

S. J. Ogilvie.

THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. 94

DECEMBER 1945

SIXPENCE

MACGREGOR, the Book Mart

8 WHITEHALL STREET, DUNDEE

School Text Books
and Stationery

The Best Books for
Young People

All the Latest Books
as Published

TELEPHONE 5439

JOHN MENZIES & CO. LTD.

FOR SUPPLIES OF
Fresh Fruit and Flowers

'PHONE 2145 and 2146
(TWO LINES).

W. E. DRYDEN,
23 Victoria Road, DUNDEE
(Top of WELLGATE STEPS).



The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

No. 94.]

DECEMBER, 1945.

[SIXPENCE

Editorial.

THIS is the first School Magazine to be issued since the end of the war. We feel that it is distinctive for this reason, and realise that the articles in it have no longer the background of a world at war.

Everything is so very different this Christmas. This time our older brothers, uncles, cousins, and fathers are with us, either out of the forces or at least out of danger. Our prisoners are free. Some, alas, will not return. But we see the lights again, and preparations for more joyful festivities than most of us can remember.

The lifting of the threat which hung over us for six ageing years has had its effect no less on the School than on other things. Our air-raid shelters and black-out curtains are gone and forgotten, and we can feel the power of our freedom breaking out in the energy with which so many of our School activities are being carried on.

Even the most unobservant of us has noticed that the Boys' School had been repainted, and altered to accommodate our record number of pupils.

With the fresh paint have come the cheerful persons of Mr Wood, Mr Smart, Mr Taylor and Mr Wardlaw. We welcome them back heartily. Unfortunately Mr Taylor will not be with us next term, as he is leaving to take an appointment at Mill Hill School. We wish him every success there, and send with him our thanks for the work he has done while at this School.

We shall miss Mr Seath and Miss Cairns, who left us at the end of last session. Mrs Milne, better known to us as

Miss Park, Mrs Bell, Mrs Burns, and Mrs Garry have all come and gone during the term. Our thanks are due to them all. The newest arrivals are Miss Davidson and Mr Paton. We welcome Miss Davidson for the first time, and Mr Paton for the second. The war has only been an interruption in Mr Paton's term at School.

SCHOOL NEWS

Great efforts are being made by the Rugby Club to improve the rugby in the School after the restricted seasons of the past years. The Hockey teams have been handicapped by lack of practice, but are showing that they, too, have acquired a new lease of life.

We no longer scamper for buses, or walk up to Grounds. Now we travel on hired buses, and make our way to Dalnacraig. 'Dalnacraig,' or the 'field on the hill' is the new name given to the recreation ground.

That our Cadet Corps is keeping up its high standards was evident when a detachment, including a kilted and spatted band led by a drum-major, and with its members wearing the School Badge on either arm, made an impressive show in the Thanksgiving Week Parade.

The Guides and Rangers meet on Friday evenings. Almost as soon as they leave, the Boys' and Girls' Literary Societies take

over. Their combined Musical Evening was a great success.

A delightful gesture from the Old Girls' Club was the gift of books to the Junior Library. Such gifts make us conscious of the interest and affection of the Former Pupils.

We acknowledge with gratitude the gift of a complete set of High School Magazines from the year 1914 to the present from Mr Mackenzie. We shall in due time have these bound.

HIGH SCHOOL OF DUNDEE

ROLL OF HONOUR

A Committee, consisting of representatives of the Board of Directors, Old Boys' Club, Old Girls' Club and the School, has been formed to compile a Roll of Honour of all pupils of the School who have served during the recent war.

(1) Roll of the fallen.

(2) Roll of all who have served in H.M. Forces (stating rank, awards, decorations, etc., as at V.J. Day, 14th August).

Will former pupils, relatives or friends please send all necessary information as soon as possible to the undersigned?

It is hoped to publish a provisional list in the March issue of the Magazine.

HELEN F. FALCONER.
High School, Dundee.

Music Notes

Lecture Recital

The most outstanding musical event of the term was the Lecture Recital on October 17th, given by the Misses Haig and Treide.

This Recital was of an entirely new style, as it portrayed not only the growth and development of music from the 13th to the 17th centuries, but also showed the old instruments, recorder, lute, etc., in use during these periods, and the costumes of the times.

Some of the airs, and instruments sounded strange and rather thin to our ears, accustomed as they are to the fulness and

richness of modern harmonies, but, nevertheless, they had a charm and sweetness all their own. Miss Haig gave several readings and poems during the recital, appropriate to the various periods. The various changes in costume, made by the ladies, showed the style of dress from the days of the Troubadours to the 17th century, and went far to keep up a lively interest, especially amongst the younger members of the audience. All were agreed that they were glad these were not present day fashions !

Service of Praise

The High School choir again led the praise in a very finished manner at the bi-annual Service in St. Mary's Parish Church on Sunday, November 18th, and gave a very impressive rendering of 'A Song of Thanksgiving' by E. Thinan. The Soloist was Ian S. Stark (Leng Medallist, 1945), who, during the collection, sang 'Angels ever bright and fair' from "Theodora" by Handel in a very sympathetic manner.

"The Mikado"

The Senior Pupils have now got down in earnest to the work of "The Mikado," and the strains of "The Gentleman of Japan" and the "Three little Maids," "Tit-willow" and other choruses resound through the School at frequent intervals. It is hoped early in the new year, to get the Principals chosen, and regular rehearsals begun, so that a first class performance may again be presented to parents and friends in the Summer Term.

Congratulations are due to Anna Bell (F.2), for passing with Distinction, her Pianoforte examination, Grade 2.

School Concert

Two very successful performances of the School Concert were given at the end of last Session, too late to be recorded in the last issue of the Magazine.

All concerned in the programme acquitted themselves with that high standard of finish and style which has come to be associated with these Concerts.

The School Orchestra, and various Soloists contributed to a very interesting programme.
H. H. C.

Into the Unknown.

I suppose one of the eeriest feelings a man can have, is that of sitting in a desolate, depressing piece of country near the coast, surrounded by barbed wire and armed guards, and allowed no contact with what has become, to him, the outside world. Waiting — waiting to embark on a journey from which he well knows he may never return.

In such a position, he has plenty of time for thought, in fact he has all day to think, and, if he happens to be a bad sleeper, all night as well.

Let us join a Battalion waiting at to embark for They are a mixed crowd. After all, you can't pull people in from all over the country, and from all levels, without getting, as a result, a very assorted collection. The best way to describe them, is to split them, as Low Moran does, into four groups:—

- (1) Those who don't know fear.
- (2) Those who know fear but don't show it.
- (3) Those who know fear, show it, but do their job.
- (4) Those who know fear, show it, and shirk.

At this time then, this Battalion consists of the first 3 types. Type No. 4, if he is true to type, will by now be going at high speed as far away as possible.

What are they all thinking about now, as they eat their last hot meal before boarding the craft that is to carry them, as invaders, to some enemy held land? Some, no doubt, remember their last leave, and wonder when their next will be. How did they spend it? Was it "seven uneasy days, spent in restless pursuit of pleasure," or was it spent rather more quietly than usual with the wife, revisiting some favourite and well loved spot, and recalling little incidents that happened — how long ago? — it seems a century.

This chap is thinking, not of the past, but of the future, of all that he is going to see and do in the coming months, strange lands, strange people, strange customs—this is the day he has waited for, for so long.

This one looks at his hands, fine hands to

belong to a man who has had to do so many rough jobs with them since he joined up. He is making music his career, already his playing has won approval. If anything should happen to his hands

And, of course, this is one of that happy breed who can think only of the present, and he seems to have decided that if this meal might be his last, he is going to take full advantage of it. Stolidly he ploughs his way through his tinned soup, then his meat stew and then his boiled rice, with that one invaluable army implement, the spoon, and with not a second's pause between his last huge spoonful of stew, and his first, tentative, hope it isn't too hot, spoonful of rice. From the cookhouse comes the shout, "Buck, if anyone wants it," and the remainder of the rice goes down his throat like a sprat down a gull's, and he is away at the double, to replenish his empty mess tin.

But time, relentless and unheeding, draws on. The men form up, very quiet now, and laden with an almost unbelievable amount of equipment. Nevertheless, next to his weapon, a soldier's best friend is his pick or shovel, and he would rather drop with fatigue than throw it away.

At last everyone is on board, packed in below decks, struggling to get off their big packs, hot, angry, bewildered, uncertain. Not allowed to go up and have a last look at Blighty. Yes, this is it, this is the real thing, a strangely different feeling from those schemes they used to do, when there was a good warm billet to go back to.

Feels a bit choppy down here. Hope its not going to be rough. Those little pills don't look as though they will stop seasickness. Some clown shouts, "You take these pills two hours before you are going to be sick."

You feel rather helpless and lonely and anxious to get going.

After a little while, we feel a different sort of movement, we must be off — off to where? Nobody knows, although every sort of wild rumour has been flying about for the last week. A sudden silence comes over everyone, as the C.O. is seen coming down

the ladder, there is a sense of tension and expectancy.

"Good luck to you all," says the C.O. at the end of his talk; then he turns away and goes slowly up the ladder. The atmosphere of tension has gone, in its place there is a feeling of confidence. We are all "in the know" now, and in good spirits—things seem to be all set for a terrific crack at the Hun, and we see a hope for an end to all this.

