A third figure, small, anxious, with left leg suspended, attempts, and fails, to gain the table. More happily a fourth has entered from the right upon the light green plain. At a distance from him a red ball lies. His raised right leg and foot have sent the ball forward. His back is yet bent; his head too in sympathetic muscular action, almost to his chest. Together the attitudes record the satisfaction of a completed action.

2.

Four brown hills as regular and rounded as the backs of whales! Trees, yellow, red, orange, blue, green, start from their sides and tops. Six rivers nigh parallel to one another descend in large sudden bends to the white plain, and well spaced upon it, like balls of green wool, trees flourish. This is the world.

3.

Upon a careless sea—it has not troubled to raise itself to the level of the ship above—a brown boat without mast, funnel or other appurtenances save the deck rails, bears with tranquility three immense stationary figures. They wear blue. They stand side by side. Their featureless faces are towards the solid and irresponsive sea. At the left a flurry of green and yellow spreads towards the ship. The sailors are undisturbed.

4.

Mark's worlds are mauve and emerald green and yellow. In one, from a mauve engine, on a yellow track under a full moon outlined in green, black smoke jets. Orange steams bursts in a parallel to the smoke. On the tender is printed TO.

* * * *

To where? With adult solemnity I have wound about four children's drawings in colour. They withdraw the curtain; we look upon the play, their reality, their undivided world in which imagination and fact are one. The engine, the tree, the cat tumbling from a

cloud are without embarrassment fellows, equally true, diverting and alive. They share the same objectivity, indeed solidity. Cat or cloud, sailor or cup are of durable stuff—rich and strong. So if we withdraw the curtain to look on this world of childhood which is at once the projection of child imagination and his record of the external world (which hums and bustles and dances for him) we had better not delude ourselves that we can for long inhabit it. At best for us it is a temporary healing. For we live in a divided universe. We may enjoy the accurate depiction of the actual or the flight of fancy—the fashioning of the world to our heart's desire—but to

dally with the thought that they are identical is to yield to the weakness of intellectual dishonesty. Our dilemma is not to be solved thus. Child art for the adult is a pageant with grandeur of a kind in its striking mauves and yellows, good humour in its footballs and tea parties, and life in its angular disconcerting figures but we remain essentially spectators, for there is at least one element lacking in the experience it offers—the element of conflict.

Of course there are sea-fights, red Indians, tanks in action, etcetera, but no inner conflict and consequently (and this it seems to me points towards the very function of art) no *resolution of conflict*—no balance resulting from the harmonising of dissonants.

What then does Child Art give us?—a picture of the world before the Fall, before man had eaten of the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil: a picture of the world before man had said—What am I? and having noticed himself he perceived his differences and questioned his own reality and the validity of all things. In Child Art there are no questions. The child does not say: "Is this beautiful or ugly?" These comparisons are not in his art vocabulary. It is sufficient for him that things are. Thus what he records has an implicit force of a kind not to be found elsewhere. What he sees is seen in the light of the unselfconscious mind. No reflection has modified the crystalline perception, no colour is softened by the idea of beauty or

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goodness, provided, that is to say, no adult has "instructed" or "advised." The child is the only true Primitive.

So we have, perhaps, tracked the quarry to the place from where he sets out, and here we can enjoy him, nay, must enjoy him, for here

is the wellspring of life. But TO WHERE does he journey. Alas, his engine becomes the eight-fifteen to town; he becomes myself.

G. B.

I wish to thank Miss H. F. Falconer for the loan of the material that gave rise to this article..

Cadet Camp, 1944.

THIS year for the first time the School Cadet Corps left the home country for its annual camp, and travelled to Fife. There we were billeted with a battery of coastal defence guns, in a camp high above the Forth with a splendid view of Edinburgh. This camp being a permanent one, the conditions were very good, and excellent preparations had been made for us by the battery quartermaster.

For training purposes the camp area was rather limited, and the weather in the mornings proved a stumbling-block. Mist generally prevailed till noon, and lectures were the order of the day. Despite the weather, however, a reasonable amount of field work was accomplished—route-marches, map-reading exercises, section and platoon tactics. In the course of a platoon attack by the seniors a number of hens and the farmer took a very poor view of the "Invasion," and it was only the finesse of the junior officers which smoothed over the difficulty. On the following day the kilties, using this exercise as a model, carried through an attack of their own. On this occasion the abounding enthusiasm and voice with which they carried out the attack cancelled all the minor faults in tactics. It is enough to say that more than half the blanks and crackers in store were used in this exercise.

This year Army and Navy co-operation was an interesting and important feature in the camp programme. Visits to a naval base, where we were shown over various naval vessels and port installations, and to a Fleet Air Arm base where we saw the different types of planes in use (some more fortunate had a trip in a transport plane) were greatly enjoyed by all. The army placed at our disposal a film unit, the C.O. of the R.A. unit to which we were attached showed us over the gun site, and Tommy Walker, the international footballer, lectured to us.

