

THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. 97

DECEMBER 1946

SIXPENCE

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[SIXPENCE

Editorial

IT has often struck me as curious that, of the 800 odd people who buy the Dundee High School Magazine, so few should read the editorial. Since I hesitate to attribute this neglect to the readers' eager desire to sample the substance of that particular issue, I must conclude that the fault lies in the editorial itself. Indeed, when I consider the matter still further, I see that the writer has a capital difficulty to overcome. He sees the need to write something different from former editors and yet he has the same material with which to deal. He is forced to treat the same things in a different way. Therefore, only too often does he rely on the trivialities that occur in school life, and his editorial becomes disjointed paragraphs separated from each other by a double space. Take for an example the world shaking observation that the Hall ceiling has been redecorated. In his craving for originality and words to fill up space, this is what the editor might make of it:—"Pupils returning to school after the Summer Holidays were at once delighted by the dazzling welcome the Hall extended to them. Former Leaving Certificate candidates were the first to notice the redecorated roof, for the Hall was very vividly associated with their past examination and among the more pleasant of their memories, they recalled the kindly, crumbling plaster which dropped at intervals down their necks, thus rescuing them from some abstruse algebraic calculation with the comforting reminder that they were, after all, and despite the apparent opinion of their examiners, mere mortals."

In his urge to be different, the editor ignores the subpermanent values of the school and seeks to comment only on the physical changes the school undergoes. How grateful he is to Adolf Hitler for providing so interesting and inexhaustible a topic as the school water-tank! The last editorial stated confidently that it would have disappeared by September. Yet it still occupies its hallowed position and may triumphantly add one more magazine life to the many. That is at least static, but dare I call the comments of the various editors dynamic?

The masters must smile at this desire to differ. One wonders whether they, the stable, see any change in the school at all. Do they strive to see, in each boy or girl, an individual? Or are their efforts in this direction slowly stamped out by the sameness of their pupils, whose interests pursue and avoid the same things? Children, it is said, are the same the world over. Well, that may be so. But are they the same the years through?

Masters, I fear, are not in a position to answer this question properly. Even they are transitory. Are not Mr Bruce and Mr Gibson, two gentleman who have both contributed to the success of the magazine, leaving us soon? Is not Miss Mains, after a short stay of two years, saying good-bye? We must appeal to a more constant source. The school building cannot speak. Even the names carved on the desks show a conventionality that confesses no change. Since writing is the only permanent means of

conveying our ideas that we have, the written thoughts of the pupils must be the source. But surely not in their exercises and essays? These were written for a purpose other than the expression of their opinions and are conditional and restricted by the questions asked and the answers that had to be given. To find evidence of real change, we must look to the pupils' words which record their thoughts expressed voluntarily and without a utilitarian end. Where else but the School Magazine?

The editorial, as the leading article, will have the responsibility of conveying the general trend of the whole magazine. The reports at the back will provide direct evidence of activity and change, bearing out the impression given by the editorial at the beginning. That is the basic structure of our magazine.

But what are we to glean from the reported fact that a traffic barrier has been placed between the girls' and boys' schools? What impression of change does this prize piece of editorial news convey? Is it meant to embody in it the idea of the increasing restrictions that are being placed on the individual, or to impede a hasty boy? Is it intended to symbolise a reactionary segregation of the sexes, or to prevent an accident? As measures which do not reflect the character and essence of the school, such things as this should not have a place in the editorial.

SCHOOL NEWS.

We read with pleasure of the appointment of Dr. Patrick D. Ritchie, a former pupil of Dundee High School, to the directorship of a new laboratory for education in the technology of plastics. It is interesting to note that Dr. Ritchie and his wife, formerly Miss Janet M. Sinclair, and also a former pupil of the school, were both duxes in the same year.

Mention must be made of the inclusion in the exhibition of the Arts Council of Great Britain of two wood carvings, the work of Mr T. S. Halliday, Head of the Art Department. We appreciate the honour.

The etching, "Highland Croft," printed in this issue of the magazine, is the work of a former pupil of the school, Ian D. M'Intosh,

who is honoured by its acceptance by the Society of Scottish Artists, for exhibition in the Royal Scottish Academy Galleries in Edinburgh.

Mr Donald Mathers, another former pupil of the school, after taking First Class Honours in Philosophy (M.A.) at St. Andrews University, is continuing his studies in Divinity.

This is the first opportunity we have of welcoming Mr Anderson to the Classics Department. In one term he has, on various occasions, presided at the Literary Society, given a comprehensive lecture to the cadets, and is taking an active part in the production of the Musical Evening of the Society.

We welcome Mr Edward Stewart, of Thurso, a former dux of this school, to his new post in the English Department.

Thanks are due to the Old Girls' Club for their recent generous gift of books for use in the School Library.

That the Cadet Pipe Band are still keeping up their high standard is obvious after leading the procession of Dundee Cadet Battalion to a service in St. Clement's Church on Remembrance Sunday.

We note with pleasure the mention in dispatches of Mr D. R. Paton. Congratulations!

Evening

Calm and hushed the vast stretch of water lay before me, moving ceaselessly, yet seemingly still. The horizon, where the blue of the sea and sky are usually merged into one, could now be traced as a definite, blue line. The sea became a deeper blue, with some patches of greeny, grey shadows caused by the fading light and cockle-shelled sky. A feeling of peace brooded everywhere, that hour when the bustle of day has ended and the mystery of night has not yet descended. Then a change, so slow that it was hardly perceptible, changed the deep blue of the sea into a hazy, undecided colour.

A.M.N.

Christmas Greetings



"THE FAIRY RING"

By
RAE STOCKWELL

Departures

Mr Gibson

It is with mixed feelings that the school bids farewell to Mr Gibson. We wish him every success in the new life he is taking up but we are aware of the loss his departure will be to us. He has served the school for fifteen years. During that time his easy manners and boyish outlook have brought him many friends among the pupils.

During recent years Mr Gibson has been building up for himself a reputation as an artist and latterly as a writer. His work in both media has appeared in the S.M.T. Magazine, in the Braemar Book and in the Scots Magazine. He has also been engaged in carrying out a number of paintings on the walls of Factory Canteens in Dundee.

In 1942 Mr Gibson won the Guthrie Award which is given each year by the Royal Scottish Academy for the best work on exhibition by a young Scottish artist.

Mr Gibson studied at Gray's School of Art in Aberdeen. While there he won the Robert Gordon College Travelling Scholarship and the Brough Memorial Scholarship.

After studying in Italy and Spain he returned to this country and was appointed Assistant Art Master in Dundee High School. He is a regular exhibitor in the Royal Scottish Academy and among his recent work is a series of illustrations to a new edition of William Soutar's Poems.

T.S.H.

MR GEORGE BRUCE.

Mr Bruce is going to the B.B.C.! The news came to us a few weeks ago, and, after the first feelings of surprise at this new departure had worn off, we realised that it was not so unexpected after all, for Mr Bruce, we knew, had become increasingly interested in the world of broadcasting. "Finella," "Mary Queen of Scots," "Buchan Fishermen"—we had heard these over the air and we felt that he was surely making for himself a sound reputation; so the first steps had been taken, now the choice has been made, and he goes to Aberdeen in December.

We shall miss him; and he at times may miss the classroom, for he liked teaching, and though his methods were not always

orthodox, he taught with success, and he brought to his work an energy and fresh approach which was very stimulating. With his love of poetry and quick sense of the dramatic he could rouse a class to enthusiasm with an old Scottish ballad or a telling passage from Shakespeare. His own knowledge of the writer's craft enabled him to bring many a stumbling pupil safely over the worst difficulties in the thorny path of English composition. His patience and kindness with slow or backward pupils won him many friends and his labours often surprisingly brought to them light out of darkness. When at times he will look back on his classroom experiences, the memory of such successful striving must make him well content.

Anyone who knows Mr Bruce must be astonished at his amazing versatility, the variety of his cultural interests, and the fertility of his mind; all these have been demonstrated in the work of his pen and in his many talks and lectures, and all have influenced his teaching.

The many activities of a school such as ours afforded scope for some at least of his varied talents. He has done his share on the sports field and in the Boys' Lit. As Editor, he has widened the appeal and broadened the interest of the School Magazine. Along with the Rector and Mr Treasure he has been instrumental in bringing first-class musicians to play for us and he has organised the School's visits to the local Theatre.

He has done much for us and always has he done it cheerfully and willingly. Thank you, Mr Bruce; we remember and appreciate. Good-bye, and all good wishes for a happy and successful career in British Broadcasting.

MISS MAINS.

This term we also say good-bye to Miss Mains, who is leaving the English Department to take up an appointment as Principal Teacher of English in Lochgelly Junior Secondary School.

