

THE DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. 100

DECEMBER 1947

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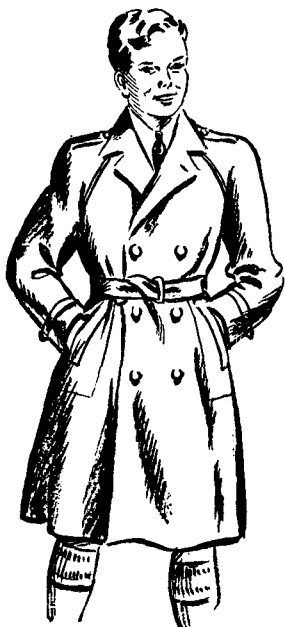
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The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

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[SIXPENCE

Editorial

Of the main function of the Editorial, let me confess, we have no very clear idea.

Should it attempt, in some way, to vitalize events which might be recorded more formally under "School News"? It is certainly in the editorial tradition of the Magazine to do this. Did not the demolition of the school water-tank fill several editors' columns with comments and their hearts with delight? It is, we hope, significant that the work we have now to report is one of construction. There are being built along the West side of the Boys' School two huts for the accommodation of classes. The noisy stage of their erection is now over—a stage during which worthy opposition was at times offered even to Mr Howat's not inconsiderable vocal powers. Of more personal interest to pupils is the revival of the regulation that girls are to wear school-hats; boys school-ties. By this enforcing of our "Act of Uniformity" the ties at which one used to shudder, those nightmares of orientalism run wild, are banished, and their places taken by the more dignified "black and gold."

It may be that the Editorial's function is hortative; it has been so, sometimes, in the past. Former Pupils, then, we would especially urge to contribute more to the pages of subsequent Magazines. Their articles are valuable, not only because their experiences are often widely removed from any within the range of school-boy or school-girl life, but also for a less obvious, more subtle reason. By seeing the contribution of an F.P. side by side with that of one of his contemporaries, a pupil, gaining a new realization of the real scope of the School

Magazine, comes to give a wider meaning to the word "School" itself. The School, he sees, is not merely the 800 pupils who to-day occupy the desks, stools or benches in the class-rooms, but all too who look back, from manhood to womanhood, upon these rooms with happy smiles or perhaps half-wistful sighs of remembrance.

The Editor ought, it has been said by others, to try to give some corporal form, as it were, to the spirit of our school life to-day, to try to distinguish its innate character. This task we must decline to undertake in these columns. Development of character we could not trace, as our years at school have been few; even the very comprehension of this spirit is difficult for one who cannot view it altogether objectively. At best we could give, in the space, but in unconvincing generalisation, and youth, as all the world knows, is wary of generalisation!

Or perhaps the Editorial is merely a convenient opportunity for the translation into words of the buzzings of some bee in the editorial bonnet, or—and this turn of phrase accords, we feel, better with our dignity—the expression of some sentiment. We mention, therefore, the importance we attach to the recognition of their place in education of certain things other than those in the strictest sense scholastic. Of these the past, or rather passing term affords good examples. Pupils have attended performances by the Anglo-Polish Ballet Company, the Karl Dolmetsch Trio and Repertory Company in "The Taming of the Shrew." Some have been present at lectures of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society and those of the Overseas

League. It is, we suggest, a good thing that say "Les Sylphides" should be acknowledged not merely a part of "general" culture but as an integral part of that culture which should be implicate in the aims of school education. The School cannot take upon itself the duties of complete nurture and guidance in all culture and mental growth; but, by recognising the place due to such activities as those mentioned, it can make clear the wider conception of education.

Whatever is its main function—if it has one—the Editorial never fails to pay welcome to new members of the staff. We express the wish, on behalf of the School, that those who have joined us this term, Miss Cruickshank, Miss MacDonnell, Miss Mann and Mr Ferguson, may enjoy and benefit from the years they are to spend with us.