The hours pass, packs of cards appear, and a noisy chatter fills the hot, smoky mess deck. A few try to write letters, and others seem fast asleep on the floor. We might almost be sailing up the Clyde on a Sunday afternoon — almost —

The harsh, insistent clanging of a bell brings everyone up with a jerk. It is the signal to get fully dressed. Men sweat and struggle with their equipment, which has got mixed up with someone else's—bumping and jolting against the long solid tables and the thick, squat pillars, in their hurry to get ready. At last they are dressed, and the lucky ones lean against the tables, while others are bent almost double to ease the terrific strain on their shoulders, looking like grotesque, hunchback figures from a fairy tale.

Half an hour later, the bell clangs again, but we are waiting for it this time, the signal to Stand By.

In the sudden, unnatural silence, we hear a steady drone, high above us, reaching our straining ears even above the dull, monotonous thud thud of the ship's engines. Questions leap to our lips, — are they ours or theirs? Where are we now? We can't have far to go. Can they see anything on the land, flashes or flares? Can they even see land? This strain of waiting and wondering, this feeling of being hemmed in and helpless and utterly unaware of what is happening outside is intolerable. Why don't they tell us something?

What's that! A noise like a thousand devils screeching at each other—it's getting louder, louder, louder — no — it's passing, fading, ending in a regular crack, crack, crack, like lashes from a whip, and lasting for what seems several minutes. Must be the rocket ships supporting the landings. It's getting noisy now, vague

thumps and bangs, might be anywhere, don't even know if they are going or coming. It's a queer feeling to be about to set foot on this little piece of land, so long under the brutal Nazi jackboot.

At last comes the order to go up, and to line the deck in single file, crouching down, close up upon one another, weapons ready, the leading men ready to go down the ramps when they are flung into the water. What a sight—in front the dim, misty outline of land, on either side and behind what seems to be a thousand silent shapes slipping through the mist. Above, nothing can be seen, but again can be heard the droning, louder now, as of some massive, mighty, mysterious body, moving slowly, unhurriedly, but irresistibly forward.

Ahead, the land is lit up by intermittent orange red flashes, and the dull roar of the explosions comes muffled to our ears. Nearer, we can see the rockets landing on the beaches, with a noise like a man beating a sharp, quick tattoo on a drum.

We are quite close now, preparing to throw down the ramps. The Naval Officer in command of the ship can be seen on the bridge, his steel helmet silhouetted against the brightening sky, shouting orders through a megaphone.

All at once, without warning, all around and amongst us lands an inferno of flying steel. Again it comes, and again, with no respite. It seems impossible that anyone can live through this. On our right, a ship has been hit, the ramps are blown away, men are jumping — from our own ship come the groans of the wounded, drowned by the shouting of orders.

With a fearful thump, we hit a sand-bank, the ramps are flung over, and the men scramble down into the icy water. Some remain lying on the deck, struck down by the vicious hail of shrapnel. Machine guns criss cross in front of us, the flaming red of tracer bullets phit past us, mortar bombs and shells crash down, well away at first, but getting ever nearer, nearer — No one can be heard above the ghastly din. We must keep going on, on, on —

Now, after more than four terrible years, it is all finished in Europe. I wonder if that boy with those slender, sensitive hands has come through—or the one who had just got married, or old Bill, who never turned

A Merry Christmas.



We reprint above by special permission the School Card for Christmas 1945. It was designed and executed by Joan Ross, and was printed and published by Geo. E. Findlay, 6 Victoria Road, Dundee. The subscription is from a translation of Luther's Hymn for Christmas Eve, *Von himel hoch da kom ich her*, first published in *The Gude and Godlie Ballatis* (1567) under the Title *Ane Sang of the Birth of Christ, with the tune of Baw Lula Low*. The hymn has fifteen verses, of which the three following are justly renowned.

O my dear heart, young Jesus sweet
Prepare Thy cradle for my spreit
And I sall rock Thee in my heart,
And never mair fra Thee depart.

But I sall praise Thee evermore
With sangis sweet unto Thy gloir;

The knees of my heart sall I bow
And sing this nicht Balulalow.

Gloir be to God eternallie,
Whilk gave His only Son for me :
The angellis joyis for to hear
The gracious gift of this New Year.

Dundee High School
Magazine

his nose up at the chance of a good feed—?

Or did someone who sat anxiously waiting at home, get a flimsy piece of paper marked—"Priority?"

Was it worth it? Those who are left

think so, and those who are gone would think the same—if—if this is the last time, if this time we do not lose interest and slack off, leaving what is our affair to others. O.B.

Freedom.

In the following article Lieut. Ian G. Kidd gives an account of the freeing of Oflag 79. We are grateful to the Editor of the "Scots Magazine" for permission to print it.

THE Camp was tense. We had just heard of the break-through south of Hanover of the American 9th Army which was making for Brunswick, and we were on the northern outskirts of that city. We also knew that the Germans had orders to put us on the road and march us back. Who would win this private battle of ours? Was it to be freedom at last or—the unknown? Small wonder strain put a fresh edge to the sharpened faces.

The first great moment was the sound of our own guns again. Some expert identified them as American "Long Toms," and we walked round the camp telling each other knowingly what beautiful guns they were.

The next day the restlessness grew. The Germans were carrying out demolitions and preparing to defend the area. They had now given us an assurance that we would not be moved. "Do they mean it," we questioned, "or is it a blind?" We knew better, however, than to trust a German, and prepared for a quick move or escape.

Meanwhile there was a continuous watch from the building attics towards the approaching Americans. We were glad of it for we could settle to nothing. Reading slipped unavoidably to day-dreaming of Home, card games and chess, to careless inattention and frayed temper. Up and down, up and down outside paced couples discussing the situation interminably. "What are the latest rumours?" "They'll be here to-morrow." "They **must** be here to-morrow—I've eaten all my bread!"

That night was far from peaceful. Some German guns in the woods behind us opened up on the Americans, who lost no time in replying. The duel continued all night, and no-one slept. But at dawn a barrage came down on Brunswick which smashed the

weariness from us, for we judged the infantry would follow it, and we should be free by mid-day.

Yet mid-day came without the Americans, and then, quite suddenly, we realised how tired we were. We knew they would come, and we had little fear now of being moved, but it was such a disappointment and we were so weary of waiting that even one more day seemed unbearable. After the tense excitement we sank almost into apathy.

A quiet night passed, and I woke feeling not on edge, not apathetic, but in a strange way calmly and quietly happy. I was right, too, and it happened at 9.30.

Everyone was running jerkily for the Main Gate as if a hidden mechanism was moving their legs, for I had seen no-one run in that Camp for some time. "I thought after five years I would take my own time for this," panted the man next to me; but he was running, too, he could not help it.

And there at the gate were a section or two of Americans and two armoured jeeps. No-one then paid the slightest attention to any of the German guards who were left. "Bring them in! Bring them in!" came the roar from behind as the jeeps were almost hustled inside the Camp. Everyone was trying to shake their hands. Some cheered throatily and unconsciously; others were standing quietly on the outskirts of the crowd, making no effort to hide the tears which rolled down their cheeks.

As I came back I noticed my friend the Canadian sitting on a stone, grimly cooking pancake mixture. "I saved this to celebrate," he grinned.

We were flown Home. When we hit the coast of England, the pilot dived below the clouds and flew low to allow us to look our fill. It was a perfect, sunny, English afternoon, and the apple trees were in blossom, even more lovely than we had remembered. I thought, too, how natural the countryside looked, how unregimented. Then I knew I was free.

IAN G. KIDD.

Junior Section—No. 4

Christmas—By Class LV.

With this composite composition by LV. we reach the top class of the Junior School. It has been honoured with the subject of Christmas, which might be treated in many ways. But we have no doubt that the boy who had "smashing" fun comes at once nearest our feeling, because he is near his own. When it comes to a matter of pious sentiment from age twelve, one suspects the feeling unless it grows from something that happened to boy or girl, as to the girl who went to Church and noticed the walls decorated with holly, the Church bright and cheerful. To this the girl's sensibility responds and we have charm. (In most cases we have something merely grandiose, and these do not appear here.) From the boys we have no exact parallel, but the record of an action, a sled-run or skating is made with such forthright vigour that we who are older are with them in imagination, and they who are young will look forward with greater relish (if that be possible) to the next winter activity. We thank the Class for its fine effort, and perhaps we should also offer apologies for extracting and chopping honest workmanship so that as many contributions as possible should be accommodated in our limited space.

CHRISTMAS

Girls

Christmas! the time of festivity and fun; when Christ was born. It is a time of thanksgiving and gratitude for the snow and sun. We go to Church to thank God for these and other things. J. A.

Christmas is a happy season. The snow usually lies thick then, and the Christmas Bells peal out their gladness. Christmas cards are sent to each of your friends or relations. The houses are decorated with such things as paper balls. D. M. O.

Christmas is, I think to everyone, the happiest season of the year. It is not only because people get presents and have jolly times, but because they know that nineteen hundred and forty-five years ago Jesus, the Saviour of the world was born in Bethlehem.

I like to go to the Christmas Service in the Church. The walls are decorated with holly and the Church looks very bright and cheerful. After that comes the Christmas dinner—turkey soup, turkey, potatoes, and vegetables, but now best of all comes the pudding, filled with fruit and with a sprig of holly stuck on top. After, we have fruit and nuts and the play. At night when we go to bed we hear the carollers singing and lie back and think of what a perfect Christmas it has been. D. P.