During the latter part of camp the time was mostly taken up by demonstrations. We had

grand performances from a Scottish Command Weapon Training Platoon and an Army P.T. team. After the P.T. demonstration the senior cadets practised lorry jumping on the sands. This fortunately was much easier than it looked.

The lighter side of camp—perhaps more important than the training—was not neglected. After being challenged by the Battery to play them at football, we finally raised a team, which took the field with not a little trepidation. However with a "discovery" at centre-half the team won by 8-1. Included in the camp programme was a bathing parade every afternoon, weather permitting. This was enjoyed by all, the more so as in previous years we have had to be content with a dip in the Esk.

The Platoon Cup was keenly contested and was won by No. 4 Platoon under Sgt. J. Doig. Captain L. Collins again acted as judge.

On the Sunday there was a church parade, headed by the band, under Mr. W. M'Leish. The band also played when we were inspected by visiting officers.

Camp was brought to an end by a "potted sports," which under the direction of the attached P.T. instructor was a great success. The boys climbed twelve foot walls, jumped ditches and ended with a tug-of-war. As a finale a tug-of-war took place between the officers and the sergeants, in which, owing to superior numbers, the sergeants were victorious.

Major M'Laren was in command of the camp, which was attended by 128 cadets and 6 officers. The Rector spent a few days with us.

In conclusion the company would like to express its thanks to Mrs. Vannet and Jean, who again gave up part of their holiday to come with us, and also to the permanent staff of the camp under Captain Stewart, R.A., who really made it their job to see that the corps had another successful camp.

2ND LIEUT.



"TWO GRAINS OF WHEAT"—

As the Junior School sees it.

THE BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA.

They put 143 British people in prison with only two bars.

* * * *

TENSES.

You are, you are not, you aint.

* * * *

NATURE STUDY.

The cuckoo is a lazy bird for it does not build its own nest nor does it lay its own eggs.

* * * *

... AND MORE HISTORY.

William and Mary were jointed monarchs.

As the Senior School sees it.

ART NOTES.

The Egyptians were derived from bundles of lotus stems, surmounted by a curved lotus flower.

* * * *

TIME MARCHES ON.

The Black Death was a terrible plague which followed the Hundred Years' War all over Europe.

* * * *

LANGUAGE.

La perrukue blonde.
The peroxide blonde.

* * * *

Fugitque foeda ministeria.

And he fled from the Food Ministry.

* * * *

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Mister Editor it has jist cum to wir notis from Pud. or some ither orrey buddy (mebbe lous), one of them what spiiks Art or Greek or something, that wir have been under a misapprehension. Hairy (or Pud. or lous) sez that skool doesna mean skool, not on your life, but *skoley*—Greek, says he, for an easy time. (Angus says leisure, but that's not basic so its Polish to you.) So, sir, I am riting to let Do (F. III.), Wobster (F. IV.) and Painless (V.) no that they've had it.

yrs. till it freezes,

MUD.

P.S.—Wickson United says that'll shake 'em.

* * * *

When Hasher runs and tackles low,
Or scores a try, if that's his notion,
Tell me, for I'd like to know,
Is this the poetry of motion?

No dud
Is Pud.;
His hair he can part,
And he's wizzard at Art.

When George takes his gun
And gets a squint on,
You can either get your pot
Or your bandages and Linton.

Laurie's designs grew queerer still,
We looked at them with wonder,

He tied them up in nice red tape
And tore them all asunder.

When Dix and Bert
Are not so pert,
Then Dundee's men
Are down again.

The Tiger, Sherman, have their day
Inventors put a step on ;
Says Buster—" Why all this delay ?
I'll be their secret weapon."

Slick's sleek, slipper shine
Must give his packet a thin time ;
It obviously will seem
He has shares in Brylcreme.

Grubber swam from infancy
So now he's quite an old fish ;
He only needs a big glass bowl
And he would be a gold fish.

Gold.

The gold of a miser is hidden away,
And never sees the light of day,
The green of the hills, the blue of the skies,
But only greed in its master's eyes.

There are other kinds of gold to be found,
That are not kept in chests, well bound,
Our Master's eyes have never shown greed,
And only He can plant the seed.

Of the gold in plenty, we see on the hills,
'Tis only He that plants and tills,
The primrose and daffodil, gorse and the rest,
Cannot be hidden in an old oak chest.

M. M. (Form 1A G.)

The Moon and the Star.

Said the moon to the star,
" How beautiful you are ! "
" Will you come a little walk,
" And we'll have a little talk ? "

Said the star to the moon,
" I am coming very soon."
And so they wandered through the night,
Until the red dawn came in sight.

M. M. (Form 1A G.)

In Olden Days.

In olden days,
So Grandma says,
Ladies wore frocks,
And flowing locks,
With capes of blue,
And pointed-shoe,
And fairylike fans,
And gloves on their hands,
Bonnets of silk,
As white as milk,
With rosebuds red,
So Grandma said.