One other wish we must express—the wish that to all our readers the Magazine may be as an added pleasure to the happiness of Christmas-tide.

SCHOOL NEWS

It was with deep regret that we heard of the passing of Miss Duthie. Our appreciation is given in this Magazine.

We note with pleasure the recent marriage of Mr E. Treasure, and we wish him every happiness.

We must again thank the Old Girls' Club for their gift of books for the Junior Library.

The Senior pupils now seem to have settled down very well to the weekly Bible Period. Quite a number, in fact, assert that they enjoy the period, a state of affairs which it is pleasing to note.

Several pupils have been assisting the farmers with potato-lifting this year.

A few pupils from the school took part as collectors in a Flag Day for the Dundee-Orleans fellowship.

Mr Stark has been removed to the other side of the main entrance to the Boys' School. The new "box" or cubicle which has been erected in the corner Mr Stark used to occupy is to be the domain of the School Secretary.

Miss A. Duthie, L.L.A.

It is with deep regret that the many friends of Miss Annabella Duthie learned of her death after a brief illness.

For many years, Miss Duthie was a prominent member of the Staff of the School—an institution which she regarded with pride, affection and profound interest. In the years of her retirement nothing gave her greater pleasure than talking about the School and its activities.

Miss Duthie, as head of the Girls' Preparatory Department, came in contact with pupils who were gaining their early experience of School life, and her insight into the child mind, and its peculiar problems, made her a teacher of sympathy and understanding. As such, she is remembered by her pupils. Possessed of a strong personality, an alert mind and originality of thought, she was always an interesting companion, and one cannot forget those flashes of humour which brightened many a discussion.

We cherish the memory of a loyal friend.

Guide Camp (July 1947)

"Beside the tents, beneath the trees,
Myriads of midges in the breeze."

And myriads of the tiny brutes there were too—giving us little peace in the daytime and even less during the night, when they crawled over our necks and faces, thoroughly pleased with themselves for having found such sweet and juicy victims as D.H.S. Guides. However, despite this winged menace, which was partly allayed with the aid of numerous tins of "Dimp," camp was a great success.

The first evening of drizzle was followed by successive days of unbroken sunshine, which passed only too quickly amid the business of fetching milk and water, collecting wood, walking, swimming and playing rounders, as well as entertaining our very welcome and numerous guests.

Everyone worked hard to ensure a grand camp, and no one more than Miss Whytock, Miss Coupar, Miss Gray, Miss Spruell, and Mrs Hammond, who can always be relied upon to give of their best; and in appreciation of whom we can, as usual, do no more than say, "Thank You!"

I.M.A.F.