After breakfast I love to sit round the fire and open my presents, then read one of my new books which have been given to me. Then when my uncle comes to tea and tells us an old Greek Legend which is very interesting, everyone listens intently. I hear Mummy singing "Here comes the dumpling," and in comes a steaming hot pudding with holly stuck on top. After tea my brother, Mummy, Daddy, Uncle, and I sit round the fire and play guessing while the chestnuts on the fire crack heartily W. S.

Ah, what gladsome season rivals Christmas in a feeling of happiness, joy or pleasure? None. No other season has such enjoyment and pure happiness as Christmas, with its Nativity plays, pantomimes, parties, Christmas dinners—with turkeys or dumplings as a matter of course—and the Christmas trees, illuminated with coloured lights, gaily decked, and surrounded by mysterious packages of all sizes and shapes. J. S.

How I would like to enjoy Christmas is this way. I would wake up to find my stocking bulging with things, shake Margaret, my sister, till she woke and we would look in our stockings together. After that we would waken Mother and Father and watch them opening their stockings which we had filled. W. M.

CAIRDS OVERCOATS

for $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 Year-olds

CAIRDS are featuring a display of Little Boys' Overcoats in Tweeds and Coatings in two styles—one with half belt and inverted pleat at back, the other having panelled back with half belt, smart fitting at waist with wide skirt; large upturns for lengthening. In all colours. To fit $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 years. Most coats have either Jockey Cap, Hat or Beret to match Prices range from

31/4 to 95/-

BOYS' NAVY TRENCH COATS

In three qualities. To
fit 5 to 14 years.

PRICES

37/11 to 42/8

38/9 to 48/11

39/5 to 54/4

A. Caird & Sons
Ltd.

REFORM STREET, DUNDEE
HIGH STREET, - - PERTH

Telephone (House and Office) 4354, Day or Night.

P. NUCATOR & SON

(Sole Partner—ALFRED NUCATOR),

78 and 80 BELL STREET,
DUNDEE.

PLUMBING, HEATING, SANITARY FITTINGS.

WATERPROOFS

FOR

Men, Women and Children

OILSKIN. RUBBERPROOFS. RAINCOATS.

LEATHER JERKINS. WAISTCOATS.

RUBBER WELLINGTON BOOTS.

FOR INDUSTRIAL PURPOSES

(Available against permit only).

INDIA RUBBER HOSE, SHEETING, Etc.

D. M. MELDRUM & CO.

13-15 REFORM STREET, DUNDEE

I think Christmas is a day when everybody should be peaceful and quiet without rushing about and doing their usual jobs. It is a very merry time when young boys and girls go out carol-singing. When the small girls and boys wake up on Christmas morning they look into their stockings to see what "Santa Claus" has brought them. After that they start playing with the toys although they are meant to be sleeping. From my house I can hear the sledges with screaming people tearing down the road at full speed with a crash now and again as the sledges bump into each other. Once last year there was a small sledge with about eight people on it which went tearing down. When it reached the foot of the hill they meant to turn round the corner, but with so many people on it the girl at the front could not steer it quickly enough, with the result that they went down three flights of steps which took them from Blyth Street down on to the High Street, and in the end their sledge broke in half. When they had reached the foot of the steps and were going on to the main road there came a bus and a bicycle and three cars after that. The girls gave out a great many screams which brought all the heads out of the windows and then there was the screeching of brakes and then a few skids from all the vehicles. The girls were thrown all over the road.

H. M.

Last year I was at my Sunday School teacher's party. I had a lovely time. First we played games, then we had tea. There was dumpling, and two big boys who were there, (in fun) started to fight for a piece of dumpling. They had a magnifying glass which they used to look for lucky charms. Later we had more games, then we all got a parcel off the tree. I had a bar of chocolate and a handkerchief in my parcel. Then everyone in the class got a book. Later we went home.

D. D.

Christmas is a lovely season. No one could help liking it, unless he was a grouchy old man, or a grumpy old woman.

AUDREY.

Boys **SLEDGING**

It was six o'clock. I had just finished my tea and was putting on my clothes which had been warming at the fire, when the door

bell rang. It was my two friends who had come for me to go sledging. At last I was ready.

When I got outside the cold made me shiver for a moment. The sky was a very dark grey and the snow a dazzling white. My sledge had been in the garage all summer. The runners were rusty, but after a few runs on the lawn they would shine.

Then we took our sledges to the top of the hill and set off. As the runners had still a little rust on them, mine didn't go far. After a few runs the runners fairly sang with speed. This was the real thing which I had been waiting for.

The races were to be in progress. There were three sledges in the street. So we all lined up. The starter said, "Go!" and we all leapt off. The sensation was great. You felt the wind in your face and heard the runners sing.

This was the thrill which Winter brings.

M. F.

One winter day a few years ago on "Marchfield" we had smashing fun. A boy and myself were coming down at a terrific speed on our sledge when suddenly I lost control and we went smashing into a piece but we had another which was just as good.

At the top we came down again feeling very pleased with ourselves as we began to pass the others. Then the exciting bit! At the bottom there was a rubbish heap and a little narrow pass running through the heap into the plot. We always had a test to see lamp-post. The sledge was broken in who could go the furthest into the plot. It was very unfortunate that I went the furthest as there was a big brussel-sprout in front of me and I went head first into it. Then it was time to go for dinner and that ends my lovely morning.

L. C.

On a dullish day in January when the snow lies thick on the ground, we go whizzing down the steep hill. When we near the foot we lose momentum and get off to pull the sledge up again. We near the top of the hill, puffing and blowing.

Then we go down again, feeling the cold north wind blowing in our faces. We sometimes go the wrong way and bump into somebody else's sledge, topple over, and are pitched into the snow, head-first, and

get our faces all white, and very cold, but, not minding this, we walk off up the hill, and come tearing down shouting, "Gang-way" at the pitch of our voices. We are so intent upon getting people out of the way we don't notice where we are going and bump right into a snowdrift. I. A.

Once on the road my pals and I decided to see who could go farthest! Off we went at full speed down the hill! My steering rope burst and I had to change my position from sitting to lying! It was dangerous! My sledge swerved right into another! This boy was not in our race and I was ahead of the others. One of them flew past me at a terrific rate! At that moment I was lying on the ground wondering what had happened to my sledge. The boy I crashed into said it had gone on by itself but the boy that passed me had stopped it! S. H.

One wintry morning the snow was lying thick on the ground. I plodded through the thick snow to where our sledge was and I fetched it out. Then I pulled it through the snow until I reached the road. There were some boys and girls out sledging already but I joined in.

The road was a very quiet one and traffic came very occasionally. I pulled my sledge to the top, turned it round, waited a bit, then got my hands on the back of the sledge. I ran a bit, then jumped on and landed flat on it. I went down at a terrific speed. I went flying through the air with a joyous thrill in my heart. At the bottom I endeavoured to stop it with all my might without success. I just wished it had lasted longer. J. H.

A CHRISTMAS TREE

I was at a party on Christmas Day. The people there were very rich, and they had all sorts of nice things to eat and for presents. I noticed they had a Christmas Tree, very nice and gaily coloured.

On the very top of the tree was a big gold coloured star made of paper, lower down was a paper design very beautifully made, and round about that were many round balls of many colours, they showed up when the lights were put off. There were presents on the tree such as tennis rackets and balls and there was even a steam train which was given to an English boy. R. B.

A DAY ON THE ICE

The ice on the pond was frozen hard so I tried to skate. The first shot I had failed because I could not keep on my feet. The second shot I had, I fell flat on my nose. The third shot I had, I went skimming along the ice like a bird on the wing. P. R.

One cold day with snow lying all around with the sky far above a bluish greyish colour, we set off for the skating pond. It was quite a large pond with glossy blue ice except round the edges where it was very thin. We hurried to get our skates on. Oh these laces how they stuck and at last my skates were on. Oh how marvellous to be on the ice! J. C.

A SNOWMAN

Down in the meadow where the deep snow lies

Some children built a snowman with very large eyes!

He also had a pipe and a brown top hat
And a swallow-tailed coat with white stripes down the back.

Now a fortnight had passed and the thaw came on

And all the little children came back to their snowman,

But all that was left of the dear old chap
Was a pipe and a hat and a swallow-tailed coat

With white stripes down the back.

G. G. (CLASS LV.)

CHRISTMAS

The hill is white as white can be,
And whizzing down it you may see
Children on sledges, flashing past hedges.
They are as happy as happy can be.

J. L. P. (CLASS LV.)

BRINGING HOME A LOG

Bringing home a big log,

For a Christmas fire.

Puffing! Panting! The big boys bring,

Pushing! Pulling! to the door,

Till at last they reach it.

Into the house they take it,

On to the fire they put it.