Miss Mains came to us from Grove Academy in 1944 and it was soon evident that she was eager to arouse an interest in her subjects—English, History, and Geography. She took

great pains to collect pictures, charts, and articles of native craftsmanship to illustrate or give a suitable background to her teaching. It is a pleasure to enter her room and see her fine collection of pictures of foreign lands; and before they can grow stale the eye is refreshed and the interest quickened by a new series. It is little wonder that Miss Mains soon became a very successful and popular teacher.

We are sorry to lose her but hope she will be happy in her new post. She takes with her all our good wishes.

Old Boys' Club

On 13th July the first Post-War Golf Outing was held at Kirriemuir and was well supported—largely of Members who used to attend in Pre-War days. We hope that by next summer when more of the younger Old Boys are home again they will turn out in force to see that the prizes go round. The best scores at Kirriemuir were

A. N. Wighton	- -	77- 8 = 69
Ian Hardie	- -	84-11 = 73
Edward Robbie	- -	81- 8 = 73
Ralph W. Recordon	-	86-13 = 73

The Office-Bearers have in hand the arrangements for the Annual Meeting and are hoping that our first Post-War Dinner will be arranged before the end of the season.

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 Re-union this year is to be held on 29th November, and is to take the form of a Whist Drive. We have been lucky to be able to arrange for the function to be in Mathers Hotel, and look forward to meeting old friends and having a happy evening. K.J.

A Night Out

Pale the moon and calm the night
O'er a still world a silv'ry light.
A shot from the hedge, a hare gives a scream,
Close by the copse a keeper's eyes gleam.
Hard for the burn, ne'er a slip on the moss,
Into the ditch, now safely across,
Never been caught—to be were a sin,
God gave the pheasants to me as to him.
H.I.C.

Building for the Future . .

Good habits cannot be started too soon.
Don't wait until you are grown-up before
you start saving. Pence saved from pocket
money will mean pounds saved later.

"The childhood shows the man
As morning shows the day."
(*Paradise Regained*).

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“THE MIKADO”



Photos—Top and foot left by J. D. Brown, Esq.

Top and foot right by Norman Brown, Esq.

Top—Ko-Ko, Robert Donaldson. Sword-Bearer, David C. Marshall. Grand Chorus.
Bottom—Pooh-Bah, John Killingback. Pitti-Sing, Christine Riddell. Ko-Ko, Robert Donaldson.
 The Mikado, John Ogilvie. Katisha, Maureen Kemp. Nanki-Poo, David K. Smith.
 Peep-Bo, Sophie Morrison. Yum-Yum, Faith Pearce. Pitti-Sing, Christine Riddell.

A Contribution for the Magazine

SINCE I have had, as yet, no ode, sonnet, essay, treatise or other form of great literary art published in this illustrious magazine, I decided to make it more illustrious by contributing a product of my genius to this issue. This decision, I should hastily add for the benefit of those critics who, after reading my article, may consider that I acted hastily and without sufficient premeditation, was taken at a time when, having ridden myself thankfully of a great burden which had considerably weighed me down for two years, I was feeling very beneficent towards everyone except the members of His Majesty's Inspectorate for Schools. For over two months, therefore, I slumbered inwardly and sometimes outwardly, with a delicious feeling of self-righteousness, happy at the thought of the enlightenment and favourable comment my brilliant contribution would cause among the readers of the magazine.

"All contributions for the June issue of the magazine should be handed to the Editors by Friday." The announcement startled me from my complacency. Why, this was Wednesday! Two evenings were not sufficient to commit to paper the extremely clever products of my fertile imagination and brain. However, the vague recollection of a previous announcement prevented me from complaining and my indignation vented itself in the form of unkind thoughts about the Editors, the printers, and those who had already completed their articles.

But later, my feelings changed to defiance and I pitied myself as a frustrated genius. Realising, however, the miscarriage of justice in denying the readers the benefits which they would unquestionably obtain from my writing, through the fault of the publishers, I determined not to give up my purpose. So I hurried home, and ate my tea in a way which would give manufacturers of "Magnesia Tablets" rosy dreams of future prosperity. Since a *pièce de résistance* can only be written under ideal conditions, I accordingly made perfect preparations, and seated myself, took up my pen and held it poised above the paper. Since I had heard that all the best masterpieces were inspired, requiring no effort on the part of the author except of writing, I did not trouble to think of a subject but just sat and waited. While waiting for the Muse to put in an appearance, I wrote

the heading "Contribution for D.H.S. Magazine." The minutes ticked by. I substituted "Dundee High School" for "D.H.S." and then spent some time making a large blot where the offending initials had been. Still no words flowed from my pen. After many cogitations, I wrote underneath "Printed by Geo. E. Findlay, Victoria Printing Works, Dundee." After another long pause, I rose from my seat and went to the pictures. The next evening, I did not hurry, but did everything as leisurely as is my custom, for I had convinced myself that my haste the previous evening had thrown my brain into confusion and as masterpieces are touchy things, especially when they are not yet written, it had childishly revenged itself on me. Again I sat down, took a sheet of paper, filled my pen, and waited

About an hour later, my aching fingers awoke me from my reverie. I was thrilled to see with my half shut eyes the sheet covered with blue undulating lines. I began to read the product of my own genius. But alas! The lines formed pictures not words. Surely I had not written in Ancient Egyptian. A closer look told me the truth. I was a second Picasso, not a second Shakespeare. I decided that I would be better to wait till next year's Exhibition at the Royal Academy and meanwhile, something mediocre would satisfy the Editors. I began. "Since I have written as yet, no ode"

D.P., Form VI.

Cycling to the Station

When cycling to the station
On a bright and sunny morning,
There are such a lot of little things to see,
A herd of cows, a flock of sheep,
A hare darting out of a tree.
And as I slowly make my way,
New hope comes to me,
I realise that I should be,
Happy to be alive to say,
"How lovely is to-day!"

ESTHER LAZARUS (F. I.)

JUNIOR SECTION

THREE SMALL BOYS THINK OF CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is a joyful thing. We get school cards and give them to Mummy and Daddy. We get presents too. I'll go out to the shed and get my sledge. I. S. C. (L.I.A.)

When Christmas comes the snow falls and I write a note to Santa Claus. He comes at night when the snow is falling. On Christmas Day when I wake up I see a lot of toys. When I get up the next morning all my toys are there. If it is a snowy day I take my sledge and go up to the top of the hill and come down. Then I make a snow man. D. A. M'G. (L.I.A.)

Every Christmas I have a Christmas Tree with candles and crackers. When it is Christmas Eve I hang up my stocking and when I get up the next morning all my toys are there. If it is a snowy day I take my sledge and go up to the top of the hill and come down. Then I make a snow man.

D.K.W. (L.I. A)

. . . AND TWO GIRLS THINK OF SPRING.

I like Spring. In Spring the trees uncurl their tiny buds. Buds that unfurled earlier are in bloom. In the evening I sit in the shadow of the flickering flames of the fire reading a nature book. During the lovely days, which are full of excitement, I go for walks, watching the birds follow the plough, sometimes getting a glimpse of a rabbit, or a hedge-hog, a hare and once a fox.

BARBARA LOMAS (L.III.G.)

One of the beautiful seasons is Spring. This is the joyous, awakening season of nature, when the buds uncurl and the leaves burst forth, first with blossom, then with green leaves. It is then that the birds build nests in the trees and hedges and hatch their little nestlings. Then the air is filled with the glorious song of the birds. It is a pretty sight to see the blue sky, white clouds, and green leaves. It is then that Easter comes and the children roll eggs in the parks.

ANNE DRUMMOND (L.III.G.)

Guide Camp

WE, twenty-four lanyard-entangled maidens, joyfully set out, in a luxurious private bus, for Kirkmichael. After having chewed sweets all the way to "Blair," where the bus stopped, we treated ourselves to ice cream, sighed contentedly, leaned back in our seats, and wondered how we would fare at Kirkmichael. We were met at that memorable spot by our Captain, and after having examined the surroundings, concluded the place was to our liking.

Peculiar how one simply cannot sleep until about 1.30 a.m. when there is somebody with whom to talk, and when "lights out" has been blown at least twice! If this insomnia got beyond sufferance, certain members of the company crept so noiselessly under the brailing of their tent, that the rest of the campers knew just what was happening, and went paying social calls upon their friends. It has even been

known that S.C. was so intoxicated by the Kirkmichael brand of lemonade that, at some disgraceful hour, she bundled into the wrong tent and almost went to bed with the Bluetit Second. The main deterrant to sleep was the loud snoring which continued night upon night—by a process of elimination, we eventually attributed these nocturnal disturbances to J.D.

