

I Ogilvie

THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. 92

APRIL 1945

SIXPENCE



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Editorial.

THE Editorial of the Easter Magazine is expected to comment on our wintry weather. This year we are singularly fortunate in having to hand excellent material for the purpose—a succession of snowstorms which kept the ground white or off-white for three weeks or more. Games were out of the question, but they went unregretted in our orgy of snow balls, men and slides, and—crowning glory—sledging! The price of sticking plaster soared; the school took on the appearance of a hospital.

This Christmassy period was succeeded by a bout of violent gales almost as devastating to the countryside; and thereafter we rejoiced in an “Indian Summer” of the mildest and warmest February days which have blessed us for many years. We conclude that the 1944-45 winter has been a most unusual one—and a great help to this Editorial, which must now proceed to its other Easter-time duty.

The School Dance—yes! the cynosure of longing eyes, the strong delight of memory—went off with a bang. Ably presided over by Mr Laird and Mr Murray, tirelessly enlivened by the band of the Four Macs—of whom there were five—the dance whirled along gaily to its gay close, surrounded by a riot of colour, flags of every description, which nearly caused the breaking of some valiant necks when “the morning after” was stripped of the glories of “the night before.”

Encouraged by the success of this evening, Form IV., with typical audacity, are running another dance at the end of this term.

We trust that Leavings Candidates, aglow with recent achievements, will be better able to bestow on this festive function the appreciation it will surely deserve.

Mr Laird's severe illness, deeply regretted throughout the school, deprived us of his guiding presence for a great part of this term. The breach was capably filled by Mrs Garry, who discharged her duties with great ability, and, in the short time she spent among us, grew perfectly into the D.H.S. environment.

“The old familiar faces” brightened with one accord on the day when Mr Borland returned to the school, to view them o'er. We need not say how glad we are at the rapid recovery of health which enabled him to pay us this visit; let us hope to see him often among us as the summer term goes by.

Summer! Yes, it is hard upon us; the rugby stalwarts and the hockey teams who have done so well this year are laying aside their weapons and searching for bats and rackets—and, fruitless quest! for tennis balls. Soon the bees will be buzzing, the sky smiling, the grass greening, the violets vying . . . But we must not be carried away. Other and more skilful pens have adorned the pages of this Mag. with songs of spring. Only let us make one humble suggestion for increasing the glory of this, we trust, the last war-time spring: **Why not spring-clean the School?** Magnificent vistas of rejuvenation are opened to the view: joyful shouts herald the tearing down of anti-splinter gauze; clouds of dust, as haloes, surround the moppers and the mops; the hearts

of salvage-collectors rejoice as the desks are cleaned out; fresh and restful paints enhance the walls; who knows—it may even come to pass that Mr L——d will acquire a new blackboard!

This happy thought entrances us. Ave atque vale! (translated, by special request from the Science Department—"So long!") We are off to buy a sweeping-brush.

* * * *

YOU will have seen elsewhere the report of the exploit of Captain David Elder, M.C., in which he showed great courage and ability, but we cannot refrain from mentioning that which does honour to himself and all others with whom he is associated. We hope at a later date to give some appreciation of the many former pupils of the school who have greatly distinguished themselves. In the meantime, apart from maintaining the chronicle which Miss Falconer keeps with perseverance, we feel we dare not embark on a commentary on the awards and distinctions of those in the services for we should inevitably omit many most deserving of notice on account of our limited time and available sources of information. We have made in the present case an exception. It is indeed a very exceptional case.

* * * *

On the other hand, we are glad to report that we hear news of the continued sporting activity of many old High School boys now in the services. To this effect we have heard recently from Capt. A. D. Spence, Sgt.-Inst. G. Millar, Sgt. C. R. W. Gray and Bdr. I. J. P. Bruce.

* * * *

We record with much pleasure the award of the M.B.E. to Major L. B. Weatherhead. His honour is in a sense ours, for we lay claim to him as an Old Boy, as a Past President of the Old Boys' Club, as a Director, as Chairman of the Rector's Committee, and (certainly not least important) as a Parent. We offer our warmest congratulations.

* * * *

A distinction of a different order is that which has come to our school chaplain, the Rev. Dr Duncan. We have heard him address us both in school and in church, and

have found ourselves intent on his words on all occasions. We were naturally gratified to think of the very great audience which must have correspondingly been held when Dr Duncan gave three Broadcast Services from St Mary's. These were in the Home Service—evidence that our regard for his abilities is shared by more notable others.

* * * *

We hear with much interest that a pipe tune composed by Pipe-Major McLeish and dedicated to Major McLaren has been incorporated into the Army Manual of Piping as an official pipe tune of Scottish regiments. This tune was broadcast in the Forces Programme. Since then, Pipe-Major McLeish has completed another which he has dedicated to the Dundee High School Cadet Company.

* * * *

Mr Angus Bryson, we hear, has more than maintained the prowess in golf which he showed when attending school here. He has recently been awarded his Blue at Cambridge University.

* * * *

We hardly know whether or not to refer to Mr James R. Gray's appointment under the heading Lighter Matters. We have a letter from him indicating that he has been made corresponding secretary of the Macgonagall Society of Edinburgh. We confess we did not know such a society existed. As a token of our interest in Mr Gray's poet-master we reprint on the Notes Page an ode in imitation of Macgonagall's manner, written by a pupil some twenty years ago.

* * * *

The Art Department continues to keep the name of the school to the fore. The most recent achievement is awards in the Art Society's essay competition to Jean Moore, Shirley Grant, Gladys Brothie, Florence Maclean and Jeanette McHugh.

STOP PRESS

We wish to congratulate Major W. L. Marshall on his promotion to Lieut.-Colonel and Officer Commanding 1st (Dundee) Cadet Battalion, The Black Watch (R.H.R.).

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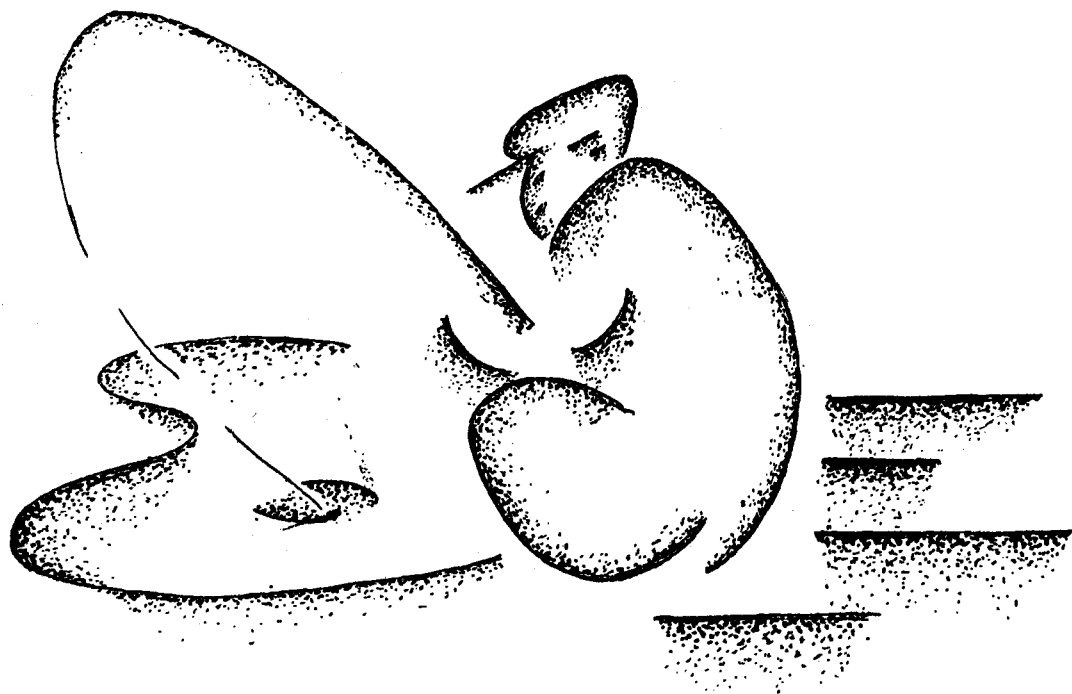
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A Note on Non-Representational Art.



No. 1

W. S. Taylor.

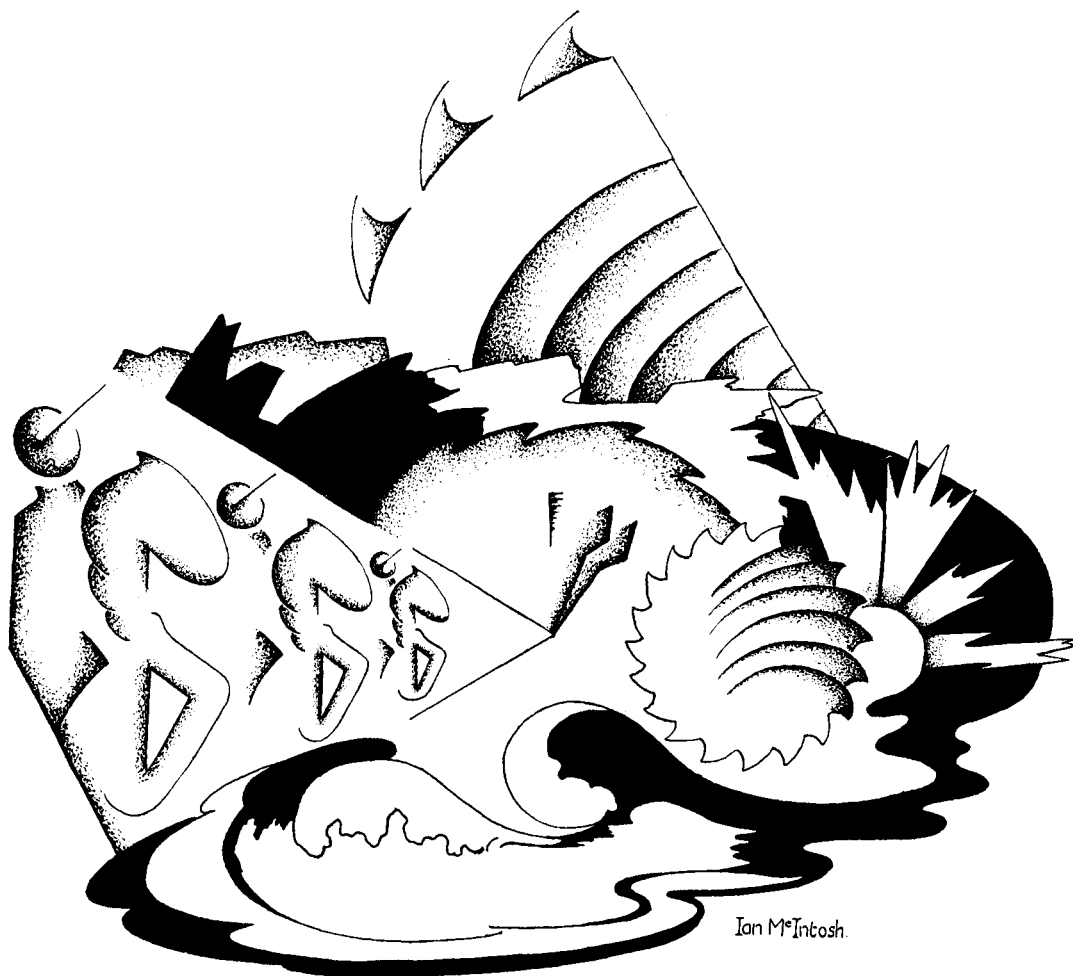
ART through the ages has presented many problems. Seldom has it been so simple as in the Victorian era when "every picture told a story" — a very simple story which the humblest could understand. Renaissance Art is the most powerful medium the Christian religion has ever possessed for spreading and interpreting its doctrine.