M. M. (Form 1A G.)

Poem.

The clouds roll up and on in midnight glory,
A savage splendour exulting in full power,
Dark royalty, eternal, universal,
The Power of the Air sweeps hugely on the
wind.

War-chant of immeasurable forces
Song of a spirit beyond, hissing through trees,
Viciously hissing
Rise, Rise, strength unguessed
Utter destruction
Complete horror, never yet tasted
O bitter dread of the one who feels !
Yet they are too great, and we crawl benaeth
unnoted

Yet are we so
But what of the time when our soul is firmer ?
E. A. M.

Sonnet.

If only man could live by simple things,
Instead of dreaming after wordly gain,
To-morrow Death to you this warning brings,
" You'll die ; and your achievements are in
vain,

Unless at Judgment's seat you can proclaim
To the Great Judge, ' All other men I loved
As I myself. I worked with might and main
For good of others.' When you are removed
From this world to the next, could you have
proved .

That you had served God in a humble way ? "
Ambition, greed, and riches, all are loved,
But happiness is gained by few to-day,
The reason all our consciences must touch,
Man needs so little, but he thinks he needs so
much.

J. B.

A Woodland Scene.

ON a warm summer's day, when the sun beats down from a cloudless sky, you take to the shelter of the wood where a wide track joins the roadway. All at once the atmosphere changes; the air is pure and fresh, and you do not kick up dust with your feet as you walk along, for the path is one of earth, beaten down by daily usage until it is hard and firm. It is not dusty, for the overhanging boughs keep off the fierce heat of the sun. But there are other paths. There are the small winding paths where the grass still grows, and those that are more difficult to see, as they have been made by the wild animals. For instance, the rabbit runnel is covered over with long wavy grass. If you follow one of these less frequented paths, it leads you to a little stream in the heart of the wood, over which someone had once placed a little wooden bridge made from the branches cut from a nearby tree. This bridge is no longer needed, for ferns now grow along the peaty banks, and bluebells and hycinths bloom among them in spring. The burn has gradually dried up, until now it barely covers the pebbles as it trickles on under its overhanging greenery.

The trees are nearly all firs, which have year by year shed their brown needles until now they form a thick springy carpet underfoot. The two beech trees provide the squirrels with their winter store, and the rowan and elder trees form a plentiful supply of food for the birds. A few clumps of heather and wild blaberries grow among the pines, but the grass can grow under the other trees, and flowers—the primrose, the violet, the bluebell, the hyacinth, the water aven and wood anenome bloom there in spring and summer, and in the background is the little white wild rose—

"That smells sharp and sweet—and breaks the heart."

Of all the animals that live in this wood the squirrel is perhaps the most interesting to watch. I was sitting at the foot of a tree one day when two little red squirrels with long bushy tails came scrambling down the trunk of a fir tree until they were within a few feet of the ground; then they darted back again, chasing each other round and round the trunk, scratching the rough bark with their

sharp claws, until they reached the topmost branches, which rocked and swayed under their weight. Suddenly the foremost took a flying leap, and with his tail streaming out behind him, landed on the outstretched branch of the next tree. The other quickly followed him, and they were soon lost in the depths of the wood, nothing but the swaying branches denoting the trail they had followed. There are bits of white shell lying on the ground under the trees, which came from the nest of the wood-pigeon away up on the topmost branches. You hear his lazy cooing, and the heavy flap of his wings if he is startled, but he is not always easy to see. A willow-wren once built its tiny nest in an over-turned tree trunk covered with honeysuckle, but it is the rarest visitor I have seen in this particular glade. The other animals are the rabbits which burrow at the tree roots, and sometimes in the dusk the owl flits noiselessly from tree to tree, watching intently for his prey.

Each different season brings its own special beauty to the woods. In spring the beeches, the rowans and the elder burst into leaf again, and even the firs look brighter with their new, fresh, green needles. The young grass begins to grow and the earth is decked with spring flowers. On the banks of the stream the ferns begin to show their new fronds. By summer the trees are in full leaf, and the spring flowers give place to those of the summer. Autumn brings new tints of red, brown, green, and gold to the beeches. It turns the rowan berries to a bright glowing scarlet, and the elder berries to a rich mellow purple. The heather under the pine trees is in full bloom, and the cranberries are ripening. Through the dark green branches of the firs you can see the sun setting like a fiery ball. The sky is a bright clear blue, and the white clouds are flushed as the sun's last rays light upon them, and the tops of the pine trees, before it slips over the horizon, and dusk slowly steals through the wood.

The sharp winter winds strip off the leaves of all the trees except the firs and pines. On a clear frosty night when you take the path to this glade, the grass is white and stiff underfoot, the hoar frost coats the brown branches in white, and even the tips of the evergreens. The stream is practically frozen over, and the

D

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ferns have died down, leaving the long grass standing up stiff and straight by the water's edge. The moon shines through the branches, and if you look up through the interlacing twigs you see the stars, seeming to sparkle in

the deep blue sky. There is nothing to be heard save the sound of the wind gently moving the fir branches, and sighing among the stiff grasses.