You must have heard of our famous camp-fire chimney. Our friend, the Thrush P/L., had the doubtful pleasure of sweeping the afore-mentioned. Now, J. is a sport and will try anything once, but when the task was completed and she had been duly blackened, the luckless damsel discovered that burn water did not remove soot. The resulting language was astounding, and J. waited till she returned home to get clean. Talking of the burn, can any learned being tell us why some persons only have to see a stream to fall in?

I am afraid I cannot recall just how many did do the above. W., very valiantly endeavouring to rescue P.'s face cloth, which was eddying downstream, sat upon her soap by accident. Her garments, along with those of N.M., were fluttering on the line a little later. Kirkmichael midges feasted well "doon the burn" when D.H.S. Guides washed off the dirt and midge cream with which they were habitually encrusted.

Our first-aid, however, was always ready to annoint our bites. M.M., hearing that lady talk of Epsom Salts, told us we were all to be dosed that night. Hence, when Miss Coupar paid her evening visit, the tents were deserted, the occupants having fled down the burn. The salts, needless to say, were not to be taken.

A constant source of annoyance, besides midges and work, was a number of goats which took a wicked pleasure in eating the bracken off our grease-pit, even though they had to struggle through beds of the stuff to reach their goal. Eventually it was decided not to bother shooing away the goats or covering the pit either.

It is impossible to go camping without being treated to some Scottish weather, in the form of thunderstorms—we had our share. Rain, decided the "wood and water" patrol, was not such a bad thing, the wood was too wet to burn, the boiler fire went out (it did this constantly in any case) and the water was all around, so—no work! The cooks, also, arrived at the same conclusion since Captain, attired in a raincoat covered by a cape, large wellingtons and some sort of model headgear, braved the storm and did the cooking, with great success. It was on a rainy day, too, that we enjoyed one of Miss Coupar's "steamies."

B.G. treated us to some most excellent jelly. I hasten to add that this was an accident! While pottering about in the way, she happened to drop a bottle of pineapple essence into the basin of orange jelly. The resulting apricot flavour was delicious.

A car-load of fairy godmothers brought us, one hot day, ice-cream, which was proclaimed by those who frequent the place, to have come

from the "Wash." Food appeared to be one of the prime topics of conversation, and of letters home, judging by the parcels which arrived.

The "messenger" patrol really did have some heavy loads to carry up that dusty mile to camp when parcels, bread, groceries and letters to and from P.P. and J.S. are considered. To whom did they write with such regularity, anyway?

N.M., our "Irish" friend, was always able to cheer us with her stories and accent when our spirits were dampened by immersion in the burn or potato peeling. Indeed, without her, D.H.S. camp would not have found its signature tune, to the jazzy strains of which we vainly tried to clean our plates in cold water, or reduce our tents to order.

D.H.S. Guides and Rangers had many admiring glances—well, glances anyway—cast upon them as they marched to church. By Sunday, clean lanyards, gloves and stockings had been so effectively put away that they were not to be found—but a Guide is not a Guide unless she can improvise. Having seated ourselves in the front pew, our sooty friend began to sneeze loud and long, my tent-mate, E.D., spilled the contents of her purse on the floor, and preliminary shufflings took place before the service began. Since we had been warned about the member of the choir who raced the organ and tried to surpass it in volume, we restrained our mirth. The service, though not long, was so soothing to the ear that an aged gentleman fell asleep. "Be Prepared" is the Guide motto but not one was prepared for the step up on the way out, and twenty-four Guides tripped over it, under the critical eyes of the watching congregation. Modern girls do not blush, they say; this is not so.

You must have arrived at some conclusion as to the competence or otherwise of the 2nd Dundee Guides. Maybe we are not so black as we are painted; nevertheless, I am sure you agree that our Captain, Lieutenant and Miss Coupar were very sporting in taking us to Kirkmichael, and enduring with patience and a smile the blunders of very green campers.

The People Help to make the Poet

(The Editor gratefully acknowledges permission to reprint the following article from "Life and Work"—May 1946.)

WHEN the Irish writer John Synge was staying in Paris he was visited by his compatriot W. B. Yeats, who advised him to go home. Synge heeded his advice and returned to Ireland. In the few years that were left him Synge wrote those humorous and tragic plays that are now recognised as literature, though certain of them then suffered the hostile reception that is frequently accorded to genuine works of art. Synge went home and in his native soil flourished. He acknowledges his debt to the people of Ireland in a preface to *The Playboy of the Western World*. "... and I am glad to acknowledge how much I owe to the folk-imagination of these fine people When I was writing *The Shadow of the Glen* some years ago, I got more aid than any learning could have given me from a chink in the floor of the old Wicklow house where I was staying, that let me hear what was being said by the servant girls in the kitchen."

Words come from Action

This is indeed the especial gift of the people to the poet—*words*. Give the poet good words and he will make them better, and will return them refined, exalted, deepened and quickened.

Now the Scottish poet has had very good words and good phrases from the Scottish people. Indeed all he has had to do on occasion was to set them down so that they speak out from their rhythm. Then the character of their progenitors is known; for from an energetic and alert people will spring words charged with vitality and full of health. The hands that lifted the stones from our fields years back, the eyes that saw the animals go to their holes in winter, were members of the body whose mouth and lips made words. The energetic action is paralleled by the word requiring energy to speak it.

Take a word at random—"eneuch"—and compare it with "enough." What body has the former. The latter is cold and exact.

Or take a single line from a ballad: *They warsled up and they warsled doon*. Two men have met in a forest, or in some solitary place; they have quarrelled, and they fight.

Then the old balladist reports—"They warsled." Substitute "wrestled" and listen to what happens!

You say the Scots is so much more expressive than English. But the question is: "*Expressive of what?*" Robert Louis Stevenson touches on this matter occasionally. He refers to his character, John Todd, as speaking "in the richest dialect of Scots I ever heard; the words in themselves were a pleasure and often a surprise to me . . ." And again: "I might count him with the best of talkers; only that talking Scots and talking English seem incomparable acts."

A Nation's Words Reveal National Experience

This takes us so far, and hints at our words being a repository of local or national experience. Thus we find (again I quote Stevenson): "The Scots dialect is singularly rich in terms of reproach against the winter wind. *Snell*, *blue*, *nirly* and *scowthering* are four of these vocables; they are all words that carry a shiver with them." The words are poetry already, as are many of our common expressions. Compare "O haud your tongue" with "Shut up." Both are forceful, but the latter is unworthy; the former can grace a ballad. Indeed, while a main characteristic of Scottish literature is its force (think but on Knox), force combines frequently with dignity. Now dignity, it may be said, is an individual quality, springing from a man's manner or carriage or, in a more general sense, his bearing. It can be more than individual.

John Barbour is not a great poet, and not many will read with pleasure throughout his poem *The Brus*. But there are notable parts of it and it is not by chance that the most striking is on the idea of liberty. When Barbour writes:—

*"A! freedom is a noble thing!
Freedom makes man to have liking!
Freedom all solace to man gives:
He lives at ease that freely lives!
A noble heart may have none ease,
Nor nought else that may him please,*

*If freedom fail ; for free liking
Is yearned o'er all other thing.
Nay, he that aye has lived free,
May not know well the property,
The anger, nor the wretched doom,
That is coupled to foul thirldom.
But if he had assayed it,
Then all perquier he should it wit :
And should think freedom more to prize
Than all the gold in world that is.*

—he becomes in truth the voice of the people, for such sentiments have already been “lived out” by William Wallace, and given expression.

This Love of Liberty

It is related of Wallace that at his trial he said : “When I was a youth and under the care of my uncle all that I could carry away from him was a single proverb, but it seemed to me above all price and I never forgot it. It was this : ‘I tell you a truth, Liberty is the best of all things. My son, never live under a slavish bond.’”

The theme is repeated in *The Declaration of Arbroath* : We fight not for glory nor for wealth

nor honour, but for that freedom which no good man surrenders but with his life.”

It occurs again in George Buchanan's Latin poem, *Epithalamium for Mary Stuart and the Dauphin of France* :—

“But the real boast of the quivered Scots is this : to encircle the glens in the hunting ; to cross, by swimming, the rivers ; to bear hunger ; to despise the variations of cold and hot weather . . . and to hold life cheap when their good name has to be maintained unimpaired ; once a promise has been made to keep faith ; to revere the holy spirit of friendship ; and to love not magnificence, but character.”

Here is the fine mind of the scholar-poet. The main theme has been elaborated and refined. In Burns it is stated simply and historically in his “Bannockburn.”

The community makes its gift to the poet in many ways. The first is by the word.

I have but touched on one aspect of the character of the Scottish words. Others claim equal attention—for example, their intimacy, power of definition, and suggestion. And all these qualities are distinctively embodied in Scottish poems. G.B.