Modern Art presents a complex and difficult problem. Science has opened up new worlds of thought and research. Colour and form are now related to psychology and all the many complexities of modern life, instead of being confined to the interpretation of natural phenomena. Right up to the time of the Impressionists, European artists were concerned chiefly with the relationship of art to nature. Though the Impressionists were also concerned with the interpretation of

nature they brought contemporary scientific discoveries of light to their aid.

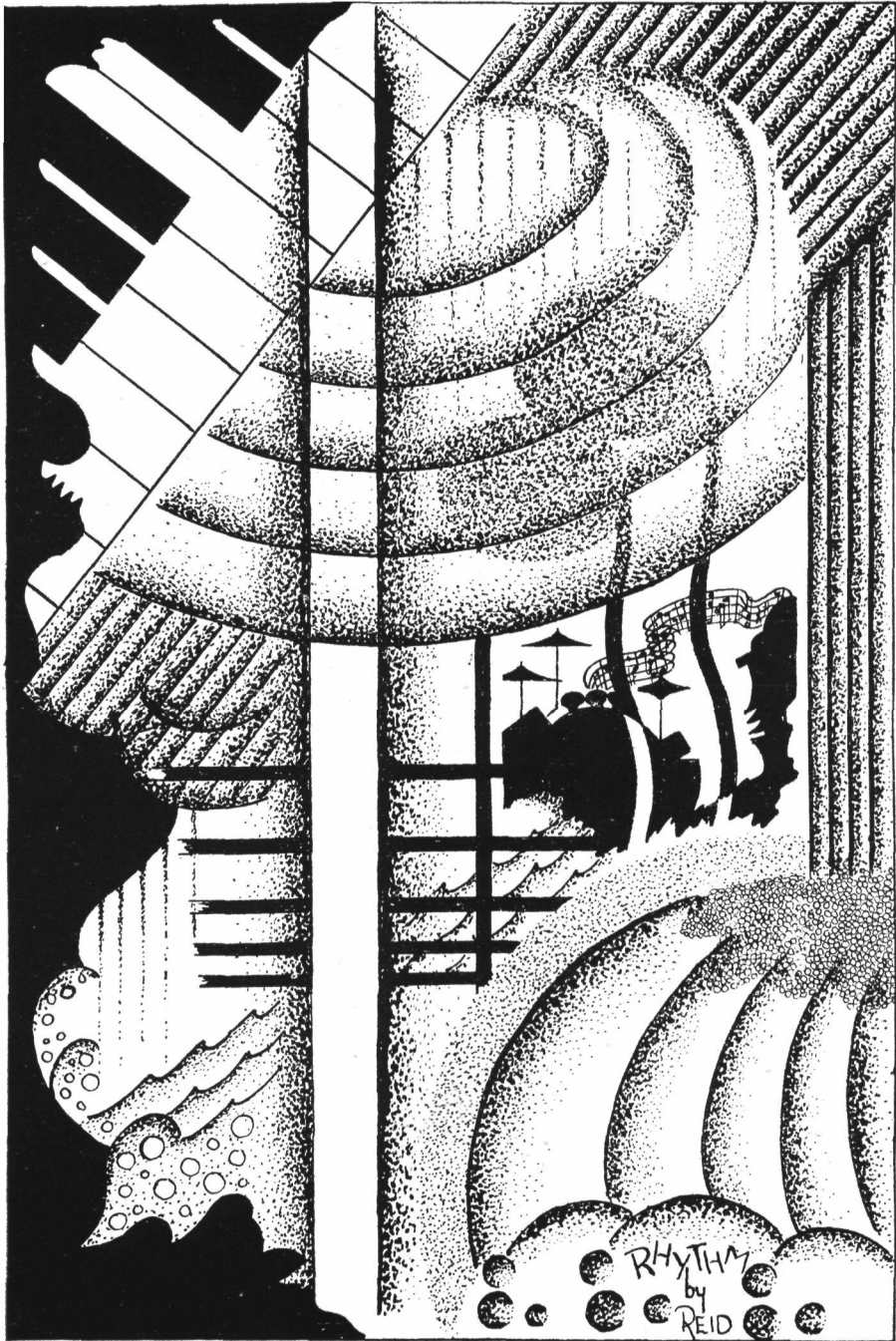
The Creative artists of to-day are dealing with abstract ideas, the interpretation of emotion and the mental reactions of individuals to objective experiences. This calls for an entirely new code of values. We no longer assess a painting by its accurate representation of something we have seen but rather by its expression of something we have felt.

Modern Art is still universal—as universal as great music. Wagner is not easy to understand. We must create in ourselves the correct mental attitude. This is equally so with Modern Art. It is impossible to enter flippantly into the study or interpretation of abstract forms.



Ian McIntosh.

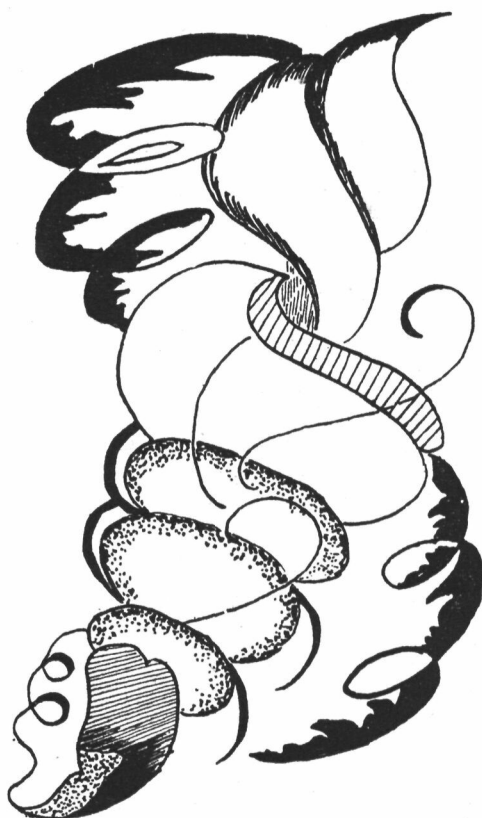
No. 2



We must start from fundamentals and work forward. Let us take the "Fisherman" (No. 1) as a starting point. Here we have a perfectly ordinary scene interpreted into a unity of related curves balanced by straight lines. All detail has been eliminated. The result is a feeling of mass; and emotionally of calmness and peace.

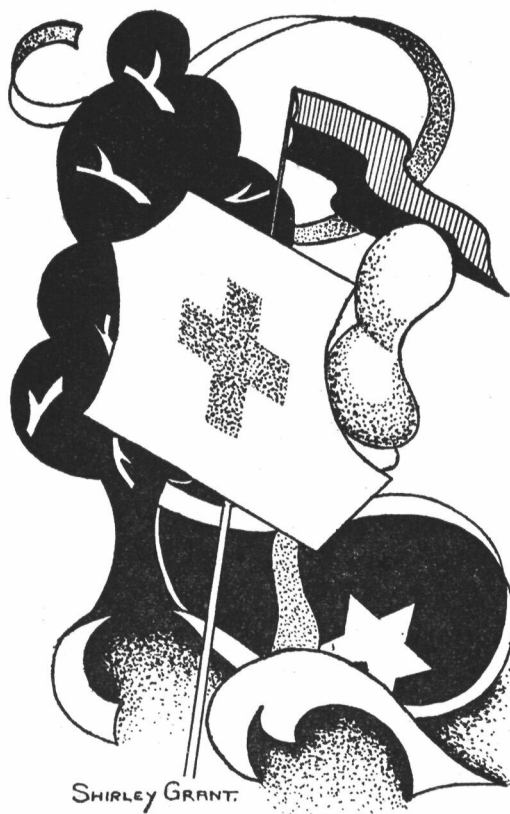
Now let us go into the abstract to "Before Zero Hour" (No. 2). Here we have a mental picture of the turmoil going on within the individual. The thoughts are centred on the hands of the clock moving forward, impressions of other waiting, of the outside world then black spaces, then ideas swirled round and back again to the hands of the clock.

No. 3



Jean Moore.

No. 7



SHIRLEY GRANT.

The "Whirlwind" (No. 3) is less abstract, but is a fine interpretation through line and mass. "Rhythm" (No. 4), by its repetitions and by its lightness of handling interprets jazz music. "Fog" (No. 5) is again a mental reaction of things seen indistinctly and of feelings of awe almost amounting to fear dominating the entire interpretation. "Churchyard Meditation" (No. 6) is dramatic, undefined thoughts rise like ghosts.

"Churchyard Meditation" (No. 6) opp. p. 21

"Waiting," No. 7, is somewhat different. Here we have each idea interpreted by a definite object and the whole designed into a unity—the tree of life, the deflated balloon, the star just appearing. Idealism in the shield and cross, the pennon of hope and the whole design bound together by an untied ribbon.

The illustrations represent part of an experiment. The results have often been astonishing and they have always been highly original and individual. Girls seldom work on purely abstract forms but prefer to use symbols for each idea. Boys, on the other hand, scarcely ever define one idea but weave a number of ideas together using lines and masses as a means of interpretation.

T. S. H.



H. Laurie

No. 5

Joint Meetings of the Literary Societies—December 1944.

IF variety, as the old saw informs us, indeed be the spice of life, then the large audience which was present at the joint December meeting of the two societies had an opportunity to savour that spice to the full, for it would hardly have been possible to have listened to a programme more varied in content and yet so universal in appeal.

The classical part of the musical programme was sustained by Sheila Cameron, Alison Crawford, Margaret Reid, and George Mottashaw, who all performed most ably. That section of the audience whose musical taste lay in the other direction, was catered for by a comprehensive selection of swing music, played by William Taylor.