L. M. MACB. (Class V.).

My Hobby—Drama.

IT'S difficult to write about a hobby like mine because people are inclined to laugh and say, "Isn't she sure of herself? There is no good in being an Amateur." That is where they are all wrong. Certainly it is a happy man who can make his hobby his profession, but few of us can manage that. Half of the great writers in history had a profession or outside means as well as their hobby. I want to prove to all these stupid people that there is gain in amateur dramatics, as well as pleasure.

My hobby started—where it always starts—in front of the bathroom mirror. I was twelve or thirteen then and doing Shakespeare's plays for the first time and I recited Portia's Mercy Speech to an audience of the bath and wash-hand basin as—I still think—I shall never recite again. After that all the mirrors in the house received their fair portion of Cleopatra, Shylock and Charles Boyer! The countryside re-echoed as I tripped along to "Quality Street" or marched to "Friends, Romans—." One day, however, as I stole along being each of the three witches in turn, I met the curious gaze of the minister and speedily became myself once more.

Shortly after this, the President of a girls' club which I attended, became very enthusiastic about Dramatics, and here my hobby broadened out.

The number of girls in the club were few but some were quite talented and we performed several concerts for the Red Cross. After these some new, younger members joined, and we were split up into two groups and I was given charge of the under-twelves. I really at that time thought I was capable of producing their plays, and was ignorant of how little I really knew. They did, however, get on well, not being in the least self-conscious, as it was to them "make-believe," a natural way of expressing their feelings.

Soon, however, my vanity was to be brought to earth, I joined the Dundee Dramatic Society,

rather self-confidently, as a means of tapering off my stage knowledge rather than of broadening it. That Friday night, however, I entered into a new world. I met people the like of whom I had never known existed in my narrow life between school and home. I made new friends, good ones too. Most of all I have gained from my hobby, a broader view of people, and, whatever anyone may say, to me it is a gain, of independence if nothing else.

First, we read parts, new and old together, and I learned my first lesson in Drama—to appreciate talent in others. How, I wondered then, could I ever be as they are? Witty, talkative, yet on the stage magnificent! I was the youngest member and when we received the "crit" at the end, the producer probably spared me the elementary blunders, but nevertheless I had much to learn. Luckily I was not alone in this, and I did get some small parts in various plays, which we did for the Forces. I gradually found myself acting on and off the stage, by an instinct which was due to experience.

I also lost a lot of clumsiness and became a little more graceful. It was a release too for the emotions, pent-up, in everyday life, for drama and comedy is highly exaggerated. I learnt to mime, to think and act, not to act and then think, and this too I applied in my everyday life.

Then Fridays became Gala Days, my peak of happiness. I had to teach my Junior Club all over again, but they proved apt pupils. Never was I so pleased as when one of them was congratulated at a Drama Festival by a visiting producer. Then I felt that not only had I profited myself but others had profited through me. Drama—the first instinctive action of primitive man! I have had more pleasure and profit than any collector of fossils or stamps can ever have. In a small way, I am adding something to the community.

B. C. McN. (Form V.).

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“There is a Tide . . .”

YOU all know this line and the speech of which it is the opening, because you were all made to learn it in your early youth. Read the line again, it seems to suggest that man is swept along through life without much choice as to where. But no! That is not the case—nothing as simple as that really happens.

This realisation has descended like a thunderbolt into my, up till now, blissfully ignorant existence. For I have reached the unhappy stage where a decision has to be made—“What am I going to be?” We have all had the experience, when meeting old friends of the family, or relations whom we’ve not seen for years. They say brightly, “Well, dear, how you’ve grown! Now, tell me, what are you going to be?” They, it seems, have realised that growing up is accompanied by this nightmare of a decision to be made. Or perhaps the remark is even more irritating—after this style: “What? Not left school yet? Why, when I was your age . . .” To all this we make some incoherent reply, and appear to forget the whole affair. But do we?

No! the shock had un-nerved us, upset our whole system.

For years I have sailed through life, enjoying the present, avoiding the future, knowing vaguely that some day—a day far away—I would have to “be something,” hoping that perhaps I might even “be some ONE.” But then, when you’re a child you have such a host of lovely ideas.

And now with the “leavings” on my doorstep, I know that I’ll have to step through the door into my vocation. That word sounds as though it had inspiration behind it, but I have no inspiration and I know that I don’t stand alone. This afternoon I was reading about a water diviner. In a quest like mine it would be wonderful to have a guide like that. I wish I could go out to-morrow with a little hazel twig in my hand, and wait for my pulses to race, my little twig to jump excitedly when it “divined” the job that is mine, the one I am suited for, the one in which I shall be happy.

JIM.

A Dream of Cycling.