COULD SANTA BE ENVIOUS ?

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The popularity of the library appears to grow every term, as does its size. The number of books taken out so far this session is almost double that of last term. This is probably mainly accounted for by the longer hours of darkness, but also by an increased interest in and appreciation of the facilities offered by the library.

In order to help you choose your next book to read during the holidays, we here print a number of reviews of books in the library which have been popular this term. Some are old, some new, some long, some short, but we sincerely hope that among them you will find at least one to your liking.

History has been the most popular subject this term and so it is fitting that we should begin with “*The Story of Mankind*,” by Hendrick van Loon. This is not a history book to be read for examinations but for pleasure. It is filled with pictures which are at once attractive, imaginative and instructive. To quote one example, a picture is given of two sturdy stone pillars standing alone in a field with the simple caption “Greece.” This picture, suggestive of the whole of the ancient Greek culture and way of life, is typical of the book in which everything is put into as simple a form as possible. Dr. van Loon has, by his humorous writing and interesting thumb-sketches written a book that can be read with equal relish by both the schoolboy and the older, more politically-minded man or woman. Indeed, a very solid framework of historical knowledge can be reconstructed if one but remembers these clever drawings and on this framework can be hung the more important details. (J.S.)

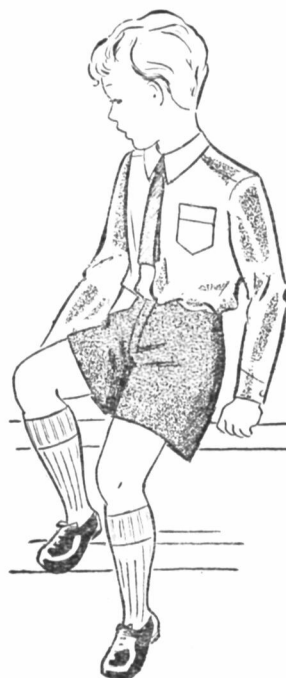
Behind the writing of every book there lies a story and that behind our next book, “*Ossian*,”

is one of mystery. For it probably never will be known with certainty whether it is, as Macpherson its author claimed, a translation of old Gaelic manuscripts or as many have asserted, an original work of his. Whatever their origin, the tongue of Ossian or the pen of Macpherson, these songs—for though the form of the stories is prose, their spirit is poetry—telling of the days of Fingal and his son Ossian and the people of Western Caledonia and North Ireland, abound in rare pictures and clear metaphors as war, honour, manly spirit, love, tragedy and pathos pass before the reader. We find that, with these ancient people's, dreams and visions often decide plans and actions, as they did in the time of Homer's Greeks, but it is the ghost of a dead hero, not the spirit of a fickle god, which appears to prophecy and guide. Indeed, such deities as fought upon the plains of Troy find no temples in the midst of these ancient Celts. In all these tales of other times, is felt the magic of the thundering seas, the pale mists, the meteors of the night sky, the mountain streams, the lochs and the solitary moors, on which the clear-shining imagination of warriors and poets worked. Reading them, one may echo the old minstrel's words. “It sends my soul back to the ages of old, to the days of other years.”

(J.S.)

Just as these first two books are in direct contrast to each other, so is this third again different in every respect. Admiral Evans in “*South with Scott*” has described the expedition of 1910 in a way which should appeal to all schoolboys. With a stirring narrative, many interesting facts and a personal touch that makes the descriptive passages exceptionally vivid, this book, well illustrated with photographs taken by members of the expedition, must be counted among the best adventure stories ever written. The indomitable

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courage of the expeditionaries, the privations and hardships they endured are well portrayed and although there is no mention of the writer's own sufferings one can sense the bitterness of their failure to beat Captain Amundsen, of the loss of his comrades and of his disappointment in not being among those chosen for the final journey to the pole. Reading this book on a winter's evening, it is easy to transport oneself to the icy wastes of the Antarctic. (H.C.)

Another exciting book, this time with a distinct flavour of romance is "*The Stranger Prince*," by Margaret Irwin. This book portrays in detail the boyhood and the career of Prince Rupert of the Rhine. It describes vividly the progress of the Civil War, showing the changing fortunes of the prince and his uncle, King Charles. An interesting feature of the book is the way in which the characters of the latter and Cromwell are revealed and compared. The book is written in a way greatly superior to the dull statement of fact of most history books. For example, the rout of the Parliamentary defenders of Brent Ford by Rupert's cavalry is described with humour and vividness. "At one point Essex dared approach him too near, and Rupert, receiving the news while shaving, dashed out with the soap still on his face, rode off at the head of a hastily mustered troop, routed the enemy, and returned to his razor. 'That was quick work' said Will Legge. 'Not

very, the shaving water is cold.'" The author has the gift of making the men and women of her book live, of re-creating the atmosphere of a by-gone period and making the reader feel he has taken part part in the events described. (F.G.)

No comprehensive list of books would be complete without one on travel and so, although this list is far from comprehensive, we shall finish with "*Journey Among Warriors*," by Eve Curie. This book performs admirably, by clever writing and close attention to detail, what is usually asked of a travel book, namely to transport the reader to foreign lands and let him see how other nations live. In this book the reader is taken round the world, from New York to Africa, thence to Asia, via the Near East and Russia and back to America. This journey would be interesting at any time but it is especially so because it was carried out at one of the critical periods of the war, the winter of 1941-42. The book has yet more to offer. The reader is introduced to such celebrities as Gandhi, Wavell, and Madame Chiang Kai-Shek. And so, for those who like it, since the real article is unobtainable, this substitute is almost perfect. (I.L.)

So there you are! Make your choice, get it from the library, and whatever it may be, we wish you many hours of happy reading. (D.P.)



A Decade of High School Humour

1936.

Teacher : "What is the Median Theorem?"

Pupil : "Draw a triangle"—pause—
"Draw the medians"—longer pause—"Please
sir, you would not understand it."

Miss Steel (Class IX.): "If you smelt
vinegar, what would you test for?"

Voice : "Chips."

Mr G— (Maths.): Now, I've only got
to get rid of this line.

Voice : "Rub it out."

Mr Wardlaw is shaking a large bottle of
potassium permanganate.

Gray : "Cocktail-shaker?"

Mr W. : "I'd wear a happier expression
if it was!"

1938.

Miss Brown : "Which is the Bridle Arm?"

Girl : "The left one—I ought to know—
I've been a bridesmaid often enough."

Mr M'Laren (to F.P. en route for grounds) :
"Well, going to put in some training?"

F.P. : "No, I'm going up for a bath."

Adjutant (angrily to cadets) : "What
do you think you're playing at?"

Voice (from near platoon) : "Soldiers,
Sir!"

1937.

Apology Pending.

Donaldson (in essay) : Mr M'Laren has
taught me all he knows about passing a
Rugby ball properly; but still I know
nothing about it.

Teacher : "You wouldn't say my pencil is
broke." "What would you say?"

Pupil : "My pencil is burst."

1939.

Enthusiastic Hockey Supporter : " Come on, School! Up, School! Shoot yourself, School! "

" John Wycliffe was a reformer, but he went too far and became a rector."

Well-known Maxim—" Little learning is a dangerous thing."

No wonder so many fail in the L.C.

1940.

History.

Q. : " What good came out of the Hampton Court Conference ? "

A. : " The Authorised Aversion of the Bible."

" Christabel had gone out to the wood at mid-night to prey for her lover."

" A monogamist is a person who believes in one thing at a time."

1941.

Mr L—d (Reading Shakespeare) : " Then come kiss me sweet and plenty."

Mr M—re : " Anyone with the brains of a pigeon could do this. . . . Well Davidson ? "

(Ed. Note.—There is a sudden dearth of humour this year.)

1942.

" Knights Templar had to be brave men, capable of taking care of the weak and religious."

" Frogs lay eggs called spawn, like dirty sago."

1943.

" Un jeune homme riche ou de bonn maison."

" A rich young man or a House-maid."
(Ed. Note.—A dry year.)

1944.

" Dame! je suppose."

" A Woman, I suppose."

" Tu vas prendre un parti."

" You are going to throw a party."

1945.

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

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

1946.

Trans. from Catullus :

. . . that she may be a chaste woman.

Elliott . . . that she may be a chased woman.

Q. : " What is a six cylinder stream-lined monster ? "

A. : " An Alsatian."

“MACBETH”

As seen by Form I. Boys

Last week the upper school went to one of Shakespeare's great works—"Macbeth." I, being in the audience, saw and recorded these points:—

"When shall we three meet again? In thunder, lightning or in rain" were the first lines after the curtain went up.