The dramatic side of the programme consisted of two one-act plays, "Hide and Seek," and "The Dear Departed," and an amusing recitation, "The Minister Comes to Tea," by Catherine McNaughton.

The action of "Hide and Seek," produced by Miss Foggie, took place in the France of the Revolution, and lacked for nothing in the way of excitement and humour. The cast, Zebe Doe, Helen

Crockatt, Alex. Smith, Eugene Grant, Elizabeth Menzies and Betty Butchart, added to the audience's appreciation of the play, by themselves putting such zest and enjoyment into their performances that it went with a swing from the moment the curtain rose.

The second play, "The Dear Departed," produced by Miss May Smith, provided a complete contrast as its action took place in a middle-class home in 20th century Scotland. Here, too, the actors, Clem Wallace, Margaret Wallace, Anne Dunn, Kenneth Lowson, Kenneth Elliott and Ian Carlton, gave of their best, and exploited every amusing situation to the full.

As a member of the audience who could discern, behind the finished performance which was presented to us, the many weary—and sometimes hilarious—hours of rehearsals, fitted in at every spare moment in the school routine, I should like to leave the officials and members of both societies in no doubt that the result of their labours was greatly appreciated, and that we are eagerly anticipating the next meeting of a similar character.

G. G.

Music Notes.

PREPARATIONS are now well under way for the annual School Concert, which will be held in the Hall of the Girls' School, on the evenings of Friday and Saturday, 22nd and 23rd June, respectively. An attractive programme of plays, songs, novelty items, etc., is being prepared, and it is hoped that there will be a large and appreciative audience on Concert Night.

A "Gilbert and Sullivan" Opera

Encouraged by the successful results of their two previous efforts at producing Gilbert and Sullivan Operas, the Music Department have now another opera under consideration; this time "The Gondoliers." It is likely that, by the time this magazine is in the hands of its readers, the senior pupils of F3, 4, and 5 will have already started work on some of the choruses. Let us hope that this latest venture of the "D.H.S. Operatic Society" (Mr Millar's designation!) will have as great a success as its predecessors.

During the past year the following pianoforte pupils of the Music Department were presented for the examinations of the Royal Schools of Music, London, and all passed successfully in their respective Grades:—

Preliminary Grade—Helen Peattie, Helen Johnston, Isabel Hamilton, Vida Skinner.

Grade 1—Helen Cruden, Agnes Bell.

Grade 2—Maimie Donald (with distinction), Zetta Bell (with credit), Mary Cruden (with credit), Letitia Stewart.

Grade 3—Kathleen Arnot (with credit). Congratulations to them all, and may their successes be a spur to future achievements!

Intrumental and Vocal Recital

Towards the end of last term the senior pupils of the School enjoyed a delightful programme of songs and pianoforte solos, given by Miss Marjory Murray and Miss Margaret Portch.

The programme was arranged on lines which showed the development of music, from the days of Bach, Scarlatti and Glück, down to the present-day composers, Debussy, Vaughan Williams, Roger Quilter, etc. Many of our budding instrumentalists must have envied the facility which Miss Portch displayed at the keyboard, while those who aspire to the heights of Leng

Medal Competitions (and operatic fame!) got an excellent lesson in vocalisation and clear enunciation from Miss Murray. Not the least enjoyable were the excellent accompaniments of Miss Martin, who always gave the most adequate support to Miss Murray without in any way "stealing the limelight"! Another good lesson in this particular form of pianoforte playing. Enthusiastic votes of thanks were accorded to all three artistes on the call of Mr Bain.

Scottish Orchestra Concert

It is hoped that during March the pupils from classes L4 to F3 will attend the concert in the Caird Hall to be given by the Scottish Orchestra for schools. An enjoyable afternoon is in store for all those fortunate enough to attend the Concert. H.H.C.

Leng Medal Competition

It is very gratifying to see the ever increasing interest shown by the pupils in the Leng Medal Competition for the best rendering of a Scottish Song. The number of entries this year was so large, especially in the girls' section that a short list had to be made before the final competition took place.

The competition was held on Thursday, 1st Feb., at which Mr Jas. Easson, Musical Director to the Dundee Education Authority, was the adjudicator.

In the girls' section a very keen contest took place, in which several girls were asked to give a repeat performance of their songs. It was finally announced that the winner was Anne Thomson, F3, who had given a beautifully expressive rendering of "John Anderson, my jo, John." The runner-up was Sophie Morrison, F3.

In the boys' section, more easily judged because of fewer entries, the winner, Ian Stark, F1, was easily first, with an excellent rendering of "O gin I were where Gadie rins," the runner-up being his brother, William Stark, F3.

It speaks well for the future musical activities of the school that so many young vocalists, with voices of good range and quality, are coming up and will be able, in due time, to take their part in the more advanced work undertaken by the Senior Classes. H. H. C.

JUNIOR SECTION.

SPRING—by Class One.

WE feel that this is the proper season of the year to let our youngest in the School stumble into print. We present them with all their verbal imperfections upon them, believing that sometimes their fumbling has more success in catching an air than our accuracy. Sometimes the misspelt word will take us nearer the sound, smell or sight of that which it represents than that arrangement of letters to which our eyes are accustomed. We recollect in one young composition the words, "I found a little queerious shell." We are sure its author did not know how intimately he had rendered to the imagination the thing itself; nor how, by running together curious and queer, he had told us of his own wonder. If in our paeons of spring there is found no single expression which compacts so much it may be suggested that something of wonder and freshness is here. At least there is one glad tortoise.

I. C.

Spring Spring Spring
Spring Spring Spring
Spring Spring Spring

DAVID G.

In the spring the birds make their nests in the trees.

BRYAN.

We no spring. You no that in spring ther is lams. I no one lam his name is But. Littal berds hop and hop. The snow drops comes up wiht all other flookws. I saw two men wiht lams. So that is the end of spring

DAVID B.

Spring will be a little late this year.

DUDLEY.

†Spring
is great
for little
lams
cos they
get out
to play.

SCOTT S.

†In this case the spelling of the original has been somewhat modified.

The levs a cum on the trees spring is in the sun the lams are so gay in the fedils.

BOBBIE.

Spring is comeing when you see the daffodill and tulips and crocuses and lams skip and play in the meadow fresh and gay.

MAUREEN.

Spring is comeing spring is coming. Do you think I can go to the country. Will you come to see me sum time will you come and I will come to will there be snow drop.

ALISON.

Spring is coming so let us make a daisy-chain.

MORAG.

I. B.

Winter has gone and Spring has come. The birds have come back again. Little lamb are back in the fields. The crocuses are out and the daffodils to.

JANETTE.

This morning as I awoke I heard the birds sining and they flew away.

WENDY.

Spring is here now, and all the flowers are out, and the crocuses, and the snowdrops, and the daffodils, are out. In the morning, I here the birds singing when I am in bed before I get up to go to school.

JOAN S.

Spring comes after the cold dreary wind. The snowdops come and the daffodils come, how pretty it is. The birds sing in the mornigs. The lams skip in the fields and play in the meatows.

PATRICIA J. M.

This is Spring morning, I hear the birds sining, in the trees. And the lams skipping in the fealds, and playing. All the flowers are up, and the men are busy. I go out to play, in the evening, I got some flowers.

DOROTHY.

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I like spring because I hear the birds singing, and I see the flowers. Some are crocuses, and daffodils, and tulips, and I see the leaves on the trees again, and I see the buds on the trees, and I see the children out playing in the sun, and I see the ducks playing in the water, and I see the birds making their nests, and sometimes I go for a walk in the woods and I see the squirrels running up and down the trees and many other lovely things.

KENNETH.

I like to be out in the sun with my hair blowing about and running and tumbling about and playing with another boy at cowboys and listening to the birds singing and playing with the robin redbreast.

ERIC.

In the spring up high in a tree there were three little birds. I saw snowdrops under the tree and sparrows flying around and other birds too.

FERGUS.

I. A

My tortoise is glad because it is spring now. The squirrels will be playing in the wood. The snowdrops and tulips are out. The young lambs are born now because it is spring. The field mouse is out and the rabbits have come out of their burrows to play. The birds are singing because it is spring.

GRAEME.

At spring time when the snow drops are out they nearly all are picked and so there is hardly any left but we did not pick them. When the daffodils come out they do not last for long but I like the crocuses because they are so many different colors and they look so pretty. When the birds go home at night I see all different birds, some I like better than others. I like the Robin because it is so fluffy and I like to hear it sing. I like the thrush because it comes on to our bird table and it is not frightened and I like the pigeon because it is so nice to eat.

PETER.

In my garden there are white crocuses and purple crocuses and yellow crocuses and lots of other flowers not out and they are on the rockery. The rabbits are frisking again and enjoying the sun, and the animals that were sleeping through the winter are running about again. The trees that have been bare, some of them are beginning to get their leaves,

RICHARD.

In springtime baby lambs are born, and hedgehogs begin to wake up, and cattle are brought out from the barn. The apple trees have blossom and the birds sing and make their nests. The bees go to the flowers and make honey. The children play. The squirrels play among the branches, and the lambs skip about the grassy fields.

HECTOR.

After the dark snowy winter comes spring. In spring the flowers grow, such as the crocuses, daffodils, and the tulips come out. At night we go out to play, for the day is longer. We sometimes see snowdrops growing by the side of the road when we are in the country. It is nice to hear the birds singing. In the morning they awaken me. Sometimes at night the grown ups go for a walk. I go out on my bicycle with my friends into the country. It is nice to know the summer will soon be here.

MURIEL.

When the sun came out to-day all the lambs came out to play. Frisking, gumping all about, oh, what fun they seem to shout, frisky little lambs are they, always happy, always gay, lovely cosy things are they, up on the hill they call and cry, when the sun comes out to shine daisies sparkle with the light.

FIONA.

I think spring is a happy time of the year when flowers are in bloom such as crocuses and snowdrops and tulips. Birds start building their nests and laying their eggs. Some lambs are playing in the meadow and on the hillside and the trees are once more green. In the park children are skipping and old people are putting. After spring summer will soon be here.

BARBARA.

When the dark weather goes away spring will come when all the lambs are in the fields, and in the morning the little birds sing. All the flowers are in bloom and in the park all the children are happy. The big boys sometimes play cricket and sometimes they play football. And the little girls and boys are on the swings and some on the merry-go-rounds. The big people go out with their dogs. Some go to the putting green. After the people play for a long time the green grass goes away but if it rains at night the green grass will be fresh by morning.

EILEEN.

Poems for the Junior School.