WE started cycling. The sun was shining and the air was fresh with the rain which had drenched the country the previous night. We hurried past many fields of corn and barley which were already nearly ripe. As we came to the rougher parts of the country where bare mountains and dark rocks broke the surface, we saw four black odd looking animals. Their bodies were covered with black smooth fur which rather resembled a lady’s fur coat. Their faces were yellowy brown with long black hair. They had long thin legs which reminded one of those of a monkey. However,

to our relief they disappeared round a ridge of the mountain as soon as they saw us.

We continued with our run. At the foot of another mountain we saw two large pools of water glistening in the sunlight. The rain of the previous night probably explained their presence. We dismounted from our cycles and ran down to the pools. To our great joy, there, swimming in the clear water were many beautiful, brightly coloured fish. Also in the other pool were two white swans which could hardly be seen against the background of the white coloured water. J. P. (Form II.).

Expedition.

EIGHT short, sturdy motor torpedo boats lay pitching on the steep, leaden-coloured waves of the North Sea, their engines just ticking over to keep their bows to the waves. In the leading boat, standing on the tiny bridge was a young R.N.R. lieutenant who seemed to be cogitating deeply. His hands were clasped behind his back and his eyes fixed abstractedly on the small binnacle beside him. Every now and then he would raise his binoculars and scan again the great dark mass that lay before him not ten miles away—Heligoland; one of German's most powerful naval bases, dock-yards, repair-ships, a small airfield and a harbour big enough and deep enough to shelter a German battle fleet.

At either end of the great harbour, two huge forts, with armour thick enough to resist a fifteen-inch shell, dominated the basin. Each one bristled with guns, from tiny ceremonial three pounders to great fourteen "crumps." The island swarmed with troops; batteries of guns commanded every cape and cliff and the airfield boasted half a dozen aeroplanes. But the German gunners spent most of the day in their quarters or yawning in their bunks. The officers were little better and only once in a blue moon did they have gunnery practice. They had plenty of enthusiasm and they once fired on a Swedish merchant ship, which led to an amount of diplomatic trouble with Sweden.

Finally the lieutenant appeared to come to a decision. Turning to his companion, a thick-set Scot with flaming red hair, he said, "There are two things which we can do, Mac. Either attack just now for there are still some hours of daylight, but the Germans, however inex-

perienced, could hardly miss at a range of, at the most, a few thousand yards and there are aeroplanes on the island. Also we would be seen long before we got to the harbour entrance and there are at least, a dozen destroyers each of which can steam a good five knots faster than ourselves. But if we went in during dark we could go as slow as we like, the aeroplanes will not likely see us, our numbers and small size ought to confuse them, while each of our boats has some Verey lights which we can fire to show up our targets. Frankly, I do not see that there is any other way. You agree?' His companion nodded. He was a man of few words, quiet and taciturn. The lieutenant sighed and they started preparations for their night attack on the island fortress of Heligoland.

By evening, the weather had deteriorated steadily until a half-gale was blowing with a thin icy drizzle that penetrated all clothing, leaving the hapless occupants of the tiny bridge soaked and shivering in spite of duffle-coats and fur-lined jackets. Above, a pale watery moon peered fitfully through dark scudding clouds while the wind moaned eerily round the small wireless aerials. Finally the leading boat gave the order to advance. This was relayed to the others by shaded searchlights. Each boat was armed with one twenty-one inch torpedo tube, a couple of twelve-pounder guns, and six machine-guns.

Their small but powerful engines, capable of twenty-eight knots, woke up and the ships shuddered to the thrust of their twin propellers. In single file and with every light screened, they passed swiftly into the storm-ridden night.

F. G. (Form III.).



[Photo. by D. & W. Prophet

Standing (left to right)—E. A. Robertson. H. Mungo. Y. Marshall. C. D. Molison.
Sitting (left to right)—D. Paterson. S. Grant. E. K. Johnstone (*Capt.*). E. A. Menzies.

Girls' Tennis Team,
 Session 1944.

Dundee High School
 Magazine

A Box of Old Toys.

"DISCARDED us like an old boot, you did."

A note of bitterness crept into Ted's voice, as he added—

"If only you had looked at us even occasionally."

As was to be expected of him, Ted had constituted himself spokesman, and the other two seemed to accept his leadership as being in the natural order of things.

There they were, the three inseparable companions of my childhood days, reproaching me for having neglected them for eight long years. I looked at them in their box and felt terribly guilty.

Ted had been the most companionable of Teddy Bears—a knowing little fellow to whom I could always communicate my inmost thoughts, sure in advance of his love and sympathy. I remembered the games we had played together, the tea-parties on the lawn (I perceived at the bottom of the box, among the picture blocks, a cup and saucer of the doll's tea-set we had used) and recalled how I had never fallen asleep without feeling the comfort of his warm, woolly body beside me.