Now the fire burns up and cracks;

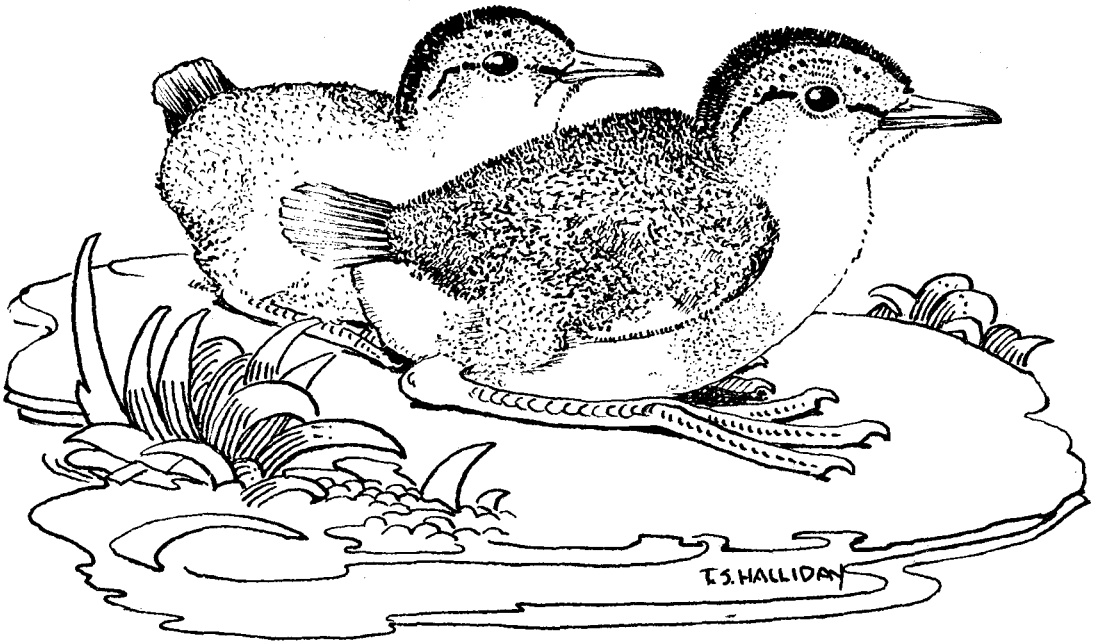
It makes such a nice bright light!

The electric lights are switched off with a smack,

For the fire's glow is exceedingly bright!

C. K. (CLASS LV.)

YOUNG SANDPIPERS



SANDPIPERS are usually hatched out in May. They leave the nest shortly after they are born, depending on natural cover for protection against their enemies. When alarmed they “freeze” and remain perfectly still, but sometimes betray themselves by uttering a plaintive cheep in answer to their parents, who fly around calling excitedly.

Sandpipers are summer visitors. They arrive in this country in April or early May and depart in August or September.

The Scarecrow

The scarecrow rules the cornfield,
He is a mighty king ;
His subjects are the pheasants
And the birds upon the wing.

The wheatstalks are his courtiers,
They bow, a million slaves,
As a little wind comes rustling
Over the green waves.

The moonshine falls upon him,
Bathing him with light ;
The wooden king of cornland,
Alone in his might.

JOHN STURROCK (L.I.A.)

The Trout.

Down in the meadow by the stream so cool
We watch the trout in the moss-grown pool
As they flit down the stream with their
silvery sides

Down past the roots where the other hides.
Down past the wood where the hazel nuts
grow

Down through the shallows where the
water flows low

Swimming in the shade of the willows so
green

Glimpses of landscapes in between.

E. A. M. (L II.)

How the Mushrooms Came

A legend told by Sheena Bisset

Christ and St. Peter were once walking
in a forest.. They had walked a long and
tiresome way without taking any food, so
it was no wonder that St. Peter felt hungry.

He had a piece of bread in his sack, but
he dare not take it out lest the Master be
offended. What wonderful things the
Master was saying! Yet St. Peter grew
more and more restless: his hunger pre-
vented him from listening.

At last St. Peter took out a little piece of
bread as he walked behind Jesus and
popped it quickly into his mouth. At that
moment Jesus said; "Do you not think so,
Peter?"

Hastily Peter spat out the bread, and
answered, "Yes Master."

Once more Peter tried to eat, and once
more as he put the bread into his mouth,
Jesus said, "Do you not think so, Peter?"

Again the bread was spat out on the
ground and Peter answered, "Yes Master."
So it was every time until all Peter's bread
was gone.

But a wonderful thing had happened,
for every time Peter spat out the bread,
strange, little white rounded things grew up
where it fell, and they became good to eat
and men call them mushrooms.

Now the devil was walking behind Jesus.
He saw the strange and wonderful thing
that happened when Peter spat out the
bread and thought it looked so easy to make
these little plants.

"Every fool can do the same," he said to
himself, but I shall make mushrooms that
will be nicer and brighter than these.

So he took a loaf, and he walked along
biting and spitting it out all through the
forest, in the meadows, into the ditches and
wherever he spat there grew lovely mush-
rooms of all colours, yellow, red and
brown, and some were very like Peter's
Mushrooms.

But when men eat these mushrooms they
die, for they are poisonous.

Keathbank.

Keep fit? You bet I do! I spent a week
Each happy halcyon day of, I swear,
Accounts for months of health. I want
to speak

To everyone about the when and where.
Here—opposite you'll find a sketch or two
Beside a badge suggested for the place.

A name appears on it well known to you.
No better caterer could show a face.

King Raspberry was orderer of our days,
But unobtrusive order, (genius this)

Long thought out by Miss Whytock ruled
our ways

An oiled routine can make a coal range
bless.

I hate to think we've really said good-bye.
Rasp jam must now bring moisture to my
eye.

A.L.

KEATHBANK



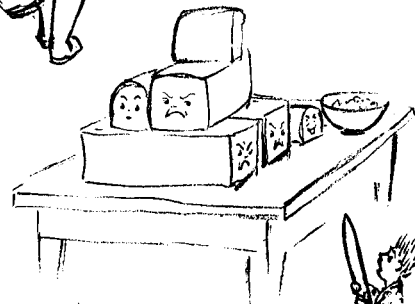
Russian
Ballet
or just
6.45am?



Charming
Champion
Picker
Anne Chawla



who's pillow
let who down?



Staff Before
mid-yokin!



Next best thing to
the river



Dish washing
routine



L.



What is Dalnacraig? Is it a nursing home or a penitentiary?

The Head Boy's motor bicycle :

To climb steep hills requires a slow pace at first (*Henry VIII.*)

Whence is that knocking? (*Macbeth ii., 2*).

The Battery once again (*Henry V., iii., 3*).

Thomson: And there were queues outside The Shakespeare Theatre at Stratford—

Kennedy: You wouldn't think they'd be so many They must have been educated fellas like us.

Mr Laird's French Class (F.IV.)
'Autant de beurre pour vous' Translation :
'So much the butter for you.'

Form V.? Form VI.?

Cheerful smile and wavy hair,
But in this he's not quite fair :
Loves to tease, to tease the loves,
Teased himself, does not approve.

From the Exam. Papers

Autumn changed its shades of green to all the PASTILLE shades of yellow.

(We would have preferred clear gums.—Ed.)

The tragedy of the story comes about when the Jew's daughter murders the innocent young child, who has been playing football with a pen-knife.

Macbeth is led to the murder by his ambition and Lady Macbeth pushing behind him.

The King loved freedom and peace; that was why he fought so much.

Form V. Wit

Is it true that people who loiter at the radiators are having a hot time?

Form VI. Biology

Mr Marshall: The capillary walls are only one cell thick—just like the Portal Houses.

Le cavalier amoureux — The armoured cavalier.

Louis Smith (F. II.) playing *Shylock*, impassioned: Put upon her! Thou torturest me: it was my tortoise!

The Excise Bill was a law stating that the Customs duty on the comic should be replaced by a tax on the wine when it is being drunk.

Form IV.

Boy interpreting Chaucer's line,
"And swich he was y-preved ofte sythes"
He had often heard the swish of scythes.

History as written by L. II. and L. III.

The Black Watch wore a dark tartan compared with the King's bright red soldiers.

After the forty-five rebellion the cattle became sheep, and the sheep became deer-forests.

Before the Battle of Quebec, Wolfe scalded the cliffs with a telescope.

The Americans wouldn't pay the British taxies, so the war broke out.

There was a lake and in it the ducks were upset.

Vasco da Gama sailed round the Cap of Bob Hope.

Nelson was pacing the deck in full Admiral's uniform, and here if he didn't get shot.

Sledging.

By J. FROST

Out in the snow,
Away we go.
Pulling our sledges at our heels,
Oh! How cold it feels.

We all clamber on,
Then all sing a song.
Oh what a speed,
No one takes heed.

Up the hill again we must go,
Then we see others going to and fro.
Oh what fun to be out in the snow,
With the whole world all aglow!

Contributions from Form III. Boys.

A Mountain Burn.

The burn starts high up amongst the mountains, at a little swampy loch filled with rushes and water-lilies and surrounded by mossy marshes, in which grow tufts of grass and small plants of bog myrtle, which spread their sweet smell in the fresh mountain air. The soil is "peaty" and the waters of the burn are, as a result, brown.

At first it trickles through muddy soil, gathering more water from the marsh as it proceeds, but, gradually, as the hillside becomes steeper it begins to find a rocky bed, through which it passes, gurgling over and round the many stones and pebbles which get in its way. It then reaches its most beautiful stage. It comes down in a series of picturesque little waterfalls, entering pools between them, whirling about and then falling with a rush and a splash over the edge. At this stage one finds that it is usually bordered by birch and rowan trees, or moss-covered boulders, with little tufts of heather, growing in cracks and between them. Also, it usually passes through a ravine or gully.