The Yacht

There's a yacht in the harbour,
 With all her sails set,
 There's a fair wind to drive her,
 But she's not going yet.
 Her name has to be painted
 On the side of her hull,
 And it's calm in the harbour,
 To the wind's quiet lull.
 The anchor is lifted,
 The sails all fill.
 The water in the harbour
 Is not so still.
 The captain's in the cabin,
 Consulting with the steward.
 The helmsman turns the wheel right round,
 The ship, she swings to leeward.
 And off for freedom, out she goes,
 To sail the Seven Seas,
 To far-off lands, and Arctic snows,
 And peach and almond trees.

RONALD HUTTON (L III.).

* * * *

Wishing

If I had the wings of a dove,
 I'd fly to the heav'ns above,
 I'd look at the meadows, far away,
 Where I used to sing, and dance, and play.
 If I had the wings of a dove,
 I'd fly over land and sea,
 I'd look at the land far below me,
 The country-side I love to see.

EWAN HOOPER (L III.).

The Fairies.

The fairies, who are very small,
 At night climb over our garden wall
 To dance and sing, to frolic and play,
 Until the dark has passed away.

I hear their voices sweetly singing
 And the fairy bells a-ringing,
 And the sound of pattering feet
 As little elves the drums do beat.

When daylight comes a-creeping in,
 They form a dainty fairy ring,
 Then dance right off the dewy lawn
 Into the dusk, before the dawn.

R. A. M. (L.IV.).

Nature

Nature is a pleasant thing,
 As all pleasant things should be,
 She made the flowers, the birds that sing
 For little folk like you and me.

KATHLEEN ROSS (L III.).

* * * *

A Cat

I like to stroke a cat
 Because it has a lot of fur,
 I give him milk upon a mat,
 And he begins to purr.
 My cat can catch a mouse
 That runs in our big house,
 I cannot tell you any more
 About my cat outside our door.

MICHAEL MCCRUM (L III.).

Senior School Poetry.

POEM

How warm this spring, how green the fields!
 Soon summer with its colours and its light
 Will be with us; the flowers will bloom, each
 day
 Their scents and shades will give us more
 delight.
 The birds enchant us with their new found
 song
 The sun will bring us happiness and health.
 Is Nature not a dull and blank affair
 Without all scent and colour of great wealth.
 If it can not with open eyes be seen.
 It is the eye of the perceiving mind
 That feels the joy of beauty, fresh and clear.
 Is it not Nature that is excellent,
 But mind of man which throws these pictures
 on
 The lighted screen of consciousness.

To Elizabeth.

(My very small sister).

Curly hair just on the border
 Of the state of wild disorder—

Dimpled cheeks and dimpled chin
 Laughing eyes, bright sparks within;
 Sweetest breath and finest skin—

Pearly teeth and parted lips
 Tinged as the wild rose hips,
 Dimpled legs and dimpled arms
 Elizabeth!

Such are thy charms.

R. P. S. (Form III.).

The Attack.

IN the tiny cabin, dimly illuminated, of a C.M.B., two men in the uniform of the British Navy stood with their heads bent over a rough diagram spread out on the little table. The walls vibrated to the noise of Diesel engines beneath them which drove the craft along at 25 knots. The diagram on the table was a rough outline of the anchorage at Heligoland, while outlines showed the position of warships and shore installations.

"Here," said the taller of the two to his companion, a red-haired Scot, "is the entrance and, to the left as we go in, is a flotilla of destroyers. We will have to watch them." "Is the entrance barricaded?" asked his second-in-command anxiously.

"No, it's not. A submarine tried two weeks ago. It got through, but the fool ran aground and got off with his periscope shot away."

"Now here are our main targets," he said, pointing to the left-hand corner of the basin. There is the battle-cruiser Von der Tann and the battleship Hannover. Ourselves, Nos. 3, 5 and 7 will attack these, while 2 and 4 will attack the Fürst Bismarck." "What's that, sir?" asked the Scot inquiringly. "Armoured cruiser," was the reply. "The other two are in reserve. Get your oilskins and we will see what the weather's like." He turned out the light, opened the door and stepped out into the howling darkness of a freezing winter night.

Petty-officer Franz Holtzendorff paced the wind-swept, rain-lashed bridge of H.G.M.S. Mecklenburg fretfully. He had been drafted to the ship only a week ago, but he was already beginning to get bored. The crew consisted mainly of coastguardsmen and boys, nothing like the company on board the battle-cruiser Moltke. He paused again at the end of his beat and glanced out over the tumbled waste of water that foamed and thundered over the ship's deck, exploding in sheets of silvery spray against bridge and

gun-turrets. The whole ship shuddered under the impact of the waves, drunk with their power; flakes of rust shelled off the anchor-chains as they ground against their hawse-holes. The quadruple funnels whooped dolorously in the gale while the wireless aerials high above him in the howling darkness sang like a harp.

Meanwhile the eight C.M.B.'s in line ahead sped swiftly through the rioting waves. spurts of flame jetted from the exhausts, and the tiny superstructures trembled with the vibration from the engines. Knots of men were congregated round the 12-pounders fore and aft. The torpedo tube was also manned. Suddenly, on their starboard bow about 500 yards away, a shapeless mass of tonnage loomed up out of the night. "Good heavens!" gasped the lieutenant aghast, "A guardship. Stop all engines instantly." The short line of torpedo-boats halted at once while men and officers alike scanned the decks and superstructure of the guardship with the persistence and thoroughness of men who knew that if the ship had one vigilant sentry it would open fire with an armament that could sink a cruiser. However as the guardship gave no sign they passed on with muffled engines.

Gradually, above the shriek of the elements the men in the leading boats heard a new sound — the thunder of breaking surf against the concrete moles and towering cliffs of Heligoland. Soon the C.M.B.'s came in sight of the entrance to the harbour. Luckily there were no sentries, for the men to whom the safety of the harbour was entrusted relied upon the guardship to warn them if danger was imminent. The guardship did the same. So that the first intimation that the Germans had of enemy vessels having penetrated to the forbidden anchorage of Heligoland was the thunderous detonation of a 21-inch torpedo against the steel hull of the armoured cruiser Fürst Bismarck. F. G. (Form III.).

SCHOOL NOTES.

From the Exam. Papers

Q.—Describe Elizabeth's wise toleration.

A.—Her communion services were suitable both for those who did believe in God and those who did not.

* * * *

In vico canem nostrum vidi.

I saw our dinner in the street.

* * * *

I am satis.

I am satisfied.

* * * *

L'enfant s'épuise sans fruit.

The child grows weak for lack of fruit.

* * * *

Mr B.—With regard to the death of Robert Burns

Richardson (IV.) (mind elsewhere)—Sir, he took convulsions in Mr Gillman's.

* * * *

Geography from L — In China the men wear big tails.

* * * *

Mr L.—And what was the National Covenant?

Mottashaw—Well, sir, they filled up a form

* * * *

Form VI. Wit

Q.—Why did Napoleon go to Elba?

A.—Because Liverpooled him there.

* * * *

Sayings of the Great

"To bees or not to bees."—T. G. S. Sprunt (VI.).

"Taking an all-round view of the wife of Bath."—Wilson (IV.).

"United is strength."—Painless (V.).

"Always let the consequences be your guide."—Paterson (V.).

Qualifying Examination for Entry to

Form IV.

(a) Who said the following? ; (b) In what century did he live? ; (c) State why (if possible):—

1.—All men are bullies.

2.—You are playing with your future.

3.—You boys don't know how to wor-r-rk.

4.—There is no royal road to learning.

5.—The real McCoy.

6.—You have had your pleasure, now you must pay for it.

7.—Are you with me?

8.—Form III. mentality.

9.—I don't quite see your point.

10.—Keep the old flag flying at the top of the mast, not lying in the gutter.

11.—Talking stops NOW.

12.—Pockets, boys, pockets.

13.—This line is like cider which has been in a glass for a month. Flat!

(With Apologies to William M'Gonagall,
Dundee's famous lyric poet.)

AN ODE IN IRREGULAR COUPLETS.

Beautiful High School of the City of Dundee,
With your numerous pillars so imposing to see,
Surrounded by green trees all so fair,
By the Courier Building and the Albert Square.
The style of the building is said to be Greek,
And we do not have far to seek
For a building of the same style,
Since there is one not half a mile
Along the fair Bell Street,
Which always looks so tidy and neat,
The Central Police Station with its pillars so rare,
Near by the Drill Hall and the Court House Square.

And right across Euclid Crescent,
Which is a street which is very pleasant,
There is a building not at all strange
Near the new Telephone Exchange,
Where the girls are taught,
The things good girls ought,
Such as singing and sewing,
And dancing, which is good for them when they are growing.

While over the street on the opposite side
The boys are all severely tried
In learning Mathematics and Latin and Reading

And if they won't learn they get a good beating,
And if they are taught other things as well,
Like Gymnastics and Chemistry, I can't tell.
So beautiful High School of the City of Dundee
You ought always to stand, I think all will agree,

With your eight fluted pillars so tall and so fair,

Beside Euclid Crescent and the Albert Square.

JACOBUS M'GONAGALENSIS.

* Reprinted from D.H.S. Magazine, June, 1922.

HOW TO BERRY PICK**(Model Keathbank)**

5 a.m.—Alarm sounds. Two staff rise, two turn over. Make tea for early risers and "Hughie."

5.30 a.m.—One staff stirs porridge on fire or digs potatoes. Other staff cuts and butters (?) bread.

6 a.m.—Other staff rise. Shell peas by pigs' pail. Waken orderlies.

6—7 a.m.—All staff hard at work, e.g., set table, stir up porridge (and girls!), peel potatoes, put out berry girls.

7 a.m.—All have breakfast.

7.30 a.m.—Girls out.

8.30—9.30 a.m.—Housework, cooking and messages for orderlies and staff. Cut more bread for "mid-yokin'."

10 a.m.—One staff and two orderlies to field to inspect morning's work and to answer the morning quiz—"Is it Keathbank stew?" "Is it steamies?" "Is it trifle?"

10.15 a.m.—Staff endeavour to wash themselves! (Junior members usually.) Thank goodness for cup of coffee.

10.45-12—Play "General Post" with pots on grate and rings.

11.45 a.m.—All hands on deck for girls' return.

12 noon—"Let us with a gladsome mind—"

DINNER IS SERVED.

12.40 approx.—Girls wash dishes outside. (W.P.)

12.50 p.m.—Girls rest for ten minutes (maybe!).

1 p.m.—Girls return to field. Staff collapse on chairs. Chairs collapse on staff. Staff have lunch despite numerous interruptions.

3 p.m.—Senior Management make themselves presentable. Cut still more bread for afternoon snack.

4.30-5.30 p.m.—Preparations for tea.

5.30 p.m.—Tea for everyone.

6.30 p.m.—General tidy-up.