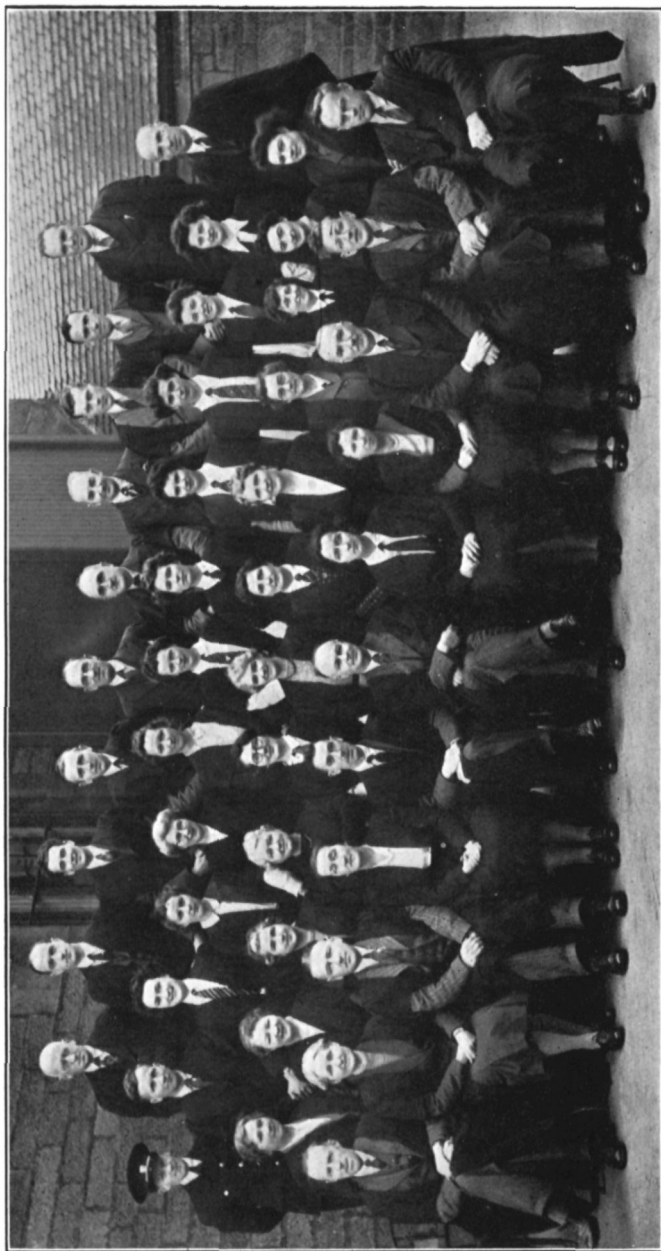


Photo by D. & W. Prophet

D.H.S. STAFF : 1946 - 1947

Guiders' Camp Song

High School Guides and Guiders too,
Found a site with a lovely view,
Pitched their tents in a big horse shoe,
Down in a glade where the birches grew.

Ha, ha, ha,
Hee, hee, hee,
Little black midge,
Don't we love thee.

When the Guides go down to wash in the stream,
They arm themselves with their "dimp" cream,
The midges laugh and eat their fill,
And we scratch on with a right good will.

The Guides go in two's to the farm for water
And stay much longer than they ought'er,
Says Mrs Hammond, with a shout,
You've let my boiler fire go out.

The cooks crowd round the fire all day
Clad in aprons bright and gay,
And bring concoctions to the table,
Where all eat more than they are able.

And now we come to our good mess,
How much they do we'll let you guess !
With basin, pail, and scrubbing brush,
They're never done without a rush.

When from the fence a horn sounds,
The messengers run with leaps and bounds,
The camp, with tense excitement, goes pale,
The Cromarty post-mark tells its tale.

And now, with tears, we'll part tomorrow,
With lumps all over and sobs of sorrow,
Good luck to all who shared our fun,
And cheers for the holiday well begun.

Ranger Camp

Ranger Camp, 1947, although a small one was an immense success, and from the time the tents were pitched until the time they were struck everything went like clockwork. The weather clerk was very kind to us, and sometimes we would not have minded if he had sent an occasional shower.

Near the camp was a small loch where we boated. This exercise provided us with much amusement. Some of our number proved to be experienced oarswomen, but others did an admirable job in weeding the bottom of the loch in its shallow parts.

Our friends of former camps, the midges, were not so numerous this year but the few

that were about seemed to enjoy holding their meetings on our faces when we were asleep. This caused great alarm but had one result that it brought to the fore, once more, the D.H.S. Ranger ingenuity, which produced a plan whereby for the remainder of our stay we slept with wads of cotton wool in our ears. This spectacle gave vent to much laughter on the part of one or two sceptical comrades.

The camp gadgets deserve special mention for their originality. Sheila's conversion of a haystack tripod into a contrivance for holding all our toilet requisites was very clever and made us feel we were staying in a hotel instead of camping in the open.

Another fact, which added to our enjoyment, was the number of excursions we made. Among the places we visited were The Pass of Killiecrankie, Falls of Tummel, Queen's View, and Blair Athol Castle.

Before ending, I would like to say how very deeply indebted we are to Captain Mudie, for the care and trouble that she took over our fortnight's camp, but I feel that if she enjoyed it even half as much as we did she was amply repaid.