Gus, too, seemed hurt, and this increased my feeling of guilt. He looked almost human now, and yet he was only a horse—a piebald, with

ridiculously long legs and disproportionately large hooves which enabled him to stand in almost any circumstances. But for me, in my childhood, he had been a veritable Pegasus—a noble steed, with flowing mane, who had borne me (and Ted, too, as often as not!) into distant lands. A piece of his harness, once black and highly polished, but now faded and tattered, hung carelessly over the box.

And dear old Scottie, the Cairn terrier! There was a reproachful look in his eye, too, but, true to his breed, even in adversity he was proudly defiant and his tail, worn and threadbare though it was, projected boldly upwards.

"Our opinion, Miss Florence," Ted continued, "is that there is a lot of useful life in us yet, and if we have served your purpose—as we hope we have"—(Ted was cunning and always knew how to play upon the emotions), "then you should find some other home for us where we can be of service."

"Surely," he insisted, coaxingly, "some nice little girl or boy would love us. . . ."

When I awoke in the morning I had reached a decision. I called at the children's ward of the Infirmary. With a lump in my throat I handed over a box of toys. Ted, Gus and Scottie will continue to serve. . . .

F. V. P. T. (Form V.).

Dundee High School Old Boys' Club.

We regret very much to record the death of two of our Honorary Vice-Presidents, Principal Macgregor and Mr. MacLennan. Principal Macgregor was one of the most eminent of our Old Boys and will be greatly missed in ecclesiastical circles. We have paid tribute to Mr. MacLennan elsewhere in this issue.

Active Service.

O.S. William S. Davidson, R.N.

AWARDS.

Lt. Wm. N. Macdonald Millar, 3rd Carabiners, Prince of Wales Dragoon Guards, R.A.C.,

awarded M.C. for gallant and distinguished services in Burma.

Lt. Gordon F. Anderson, awarded M.C. in Burma.

PROMOTIONS.

R. Fyfe Smith now Flying Officer, R.A.F.

PRO PATRIA.

Captain J. Scott Nicoll, killed in action in Burma.

REPORTED MISSING.

Lt. W. R. Allison, S.A.A.F. Reported missing 1st March, 1944.

The deaths of A. T. Storrar (1892-1895), William E. Philip (1878-1887), Dr. A. E. Kidd (1880-1888), Dr. W. M. Macgregor, D.D., LL.D., and John Maclellan, M.A., are recorded with deep regret.

Dundee High School Old Girls' Club.

We send every good wish for Christmas and New Year to all Club members at home and abroad.

The Annual Reunion was held on Saturday,

4th November. It took the form of an afternoon tea-party and the Entertainments Committee had arranged amusing guessing games and a musical programme. Our President, Miss Barbara Robertson, gave an interesting and racy address entitled "In the Gymnasium." About seventy members attended the function which they appeared to enjoy thoroughly.

The Club membership is still keeping up and some new members have joined. This is most gratifying at a time when so many Old Girls are in the Services or otherwise engaged on war work.

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

Pte. Alex S. Anderson, I.T.C.
Gladys Balhary, F.A.N.Y.
P/O Isobel Climie, W.R.N.S.
Pte. Gilbert D. M. Crerar, G.S.C.
Drvr. Peter G. Flett, S.C.G. Signals.
O.S. Barrie Gibbs, R.N.
Wren Louise Gabriel, W.R.N.S.
— Eric Gillanders, R.N.
Estelle Gracie, F.A.N.Y.
N.A.2 George A. Hutton, F.A.A.
Wren Vera Lane, W.R.N.S.
Gdsman. Lachlan G. Low-Mitchell, Scots Guards.
A.C.2 Patrick I. Napper, R.A.F.
Captain Arthur Neave, B.W.
L/Cpl. John Neave, R.A.O.C.
Marjory Peter, F.A.N.Y.
Cpl. John H. Philip, R.A.F.
Lt. Maureen B. Richardson, Q.A.I.M.N.S.R.
Ldg. S. A. George S. Ritchie, R.N.
F/O Graham Ritchie, R.A.F.
Lt. A. C. Stalker, R.A.M.C.
P/O Elaine Stewart, W.R.N.S.
Lt. John Stohlner, R.A.M.C.
Sgmn. Alex. Tough, R. Signals.
Squadron-Leader Herbert E. Walker, R.A.F.V.R. (Medical).
Frances Walls, F.A.N.Y.

PROMOTIONS.

Cadet A. Fleming Baird, R.M.

Leonard R. Cuthill, 1st Lothians, R.A.C., to Lt.
R. Fyfe Smith, R.A.F.V.R., to Pilot Officer.
John C. Geddes, 6th Gurkha Rifles, to Capt.
Charles B. Grant, Black Watch, to Lt.
David A. Grant, Indian Army, to Major.
E. Mary Grant, A.T.S., to Junior Commander.
John M. Grant, Indian Elec. Mech. Engineers, to Lt.-Col.
Ian Isles, M.C., R.A.C., to Capt.
Alan C. Lemon, R.I.A.S.C., to Capt.
Dugald I. Low-Mitchell, R.A., to Lt.
J. A. Ross M'Intyre, R.N.V.R. (A), to Acting Sub. Lt.
Gordon E. Panton, Recce. Corps, to Lt.
Frank L. Philip, R.F.A., to Major.
Thos. W. Reid, R.E., to Capt.
W. Foster Simpson, Indian Army, to Capt.
Margaret Thompson, W.R.N.S., to 3rd Officer.
Catherine M. Wallace, W.A.A.F., to Fl./O.