The first scene was where Macbeth's evil ambition is raised. Macbeth, coming home flushed with a victory over the rebels, met with three witches, who informed him that he was not only Thegn of Glamis, but Thegn of Cawdor, and that he would be King.

Macbeth, after being persuaded by Lady Macbeth, resolves to kill the good King Duncan, and is, after the terrible crime has been committed, half insane.

Macbeth was then crowned King as was planned, and then, this time unknown to Lady Macbeth, made a desperate resolution to kill Banquo, the only man besides himself who had heard the witches' prophecy. This time the motive was to make sure of his own safety. This he did, but the Ghost of Banquo haunted him for the rest of his life.

His wife, driven insane by the thought that she persuaded Macbeth to kill Duncan, died, and later after a terrible battle with the immortal Macduff, his dread enemy, Macbeth was killed. A fitting end to such an evilly ambitious man. B.C.

It was with a feeling of keen expectation and excitement that I watched the curtain rise on my first Shakespearian play. The scene opened with three witches conversing on the subject of Macbeth. It was all very realistic—the howling wind, the flying clouds and the sinister looking witches. It prepared us for the exciting events which were to follow. The climax of this scene was when the three witches in their shrill voices hailed Macbeth first as Thegn of Glamis then Thegn of Cawdor, and lastly as King of Scotland and events soon showed that their prophecy was soon to come true.

In the scenes which followed I was struck by the fine colourings of the costumes which

the actors wore. The sparkling cross on King Duncan's breast shone magnificently as it caught the lights. Lady Macbeth's gown of dark red velvet was also very beautiful.

In the scene in which the murder took place the stage was held entirely by Macbeth and Lady Macbeth. I found Macbeth's long speeches difficult to follow and I was really glad when the murder was committed and the porter came on with his drunken jests.

When it came to Banquo's murder the action was much quicker with no long speeches. Macbeth was particularly good in the banquet scene when at one moment we saw him the fine king, and at the next almost a madman.

Lady Macbeth's "mad scene" was eerie but I enjoyed it.

In the battle the men's costumes were bright and colourful and the sound effects very real, just as if a battle was raging. We last saw Macbeth fighting courageously against Macduff, and with his death the play drew to an end. There only remained the last scene with the crowning of the new king amid much splendour and the curtain fell on "Macbeth."

D.M.

As seen by a member of Form VI.

PERHAPS we must always be rather shaken by someone else's interpretation of Shakespeare, especially when it turns out to be so different from our own. I certainly did not see either the Macbeth or the Lady Macbeth I had pictured. Of course that does not mean that their presentation was wrong, it was just different from my expectations, and everyone is entitled to their own ideas.

In the first place the weird sisters were far too "bodily." Their greeting of Macbeth and the triple hail were not at all convincing—the producer did not seem to be quite clear as to whether the witches existed or whether they were merely symbolic, and the consequent inconsistencies were rather puzzling.

Macbeth and Lady Macbeth were inclined to represent any emotion by speaking loudly: this meant that when the excitement of the situation called for a rise in the pitch, they either bawled

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or screeched. Lady Macbeth showed too much monster and not enough of the woman :

" Had he not resembled

My father as he slept, I had done't ; "

But she did give some excellent acting, notably in the murder scene. Apart from murdering the immortal "Sleep no more," and a general tendency to "out-Herod Herod," Macbeth showed himself a capable actor, but at times the changes in his voice were so unexpected, and (can we say ?) unnecessary that they were laughable. His performances was much stronger after the first act, but all along he asked too much from his voice, when sheer acting would have sufficed. Michael Ingham might have learned something about expressive, *quiet* acting from the sincere performance of Macduff, as when he received the news of the slaughter of his wife and children. Banquo, too, was a convincing actor, and he certainly had mastered the art of nodding his "blood-boltered" head in a truly sinister fashion.

Considering the resources of a small stage and a small company, parts were unbelievably good. The appearance of Banquo's ghost at the banquet was cogent and well done (I suppose the truth of that statement would vary from night to night, depending on how fully the cloaks managed to spread !) The impression created by the witch

scenes was good, and the effectiveness with which the apparitions were presented could scarcely have been expected from a stage performance. But in some places the effects were exaggerated : they were rather lavish with the red paint. It seemed overdone to have two very bloody daggers and four all-red hands in the murdering of one man, even if primitive methods were rather messier than those practised to-day.

In summing up we might say that the play suffered from a little over-producing, a little over-acting, and a failure to capture the spirit of Shakespeare's "Macbeth." On the other hand we might argue that "Macbeth," being so full of suspense and horror, and being such a masterpiece of imagination, could never be reproduced to full advantage on the stage. What actor could portray all the conflicting forces of good and evil within the soul of Macbeth in the hour of his temptation, or yet his fear, when he finds that he cannot stop at one murder, but that fate is driving him on and on, relentlessly ?

Here the Elizabethan stage may have had an advantage over the modern stage, because the former, having no stage effects, left everything to the imagination, whereas to-day our minds are partly fettered by the results of the producer's interpretation.

S.A. (F.VI.)

The Man with the Golden Brain

Ever since he had been young his main wish was for money, and now, at the age of fifty, he had amassed a great fortune. His talk was about gold alone. His money was in a well-known bank and he could live off the interest of it. The bank "crashed" and he, the millionaire, was left penniless. He still thought of gold. He became a thief. With the money he stole he hoped to amass another fortune, greater by far than the first, but he was a coward. It was the eve of his most daring robbery and to fortify himself he had drunk much whisky.

He was walking along the water-front in the sunset and he felt his eyes being dazzled. Gradually everything became golden. The trees across the river, the houses, the cars, the ships, all became golden. He sat down on a seat and gazed. All this gold was his. He, alone, owned it. He put out his hand to touch it. It

moved away. He ran after it but could not reach it and then he sank down, breathless. He was weeping now. He could not hold it. He looked up—there was the whole universe melted down into one solid golden mass. He stood on a scarlet carpet, and there was he, alone with this mighty block of gold. He walked forward in his golden robes and it waited for him, it waited to receive him. He ran forward and then it rushed to him. When he struck it the gold was soft and cold. It rose until it reached his mouth. He had no body, it was gold. He was exultant. He was gold. He was immortal gold. He felt it in his mouth. It was cold. He could not breath. He did not need to. He was gold, GOLD, GOLD. There was a turning of golden wheels. The next morning a sand dredger scooped up a drowned body.

A.J.

Observations by Form III. Boys

I Watch a Hare Trick a Weasel

One day when I was out for a walk in the country I heard the scream of a hare in a turnip field. The sound passed from point to point, now at one corner of the field, now at another, until soon it started again in the next field. I knew what the noise meant. A weasel had obtained a grip on a hare, which could not get rid of him and was running this way and that.

Running towards the sound I saw the hare try every artifice he knew to get rid of the weasel, but the latter held on with unbelievable tenacity; playing his last card, the hare got rid of the weasel by dashing under the gate which led into the field, the bottom bar of which dealt a death blow on the head of his little enemy.

W.R.M.

I Watch a Gannet

It was a sunny day in July when I was clambering up a steep slope which rose abruptly from the sea. As I sat down on a boulder to get my breath back I saw a splash in the water, and as I watched the spot I saw a bird come to the surface then take off. Firstly I thought it was a tern, but when it started climbing slowly and steadily in large circles I knew that it wasn't. So I undid the binoculars and focussed them. The bird had a long neck and had black wing tips so I knew it was a gannet. It rose higher, then swooped down and flew along above the water in search of fish. It had seen one for it rose to about forty feet then dropped like a stone, its wings closing just above the surface of the water. There was a splash and it disappeared for about thirty seconds then came to the surface with its bill empty. I thought it had been unlucky but I learned afterwards that it swallows the fish under the water.

A motor boat came round the bend and the gannet immediately rose and flew inland. As it came nearer I saw the yellow head and neck quite clearly and was surprised at its six-foot wing span. Then it disappeared behind the summit of a hill.

R.O.

I Watch a Bird

The other day when I was in the garden, I happened to look up at the old tree which was rotten in the corner of the garden, and there in a hole about half-way up the trunk a robin was busily weaving blades of grass together so as to

make a nest. I sat down on a pile of logs stacked up against the cellar wall, and was not long seated when another robin came flying along with what looked like some bits of moss and sheep's wool in her beak, landed on the edge of the hole, dropped her cargo and flew away again. The other bird carried on weaving the materials, at intervals weaving in some moss and wool. After a few returns the bird who was collecting the materials flew away, and it was not until after the nest was completed and I was just about to leave, she came back but this time with a worm in her bill, and landed on the nest, dropped the worm, jumped in after it, and the two of them gobbled up the worm.

Well, I think that was a good day's work.

J.S.C.