C.R.

The Carol Service

By the time this article appears in the Magazine our annual Carol Service, which "rounds off" the term, and gives a real "Christmassy" atmosphere to the beginning of the Christmas holidays, will be an event of pleasant memory, but, this year, it is branching into somewhat more ambitious lines than on previous years.

On the afternoon of Sunday, 21st December, we, along with parents, friends and others interested in the school, will repair to St. Mary's Parish Church to spend an hour in Carol Singing, interspersed with Bible readings, given by various gentlemen associated with the School—a Director (Mr A. Robertson), a Parent (Mr G. Hutton), The President of the Old Boys' Club (Mr A. Drummond), Mr Bain, and the Senior Prefect (C. Eldred). The Address, which is always much enjoyed, will be given as usual by our School Chaplain, Dr. Duncan. The Carols include several old favourites, in addition to carols in Latin, French and German, all of which are, at the moment, being most ardently practised throughout school.

H H C.

Rooks

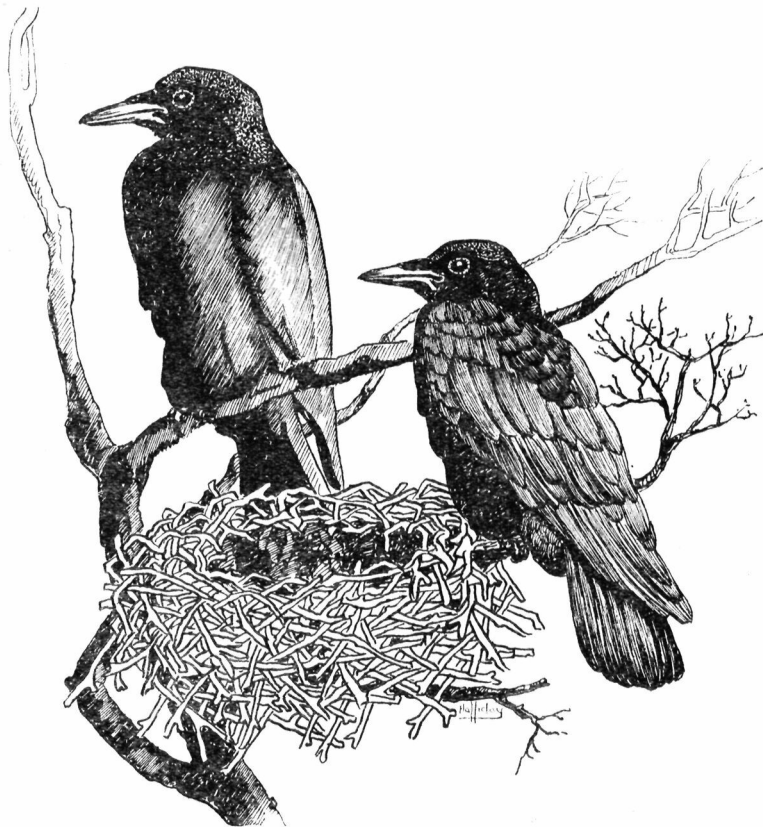
By T.S.H.

There is an old belief that the Rooks start to build on the first Sunday of March ; though they may not choose Sunday as the day to set up house, they do commence about the first week of March.

Once a Rookery is established it is used year after year, usually until the trees become unsafe or until the birds are driven out. It is a strange fact that Rooks seem to know when a tree is beginning to die long before it shows any outward sign of decay. A short time ago a farmer pointed to a gap in his garden wall through which a tree had crashed in a storm. "I should have felled it, the crows left it last spring," was his remark.

Rooks always build in colonies because of some inherent social instinct and possibly as a protection against enemies. They will not stand any individuality in the Rookery. A story is told of two young Rooks who crossed the road from the Rookery and began to build in a tree a short distance away. All went well at first but when the nest was almost half built, a number of birds flew over in the absence of the owners and tore their work to pieces. The two birds, however, began again but the nest was again destroyed. This continued for some time 'till at last the two rebels gave up and either returned to the Rookery or went elsewhere.