PRISONERS OF WAR.

Sub.-Lt. Alan F. Muir, R.N.V.R.
Capt. David A. Simpson, Glider Pilot Regt.

MISSING.

Lt. W. R. Allison, S.A.A.F.

AWARDS.

Capt. Gordon F. Anderson, Black Watch, awarded M.C. in Burma, 1944.
 Staff-Major Gilmore B. Godfrey, R.A.S.C., awarded M.B.E., 1944.
 Lt. Wm. N. M. Millar, Prince of Wales' Dragoon Guards, R.A.C., awarded M.C. in Burma, 1944.

PRO PATRIA.

Captain Blair S. R. Black, Black Watch. Killed in Italy, September, 1944.
 Sgt.-Navigator Hugh A. A. Bodin, R.A.F. Killed, September, 1944.
 Cpl. Colin C. Hayens, Seaforth Highlanders. Killed in Action, December 1944.
 Sgt.-Pilot F. Bruce Law, R.A.F. Killed in Italy, October, 1944.

Captain Duncan D. Nicoll, Fife and Forfar Yeomanry. Killed in Action, November 1944.

Captain J. Scott Nicoll, Frontier Force Regt. Killed in Burma, July, 1944.

James S. Nicoll, Chief Radio Officer, Mercantile Marine. Lost at sea, September, 1944.

L/Bdr. Talbert S. Philip, R.A. Died of wounds in France, August, 1944.

Major James A. Wright, M.C., Black Watch. Killed in Action, November 1944.

* * * *

Miss H. F. Falconer, Dundee High School, will be glad to have any names of F.P.'s serving in H.M. Forces for publication in next magazine and also any information of promotions, etc.

Reports.

RUGBY REPORT—

Officials for Season 1944-45 were appointed as follows :—

FIRST FIFTEEN : Captain—W. Skinner ; Vice-Captain—W. Taylor ; Secretary and Treasurer—C. Hynd. Member of Committee—G. Mottashaw.

SECOND FIFTEEN : Captain—R. Richardson ; Vice-Captain—R. Robertson.

Despite the difficulty of obtaining kit, especially boots and jerseys, and the restriction on travelling, enthusiasm throughout the whole School is as great as ever.

Caps are to be awarded this year to First Fifteen members who have been outstanding and consistent in their play. No doubt there will be plenty of healthy competition among the team for these desirable awards.

The First and Second Fifteens, after a slow start, are now showing better understanding and cohesion in their play, and should have a successful season.

It must be noted with pride how keen are the boys of the Lower School, who, although they have no recreation during the week, turn up in great numbers every Saturday and enjoy a game before the seniors come up. It is enthusiasm like this which does so much to brighten up this difficult period for School Rugby. KEEP IT UP, BOYS !

We are greatly indebted to the Old Boys who have come up to the Grounds every Saturday and have helped with the refereeing and coaching. Their co-operation has been most valuable, and the progress being made by the juniors is largely the result of their efforts. We appreciate very much what they are doing in the interests of the School and the game.

W. M. C. S.

HOCKEY CLUB—

This year the 1st XI. has a full fixture card. Only four of last year's team have returned, but the new team is very keen and full of enthusiasm and already shows marked improvement. This season we are also fixing up matches with Leuchars and Errol W.A.A.F.'s and U.C.D.

At the beginning of the season practices were held and 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th XI.'s were chosen. The following office-bearers were also elected :—

President—Miss Whytock ; 1st XI. Captain—J. Pringle ; Secretary—E. A. Menzies ; 2nd XI. Captain—E. Doe ; 3rd XI. Captain—J. Moore ; 4th XI. Captain—E. Nicoll.

Unfortunately we have lost the services of Miss Whytock due to illness, but we extend a cordial welcome to Mrs. Livingston who has come in her place. We must also thank the various members of the staff who are giving up so much of their time on Saturday mornings to umpire practices and matches.

Result of matches played :—

1ST XI.			2ND XI.		
	For Agst.			For Agst.	
Harris (H) ...	6	1	Madras (H) ...	0	4
Grove (A) ...	Cancelled.		Grove (A) ...	0	4
Morgan (H) ...	4	4	Morgan (A) ...	0	4
Lawsie (A) ...	Cancelled.		Madras (A) ...	Cancelled.	
D.H.S. F.P.s ...	4	2		J. P.	

CADET REPORT—

The advancement of the Cadet Company's work this term has been achieved without interruption. With the valuable assistance of R.S.M. Nisbett, and under the watchful eye of Lieut Stark, the knowledge of the junior cadets has improved considerably.