A Cat's Habits

I watch my cat. When he goes through the process of washing himself he first of all finds a comfortable spot on which to sit. He is very deliberate about this as he goes round and round a few times before settling down. He proceeds to wash his paws, then vigorously wipes his face, occasionally putting his paw right over his ear. After this has gone on for some time he starts on his back and tail, his rough tongue catching any foreign bodies which are quickly devoured. When his toilet is finished he usually curls up and goes to sleep. After his sleep he gets up, stretches himself and tries to sharpen his claws on the nearest object. When he goes outside he jumps on to the wall and from there into the field where he often sits for hours watching for an occasional mouse. If he is lucky enough to catch one, he brings it back to the garden, full of pride, and plays with it for long enough, pretending to let it go and then pouncing on it just as it is escaping. He seldom eats a mouse unless he thinks it is going to be taken from him.

When he is angry he arches his back and slowly sweeps his tail from side to side, his claws appearing to defend himself. It is a different matter when he is happy. He purrs loudly and rubs himself against my legs. This is always very apparent if he smells fish.

A.R.G.

I Watch a Seal

On a sandbar, about half a mile from my house, lives a colony of seals. One day as I was walking along the beach I was able to see them very clearly from behind a small mound.

There were about sixty of them, all whistling, roaring, bellowing, blowing and barking on that strip of sand.

One in particular struck my notice. It was a fairly large seal about four feet long and when wet his coat was jet black. From where I lay I could see him dragging his clumsy body into the sea in search of rock cod or sea trout. Once in the water he was a pleasure to watch as he sped along and dived under, coming up yards away. When he came to breathe I could see his dog-like head with long whiskers, looking for all the world like an old man. When I stood up he stayed for a few moments as if shocked that a human should watch him at work, and then suddenly he dived and that was the last I saw of him.

G.M.

RANGER CAMP.

Our second Ranger Camp was held at Balnault, Kirkmichael, during the first week of July.

The camp was about a mile from the village and overlooked the hill-surrounded valley of the Ardlie. Behind us grew a mixed wood from which we obtained most of our fuel.

We had several outstanding days.

On visitors' day we looked anxiously for any break in the sky, for the omens were bad then. Yet at lunch time the sun was shining with such heat that the grass was soon dried and we prepared to welcome our visitors. Those who were not expecting anyone were allowed to go swimming under the care of our life-saver. As we were given the evening to ourselves, some of our more blood-thirsty members set out to inspect the groove made in the stones of an old castle on a hill at the other side of the village, by the hangman's rope.

On the Thursday the camp was carefully tidied as we were to entertain Mr and Mrs Bain for tea after they had visited the Guides. Arrangements were most successful.

Saturday was the day we had planned for a great expedition. We collected a sandwich lunch and set off in good faith to follow a path which we were told would take us to Loch Broom, six miles over the hills. When we reached a shepherd's deserted house the path suddenly vanished, but not to be beaten, we strode on through bogs and up and down

I Watch a Dog's Tail

Whenever I want to know the "lie of the land," so to speak, I watch our dog's tail very carefully. If it is "thundery," the tail is firmly tucked away, if alert, it is at its peak, and slightly quivering (it hardly ever stops, the motion being almost perpetual). The tail is about five inches long, plus a tuft of surplus hair, but when it thrashes the air on either side of him, I almost think it long enough to touch his ears. These ears are the cockiest I have ever seen. When he is out, and walking or trotting (which he seldom is, he prefers bounding), they stick stiffly up against the breeze and when he cocks his head at me, they "kink," and bend forward. I don't think any dog could tilt his head further; it must reach an angle of about forty-five degrees. He is very frisky and nearly always up to mischief. His name is—Mick.

"DARK BLUE."

hills until we saw a bleak-looking sheet of water below us—Loch Broom. After we had eaten our lunch, crouched under some rocks to try and escape the worst of the thin driving rain which suddenly came down on us and just as quickly disappeared, we decided to make back for camp. This time we thought we would try to reach another path, which looked on the map as if it were nearer than the other one. This one too proved non-existent, and so after splashing through bogs and crossing numerous burns, we arrived back at camp looking much the worse of the wear to find to our relief that Captain Mudie and those who had not come with us had the preparations well in hand for receiving Lieutenant Gray whom we had asked up for the evening from the Guide Camp, as she had been with us the previous year.

On Monday, our day of departure, a bright sun greeted us. The company, all except the three leaders, was going home with the guides in the morning. The leaders and Captain Mudie were to finish tidying up the ground and were to wait for the lorry which was to come in the afternoon for the equipment. As we returned from seeing the company off, we noticed the guide tents still standing dotted about the field, looking strangely silent and deserted now. Soon we, too, regretfully said good-bye to another successful camp.

In concluding, we should like to thank Miss Mudie and the others who helped in any way to make that camp a happy and pleasant memory.

L. MACB.

The Town of Titipu

We were in mid-June and the session was drawing to a close; it was a fitting time, therefore, for a visit to that flowery, summery, grotesquely enchanting land of cherry and almond blossom—the land of the Mikado, Pooh Bah, the wandering minstrel, the three little maids from school and all their tuneful choir of associates.

The journey was short and easy; shank's mare, the tram, or a whiff of petrol soon took us to the Training College hall. We produced our visas and sat down comfortably and expectantly. At first things were ordinary enough! D.H.S. and mothers and fathers were out in force. A tap of the baton! Yes, there was Mr Treasure taking command.

The overture wafted us away, full of sweet airs that gave delight and brought back Memories to some and opened magic doors to others. The elders nodded in tune reminiscently and hummed the old favourites (for ever new)—“A wandering minstrel I,” “On a tree by a river a little tom-tit,” “My object all sublime” (and we

remembered the punishment fitting the crime—the cloth untrue; the twisted cue and elliptical billiard balls-z-z-z-z-ah!) Yes, it's coming; it's all coming back (“we'll only suffer to ride on a buffer in parliamentary trains-s-s-ah”). Oh, well done School Orchestra (augmented)!

The lights are dimmed, the curtain rises, and we are in the lovely land of make-believe—balm to jaded minds, an escape from a world that is too much with us. Only superlatives would be fitting to describe such colour, such fine singing and chorus work, such gay buffoonery; we shall not attempt it. Through the looking-glass, indeed; a wonderland!

It was all so good that the thought came again and again, “Are these the youngsters of D.H.S. that are doing all this?” What discoveries, what talent, too long hidden! Now, though the talent was patent, the make-up was so clever and the performance so excellent that it was, at first, a fascinating puzzle to make out the usual law-abiding

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regular class-attending pupils in the disguise of the Lord High Executioner, the Lord High Everything Else, Nanki-Poo, the dread Mikado and the domineering Katisha ; for all inhibitions were cast aside and they were "throwing themselves" into their parts with a zest, a fine abandon which was at the same time artistically controlled. And the Gilbertian patter came trippingly off the tongue as if they had been to the manner born.

We thought : Can that really be Donaldson? And that dignified corpulence and cynical air of one long steeped in sharp practice—can it belong to John Killingback ? D. K. Smith—could we have expected him to make so sweet a minstrel ; or John Ogilvie such a dominating Mikado ? Who would have guessed that Maureen Kemp could evoke the powerful personality of Katisha ? Were ever three little maids prettier or more charming ? What a vivacious Yum-Yum !

Food for reflection, indeed ! There is obviously much more in school life than the purely academic side ; the classroom is only

one part of education, perhaps not even the greatest part. The games, the societies, the social life of the school community—all are valuable, and the work, the team spirit, the enthusiasm which, well directed, have made a success of the "Mikado" are not entirely ephemeral. For those who watch and listen, and for those who sing and play, the effort which has produced this wholly enjoyable comic opera has been of some cultural significance.

* * * * *

"And even against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs."

"Lydian" is scarcely apposite, for the "Mikado" tunes are too quick and merry, but certainly the evening of comic opera banished our cares and heightened our spirits and sent us home rejoicing with the head full of happy melodies and memories."

Where all did so well, comparisons would be out of place. We say only, thank you, and congratulations to all who worked to make the "Mikado" the success it undoubtedly was.

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London and Cape Cod

During the past two or three years I have corresponded with an American relative whose letters have contained many interesting facts and details. In the following paragraphs, I propose to quote passages from some of her letters about London and Cape Cod.

In my previous letter to her I had described a visit I had made to London in June 1945 and evidently I had stirred up her memories for this is what she wrote:—

“How I should love to have been with you! Never shall I forget the thrill of my first evening in London in 1925. We rode for hours on the upper deck of busses (the spelling is American) and had such a wonderful sense of getting ‘home.’ It is the sort of thing that must happen to every English speaking person, nourished on English literature and history, and religious and political ideas. I often think that in spite of all the quips about tourists, and their superficiality, a tourist with a quick mind and an understanding spirit and an eager freshness can soak up, in a few days, impressions which the bored, blasé traveller could never get.”