Should last year's nest survive the storms of the winter, it will be used over again after repairs have been effected. While building is in progress one pair of birds often steal material from other nests in the absence of the owners.



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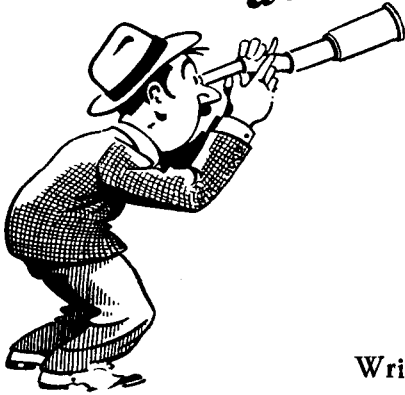
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If the thieves are caught in the act, great fighting and squabbling takes place, the whole colony often joining in the noise ; but there is generally more cawing than anything else.

Some Rooks lay a number of eggs, then go off and leave them. In a Rookery there are generally several nests of deserted eggs but I have never had any satisfactory explanation of this. The nest of the Rook is built of twigs woven together, the interior being lined with grass and leaves, wool or hair. While nest-building is in progress the Rooks return each evening to the winter's roosting place but towards the end of March, when egg-laying begins, the birds sleep beside the nests. The eggs, usually three to five in number, vary greatly in colour. In one nest the clutch may be white with black or brown spots, in another green or buff.

Rooks generally do a considerable amount of harm to crops. The young are fed entirely on grubs, wireworms and insects. It is while searching for these that the harm is done. The young crops are uprooted for the grubs or worms which may be feeding on them. While the destruction of these harmful grubs and insects is

undoubtedly of great benefit, I have still to meet the farmer who can look, with equanimity, on several yards of uprooted turnips.

Both parents share incubation and food collecting, though for several days after the young are hatched the mother does most of the feeding.

When all the young birds are able to fly the entire colony moves out, and either takes up residence in the winter's roosting wood or migrates to a more congenial countryside and the Rookery remains deserted until next spring.

On bright sunny days, in January and February, the Rooks often visit the remains of last year's nests. They fly around and make some noise but I do not think any building is started.

In winter, Rooks often gather together in one particular tree. In the border country these gatherings are known as "craws' kirks." I have often watched these "kirks" and have nearly always observed one Rook away on the topmost branch who seemed, in some way, to control the assembly.

The Practical Joker

I can see him now as he crouches there behind the door, waiting for someone to push it open, a jovial, stout fellow, his eyes dancing with anticipated delight—but there is no need to describe him ; everybody knows what the Practical Joker looks like.

He never hails you in a reasonable manner ; he announces his presence by creeping up behind you and flicking your ear with a merry peal of laughter. Somehow he contrives to be present at every party that is given. He is the person who "breaks the ice" by making you look an utter fool with his merry jests. In the hotel it is he who places an apple-core in the toe of your shoe while they are outside your bedroom door, and who sounds the dinner-gong at midnight. What a charming fellow !

But I do not try to conceal the fact that I could never quite enter into the spirit of the thing. I can still remember the bitter hatred I felt as a very small child when, as a huge joke, one of these comic fellows jumped on my newly-constructed sand-castle. It may be a most

amusing spectacle to watch a fat man hurtling down the stairs, having tripped over a carefully stretched string, but if it happened to me I fear I should not see the delightful humour of the thing. I feel certain that to sit down on a treacle-covered chair would provoke me to a fit of retaliation which could only culminate in reckless criminality.

In reality the practical joke is a survival of primitive humour. To the savage, the supreme idea of a joke was to push a man over a cliff and watch his body bounce in a ludicrous fashion off the rocks below. Civilization, however, has softened our sense of humour somewhat, and although it is still funny to see the skater fall through the ice, it is no longer funny if he is drowned.