J. W.

The water was gushing from beneath the rock, bubbling and sparkling, and rolling away over the stones. Here it trickled down over the pebbles between the mossy, flower-strewn banks to fall over a small precipice into a cool, shady pool. Over the pool hung the willows and hazels which offered the shade. Back and fore flew the dippers, here bobbing on a stone, there, diving through the waterfall to their nests. The water itself was not devoid of life, for in and out of the strips of sunlight darted the spotted shapes of trout. At the opposite end of the pool the water cascaded over a little line of stones to rush down a steep slope and meet another small burn. Down it rushed into another pool at the end of which was a sluice-gate. Here a mill-race left the burn, running parallel to it down to the old mill.

J. C.

A Storm on the Loch.

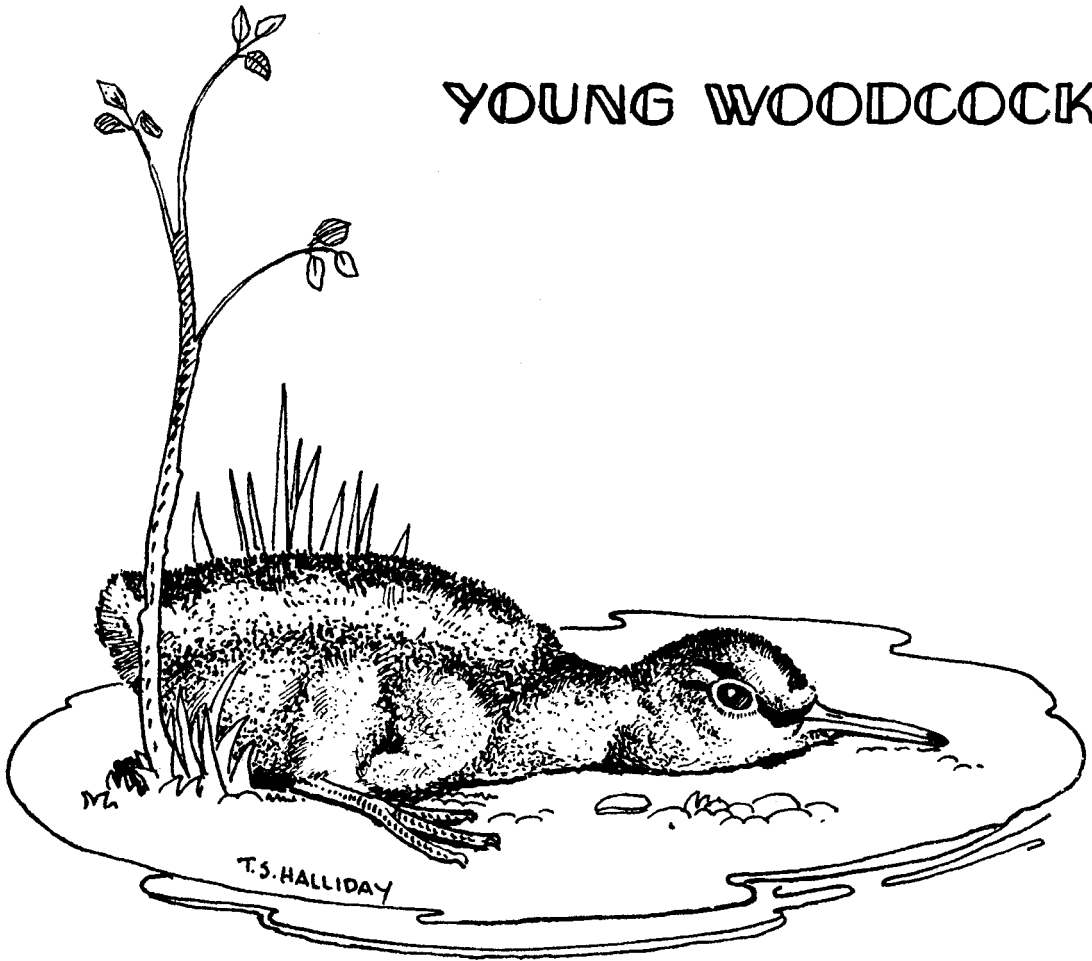
I remember well the black night when the wind howled over the loch. Immense waves crashed over the surrounding banks only to be stopped by the dark rocky mountains looming high into the sky blocking any view of the outside world. Several black trees could be made out, growing from what used to be small islands and which now were covered with the rushing of the water. All of a sudden everything was light—light as on a summer's day. Then darkness again ruled. Thunder roared and lighting again. A blaze could be seen at the far end of the loch. A tree had been struck by lighting. Above the howl of the wind, the crashing of the waves, the roaring of the thunder and the numerous flashes of lighting was heard a different sound, the sound of a human voice, the voice of a child lost in the storm crying for help.

J. E. P.

Three Lights.

In this station there are three lights;
A farther one is out, but these three,
Lit by gas, still light the place at night.
Then the sky was dark, not azure with
golden stars,
But the night loomed close, with blue mist.
Two of the lamps burned clear. The other
Seemed to go down and up, dim and
bright.
Boxed with its four glass sides, the mantle
waxed
And waned. The light seemed like a
fevered pulse,
Forcing its lid up, but always crushed back
By the heavy encompassing night.
The pulse was growing faster and weaker,
Throwing out glow bright and dull in the
night,
Seemingly burdened, like the world with
evil,
Yet kept alive by the light from its
brothers,
While the night pressed down from above.
S. G.

YOUNG WOODCOCK



YOUNG Woodcocks when they are born are helpless little creatures. They soon acquire strength and quickly leave the nest. Should danger approach, the parents will grip the fledglings between their legs and fly off to a place of safety. On the ground both young and old birds are very difficult to see. They remain perfectly still and blend into their surroundings.

The Problem of Road Safety.

The problem of road safety is a universal one, for every country realises the gravity of the terrible toll of accidents which occur each year. This is one of the first problems which will have to be taken into consideration by the people planning our new cities—dangerous ‘blind’ corners will have to be eliminated, and roads widened. However, the many bad roads in existence is only one of the many causes which combine to make this such an urgent problem.

Our primary objective is to reduce the annual number of pedestrian casualties, and the Government is trying to solve this problem by several methods. At school, children are now being taught from an early age a ‘Road Drill,’ which, it is hoped will in time make them automatically look right and left before crossing a busy thoroughfare. The Drill is being taught by various indirect methods—The children see films dealing with the subject, and special picture books are published to show them the right and the wrong way to behave in the streets. This section of the Government’s general policy, which is essentially a long term one, has already had some success, there having been a small, but quite definite, decrease in the number of accidents which involved children.

A census of public opinion appears to attribute the cause of most accidents to the

excessive speed of vehicles, and some years ago a speed limit was imposed on motorists travelling through the so-called ‘built-up’ areas. These restrictions are to be enforced more rigorously, and severer penalties imposed on persons guilty of exceeding these limits. Another thing which should help to solve this problem is the return of the driving tests, which will be more stringent than formerly. Drivers will be forced to think and act more quickly, as it has been proved that many accidents could have been avoided if the motorist concerned had been a split second sooner in braking.

The motor industry too is not unaware of this problem, but its approach to the subject is more scientific, in so far as the manufacturers are striving night and day to improve the stability of their machines and consequently improve their road holding qualities, and reduce the danger of skidding.

Finally it must be recognised that, though there appear to be many solutions to the problem of road safety, it will only be by a process of trial and error that we will find the most satisfactory way to reduce accidents to reasonable proportions. Meanwhile, each one of us, whether he be motorist, cyclist, or pedestrian, can help in the great campaign by exercising every care when using the road. I. R. S.-W. (FORM V.)

Personality.

The house is a modern one, but it lacks the slickness and look of stream-line perfection that is to be expected in a building of to-day. No, it has a mellowness about it, formed partly by the warmth of its colouring, and partly by a feeling that it seems to emanate. The feeling of friendly invitation, ease, and a quality of loving and being loved makes this little house seem to glow. Long and low, it lies at the foot of the hill path, just as you round the bend. Being near the town it cannot expect

to be left alone — houses have grown up with mushroom speed all around, but this little house still maintains its individuality.

In summer the garden does its best to make the air sweet with the perfume of its blossom, and to present a pleasant foreground to a delightful picture. All the windows are thrown wide open, and the door, too, even the little brass gnome with the turned-up little brass nose, who clings to the knocker shouts “Come in” to all the passers-by.

But it is in winter that the little house is at its best. It was made for warmth and happiness and there is a wealth of both inside. The most pleasant room is a combination of drawing-room, study, and library, for it is only a little house, you see, but in this room everyone spends as much time as they can, doing what they like, how, and when they like, there are no restrictions. It is simply but beautifully furnished, the chairs are comfortable, the light soft and the fire warm. In the book-case in the corner there is a library of well-worn, well-loved books collected by the owner. For light entertainment there are always the newest magazines on the little table behind the door, a wireless and a gramophone complete with records indicating a catholic taste in music. The perfect home, you say? Indeed it is, and no one declines an invitation. In fact many go without one, and all are welcome. But, at last, I realise it is not the house that attracts and gives welcome,

it is not the house I love, it is the personality bestowed on it by the people, who live there.

JIM (VI.)

Ponies of the Hill.

The ponies in the snow-covered dale
Turn their backs to the biting gale.
They are looking for shelter and they find
A fallen fir tree to hide behind.

N.S.

Snow.

To-night, To-night, Oh! Look at the snow,
Falling so softly into the night.
With everything lying so peaceful and
bright.

Oh! now so peaceful lies the snow.