Tendered with instruction from Lieuts.

Murray and Mann, on the Bren and War Certificate A work, 10 cadets went forward for this exam. with favourable results. Four candidates passed Part I., and four passed Part II. Cadets who gain Certificate A act as instructors to the younger members of the Company. This will be valuable for teamwork and for the development of the qualities of leadership in the senior cadets.

The enrolment figures are comparatively high and attendances are well maintained.

A few cadets will have an opportunity to attend training courses during the Christmas vacation. There is to be a Physical Training Course at Aldershot over the New Year and a Weapons Training Course at Bridge-of-Earn. Cadets show themselves very keen to take advantage of these opportunities and to benefit by added experience.

The number of ex-cadets serving, many of them with distinction, in H.M. Forces, is daily increasing, and the record of the School Company should be a source of pride and inspiration to all ranks.

W. S. T.

GUIDE REPORT—

At the beginning of the session an important change was made in the Company, when our Senior Guides, from Forms IV. to VI., left us to form the first High School Company of Rangers. A former High School Guide, Miss A. Mudie, consented to act as Ranger Captain, and we heartily wish the new Company every success in the future.

The change involved a new set of Patrol Leaders being appointed, and after due consideration the following were chosen: Swallows—Nancy Cunningham (who is also Senior P.L.); Thrushes—Lindsay Mitchell; Nightingales—Anne Dunn; Robins—Sheila Carlton; Skylarkes—Anne Thomson; Bluetits—Catriona M'Intosh; Blackbirds—Margaret Paterson; Bantams—Betty Grey; Kingfishers—Christine Riddell.

On 27th October the P.L.'s gave the Company a most enjoyable Hallowe'en Party at which all the usual items, such as "Potatoes," "Apples," "Turnip Lanterns," etc., were there. The evening ended with a proper "Camp Fire" sing-song.

The Guides are now busy preparing for their Proficiency Badge Tests, and the new recruits for their Second Class Badge.

Every one deeply regrets the illness of our Captain, to whom we are all very grateful for the help and advice she gives us in our work, and we wish her a very speedy recovery.

N. C.

BOYS' LIT. SOC.—

This session the Society has met under the joint presidency of Mr. Halliday and Mr. Howat. The membership has risen considerably and the enthusiasm has increased proportionately.

The Society has decided that in future if possible there should always be two joint presidents, one director, an honorary president, and two artists.

The reason for the increase in enthusiasm is no doubt connected with the syllabus, the subjects of

which seem particularly suited to the tastes of the members.

The first meeting was a debate on whether soccer was a moral evil or not. The Society had the great pleasure of having Mr. Robertson in the chair. According to the members soccer is definitely not a moral evil. Mr. Gibson gave us the first lecture of the year. His subject was "With Sketch-book and Rod in the High Tops," and although we may not all have been artists, we think that everybody was deeply interested in the excellent paintings that he displayed.

We have also held a "Mock Parliamentary Election," a lecture by Dr. Calman on Sea Monsters, and a second debate on "The Nationalisation of Industry" in which it was almost unanimously decided that nationalisation would be detrimental to the British nation. We are looking forward to many other subjects on the syllabus.

T. G. S., *Secretary.*

GIRLS' LIT. SOC.—

This is the first session since the outbreak of war that the meetings of the Society have been held during the winter. The office-bearers for this year are as follows:—President—Miss M. L. Smith. Vice-President—Miss D. Foggie. Secretary—S. Nichol. Treasurer—M. Reid. Artists—G. Brochie and F. Pearce.

The first meeting on 13th October took the form of a Hat Night, which was greatly enjoyed by all. So far, we have had two outside speakers this session—Miss C. Bisset and Dr. Calman. Miss Bisset's subject was "Circuit Courts," and Dr. Calman gave us a lantern lecture on "Monsters and Sea Serpents," at which the Boys' Society was present also.

Some of the members of both Societies are at present preparing two plays which are to be given at a joint meeting on 8th December. We are all looking forward with great enthusiasm to the next part of our syllabus, and we should like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Smith and Miss Foggie for their keen interest in the Society.

D. S. N.

RANGER REPORT—

A Ranger Company was formed in School at the beginning of term with Miss Mudie, a former pupil of the School, as Captain. The first meeting was held on Friday, 15th September, when twenty-two members were present. Four patrols were formed with Sheila Elliott, Shirley Grant, Joyce Pringle and Isobel Elder as Leaders. The whole Company is working for the Bangor Home Emergency Service Armlet. We should like to thank Mr. Pringle and Mr. Marshall for kindly coming to give us lectures on map-reading and electricity, in connection with this.

Six of our members were invited to attend the British Legion Service in the Caird Hall on Sunday, 12th November, as part of a representative group of Rangers from Dundee.

In conclusion we should like also to thank Miss Mudie for the careful attention and help that she has given the Ranger activities throughout the term.

S. M. E.

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