6.45 p.m.—Transformation scene. Berry-pickers become young ladies dressed for Blair.

7.30 p.m.—Staff deal with menus for near future. Girls go for milk.

9.30 p.m.—Cocoa time.

10 p.m.—Girls retire. After tucking in the family, staff hope for a few quiet moments indulged according to their bent, e.g., watching moon rise through trees, reading detective novels, viewing the policies, etc.

11 p.m.—Work for the morning cometh.

12 midnight—Lights out.

To Keathbank Berry-Pickers

The hour is past the mid of night,
Just three o'clock in fact,
But we've been made to call it five,
By Double Summer Time Act.

"Bestir yourself, you lazy ones,
It's past, this too-short night.
You should be expert now, you know,
At dressing by pale moonlight,

"The porridge is ready for the fire,
Potatoes must be dug,
Get out of bed and greet the dawn,
The early bird catches the slug."

The silence in the house has gone,
The girls move, just a few,
The lazies must get up to claim
A place in the bathroom queue.

So off they go on another day,
They rise before the sun,
There's many a rasp-pail to fill and weigh
Before the day is done.

It's one of the unseen, unsung jobs,
A bit of work on the land,
It's the holiday war-job at Keathbank House,
For loyal and willing hands.

THE JUNIOR MANAGEMENT.

The Red Cross

International Red Cross Committee, Geneva, 1863-1945

A RED CROSS on a white ground, and "inter arma caritas": where must we look for their beginnings?

The sun rose in splendour on the blood-soaked battlefield of Solferino. The tumult and the fighting had died, the captains and the kings departed leaving—forty thousand dead and dying. In the blazing summer sun of the previous day, June 24, 1859, a battle of terrific violence had marked the climax of the war between the united forces of the Emperor Napoleon III. and King Victor Emmanuel of Sardinia against the Austrians led by the young Emperor Franz Josef. A great storm in the late afternoon, rising in fury towards sunset had brought the battle to an end with the complete rout of the Austrians. Solferino marked the beginning of modern warfare without the advantages of modern medical service.

Upon this scene of carnage appeared a travelling coach from which descended the immaculate, white-clad figure of Jean Henri Dunant, banker and company promoter of Geneva. He had come to seek the Emperor Napoleon III. in the hope of persuading the victorious and now, presumably, amenable monarch to grant certain concessions in French North Africa, persistently withheld by his ministers.

M. Dunant did not find the Emperor. But M. Dunant had an experience which tore him from his secure, well-ordered and, no doubt, complacent business career and flung him into a vehement and passionate crusade. "What he beheld on the battlefield of Solferino was so excessive, so unimaginably frightful, it broke against his heart with such shattering force that he forgot who and what he was, and all recollection of his errand was swept from his mind. Events now took complete possession of him so that the whole of his life henceforth was ruled by them for better or for worse." For better, surely, it was for the warring nations of all the world, but for Henri Dunant it was catastrophic. The obsession and dementia which sowed the seed of the Red Cross swept him on in a resistless tide to financial ruin and mental instability.

But this was not yet, and we are still on the battlefield of Solferino where, on that

awful day, originated the basic principles of the Red Cross. For, as Dunant moved about among the wounded, the Lombardy peasants and the townspeople of Castiglione recovered from their horror and came to help him. Day by day they were amazed and speechless to observe that in his tireless service he treated friend and foe alike; French, Hungarian, Croat, Italian, Moroccan, German, Rumanian. So they, too, followed his example and adopted as their watchword, "Siamo tutti fratelli" — we are all brothers. By this time he had added to his company the boys and girls as water-carriers and two English tourists who altered their plans to stay and serve him with simple, unquestioning obedience. He even went so far as to ask for and obtain the release of uninjured prisoners to help.

Thus did the Red Cross movement appear, in deed, if not in name; mustering at the end of that campaign some three hundred volunteers, devoting their energies to serving the victims of war, irrespective of rank, race or creed — "inter arma caritas" — "in the midst of war humanity." But the "Lady of the Lamp" had preceded the "Man in White" by some five years, and to that indomitable woman Henri Dunant pays full homage, claiming her work as his inspiration.

About a month later Henri Dunant returned to Geneva, broken and ill. He went to the mountains to recover and then to Paris to try to retrieve his neglected business. But in vain, Solferino possessed him. In an attempt to free his mind from its stranglehold, he began to write his impressions, only to be overwhelmed once more by its insistent demands. He knew the answer was "Deeds, not words!"—his were now to be the words; the deeds were to belong to others for all time.

Little did he guess how far-reaching would be the consequences of his little book, flaming in burning eloquence from his tortured soul. "A Memory of Solferino" swept over Europe; into leading news papers, into War Departments and into the sacred precincts of Royal Courts. Four leading citizens of Geneva in particular took up the challenge and joined Dunant in forming the

"Committee of Five." General Dufour, commander of the Confederate Army in the Swiss War of Secession, became Honorary President of the International Conference which in 1864 concluded the Geneva Convention. Gustave Moynier, one of Geneva's leading lawyers, was President and practical genius of the Red Cross Committee for forty-five years. In the war between Prussia and Denmark, in 1864, the Geneva physician, Dr Amédée Appia, and a physician on the Danish side each wore an armlet bearing a Red Cross on a white ground. The symbol was respected and the incident was so noteworthy that it impressed civil and military authorities alike. Théodore Maunoir, surgeon, pious Calvinist and wealthy citizen, completed the quintet.

Here then is an extract from the minutes of a meeting of this Committee of Five:—

"Enfin, M. Dunant insiste tout spécialement sur le voeu émis par lui dans son volume, 'Un Souvenir de Solferino'; d'avoir l'adoption par les Puissances civilisées d'un principe international et sacré qui serait garanti et consacré par une espèce de Concordat passé entre les gouvernements: cela servirait à sauvegarder toute personne officielle et non-officielle se consacrant aux victimes de la guerre."

Thus did Geneva, home of Calvin and Jean Jacques Rousseau become the birthplace of the International Red Cross, whose emblem became the flag of Switzerland in reverse.

But, had this been all the tending it received, the seedling of that now giant tree would have taken an inconspicuous place in the many flourishing plants of human philanthropy. "A Memory of Solferino" would have been soon forgotten in the latest newspaper sensation; shelved as a worthy but quite impractical ideal by the War Departments; and treated as embarrassing and needlessly harrowing by society in general. So the Committee of Five chose as their evoy the White Knight, Henri Dunant. This crusader of the burning heart carried the fiery cross of his zeal to all the corners of Europe, summoning (not inviting) the nations to an International Conference. With all the perfervid eloquence, with all the guileless and guileful diplomacy with which his mission endowed him, he went from country to country, from Court to Court.

Thus in October, 1863, there met at Geneva the first International Conference with twenty-six representatives from seventeen different nations. This was followed in 1864 by another to which the governments were formally invited by the Federal Government of Switzerland and which drew up the international treaty known as the Geneva Convention.

But Henri Dunant did not take part in the drawing up of the Geneva Convention. Henri Dunant was bankrupt, disgraced and, for the time being, spiritually burned out.

Scottish Farmer's Diary

OCTOBER, the beginning of the farming year, is a busy month for any farmer because there always seems to be about three months' work to do. The two most important jobs are to finish the harvesting of the past year's crop and to begin preparation for next year's one. The potatoes that were dug up in late September are now safely stored in pits, but there are still two crops to be gathered, one mangols and the other beet. The mangols are used to fatten up the cattle in the winter. The crop is stored in the same way as potatoes, and covered with wheat, straw and earth to keep out the frost. Sugar beet comes from the same family as the mangol but it has a longer root.

Preparations must now be made for next year's harvest. The wheat crop for the coming year must be sown now. Generally the wheat is sown on a field where there have been turnips or sugar beet. First the field is ploughed and then harrowed down to a fine tilth before the corn drill is taken over it. In some parts of the country wheat has been known to come up ten to fifteen days after sowing. The farmer has usually at this time to thresh a stack or two of wheat to obtain a supply of seed for sowing.

In addition to this work, the routine attention to the livestock goes on. The cows have now been brought from the pasture and are being fed on turnips, hay and linseed cake.

The sheep will now be feeding on the remains of the turnip field.

The end of October is now in sight and the everlasting question is: "Will it be fine to-morrow?" There seems so much to do.

NOVEMBER.

November is a changeable month, sometimes autumn, sometimes winter. The farmer always hopes that it will be the former to enable him to continue with October work that has been left unfinished. He may still have mangols to lift and most of the sugar beet will be lying in the field. The farmer cannot be blamed for this state of affairs. He must wait until the railway company can supply him with wagons. The factories will also be working at full pressure and can store only a certain amount of beet at a time. However, when an order comes through, all other work stops and everyone hurries off to the beet field. Sugar beet can stand a fair amount of frost so the farmer does not worry unduly.

Wheat-sowing continues if weather permits. The ground should not be too wet, otherwise the drill would quickly clog up and the harrows make streaks across the ground instead of pulling loose soil over the seeds. Frost may come instead of rain. In that event no wheat may be sown. The implements could not break the surface of the soil.

Ploughing is still carried on; either two horses pulling a single-furrow plough, or, a tractor pulling, according to its horse-power, anything from a two-furrows to a ten-furrows plough. The farmer wants, of course, to plough up his beet fields but these are littered with the beet shaws. This is a job for the sheep who turn scavengers and clean up the leaves. The shepherd erects a square enclosure of wire-netting and drives his ewes to their new feeding ground. As the sheep eat their way forward—the enclosure being moved as required—they leave the ground clean and bare and in perfect condition for the plough.

Grass in the pastures is now becoming very scarce so the dairyman must watch the milk yield. At the first sign of the yield dropping he must bring his cows into the byre for the winter. Thereafter the cows are fed indoors. Their food is divided into two groups: bulky food such as hay, roots or grass, and concentrated food such as oats or oil-cake. The first is the maintenance ration which keeps the animal alive and fit, the second, called the production ration, to produce milk.

This month is an important one for the poultry section of the farm. The young pullets, hatched in March, are now coming into full lay. At this time too the hens appreciate their meal mixed with hot water instead of cold. In return their laying improves.

Winter will have started now in real earnest over most parts of the country. This may call a halt to the more pressing work, but even so there is always something to do despite the harsh weather.

DECEMBER.