The snow is glistening, everywhere,
The world is clothed in a mantle of white,
The lamps are shining now so bright,
The snow is lying everywhere.

A £20,000,000 TARGET

THE Dundee High School has always played a big part in all Dundee's savings campaigns. The total savings in the Dundee Savings Bank now reaches almost £19,000,000 and the target set for 1946 is £20,000,000. "A long pull, and a strong pull," with everyone's help, young and old, and the goal will be reached. We will then be able to say—"now the matchless deed's achieved—determined, dared and done."

DUNDEE TRUSTEE SAVINGS BANK

A COMPLETE SAVINGS SERVICE NEW ACCOUNTS OPENED
COMPOUND INTEREST £2 10/- per cent per annum

Head Office: 2 EUCLID STREET, DUNDEE

Branches throughout Dundee and at

**Forfar, Kirriemuir, Brechin, Edzell, Friockheim, Monifieth, Carnoustie,
St. Andrews, Guardbridge, Tayport, Newport, Wormit.**

Funds Exceed - - £18,750,000

A Visit to Luxor.

I was wrong about Luxor. I had known of course that there were to be found and inspected—almost the privilege of the very wealthy—the most impressive of the relics of the civilisation of ancient Egypt, including the Valley of the Kings and the renowned Vocal Statue of Memnon. I had imagined a few luxury hotels in a desert location, and some fairly extensive remains of an ancient city called Thebes.

By the reality I found, I was positively staggered. I found the modern town of Luxor situated in the midst of a green fertile belt on the banks of the Nile—a tropic belt of a brighter, more vivid green than I had seen elsewhere and almost exclusively given over to the cultivation of the sugar-cane, an area of many square miles, through which I noted with interest ran a narrow-gauge railway; here and there I could see natives stacking the sugar-canes on to the trucks. Modern Luxor itself seemed a progressive though small Arab town, strung along the east bank of the river; there are a few cinemas I noticed. The streets are wide, indicative of the strong Western interest in this most precious of archaeological gems. By the river runs a wide boulevard of palm-trees, and here one finds the principal hotels and the Anglo-American School of Egyptology. There is, in view of the tourist traffic, a veritable rash of photographic and antique shops.

The view across the river is most pleasing; the panorama starts with thick rushes by the river-bank, and extends through miles of corn-fields and sugar-canes to the rough barren sandy ground which stretches to the mountains, rising abruptly and dazzlingly white in the intense sunshine. Half-way to the mountains one catches a glimpse of two vast sitting statues which completely dominate the view.

After crossing the river in a launch, I was taken by taxi to the Temple of Queen Hatshepsut, nestling at the base of the mountains rising sheerly behind. This temple is in the most perfect condition, rising in three pillared tiers, and the wall-carvings clearly depict an expedition sent by this queen to a place called Punt far to

the south, probably in Tanganyika, and the treasures of ivory and ebony brought back by her traders. This temple was dedicated to the Sun-God — Amen-Ra — and to the queen herself, for she was the first woman to claim (as the male rulers had always done) to be a god, and for this reason she appears on the carvings in the form of a man and male attire, and amusingly enough, a false beard. This temple was built just before 1600 B.C.

Having had an enjoyable spot of lunch at Cook's Resthouse nearby, we took the rough and rocky winding road through the mountains to the Valley of the Kings. Many were the tombs I explored, usually by going down a flight of steps, but sometimes on the descending slope of a subterranean shaft, for all the tombs lie underground. I was especially struck by the tomb of Seti I., which is a fair-sized hall of about 60 square-feet, pillared all round, and hewn out of the living rock. Here the wall ornamentation is as perfect and bright as if newly decorated, though, as in most of the tombs, damage was done by robbers. If impressed by the wonderful colourings especially here, I was left speechless by what I saw in the small tomb of Tutankhamen—the only tomb so far to be discovered intact—not many years ago. The furniture and utensils thought to be of use to the god-King in the after-life were found stacked up to the very entry and are now in the Cairo Museum. At the bottom of a short flight of steps I found myself in a small room, and looking over the balustrade on the right I could see the tomb itself on a lower level—the giant sarcophagus covered now by glass to protect it. Here on the walls was shown in bright and perfect colouring the life of the King, and below, the coffin-lid depicting the face of the King, his arms crossed and bearing in one hand his golden sceptre and in the other the Key of Life, also of gold and shaped somewhat like a shepherd's crook. But it was the multitude of microscopic carving and patterning of the whole that left me speechless with awe.

The most interesting sight on the way back to the river was that of the two vast

SMITHS *for* School Outfitting

BOYS' SCOTCH TWEED SUITS. Perfectly tailored in hard wearing Tweed. Fitting 7 to 14 years.
From **37/6** to **85/-**

BOYS' NAVY GABERDINE WEATHER COATS with Check Wool lining. From **38/9** to **87/6**

YOUTHS' LONG TROUSER SUITS in Tweeds and Worsted Materials. From **79/-** to **£9 9/-**



YOUTHS' SPORTS JACKETS Large selection in smart checks and self shades, Scotch Tweeds.
From **37 6** to **77/6**



D.H.S. TIES—IDEAL FOR GIFTING
Junior Price, **4/6** Senior Price, **5/-**
D. H. S. BELTS Price, **2/3**

We have a nice selection of suitable gifts for boys of all ages,

Boys' Department — Ground Floor

'Phone 5041/2

Smiths

1-9 MURRAYGATE, DUNDEE

TOYS FOR SANTA

:: at Phins Limited ::

Blackboards and Easels, 15/-
Sack Barrows, 18/6
Fainted Wheel Barrows, 15/-
Strong Beech Horses, 11/6, 15/6, 22/11
Push Horses, padded top, 15/6, 22/11
Wooden Racing Car, finished in
beautiful cellulose colours, ... 18/4
Wooden Engine, Oil Tank and
Van, cellulose finish, 18/4

Large Selection of Dolls, 6/3 to 24/-
Wood Horse Rocker, 24/3
Chemistry Sets, 6/1, 10/-
Coloured Counting Frames, ... 12/-
Wood Animals on Wheels, 4/10, 5/6, 9/2
Tail-Wagger Dog, 20/-
School Slates, Wood Frame, ... 2/9
Math. Drawing Sets, 10/-

BOOKS, JIG-SAW PUZZLES, GAMES, AND LARGE SELECTION OF SOFT TOYS

Telephone No. 6094/5.

**PHINS Ltd., 29/31 Nethergate
DUNDEE**

Wonderful new comfort for feet—when your shoes are
repaired “**The Malone Way**”

The Malone Shoe Repair Service

Central Receiving Office:—62 NETHERGATE
(opposite OLD STEEPLE)

OTHER BRANCHES THROUGHOUT THE CITY

'PHONE 2131

Factory and Office:—MID STREET, DUNDEE

sitting statues of Amenhotep III.—probably forming one of the gates of Thebes. These stand 65 feet high in the midst of corn-fields now and were known to Roman tourists as the Colossi of Memnon, that Memnon who according to the Greek Epics came to help the Trojans against the Greeks—King of what the Greeks called Hundred-Gated Thebes, to distinguish it from their own Boeotian city which they called Seven-Gated Thebes. Of these two statues one was a real wonder of the Classical world—that on the right, or more strictly the northern one, known as the “Vocal” statue of Memnon, because in those days, as the hot rays of the sun struck the cold stone at dawn, it was wont to give forth musical notes like the twanging of the lyre. The truth of this is substantiated by the numerous inscriptions in Latin and Greek on the legs carved there by Romans and Greeks who came there specifically to see and hear it and recorded thus that they did. It crashed to earth, however, in the earthquake of 27 B.C., and remained so until about 300 years later. The Roman Emperor Septimius Severus had it erected again, since when, however, it has never again played its musical tune.

Nearby is the Rameseum, a temple built by Rameses II. (about 1330 B.C.) in honour of himself as a living god and which contained a vast statue of himself reckoned to weigh about 900 tons, which, however, also fell in the earthquake.

The extensive remains of the city of Karnak lie on the Luxor side of the river, but in ancient times the Nile did not run between these two vast cities, Thebes and Karnak, for then a road paved with large flagstones and flanked on either side by thousands of Sphinxes joined them, and part of this road I saw near Karnak still in excellent condition—about 100 yards or more in width. The immensity of Karnak has to be seen to be believed. I climbed the vast walls of this city which are about 20 feet thick and 120 feet high as we see them to-day (for it too suffered in the earthquake). These walls are carved throughout their entire height with scenes in the lives of their Kings, and when we remember that once these were brightly coloured, the sight must have been really imposing to the

traveller. I passed through a gateway flanked on either side by a vast statue of Rameses II. (and on each pedestal a miniature knee-high statue of the queen) and found myself in a large courtyard and noticed on my right a long array of seated ram-sphinxes and behind them a colonnade in which once lay the Treasury.

In the “Temple of Luxor” built by Amenhotep III. I was most struck by the portico added later by Rameses II.; this contains six large statues—two seated and four standing, representing the latter King. The size of these can best be judged from the fact that standing as I did on the pedestal of a standing statue, I did not quite reach its knee.

The state of preservation in Luxor is often amazing (as most of it is 35 centuries old), but much damage was done by the earthquake of 27 B.C., and previously about 550 B.C. by the wanton destruction ordered on his retreat by the mad Persian King Cambyses, who had invaded the country in the days of its weakness, ostensibly because of an Egyptian alliance with Croesus, King of Lydia in Asia-Minor.