The Practical Joker, with his tin-tacks and explosive "Havanahs" is a descendant of the primitive humorist. You can see the savage gleam in his eye as he waits for some unfortunate creature to give that door a push.

D. P. D.

The Royal Wedding

We, twelve Rangers and Cadets from different parts of Scotland, arrived in London about eleven on Wednesday night. We went from King's Cross, via tube, to Hyde Park Corner and walked from there to the Guide Hostel in Belgrave Square. After we had hot soup we were shown to our room. This was a large bedroom containing eleven beds with Vi-spring mattresses. We were very lucky, because the rest of the people in the Hostel were sleeping on camp beds!

We rose at half past six next morning, and immediately after breakfast, set out for Guide Headquarters. There we met English, Irish, Welsh and foreign Rangers, and when we had "fallen in," we set off for the Palace. We reached the place allotted to us about 8.45 and prepared for a long stand. The standing was not too tedious because there was so much to look at. We watched the thousands of people sitting or standing on the pavement, we watched the photographers and members of the press on the Victoria Monument, we watched the men with the television apparatus and we witnessed the thrilling spectacle of a man being chased round the lamp on one of the stone gateposts by two policemen.

Then the Guards arrived and took up their positions on the route. Shortly after this, the bridesmaids and foreign royalties began to arrive and the people began to brighten up.

Finally the Household Cavalry, resplendent in white trousers, black boots and red coats, trotted into view and formed up, right in front of the Palace gate at which we were standing. Some of the Household Cavalry left with the Queen and Princess Margaret, the rest waited to escort the bride.

At last the sound of hooves was heard, and the carriage rolled out the gate and we got our first glimpse of Princess Elizabeth; but, all too soon she was out of sight, and we had to wait patiently for her return.

While we were waiting we watched the St. John's Ambulance men remove the fainting cases, the camera men dashing off with their photos for the newspapers, and the people

who were standing on the roof of St. James' Palace. We also helped the time to pass by eating sandwiches and discussing the colourful sight we had just seen.

As the time for the return of the bride and bridegroom approached we could feel the rising excitement of the crowd. Then at last we heard the cheers of the crowd, further down the route, and then we were cheering too.

The Glass Coach came into view and we had an excellent view of the Princess. She saw us, standing on the pavement, and she smiled and waved, and then she touched her husband on the arm, and said something about us to him, and he looked and smiled too. The bridesmaids and the King and Queen soon followed and then the foreign royalties who were going to the reception.

And so it was all over, the moment, for which we had waited so long, was past, but our waiting had been well worth while, and it is a day which I will remember, with pleasure, all my life.

P.A.R.M. (F. VI.)

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Two Years Ago

I was interested to read in the daily press, a short time ago, that among holiday resorts Belgium ranked second in popularity this year, Switzerland leading, as was perhaps to be expected. My mind went back, to April 1945, when I went to Belgium, for the first time, and I wondered if Brussels seemed as gay, as luxurious, as wonderful, to this year's holiday-makers as it did to us then.

Brussels was a constant source of marvel in those days. Certainly she had suffered but little bomb damage, but the clean, bright streets and shady boulevards were so different from those of comparable cities in this country. The shops, too, were filled with delights—wonderful French perfumes, lace and attractive artificial jewellery, and other trifles, so that at first one did not notice the absence of so many necessities. One could buy beautiful Val St. Lambert crystal and hand-painted pottery in unlimited quantities—but there was little ordinary crockery and that very coarse. Ice-cream was in abundance—but there was milk only for those families with children. Their hand-made lace has made Bruges and Brussels famous, but the poor quality of ordinary clothing was appalling, and the prices exorbitant. People in this country speak grudgingly of the luxuries enjoyed by the Belgians, but I know that for many years there were few luxuries for the greater part of a cold and hungry nation.