When December arrives the rush work of the farm should be finished. All the wheat has been sown except, perhaps, that for the sugar beet field. For this delay the farmer blames the railway company who are slow in transporting his beet. Sometimes it has been frosty or wet in November and as a result a field may not be sown with winter wheat. Now the question is: should the farmer sow the wheat so late in the season, or, should he wait until spring and sow with oats or barley? But most farmers are gamblers and will risk the first alternative. In England sometimes they sow the wheat before ploughing. When the wheat is scattered the ploughs come along and plough very shallowly—not more than three inches deep—and turn the seeds underground. Even in this way it will be a full month before the thin green spears of the young wheat plants appear above the ground. When the wheat sowing has ended the main job for the horses and tractors is to plough up all the land that will be sown in the spring. On some farms the oat stubble will be sown with a root crop next year such as swedes, sugar beet or mangols. Most farmers follow the same rotation, that is, potatoes, oats or barley, roots, wheat, hay and then grass for one year. Though this is the usual rotation individual farmers vary it on occasions to meet circumstances. Everywhere you go in the country at this time you will see the ploughs at work. Slowly but surely they are changing the face of the countryside, and day by day the brown narrow strips become wider and wider until they meet.

For several months now the buildings are filled with dairy cows, cattle and pigs. No matter whether the farmer is intending to produce milk or beef he houses the beasts as warmly as possible. By his so doing they are encouraged to feed well and to thrive. Their sheds are cleaned out daily and, if frost comes,

D

H

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when the ploughs lie idle, the men will cart the manure to the fields and spread it. About this time too the mother pigs have their second litter of piglets.

One more thing happens on the farm in December. Many of the fat animals and poultry are killed and sold for Christmas dinners. This is a rather gloomy subject for it is one thing to welcome a turkey on the table, but quite another thing to realise it is a bird one has tended since it came out of the egg.

Well, Christmas is come and gone. A quarter of the farming year's work is finished and the farm is ready for January or the beginning of a new year according to the townsman's calendar.

JANUARY.

This month the dairy cows and fattening cattle are fed entirely on the food given them by the dairyman. There is no grass in the pastures at present because the snow will usually be lying inches deep on the ground. The beasts will be given cake, mangols, turnips and hay. Now is the time to use the mangols and turnips that were stored away last October. Some farmers give these roots whole to their cows, whilst others put them through a pulping machine, mix the resultant mass with chaff and thin it down with treacle. After the afternoon milking each cow receives a bushel of the mixture in her manger along with a ration of meal and hay.

While the frost holds the carting of manure to the fields goes on. In spells of mild weather however the farmer likes to dress some potatoes to sell to the merchants. These potatoes have been stored in pits since October and, except for an extra covering of earth to keep out the frost, they have not been touched. A machine is now used to riddle, separate and bag the potatoes instead of doing it by hand. The riddles are of various sizes. The largest potatoes, called ware, are sold to the grocers for the housewives. The smaller are kept or sold for seed whilst the very small serve, when boiled, as food for the pigs. Most farmers in England like to buy Scottish seed and so, unless there is a great scarcity, the English "small" are used for pig-feeding.

The farmer must also remember his grain stacks built in September. He may receive an order for grain and will need to spend a

day or two threshing. If he does not own a mill he will require to hire one from an agricultural contractor. The mill usually arrives the day before threshing and after much turning and twisting it is finally manoeuvred into its proper position. Six o'clock next morning steam will be up and the machinery cleaned and oiled. By seven everything is ready, ropes and thatching off the stack, grain and chaff bags fixed in place. As the first sheaf comes flying down from the top of the stack that rich hum of the threshing drum fills the air. The binding twine is cut with a swift stroke of a knife and the sheaf is sucked into the machine. From various outlets come the separated products of the sheaves, all of which have their uses. There is the clean, weighty grain itself pouring into $1\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. bags and soon to be on the way to the miller or the grain merchant. Then there is the light grain and the chaff, each having its own particular value on the farm as food for livestock. The straw, the bulky product, is bunched or compressed into bales and used for animal bedding. Incidentally, during the war years, large quantities of straw have been directed to the paper-making mills to take the place of esparto grass in the manufacture of paper.

January is drawing to a close and the short month of February is not far away. The farmer, too, knows that spring is not far away because in February he recognises at least one day that could be called the "herald of Spring."

FEBRUARY.

Although February is a winter month and may have severe snow-storms the days are lengthening and the sun is becoming warmer. Growth seems to be at a standstill. It is difficult to imagine that in a few months' time the brown barren earth will be a sea of waving golden corn. The pastures are bare of grass and the trees appear as grotesque skeletons.

The work of the farm carries on in much the same manner as in January. When it is mild the ploughs can keep going, but when it freezes the dung-carts rumble from the farmyard to the fields. Threshing is another job that can be undertaken in frosty weather. The farmer likes to have all his grain threshed out by February because of the damage done to the stacks by birds, rats and mice. Potato pits will be opened when the weather permits for here, too, the farmer is anxious to empty the

pits before the end of the month. The seemingly endless task of carting turnips to the fattening cattle must go on whatever the weather.

These jobs keep the various carters and stockmen busy. But what about the "outworkers"? Their first and pressing job is to follow up the dung-carts and spread the dung heaps thinly and evenly over the land. Then they handle the straw from the mill, bunching it for the cattlemen's use in bedding the cattle, or, carting it to a site where it is built into a massive "soo." When the cattlemen requires turnips for his beasts the outworkers first shaw the turnips in readiness for the carts to lift them.

The shepherd must now keep a watchful eye on the lambing ewes. As they will all lamb within a few weeks, careful attention to them in February will ensure success later. They are usually brought to feed in a pasture near the farm and are given a mixture of bruised oats, linseed cake and bran to supplement their grass diet.

Even though we call February a winter month it always grants countryfolk one whiff of spring. On at least one day, when the sun shines, the insects come out, the birds sing and every plant, bush and tree show signs of active life. Though the countryside may yet experience winter's sway, February always warns winter that it soon must abdicate in favour of spring.

MARCH.

Nobody really likes March; it is such a mean month. It is often colder than January, wetter than November or drier than June. Farmers can tolerate it being cold but they do like it dry at the same time. With spring arriving there is more work to do than can be done in daylight. From now on it is a race against time. For the spring sowing the land must be dry, hence the country saying—"March dust is worth a guinea a bushel."

The spring sown crops are oats and barley. Both of these crops must be sown in a finer seed-bed than wheat which can in fact be sown in mud conditions. So when the land is dry enough the farmer begins to work it down to a fine tilth. He scuffles it with various instruments until the top three inches are reduced to a fine drying powder. During a dry March the sight of a cloud of dust blowing behind the horses and implements is a common sight all over the country.

In March, too, the lambing is starting here in the North. The sheep do not need such elaborate lambing pens as they do in England for the lambing season here is later and therefore somewhat warmer. The shepherd just makes a rough shelter for them on rainy nights; but for the most part the lambs are born in the open fields.

Another job which must be done in March is to manure and harrow the winter wheat. The wheat will have lain apparently dormant all winter, but it is now pushing up its thin, green spears. During the winter root growth had been progressing, now it is time to begin the leaf growth above the ground. To help this plant's growth the soil has to be loosened and aerated. This is done by straight-toothed harrows drawn by horses or tractor. The operation induces the plants to "tiller," that is to say, it thins out the plants and encourages a more vigorous and more plentiful growth in those that remain.

Before the wheat is harrowed it receives a dressing of artificial manure. The best tonic is one which contains nitrogen as this is the quickest acting plant food. The field is then harrowed and rolled. After this, it is left entirely to nature until it is harvested in August.

March is drawing to a close and even now the spears of the young oats and barley are pushing their way through the ground.

I am a High School Boy.

I WAS five years old, a very small prospective pupil sitting beside my father in the annexe to the Rector's room. I pointed and said, "Look at the words. What do the words say?" My father told me that they were the names of men who had fought in a great war. The words in gold were the names of those who had died in the fighting. "When they were boys," my father said, "they attended this school."

"Boys at this school like what I'm going to be?" I asked. "Are there always boys and boys and boys for schools?"

"For a very long time there have been boys and boys and boys for this school," my father replied. I sat with my feet dangling above the floor, giving five year old's grave consideration to this matter. I had started at that moment upon my absorption of ancient traditions, those of the High School of Dundee.

That happened over twelve years ago, but, in a way that cannot be defined in words, I have been a High School boy through many generations; indeed I have been a High School boy ever since the dimly remembered beginnings of schools in town.

In the Grammar School, founded by the monks of Lindores, Dundee boys lay in a bare room, each upon the bundle of straw he had carried to school to make a couch for himself. A churchman taught Latin. All day and every day he taught Latin, nothing but Latin. No pupil dared to speak his own language. Nothing else can I discern of these far-off times. The town is vague, the school, the master, the boys, all vague, and the mediaeval Latin lessons more vague than anything.

There was a day when surely the master forgot his Latin, and spoke in Scots to say that Scotland was free of the invaders. A battle had been fought at a place called Bannockburn, and the English king's army was fleeing.

The next memory is one of the successive churchmen masters showing the schoolboys a new thing, a book from Germany, a wonder to us all, accustomed as we were to the scripts written by the monks. Then comes a confused remembrance of riots and battles and preachings and arguments. Twice French and English troops clashed in the

town streets, making ruins of our homes. The parish church of Dundee became the first reformed church in the land, and the school, closely connected as ever with the church, was the first reformed school. The teachers were not monks now. In that was reform, but reform was scarcely visible in the curriculum. As before, there was always Latin, the only language considered worthy to be learned, the only vehicle for the communication of knowledge.

Old Dundee historians locate the school as being at that time in the Vaults, a crowded court behind the town's Tolbooth which faced the Hie-gait or Marget-gait. That court was later to be the open, concreted City Square. The Grammar School of Dundee was there in a tall, turretted building through long years of change in the town. Greatest of all these changes was when Cromwell's general, Monck, captured Dundee, sacked much of it, and left it impoverished and reduced in population from eight thousand to five thousand. Schoolboys worked at the restoration of their school. They went through ruined streets each day at dawn to their Latin and their Greek, which were held to be education while their own language was not.

One who had been a pupil at the Grammar School, John Graham, of the Claverhouse lands on the Dichty stream, led a force against the town guards, and the schoolboys of the Grammar School were armed to help in repelling the assault. It did not come. Graham shied away from the entrenchments and marched north to die at Killiecrankie.

Thereafter, the traditions make it necessary that I owe allegiance to two schools for a century, then for some years to three. In 1696 a new law required that each burgh and parish make provision for the teaching of English, Arithmetic and Geography. The Grammar School, with its classical curriculum, remained to become in time the classics side of Dundee's High School. Hard by the old steeple of the town's churches was the new English school.

Towards the end of that century, Grammar School and English School were under the same roof in School Wynd, later to be called Lindsay Street. Boys of the English School jeered at the Latin scholars of the

Grammar School, who, they said, could not write their names without an "us" at the end of it.