The culture of Egypt was transmitted to us via especially Greece and Rome, so that to the latter we owe a debt greater than is often appreciated.

G. H. T.

The First Christmas.

The Stars shone bright on Bethlehem,
Snow was on the ground,
Shepherds, in the snow-covered fields
Watched their Flocks that lay around.

The Angels their glad carols sang,
From starry Heaven on high,
And they guided the Shepherds
To where the Babe did lie.

There in the Holy Manger,
Babe Jesus, meek and mild,
Lay wrapped in swaddling clothes,
While Mary watched o'er her child.

Shepherds knelt at the Stall,
Angels sang His praises clear,
Joseph and Mary looked on,
And Wise Men came from far and near.

The Shepherds knelt and worshipped Him,
The Wise Men did so, too,
Little children came and praised Him,
And we likewise can do. J. P. (FORM I. G.)

According to Cocker.

I sometimes wonder if the community idea is sufficiently fostered at school.

In our class, for instance, there is all the makings of a completely independent community. There is 'J.B.' who is going to be a doctor. I believe he will be a good one, too, for already we see in him the beginnings of a good bedside manner — an essential feature in the make-up of a successful medical practitioner. This, allied to intelligence and a certain wit should, if all goes according to Cocker, eventually result in a brass-plate with 'J.B.,' M.B., Ch.B., engraved on it.

Our community, then, is well provided for as regards our bodily ailments. What of our material difficulties? Do we want to buy a house, is our neighbour's dog troublesome and keeping us awake at nights? Has someone sold us a pup, or, worse still, have we paid for something and not received the goods at all? To whom can we go and pour forth our troubles, sure in the knowledge that he will extricate us from our difficulty? There will be a fee, of course, small or large according to the complexities of our case (or, maybe, according to the size of our purse!) but 'A.W.,' our legal

friend, will no doubt bear in mind the old school tie and temper the wind to the shorn lamb. If we have played in the same team as him and on occasion slipped him a pretty pass, or if, as girls, he has observed us cheering him lustily from the side-line, we may even get our advice at half-price — if all goes according to Cocker.

So far, so good. Who shall provide us with food and raiment—the vital necessities of life? Is our community provided for? In 'A.S.' and 'W.C.,' who are to engage in the life bucolic, we have our answer — one can already picture them leaning over the proverbial five-barred gate and surveying their ripening crops, with their cows, pigs and hens making the appropriate accompaniments. And, with K.B. to design our textiles we shall not want for raiment either.

There will have to be hewers of wood and drawers of water, too, and some of us may be numbered amongst them and be none the worse off for it either. Life does not always go according to Cocker and the first may be last and the last may be first, and true happiness is found at both ends of the scale. We shall see. F. V. P. T.

Library Notes.

Mr Laird's room fulfills many purposes besides that of a classroom. During the lunch hour it serves as a sort of Forum of the Boys' School where notable personalities meet to converse or read magazines.

But very important among the functions of Room XIII. is that it houses an excellently well-stocked and varied collection of books. These notes are to keep everyone informed about this library with news and reviews of the latest additions. The younger Forms are not to be forgotten and their library in the Girls' School will be dealt with in the same manner.

The Senior Library was, before the war, built up and carried on by the grand work of Mr Borland for which we are eternally

grateful. The library, now firmly re-established in its old quarters continues to grow, and it only remains for us to invite all members of Forms IV. to VI. to take full advantage of it.

SENIOR LIBRARY

We gratefully record the gift of "Tschiffely's Ride," "The Great White South" (*H. G. Ponting*) and Geographical Magazines by Mr Stiven to the Library.

Latest Additions:—

Canadian North—*Malcolm McDonald*.

A Smaller Classical Dictionary—*E. H. Blackeney*.

A Tour of the Hebrides—*Johnson and Boswell*.

From Scotland's Past—*J. G. Fyfe*.



[Photo. by D. & W. Prophet

Back Row (left to right)—M. Dickie. W. Laird (President). T. G. Sprunt.
Front Row (left to right)—F. Caird. J. Blair (Captain). G. Lowson. D. Paterson
Absent—R. Richardson.

Boys' Golf Club,
 Session 1945-46

Dundee High School
 Magazine.

Twentieth Century Literature—*A. C. Ward.*

The King's England: Lancashire—*ed. Arthur Mee.*

The Myths of Greece and Rome—*H. A. Guerber.*

English Social History—*G. M. Trevelyan*

JUNIOR LIBRARY

We gratefully acknowledge the handsome gift of the following books from the Old Girls' Club to the Junior Library.

The British Colonial Empire — *Noel Sabine.*

The Village Story—*Ruth Cobb.*

Seashore Life and Pattern — *T. A. Stephenson.*

The Birds of Britain—*James Fisher.*

English Music—*W. J. Turner.*

The British Red Cross — *Dermont Morrah.*

Our thanks also for the gift of books to the Junior Library from Mr Alex. Robertson.

Book Reviews.

POETRY FOR YOU BY C. DAY LEWIS

Yes, though you may not think it, and though the first word in the title discourages you—this book is for *you*. But “you can’t take it.” “No,” you say, “poetry is not for me”: and for your peace of mind you make up reasons to suit yourself. Here are the answers to your idea—that poetry is “soppy” or the other silly ones which you hold in self-defence. Being an ostrich (all boys are ostriches, and some girls) you bury your head at the sight of dangerous ideas, or to write literally, when you see this small book by the poet C. Day Lewis on the shelf of the School library you ignore it.

THE AESTHETIC ADVENTURE

By William Gaunt (Cope—10/6)

The odd behaviour and dress of artists and authors during latter part of the 19th century is an entertaining topic. This book not only gives you an account of the lives of certain of the major figures of the time but explains why these artistes looked ‘arty’ or the poets ‘poetical’; the main reason being that in a materialistic society there is no room for the person who has other than money values. The imaginative creators being of that ilk find themselves ostracised, and they reply by behaving differently from the clerks, bankers, ministers, business-men, teachers, etc., of their day. (In case you don’t know poets no longer wear odd clothes, nor painters long hair).

POETRY DIRECT AND OBLIQUE

By E. M. Tillyard

Not for Junior Forms nor junior minds, but a book of much interest to those, for whom ideas, rather than a story, are adventure. Here such questions as—“Why should Blake’s ‘Tiger’ excite me more than a ‘realistic’ photograph of the animal?” are answered. We are taken behind the image to that which enlivens it. Poems from French literature and Latin as well as English are used by Dr. Tillyard to illustrate his theme—the distinction between descriptive writing for descriptions sake and the presentation of the image for the sake of the idea associated with it.

TREASURE ISLAND

By R. L. Stevenson

Stevenson wrote this book in Braemar yet it lacks the peaceful aspect of Braemar more than any book I know. The hero, Jim Hawkins, is a boy who tells the story. He tells how an old pirate captain comes to the inn and after many strange happenings dies from a stroke. He finds a chart in the captain’s belongings and sets out to find the island on it. He meets Long John Silver on the ship. The crew mutinies and, under Silver they fight Jim and his friends. Silver is eventually captured. The unexpected often happens. One will not read it once but many times. The sounds of the ship are almost brought into the room as it is read. A chart of the island is provided at the beginning of the book.

Dundee High School Old Boys' Club.

The Secretary has received a request from Mr John R. Taylor, Kerryston House, Kellas, By Dundee, Honorary Secretary of the D.H.S. Rugby Football Club, to insert a notice that all enthusiasts who wish to join the club or to play the game should get in touch with him. It is going to be difficult in the meantime to get together a team, but Mr Taylor will do his best.

Those applying for membership of the Rugby Football Club might state whether they wish to be playing members.

Active Service

Major Douglas Hackney, Royal Garhwal Rifles, Indian Army.
Major Charles Hackney, R.A.M.C.

Awards

Captain Kenneth A. L. Lane, R.A.S.C.—
M.B.E.
Lt.-Commander Thomas L. Sime—
Mentioned in Despatches.

Returned from Japanese P.O.W. Camps

Captain David L. Prophet.
Captain George Fraser.

Dundee High School Old Girls' Club.

We send our best wishes for Christmas and the New Year to all members of the Club at home and abroad.

The Reunion this year is to be held on 30th November, and is to be an evening meeting in the form of a Military Whist.

It has been decided to hold two extra

meetings this session, one in January and the other in May or June. Details and dates of these meetings are to be advertised in the "Courier & Advertiser," and members are asked to keep a look out for these notices as the committee hopes for a large attendance at these meetings.

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

A.C.2 F. Gordon Bell, R.A.F.
Cadet Malcolm Chalmers, Black Watch.
Capt. Ian M. Grant, R.A.M.C.
Major A. G. Grossett, R.A.M.C.

Promotions

Gordon D. H. Doig, R.C.S. to Lt.
Alan C. Lemon, R.I.A.S.C. to Major.
William Low, R.I.A.S.C. to Major.
James Spence, I.A. to Major.
John Wighton, Punjab Regt., to Major.
David W. Young, R.C.S. to Captain.
David R. Elder, M.C., Black Watch to Major.

Awards

Fl.-Lt. James Logan Briggs, R.A.F.—
Awarded D.F.C., September, 1945.