Certain things stand out in my memory when I think of Belgium in these days. The little single-decked trams were a great source of amusement. The conductors did not seem to know the local equivalent of "full up," and if would-be passengers could get a foothold on the bottom step, that was sufficient. I have seen more agile passengers sitting on the roof, and small boys preferred the buffers between the two coaches to the more orthodox driver's platform. What our worthy transport officials would do, should such methods be tried in this country, I tremble to think!

It is possible to travel right across Belgium by tram. Many of the bigger towns are linked by tramways like miniature railways, with little stations as regular stopping places; and a nice leisurely way it is to see the pleasant, green countryside. There are few fences, bridges or walls in Belgium, but acres of ground, cultivated in strips, roll away as far as the eye can see; of mechanical agricultural implements, there were none—all had been commandeered by "les Boches." There were a few oxen, and

occasionally one saw a horse, but most of the work was done by hand and on bended knee.

Many more things I could write of—the wonderful Forêt de Soignes, the nationally owned forest on the Eastern side of Brussels—the open-air swimming pools, where we used to spend whole days in warm weather—the old opera house, with its huge, crystal chandelier, where the sum of five francs admitted one to "Paradis" to hear grand opera—perfume from the flower stalls on the Grand' Place—the processions of students shouting "Vive le Roi!"—and above all, the friendliness and cheerfulness of the small nation just rid of the weight of an overwhelming enemy, only to be almost equally overwhelmed by her friends.

November Evening Indoors! or, Home!

All is quiet and serene in the warm room. The kitten, exhausted after his game of chasing the ball, is curled up in front of the fire, fast asleep. The log fire burns cheerfully in the hearth, radiating a circle of warmth. The father is sitting in his big arm chair half-hidden by the evening paper. His glasses look very precarious perched on the end of his nose. Mother, concentrating on her darning is thinking, perhaps of the day past or maybe of the following day, and what she can give the family at meal times. The youngest member of the family is doing his home work on the couch. The silence is only punctuated by the ticking of the clock. Sometimes, one of the three occupants exchanges a word with another.

Outside the wind is softly sighing in the branches of the trees, which in summer give shade and in winter afford shelter to the stolid house on the hill. On the road, which runs past the house, vehicles are few and far between, for this house is off the regular beat of traffic.

Father rises from his seat, disturbing the quiet, as he goes to the wireless to catch the 9 o'clock news. The fire is dying down. The cat, feeling cold, wakes, stretches, and finally curls up again. The younger member, when he has finished his lessons, packs up and goes off to bed. The time ticks on, unheeded. The fire gets lower and lower. Finally it grows cold and dead. The two old people stir and exchange a word or two. They go out, the room is quiet again. Outside, only the wind is heard.

The whole world seems to sleep!

G. ROGER GILBERTSON, Form II.

November Resolutions

"I should like to conclude my lecture," an audible sigh of relief went round his audience as the famous professor paused dramatically, "With a parting injunction to the young people assembled here tonight." He beamed benevolently at the audience, his gaze exuding friendliness upon me—the only member of the group classed "youth" within sight. I sat up and listened intently. "Most children do their homework passively—they take no real interest in it. They are determined to hurry through it, and be able to play." I coloured, as this fitted my attitude to the extreme! "When a master forgets to give out homework on a subject, do the next section independently . . ."

I walked home that night in a very thoughtful mood. This was Tuesday, the eighteenth, three more days to Friday! I could try the scheme till then—if my work showed no improvement, I could drop it.

Unfortunately, I had arranged to go to a concert the following evening, and my good resolutions quailed. However, my misguided conscience prompted me to hand back my ticket.

The next night I sat at the table with my geography book propped up in front of me. I was already regretting my rather hasty action, because we had not been given any lessons at school and I could have had a completely free night to enjoy the concert. It was the first visit of ——— to Dundee, he was playing Mendelssohn, Bach and Handel. With an effort I returned to more practical matters. Suddenly the deep voice of the wireless announcer penetrated my thoughts.

"Princess Elizabeth's wedding to Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten . . ."