The century was a quiet one for the schools. True, twice Highland armies advanced and retired through Central Scotland but there was no fighting in the town. Schoolboys of the Grammar and English Schools marched in the procession that celebrated the giving of the freedom of Dundee to the Duke of Cumberland on his way to Culloden. He seemed to schoolboys then to be the hero of the occasion. All schoolboys since have agreed to forget him and to regard his enemy, Charles Stuart, as the romantic one.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the third school appeared, the Academy. It occupied the old buildings of the Friars' Hospital in the Nethergate where the Roman Catholic Cathedral of St Andrew was later to be built.

The years were war years. Napoleon was Emperor of the French. But in that war there were no great movements of troops near Dundee. It was being fought in distant lands. The only signs of war in the town were the army recruiters, the press gangs from the fleet and sometimes a few French prisoners of war. One day in 1815 the bells in the Steeple that rose beside the school were peeling. People were shouting in the streets, and the boys ran from their lessons to cheer too. Napoleon had been defeated near Brussels in Belgium, and had surrendered.

Then a great year for the school, 1832, the year of the Reform Bill! On the day fixed for celebrating that event, the first stone of the town's new school was laid in the common land called the Meadows, to which a new street led, named for the event of the year, Reform Street. To years later, in that building, a wonder for its times with its Doric pillars, Grammar School, English School and Academy were housed together. In addition to the Latin, Greek, English, Geography and Arithmetic of the old schools, there were classes for French, German, Spanish Italian, Algebra, Geometry and Drawing in these Public Seminaries—the three schools in one.

The seminaries were for boys only at first, holding true to the monastic origin of schools in the town, but very soon there were girl pupils and a girl "Dux." Her name is to be read yet in that panel in gold letters which lists the "ladies and gentlemen" who

were most skilful each year in the ancient Scottish sport of examinations.

Some twenty years later, with the names Grammar School, English School and Academy finally out of use, the clumsy term, "Public Seminaries," gave place to "High School." Two simple monosyllables, "High School," but what a length of history and significance is in them.

P. B. (F VI.)

Guide Notes

IT seems a pity that such an interesting feature as "Guide Notes" should have begun during a year when very little of general interest has taken place and we have few startling or important items to record, but we have high hopes of future brighter instalments.

The one outstanding event of this session has been the starting of D.H.S. Rangers. Girls from L.4 to F.3 are Guides, then those of F.4, 5 and 6 pass on to the wider sphere of Ranger Training. To the Guide Company, this has meant the promotion of very much younger members to the responsibilities of Patrol leading. They are tackling it well and keenly.

One thing, which however can be shared by both Companies, is the love of camping, and all those who have memories of former Camps at Kirkmichael and elsewhere hope that when better days dawn D.H.S. Camps will flourish once again and become, as before, a grand round-off to the year's work.

Rumour has it that this summer may see the Guide Sports taking place for the first time since the outbreak of war. What memories the words "Guide Sports" recall—of evenings spent at the Grounds, when the rain held off just long enough to let the Sports get under way and then came down in a persistent drizzle for the rest of the time! But as Guides always do their best to live up to the 8th Law, smiling and singing under all difficulties, such a trifling thing as RAIN was not allowed to interfere with the programme. Let us hope the weather clerk will be kinder in future. So, Athletes, what about getting into training and making sure that the Championship Cups come back to adorn the Rector's Room.

Guides may come and Guides may go, but "Nature Notes" go on for ever. The following have been chosen from the Patrol weekly notes as the best representing various ages of Guides.

1st XV. RUGBY

Standing—A. Sharp. R. Doe. A. Wanless. I. Robertson. H. Laurie. G. Linton.

Sitting—A. Moore. C. Hynd. W. Skinner (Capt.). G. Mottashaw. W. Clark.

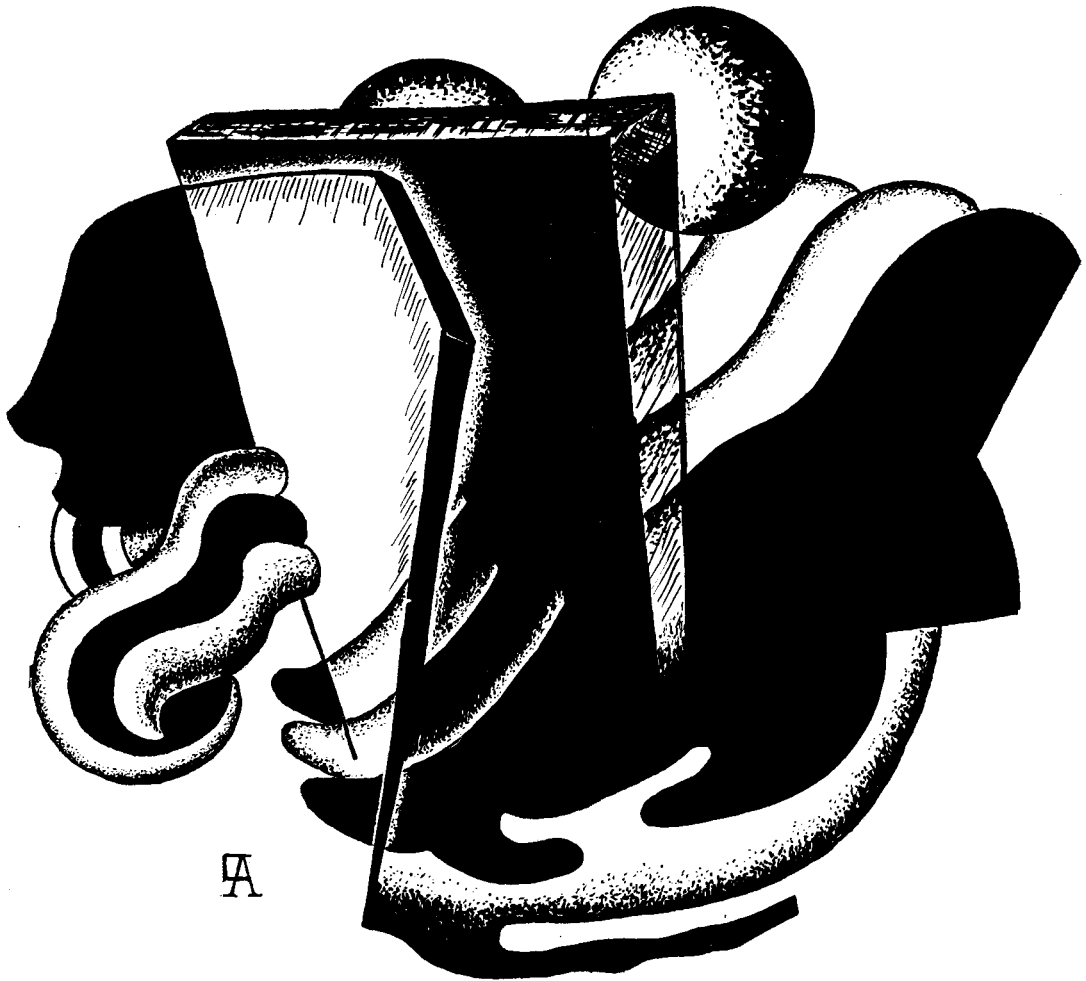
Absent—W. Taylor. J. Carr. J. Blair.



1st XI. HOCKEY

Standing—J. Adamson. D. Paterson. K. Allan. E. Menzies. F. Turpie.
M. Wallace. B. Robertson.

Sitting—A. Henderson. M. Mathers. J. Pringle (Capt.). S. Grant. I. Elder.



LA

No. 6

See note on Art, page 5

GUIDE NATURE NOTES.

"Down came the rain. The speckled hen called her chickens and found shelter in the hedge; the hens in the middle of the field were miserable looking objects before they reached the farmyard. They were as miserable as they looked, the water dripping from the ends of their bedraggled feathers and they were as cold as they looked, too.

The ducks quacked, nodded their heads and hunted through the wet grass for slugs and grubs; took them in and out of the wet and looked for more. They were just as dry and warm and happy as though they wore a waterproof coat over warm clothing—just what they did wear; down to a vest of soft warm down, those feathers of theirs were waterproof. To begin with, they overlapped as do the tiles or slates on a roof, but much more closely. Every feather from head to tail was oiled, so every drop of rain ran off without wetting them.

You will often see ducks splashing about in the water and bathing and you will notice how the water rolls off their feathers because of their oily nature, leaving the soft warm down underneath quite dry. L. E. STEWART (F.3).

OUR DUCKS AND GEESE.

Hazel and I have seven ducks between us. They took four weeks to hatch and when they were hatched they were a yellowish green colour and were very delicate. About three days before they were born their beaks made a hole in the egg and in each egg it was in the same place. Three of the eggs took four days longer to hatch.

Until they were two months old we fed them on pinhead meal mixed with milk, and plenty of water in a shallow dish, in case they got drowned. After that they were taken into the tennis lawn beside the geese. The geese were not so difficult to bring up as they were much bigger and could eat bigger things. They ate lots of grass and took off our winter crop of grass.

They are now very big, the geese are huge but as they were allowed to waddle about the yard they are not heavy, neither are the ducks.

They are now changed into a field where there is a burn and a shed with an earthen floor which they need. The geese are all ganders and three ducks and four drakes.

J. F. MONCRIEFF (F. I.).

YOUR SCHOOL'S REPUTATION

SUPPORT your school savings association with loyalty and goodwill and for the school's honour and reputation so that in the days to come you will be able to look back with pride on what you saved during the war. The Dundee High School has a great record to maintain. Every pupil's help is needed.

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Obituary.

W. Grahamsly Atkinson

We record with regret the death of Mr W. Grahamsly Atkinson, for many years Dancing Master at the High School. His name will bring back to many former pupils memories of his charm, his deference, his devotion to his art, and his loyalty to the School. After his retiral Mr Atkinson was an occasional visitor. He would explain that he had been passing and had just dropped in, but one knew the casual remark implied a deep affection for the place of his former employment.

Miss F. Marie Imandt

The death of Miss Marie Imandt breaks another link with the past. Miss Imandt was the daughter of a former German Master of the High School. In her day she was a well-known journalist. She maintained her father's association with the school when she became an Honorary Vice-President of the Old Girls' Club. We were grateful to her in 1934 for a contribution to the Centenary Number of this Magazine.

OLD BOYS' CLUB.

Active Service

A.C.2 Harold S. Ross, R.A.F.
 Coder William K. Henderson, R.N.
 P.O. William C. D. Jones, R.A.F.
 Coder Gordon Phin, R.N.
 A.B. W. Graham Stewart, R.N.V.R.
 Pte. Stanley D. M. Simpson, 9th Bedfs. and Herts.
 Gnr. John Coutts Duffus, R.A.

Promotions

Sgt. John N. Bowen now Warrant Officer.
 Pupil Pilot J. F. Galloway, now Sgt. Pilot.