Guardsman George S. Dudgeon, Scots Guards—Awarded D.C.M., July, 1945.
Captain Kenneth A. L. Lane, R.A.S.C.—
Awarded M.B.E., August, 1945.
Temp.-Lt. Alan Turner Peacock, R.N.V.R.
Awarded D.S.C., August, 1945.
Major Alan C. Lemon, R.I.A.S.C.—
Mentioned in Despatches for excellent work on Arakan Front — November, 1943 - May, 1944.
Lt. James H. P. Scrymgeour, R.E.—
Mentioned in Despatches for gallant and distinguished service in the field—
November, 1945.
Col. (Temporary) John Kinnear, T.D., R.A.M.C.—Awarded O.B.E. (Military Division), September, 1945.

Reports.

Rugby Report

The following office-bearers have been elected for session 1945-46. 1st XV.: Captain A. D. E. Sharp; Vice-Captain, I. W. Robertson; Secretary, J. S. G. Blair; Treasurer, A. M. Wanless; Member of Committee, G. W. Mottashaw.

2nd XV.: Captain, R. P. G. Richardson; Vice-Captain, I. R. Scott-Walker; Secretary, A. S. McLeish.

In our first post-war season we are already well on the way towards bringing the rugby in the School back to its pre-war level. Ten of last years' first fifteen are back this year, and our team has so far steadily improved into a good side. Help and great encouragement have been given, in coaching, by Mr Ford, and Mr D. D. Mackenzie, the Forces' International player, and in refereeing, by Mr Wood, Mr Taylor, Mr Wardlaw, and Mr Smart. Nor must we ever forget Mr McLaren, whose tireless enthusiasm begets prodigious efforts on the part of the fifteens.

We have a fuller fixture list this year, including matches with Trinity College, Glenalmond, Aberdeen Grammar School, and Morrison's Academy, and next season we hope to extend our matches further. Our results so far are:

1st XV. games:—

	For	0 pts.	Agst.	42 pts.
Perth Academy,				
Morrison's Academy	" 6 "	" 5 "		
Aberdeen Grammar School	" 8 "	" 14 "		
Madras College	" 12 "	" 0 "		
Morgan Academy	" 0 "	" 3 "		
Glenalmond 2nd XV.	" 35 "	" 0 "		
Bell-Baxter School	" 21 "	" 0 "		

The 2nd XV. has not yet lost a game:

2nd XV. games:—

	For	9 pts.	Agst.	3 pts.
Perth Academy				
Morrison's Academy	" 16 "	" 6 "		
Harris Academy 1st XV.	" 8 "	" 8 "		
Grove Academy 1st XV.	" 18 "	" 0 "		
Glenalmond 3rd XV.	" 29 "	" 3 "		
Madras College	" 62 "	" 0 "		
Morgan Academy	" 9 "	" 6 "		
Arbroath High School	" 40 "	" 0 "		
Bell-Baxter School	" 38 "	" 0 "		

There has been a considerable improvement in the general standard of play throughout the School, which has been just as marked in the Junior Forms, from I.5 - F.II., as in the 1st and 2nd fifteens.

Last year's most successful team, the Form II. XV., has reached the stage when it has lost members to the 3rd, 2nd and 1st fifteens, with the result that it has lost its identity. It is still difficult to get matches for a Form III. XV.

The Junior Forms should remember that within two or three years they will form the nucleus of the School team. This thought should keep their keenness alive, even when they

cannot play as a class. You younger Forms are showing great promise. Keep it up, and improve your play even more! To all of us who are interested in the rugger of the School, it is very gratifying to see the results of this re-awakened interest in the improvement in play.

J. S. G. B.

Hockey Report

The following office-bearers have been elected for the current year:—

1st XI. Captain—Doreen G. Paterson.

Vice-Captain—Elizabeth A. Robertson.

Secretary—Florence V. P. Turpie.

Six players from last year's 1st XI. are available for playing in the team this year, and the fact that we have so far suffered reverses at the hands of Grove A (7-0), Morgan H (1-0) and Perth H (4-1) is probably explained by the fact that we have had little or no practice on Wednesday afternoons because of rainy weather. Although on occasion we have been advised by parents and well-wishers to sell our hockey sticks and go in for some other game, we feel that as we gain experience we shall yet become a well-knit, balanced team, capable of giving a good account of ourselves, and it is in this spirit that we shall tackle the remainder of our fixtures.

F. V. P. T.

Cadet Report.

The end of the war has brought a partial return to peace time training and preparation for Certificate A is no longer of primary importance. We are concentrating more on smartness, discipline, and general efficiency.

Camp this year was held at Barry from 30th June to 7th July when 5 Officers and 102 Cadets attended.

We are very pleased to welcome back to the Company two officers—Mr Wardlaw and Mr Wood—who have recently returned from war service. They will no doubt assist greatly in the running of the Company.

A Thanksgiving Parade was held on the 13th October, on which occasion the Company was commended for its smart turn-out.

The shortage of uniforms has been a decided inconvenience; but we hope that this will soon be remedied. A new flash, consisting of the School Badge, is now worn by the cadets on each arm; and serves to indicate more clearly the identity of the Company.

The ranks of the band have considerably increased of late, and, under the direction of Pipe-major McLeish, we can hope once more to have a band up to our old standard.

On Friday, 30th November, Sgt. Ian P. Bruce, Royal Artillery, gave the cadets a most interesting and instructive talk on the Burma Campaign. Ian is an ex-Q.M.S. of the Company and we were delighted to have him with us again.

Shooting this term has been continued and each cadet has been given an opportunity of showing his ability. Both the senior and junior teams have been scoring high this term; this raises our hopes in regard to future competitions.

Now that we are returning to more or less normal conditions, we look forward to a more congenial and interesting period of training, unclouded by the thoughts of war.

The following promotions were made during the year:—

C.S.M.—A. D. E. Sharp.
C.Q.M.S.—G. R. Linton.
Sergeants—J. S. G. Blair.
W. G. Clark.
A. S. McLeish.
A. B. Moore.
R. P. G. Richardson.
A. D. E. S.

Guide Report.

At the beginning of term a number of new Patrol Leaders were appointed, they were as follows:—

Elizabeth Dick—Nightingale.
Joan Galloway—Swallow.
Sheila Gilchrist—Kingfisher.
Inez Fergusson—Skylark.
Joan Drummond—Thrush.

Catriona McIntosh was elected Senior Patrol Leader. On October 19th we were very pleased to have Miss Coutts pay us a visit.

The Patrol Leaders, on October 26th, gave the Company a Hallowe'en Party comprising of a few dances, "ducking" for apples, with all the accompanying soakings, "potatoes" and a sing-song in the hall which was lit by lanterns.

The designs for the new Guide uniform have been under discussion several times and it was decided that we would like to keep the same uniform excepting the hat.

In conclusion we should like to thank Captain Whytock and Lieut. Gray for their help throughout the term.

C. D. M.

Ranger Report

The first meeting of the term was held on Friday the 14th of September, when it was decided to have two patrols — the Wolf—P.L. Betty Robertson, and the Stag—P.L. Lena MacBean. The company has commenced its work for the new H.E.S. Armlet and a few have already passed part of their test.

The new recruits are showing great enthusiasm and we hope to enrol them soon.

During the term a meeting was held in the Sea Cadet Hall with the other Ranger Companies of Dundee. Among other items we had a very interesting film lecture by Miss Porter, and we are looking forward to the Christmas Party.

We should like to take this opportunity of

thanking Captain Mudie for her help and interest in our work throughout the term.

L. MacB.

Boys' Literary Society Report

The Society has met this year under the joint presidency of Mr Murray and Mr Howat. The membership has remained at a high figure, and the meetings have been well attended, considerable enthusiasm being shown by both senior and junior members.

Great attention was given to the choice of items for the syllabus, so that as much variety and interest as possible could be included, and this care has been amply rewarded by the success of meetings held up to the present.

The first of the session was a debate, when the comparative guilt of the German and Japanese nations as war criminals was discussed, the Society reaching no definite conclusion on the matter, in view of the uncertainty regarding the facts at its disposal. Mr Taylor, recently returned from active service abroad, addressed us at the next meeting, giving a very interesting lecture on "Luxor and the Valley of the Kings." This lecture was made the more interesting by the eye-witness accounts which he was able to give of these places which he had recently visited. Another extremely interesting lecture was given to us by Mr Eric Maxwell, on the "Cairngorms," both the Boys' and Girls' Societies being present. This joint meeting was held in the hall, and the talk was illustrated by maps and by slides shown through the lantern. The final meeting of the term was the Musical Evening, which proved as successful as on previous occasions, and provided a fitting conclusion to the 1945 session.

D. J. P.

Girls' Literary Society Report

The meetings of the Girls' Literary Society have so far been attended very enthusiastically this session, especially by the junior members.

The first meeting was as usual a Hat Night, and since then we have heard lectures from Mr A. Robertson and Mr A. Maxwell.

The term ended with a most successful Musical Evening. The syllabus also includes a lecture by Professor Preston, of U.C.D., which will be attended by both Societies, and a mixed debate.

The office-bearers elected at the beginning of the session are as follows:

President—Miss D. Foggie.
Vice-President—Miss J. Mains.
Secretary—B. Robertson.
Treasurer—F. V. P. Turpie.
Artists—F. Pearce.
C. McIntosh.

Miss Lee was re-elected Honorary Vice-President.

B. R.

**Best Possible Quality at
all times**



ANDREW G. KIDD Ltd.

Bakers and Confectioners

Registered Office and Bakery

5 LYTTON STREET

DUNDEE