After this there come details of her European journey—of what happened in Venice in the Grand Canal, of Budapest, Prague, Berlin, of Edinburgh and the Western Highlands. The next day in London while she was waiting for the boat-train for Southampton—

“In the evening I went to the theatre, had the novelty of ordering a cup of tea between the acts, and ‘God Saved the King’ sincerely and lustily. When I returned late to the hotel there was the sound of music and gaiety in the distance, and a note in my box, which said, ‘See Reception.’ ‘How lovely,’ I thought, ‘to invite the lone American in on the dancing.’ I nearly exploded laughing at myself when I found the ‘invitation’ meant that I was supposed to pay my hotel bill then. We would have said ‘See Cashier’ or something like that.

The next morning I did get up early and walked all the way across the Thames to the

railroad station, Wellington, is it? I loved the chance to do it.”

That all took place some time ago, but even so, many American soldiers in this country during the War must have felt the same emotions.

Cape Cod, where the *Mayflower* landed in 1620, is a very favourite spot for a holiday and my relative often goes there.

“At present two of my pals and I are enjoying August ‘on the Cape.’ The enclosed postcard map will show you why Cape Cod is the beloved vacationland of New England (the postcard shows the Cape Cod Peninsula surrounded by a blue which only Americans could put on postcards. The names of the towns are typically English—Yarmouth, Barnstable, Harwich, Truro, Chatham). Chatham, our town, is on the elbow where we look straight across to Spain. When you come over to visit us, Highland Light will be the very first gleam of the U.S. that you will see. It is so powerful that its rays are thrown thirty miles out to sea. All ships bound from Europe head for it. Provincetown is where the Pilgrims spent a few weeks before they finally settled at Plymouth in November 1620. We New Englanders make quite a distinction between the Pilgrims (Departists) who founded the Plymouth colony, and the Puritans, who founded the much larger and more prosperous Massachusetts Bay colony. In our time the Plymouth and the Bay colonies became merged. We think that Cape Cod is a paradise of sea, fresh water ponds, blue skies, tawny sand dunes and scrub pines.”

Surely a second Hawaii? This letter finishes—

“Now we are off to the shore to see if we can lay our hands on some clams—scarcer than hen’s teeth this season!”

If that is all that matters then most assuredly Cape Cod is a delightful place.

D.F.C.



Ranger Camp — Summer 1946



Guide Camp — Summer 1946

Overland through Africa

From Durban to Haifa—
What a long trek!
With so many changes
One felt quite a wreck!
But in spite of all this
We'd such fun on the way
That "good-bye" to our friends
We were sorry to say!

We left Durban on 5th May feeling sorry to leave the friends we had made, and the city that had become so dear to us. After a night in the train, we reached Johannesburg.

We decided to walk round the city. The shops were all large and modern and most had escalators. After lunch, we visited the Zoo, which is famous in the Union. The gardens were beautifully laid out and the animals were housed in camouflaged cages. In the evening we returned to the station and, after the usual hurry and excitement, boarded the train in which we were to travel for two nights and a day.

Early the next morning we reached Mafeking, the border town of the Union. The customs' officials boarded the train, and after going through our luggage, allowed the train and its passengers to go on their way to Rhodesia.

We arrived in Bulawayo on 8th May, and after breakfast, we decided to explore the town. The streets were wide and clean, and often lined with trees. There were few big shops but many small stores selling mixed goods. After our short visit to Bulawayo we left for Livingstone.

We awoke to the roar of the Victoria Falls. We dressed as quickly as possible and reached the window in time to see, in the mist of dawn, the foam of the Victoria Falls. The train rushed on, and soon we found ourselves in Livingstone. A car was waiting to take us to the hotel, where we were very cordially received.

As soon as we had settled in, I had a bath. It was lovely to feel clean again after travelling for so long in grimy trains.

We walked to the town and visited some of the numerous curio shops. After lunch, we

visited the museum. One room was solely devoted to David Livingstone, and contained his diary, and many other personal articles. On the second day we went to the Victoria Falls. The bus we boarded had a great reputation. On one occasion the driver stopped and backed to pick up a passenger, and on this trip he stopped to receive a letter to post!

We alighted from the bus on the banks of the Zambesi, and after a short walk reached the Falls. We saw a hut and, thinking to rest, we entered. In a few moments several natives appeared and offered to take us in a truck car to see the Devil's Cataract. After we had bought our tickets, they pushed us down a slope, past the rainbow forest, to the Devils' Cataract. Here a statue of David Livingstone overlooks the Falls. This cataract is more gradual and rocky than the main falls, and the sight of those terrible, pointed rocks and the rushing torrent made us tremble.

Late that evening, we left Rhodesia for the Belgian Congo. We arrived at Elizabethville on 12th May. By 8 a.m. the heat was overpowering, and at almost every corner were tables and chairs, shaded by gay sun-blinds, where one could partake of some refreshing lemonade. The prices of goods here amazed us, and a short "all well" cable cost us the equivalent of thirty shillings.

From Elizabethville we journeyed to Bukama where we boarded a paddle steamer. As we made our way slowly up the Congo, we passed many native villages, the inhabitants lining the shore to greet us. When darkness fell we saw many crocodiles and hippopotami by the lights of the ship.

On we went to Kabals, then to Albertville on Lake Tanganyika. It took us a night to cross the lake. On reaching Kigoma, we motored out to see the memorable spot at Ujiji where Stanley met Livingstone. There is a plaque to show the spot, under the mango tree, where they met, and nearby is the mud hut in which they stayed with their companions.

From Kigoma we journeyed by rail to Tabora where we stayed for three days. We went by car to see the Boys' College which

is a very modern building, and the Law Courts which were surrounded by a high wall.

On we travelled to Mwanza where we boarded the Lake Victoria steamer and after stopping at several native villages, we reached Kisumu. While there we remembered the great, South African General, Dan Piennar whose untimely death so profoundly shocked the people of South Africa. The native bazaars here had some very intricate beadwork on show.

Our next experience was a rather uncomfortable one. As we ascended by rail to 5,000 ft., after the heat we had been enduring, the sudden cold almost froze us. However, it was not long before we descended to Nairobi, a town with wide streets, large shops, beautiful buildings and good cinemas. Here we stayed for six weeks in a very modern hotel where we made many friends. We motored out to see the interesting places in the district such as the Ngong Hills, the coffee plantations, and the summits of Mt. Kilimanjaro and Mt. Kenya.

Leaving Nairobi we went by rail to Butiaba, then joined a steamer for Nimule. Here there were cars awaiting our party and we drove on to Juba. Delayed a week here because of navigational difficulties on the Nile, we were really glad to continue our journey to Kosti.

As the ship twisted and turned along the winding river we saw many elephants, water-buck, crocodiles and hippo's.

At Kosti, we boarded a train for Khartoum and soon were speeding over the flooded cotton fields.

Here we were delayed another week but enjoyed every minute of our stay. The hotel was the acme of comfort and luxury, and there are so many historical events associated with Khartoum, that the time passed all too quickly. We became familiar with all the dusty streets along which rattled native trams from Omdurman, laden with shouting Arabs. One evening we visited the native "suk" at Omdurman, and admired the fine work in leather, ivory and silver which we saw. We visited the monument built to commemorate the Charge of Omdurman in which Winston Churchill took part and was nearly killed.

From Khartoum, we went by rail to Wadi Halfa through the stifling heat of the desert. Here we boarded the steamer for Aswan. In the distance we saw the great Aswan Dam and visited the ruins of an ancient temple.

We were now reaching the last lap of our long journey. We travelled to Cairo passing Luxor and other places of interest en route.

During our three-day stay in Cairo we visited the Sphinx, the Pyramids and many of the palaces and temples of the Moslems, also the Abdin Palace, the home of King Farouk.

Leaving Cairo on the evening of 7th August, we reached Haifa at mid-day on the 8th, having taken exactly three months to travel the length of Africa, an experience which I shall always recall with the greatest pleasure.

MARGARET PULLAR (F III. A)



HIGHLAND CROFT

By Ian D. McIntosh

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Society of Scottish Artists in Edinburgh

Reports

Rugby Club Report

The outlook of the Rugby Club was indeed bright at the season's beginning. The last restrictions on travel were gone and therefore the fixture list was wider than six years of war had permitted. The fresh restart was fittingly marked by coats of new paint on the goal-posts.

The 1st XV. started off very well, winning its first three matches. The second of these was one especially commendable win over the F.P.s. The third, however, against the F.P. 2nd XV., was a dearly bought victory. While swerving with the ball, our stand-off displaced a cartilage and has since undergone an operation for its removal. He will be unable to play again until next year. At that time also we hope for the return of his fellow half-back whose left arm is at the moment in a plaster cast.