Awards

Lt. David K. R. Lawson, R.E., awarded M.C.
 Staff-Sgt. James Coutts Duffus mentioned in despatches.

Deaths

The deaths of Captain D. D. Nicoll (1915-1921) and G. Guthrie Rodger (1880-1884) are recorded with deep regret.

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

Tempy. Surg.-Lt. Ian R. W. Alexander, R.N.V.R.
 Chaplain J. Douglas Duff, R.N.V.R.
 Lt. Lockhart Frain-Bell, R.A.M.C.
 Joan Gunn, W.R.N.S.
 Capt. Eunice Heath (Mrs. Ellen), I.M.S.
 N.A.II. George High, F.A.A.
 Signalman Peter S. Low R.C.S.
 Writer (P.) John G. Marshall, R.N.
 Lt. Keith Milne, R.A.M.C.
 Guardsman John K. R. Melrose, Scots Guards.
 Capt. C. Murray Scott, A.D.C.
 Cadet Nigel Snodgrass, R.A.F.
 Lt. Robert S. Snodgrass, R.A.
 Ord. Seaman Graham Stewart, R.N.V.R.
 3rd Officer Muriel Weir, W.R.N.S.

PROMOTIONS.

A. Fleming Baird, R.M., to 2nd Lt.
 Gordon D. H. Doig, R.C.S., to 2nd Lt.
 Irene A. Doig, W.A.A.F., to S/O.
 Ian M. Duguid, R.N.V.R., to Midshipman (A.)
 James M. Hutton, R.N.V.R., to Lt. (A.)
 Wm. Low, R.A.S.C., to Capt.
 D. Gordon M'Call, R.A.F., to Fl. Lt.
 Robert C. Miller, I.A., to Capt.
 Wm. Ritchie, Fife & Forfar Yeomanry, R.A.C., to 2nd Lt.
 Ronald A. B. Rorie, R.N.V.R., to Lt. Commander.
 Alex. Wardlaw, R.A.F., to P/O.

AWARDS.

Lt. David K. R. Lawson, R.E., awarded M.C. December, 1944.
 Tempy. Surg.-Lt. Ian R. W. Alexander, R.N.V.R. Mentioned in Despatches, January, 1945.
 Staff Sgt. James C. Duffus, School of Military Eng. Mentioned in Despatches, February, 1945.
 Lt. Ian A. Donaldson, B.W. Awarded M.C. February, 1945.

PRO PATRIA.

Warrant Officer Grant Muckart, D.F.C., R.A.F. Presumed lost on air operations, April, 1944.

Miss H. F. Falconer will be pleased to receive any names of F.P.'s serving in H.M. Forces and any news of promotions, etc., for publication in next School Magazine.

Reports.

Rugby Report.

Once again we have come to the end of another war-time Rugby season—let us hope it will be the last. Despite a restricted programme and adverse weather conditions, the First and Second Fifteens have had quite a successful season. Next session it is to be hoped that we shall have a full fixture list as in pre-war years.

The following members of the First Fifteen have been awarded caps for season 1944-45:—W. Skinner, W. Taylor, C. Hynd, H. Laurie, G. Linton and R. Doe.

House Games were contested with the usual keenness and enthusiasm, and play was of a good standard. At no time during the season does the competitive spirit amongst the boys show up so well as it does in these Inter-House Cup matches. Lindores House (formerly School House) won the tournament by winning all their games without dropping a point.

Amongst the juniors the game continues to flourish. The young lads turn up at the grounds every Saturday in large numbers, and it is very encouraging to see the wholehearted way in which they play, and to note the happy team-spirit that is being practised and developed in their game. We can look forward to a bright future for School rugby.

This opportunity is taken for thanking Mr Ford, a parent and ex-player of Heriot's F.P. XV., for his kindness in refereeing our First Fifteen matches this season. Thanks are due also to members of the Staff, F.P.'s, and senior boys for their assistance and active interest in our matches and practices.

W. M. C. S.

Hockey Report

This year's 1st XI. has come fully up to expectations. From eleven matches played we have won seven, lost three and drawn one. The 2nd XI., after a shaky start, have finished the season exceptionally well. The 3rd and 4th XI.'s have also played several matches. Unfortunately some of their matches had to be cancelled, due to bad weather.

A 2nd year team was formed this season to give the younger classes the chance of playing in matches. However, they were only able to play two matches against the Morgan, but they won both by a large margin.

We are looking forward to the Midlands seven-a-side tournament at the Morgan grounds on Saturday, 24th March. We are trying to beat the record of last year's team, who got into the semi-finals.

Our last match is to be played against Morrison's at Crieff on 5th May, and our own school tournament will take place up at grounds on 31st March.

Again we would like to thank Miss Whytock and other members of the staff who have helped us this season.

RESULTS OF MATCHES PLAYED

First XI.	For	Against
Leuchars W.A.A.F.'s	A 4	1
Morgan,	A 3	1
Harris	A 3	1
Morrison's	H 2	6
U.C.D. 1st XI.	H 1	2
Bell Baxter	H 4	2
Second XI.		
Harris	H 1	0
Madras	A 3	2
Morgan	H 4	1
Grove	H 2	1
Bell-Baxter,	H 0	1

J. P.

Cadet Report.

During the term the smartness and efficiency of the Unit has been well maintained by both senior and junior Companies. Training of War Certificate "A" has been the object of the Senior Company during the term. Much good work has been done by instructors and cadets alike. A number of cadets will be presented for Cert. "A" after the Easter holidays.

Members of the Company spent an enjoyable and instructive afternoon when a mobile film unit of the Royal Navy paid us a visit earlier in the term.

Shooting has been held in the gymnasium every Saturday afternoon under the good guidance and supervision of Lieut. Stark. Exceptionally good progress has been made especially among the juniors. A senior and a junior team have been entered for the S.M.R.C. "Spring Competition."

The Senior Company recently enjoyed a demonstration of "The Section in Attack" at Craigie Quarry. This was arranged and carried through by Serjeants Linton and Laurie with the assistance of some of the senior cadets. This was a decided success, and the cadets present benefited by the excellent display.

N.C.O.'s and cadets look forward to a Summer Term during which training can be conducted in the open air and when opportunity can be had for practice in Section Leading and Fieldcraft. C.S.M.

Guide Report.

The Company has been busy during the first term of the year with Proficiency Badge Tests, and several new Guides have been enrolled.

On 6th March we had a visit from Mrs Locke, District Commissioner for Meadowside. She inspected Patrol Corners, saw Company Drill and a Scottish dance.

There is to be a P.L.'s Training Course on 17th March in St Clement's Church Hall. Nancy Cunningham and Anne Thomson will represent our Company; we hope they will bring back much useful information.

We are pleased that Captain Whytock is back with us again. N. M. C.

Boys' Literary Society Report.

Since the last Magazine the Society has continued to enjoy a series of most successful meetings. Our outstanding evening was just before Christmas when, in collaboration with the Girls' Society, we produced two one-act plays. These, with intervals of music, gave a "show" which proved to be one of the highlights of the school session.

Lectures this year have been most interesting. The first, by our Vice-President, Mr A. Robertson, entitled "One Hobby in Two Generations, dealt with the history of the theatre in Dundee. Mr Robertson's personal experiences in his wide connection with the theatre in Scotland proved to be most amusing and instructive.

Mr J. F. McDonald gave us an illustrated lecture on "The Aeroplane." His high technical knowledge gave us a unique opportunity of learning something of the principles of flight and of the history of flying.

"Penicillin," by Dr Ian Grant, enabled us to learn something of this drug which is proving to be such a blessing to humanity.

The Naval Film Unit gave our Society a special evening. They came along and showed us two "talkies" on the present war.

The Form Papers and a Hat Night were well attended and proved to be as popular as ever. The standard of work in the Form Papers was high and reflected credit on all those taking part.

We look forward to our Musical Evening on the 3rd of April, when the clouds of the "Leavings" have rolled away.

Girls' Literary Society Report.

The meetings of the Society are now drawing to a close for this season. The attendance of members throughout the winter has been very encouraging, and enthusiasm seems to have increased even since last term.

On 8th December, a programme of plays and music was given by members of the Girls' and Boys' Societies. Some excellent talent was displayed, and the evening proved to be a great success.

The first meeting in 1946 was addressed by Mr A. Robertson. His subject was "One Hobby in Two Generations." Another lecture during the term,

held on 16th February, was given by Dr Grant on "Penicillin." Both these lectures were also attended by the Boys' Society, and proved, I think, most interesting to all the members.

Other meetings which have been held during the terms have taken the form of Class Nights, and Forms II., III., and VI. have duly excelled themselves in that respect. Form V. Night has been postponed, due to the snowstorm on 19th January, until after the Leaving Certificate Exam.

We have still to look forward to the Musical Evening, which is always a great event in the syllabus.

In conclusion, we should again like to thank Miss Smith and Miss Foggie for all they have done towards making this session such a success.

D. S. N., Secretary.

Ranger Report

Now, after three months of hard work and attendance the Ranger Patrol Leaders and Seconds were enrolled by Miss Mackie Whyte, County Commissioner for Dundee, on Friday, 2nd February. Unfortunately, the others could not be enrolled, as there are now twenty-two budding Rangers in our Company. We would like to congratulate Miss Mudie on her enrolment as a fully-fledged Ranger Captain, and at the same time to thank her for all the hard work she has done for us, and the keen interest she takes in us.

All term we have been busy on our Home Emergency Service Training, the test for which we hope to pass in June. For the last week or two, messages have been dot-dashing round the Girls' Art Room on our electric morse-tappers. In fact, we have spent some very amusing half hours having competitions and speed-tests on morse, and learning the new "de-da" method at the same time. (The Army method, not the Jack Warner one!)

Three or four weeks ago, to our great interest (and relief!), our Captain flourished before our eyes a large sheet of white paper, bearing the words, "This is to certify that the 2nd Dundee City Ranger Company of the Girl Guides is duly registered at Headquarters, 11th January, 1945," so that anyone doubting our authenticity can be shown our precious certificate.

We spent a very pleasant evening with the Guides, when we danced, sang, played games, and really had a most enjoyable time. Another pleasant evening was had by all when Miss Herald, the Ranger Adviser for the County, came and taught us various "rounds" and camp-fire songs.

The Ranger Company's drill is slowly coming up to par with that of the School cadets, so that by the time Mr. M'Laren has come and polished us up, we will be goose-stepping all over School! Mr. M'Laren has very kindly said "Yes" to our asking him if he would come to give us some company drill, and we are all looking forward to being able to say that we can march and do "eyes right" without some of us looking left!

To close, we would all like to thank Captain Mudie again for everything, and to say to the Rangers, "Stick to your guns, girls, you're doing fine!"

J. S. G.

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