These injuries caused much re-arrangement in the teams, and failure in subsequent games can partly be attributed to this. The 2nd and 3rd XV.s have been better favoured and have won the greater number of their games.

Because it is impossible to get colours jerseys, the school teams will play throughout the season in all-blue strips. Old gold stockings have been procured for the 1st XV. and yellow ones for the 2nd.

Finally, we wish to express our gratitude to Mr McLaren, Mr Wood and the other members of staff who have coached our teams and acted as referees in our games throughout the season.

A.S.M.

Girls' Literary Society Report

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

President—Miss M. Martin
Vice-President—Miss M. Davidson.
Secretary—C. Wallace.
Assist. Secretary—E. Nicoll.
Treasurer—D. Duncan.
Artists—C. McIntosh.
 A. Buttars.

So far the Society has enjoyed two very successful meetings, which have been well attended by both senior and junior members.

A Hat Night, as usual, was the first meeting of the session. Since then we have enjoyed a lecture by Adam F. F. McClure, who accompanied the Lord Provost, Sir Garnet Wilson, and others to Orleans. He took for his subject, "A Visit to Orleans." This address proved most interesting.

The Society now looks forward with interest to lectures by Miss C. J. Bisset and Miss I. M. Barnet, and to the Musical Evening of the 18th December which will be an appropriate ending to the 1946 session.

C.L.W.

Rifle Club Report

At the Annual General Meeting of the Rifle Club on Friday, 20th of September, the following office-bearers were appointed :—

Hon. Presidents—Ian M. Bain, Esq.
 Thomas McLaren, Esq.

President—Thomas S. Halliday.

Vice-President—J. E. Stark.

Secretary—W. E. Stark

Assist. Secretary—Graham. Leddie

Treasurer—Roy Brown

Captain of Senior Shooting Team—Innes Duffus.

Captain of Junior Shooting Team—Ian Stark.

At the beginning of this season, our rifle teams have shown great promise. Practice is carried out every Monday and Friday, so far favourable results having been obtained. A postal match with Glasgow High School was arranged during September but, unfortunately, we were defeated by only three points.

Once again two teams were entered for the Colonel Mitchell Challenge Trophy. The Senior team included I. Duffus, H. Carlton, G. Leddie and W. Stark, and the Junior team, I. Stark, C. Grey, D. Bett and A. Whittet. We earnestly hope that we shall retain this trophy.

Once again we cannot forget the invaluable services of Mr Halliday and Mr Stark to whom we offer our most profound thanks.

W.E.S.

Guide Report

Seven years ago the tents of the High School Guides were taken down and stowed away in the darkness of a world at War. Last summer they were brought out again into the sunlight of a world at Peace, and pitched at the foot of the moor beside Kirkmichael, where twenty-one guides occupied them for a most enjoyable week. The first post-war camp was a huge success and our grateful thanks are due to Captain Whytock, Lieut. Gray and Miss Coupar for making it so.

Four members of the company were present at Camperdown Park when it was opened by H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth in September of this year and enjoyed the experience very much.

A Guide Gala for all Dundee companies was held in the Public Baths on the evening of 11th October when the Company gained second place in the Senior Championship and, although unplaced in the Junior, succeeded in winning the Candle Race and the Relay.

The following were elected Patrol-Leaders for 1946-47 :—

Janey Dunn (Bantam).
 Helen Johnston (Robin).
 Elizabeth Tweedie (Blackbird).
 Yvonne Cassaday (Thrush).
 Anna Bell (Nightingale).
 Alison Hogg (Kingfisher).
 Winifred Carrie (Bluetit).
 Sheila Kellie (Swallow).

We take this opportunity of thanking Captain Whytock and Lieut. Gray for their untiring interest and assistance in the work of the Company.

I. M. A. FERGUSON.

Hockey Report

This year the 1st XI. has a very full fixture list. We are fortunate in having six of last year's team back with us, and results show that we may hope for a very successful season. The 2nd XI. has not been so fortunate but already shows a marked improvement at practices.

Result of matches played :—

1st XI.	F.	A.	2nd XI.	F.	A.
Lawsie (H)	6	0	Bell-Baxter (H)	2	3
Harris (H)	6	0	Morgan (A)		
Blaigowrie (H)	8	0			
Bell-Baxter (A)	5	7			

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Whytock, Miss Spreull and other members of the staff for their ever ready assistance at practices and matches.

A. E. H.

Ranger Report

In September, eight recruits from F.IV. joined the company, so we were divided into three patrols with Lena MacBean, Sheila Allan and Aileen Marshall as leaders. Sheila Allan was appointed company treasurer.

The whole company was invited to be present at the opening of Camperdown Park since we are the only Ranger Company in Dundee.

During October a Guide Swimming Gala was held, at which our team took third place. We offer our congratulations to those who represented the company.

One of our meetings was spent at the Fire Station where we were shown different types of extinguishers and the apparatus used in fire fighting. Most of the company were present at the mixed meeting in the Sea-Cadet Hall at which we were asked to provide one item for the camp-fire.

Twelve of the company are to act as ushers and take the collection at a service to be held in the Caird Hall.

We look forward to as interesting a programme for the rest of the year as we have had this term.

L. McB.

Cadet Report

Throughout the term the standard of efficiency and general smartness has remained high. There has been a very welcome influx of recruits into the Junior Company, and so many were there of them that at first it was doubtful if we could furnish them all with uniforms, but thanks to the unceasing efforts of Lieut. Stark this feat was accomplished. The company has been issued with the service web belt, which adds greatly to the appearance of the company on parade. We are very grateful to the War Department for the new issue of S.M.L.E.'s which the company recently received.

Owing to the number of N.C.O.'s who left the company last year, there was a large promotion list this term, but all those promoted have adapted themselves well to their new responsibilities and we cease to miss the good men we lost.

The training this term has been of a different nature. We have continued to do foot and arms drill, much to the

interest of the passers-by in Euclid Crescent, but instead of doing infantry training, the boys have been encouraged to give lectures on various subjects dealing with the Navy, Army, and Air Force.

The entire Senior Company attended a Lecture, on "The Life of a P.O.W. in German Hands," given by Mr Gordon Robbie. This was made doubly interesting as Mr Robbie, who himself was a P.O.W. included some of his own experiences.

The Rifle Club has commenced to shoot matches again. Their first match, which they unfortunately lost by three points, was against Glasgow Academy. We wish them better luck next time and hope their season will be a good one.

The Band did the Company credit, when it headed the "Remembrance" Day Parade. We would like to take this opportunity to thank those F.P.'s who returned to help us out on this occasion.

The Company owes much to the members of staff who have given and continue to give time and energy in the interests of the unit.

C. S. M.

Boys' Literary Society

The Society, under the chairmanship of Mr Murray, with Mr Anderson as his assistant, has begun its year in a manner that augurs well for the future.

The meetings of the Society take place, as tradition demands, in the Science Lecture Room, at 6.30 on Friday evenings. We have already enjoyed several interesting evenings, and thoughts are now turned towards the Open Musical Evening to be held on 18th December, which it is hoped, will receive the support not only of the members of the Lit. but of the school in general.

On October 11th a debate, "That There are Ghosts," provided an excellent start to the term, the motion being defeated by a large majority. After a very interesting Hat Night, when many novel and topical subjects were discussed, the Society met, in conjunction with the Girls' Society, on Friday, 25th October, to hear a talk by Mr Adam McClure, M.A., about his recent visit to Orleans. Mr McClure illustrated his lecture with lantern slides and provided a large audience with a very enjoyable evening.

Forms I and II. have given the Society some very interesting addresses, and not a little amusement. The senior forms have a task in front of them if they are to maintain the high standard set by the younger members.

On Friday, 15th November, Mr Bruce, for long a staunch supporter of our Society, gave his farewell address, his subject being "The Idea of a Poet." The following week the society met with the Girls' Lit. to hear a lecture by W. P. Vannet, Esq., entitled "Etchings." Mr Vannet illustrated his talk with some excellent slides and provided an evening's entertainment, coupled with much interesting instruction.

The attendance has been, so far, higher than usual and most encouraging, and it is to be hoped that it will be further increased by greater support from the senior classes.

H.I.C.

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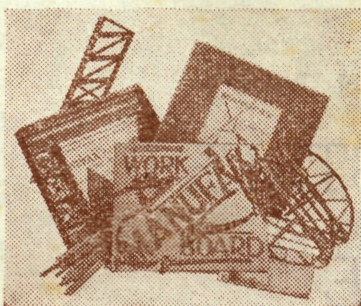
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