Slowly and painfully I realized that tomorrow, the Princess's Wedding, was a holiday!

E.H. (F. I.)



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A Curlew's Capture

The grey dawn of morning was breaking as a punt drifted through the reeds on a marsh towards the mudflats. On the mudflats were a number of widgeon, preening their feathers. In the punt were two men making directions, adjustments and setting the gun in the correct way. Just as they were going to take aim, a curlew gave an alarm. "Coorlee! Coorlee!" Off flew the widgeon. One of the men was so angry he aimed at the curlew. Unluckily, he winged the curlew. The other man thinking this a piece of cruelty, fetched the curlew and took it home. In a matter of time the wound healed.

The Curlew might have been killed had the man not bathed and dressed the wound properly. The curlew grew so tame that he would follow his master like a dog.

What a quaint sight!

LEANORE FULLERTON L. IV. GIRLS

Christmas in Iceland

Happy thoughts of Christmas filled the mind of a little Icelandic girl named Anna Sigga as she ran lightly over the snow, her snow-shoes making a strange sound as they pattered over the frozen ground.

In the distance Anna heard sleigh bells jingling merrily, and the swift-running dogs barking and yelping as they raced over the snow-bound regions towards the North.

"Down, Hulga!" commanded Anna as a small collie dog jumped up on her and licked her face. Hulga belonged to a farmer with whom Anna was well acquainted. Much as Anna would have liked to own a dog, she could not, as only farmers are allowed to keep dogs in Iceland.

As the dog followed her she hunted once more for a sprig of a pine tree, but one can seldom find a tree in Reykjavik or, for that matter, in any part of Iceland.

"Father, did you manage to buy a tree for Christmas, a small one, pine tree, I mean?"

Anna put this question to her father eagerly, but he shook his head gravely.

"Perhaps our luck will be in tomorrow, Anna," replied her father turning to Anna's mother to discuss some Christmas problem.

Anna's home was just outside Reykjavik, and as Anna stood at the door she thought of the

next day which was Christmas Eve, and of a Christmas Tree.

Next morning Anna woke up with a happy feeling.

"Anna! Anna!" called her mother, "come along, it is time to go to town to see the shops and to buy a Christmas Tree."

"I am coming," Anna replied, and hurried downstairs.

When the family arrived at the shopping centre of Reykjavik it was nearing 11.15 a.m. and Anna's mother hurried about buying and pricing goods until she arrived at a tiny sweet-shop. There in the window were sweets in boxes, Christmas Crackers, novelties and fancy Christmas Boxes, and, at the front, a row of tiny Christmas Trees, glistening with artificial snow and hung with little decorations and tiny glass balls.

"Oh!" exclaimed Anna in delight as her mother went into the shop and purchased one of them for Anna. She also bought sweets and twelve little people, mainly comprised of icing sugar and chocolate.

Soon after four o'clock they returned home to enjoy a night's sleep, and to awake to a day of surprises, joy and happiness with their tiny but highly-prized Christmas Tree.

MAIDA MACDONALD (L. IV.)

The Shipwreck

During my summer holidays I visited Whitley Bay which lies on the N.E. coast of England. Daddy who was with me decided we should see the beach. I was very surprised to see so many rocks. In the distance I saw a ship lying on the rocks. I wondered if there was any crew on board. Daddy said the Captain might try to refloat her at high tide. I left Whitley Bay, wondering if they would succeed.

D. WHITE (L. II.)

The Fairies

If I were a fairy,
I should dance and sing,
For I think a fairy,
Is a very happy thing.

Loving fairies of the night,
I can see by candle light,
All of you are very fair,
As you come flying through the air.

O. CARNEGIE (L. I.A. GIRLS)

Happy Christmas

The snowy winds are blowing cold
King Winter's on his way
The ancient tale will soon be told
On another Christmas Day.

* * * *

When young and old then gather round
The Christmas Tree so bright
Good cheer and happiness abound
To greet the Christmas Light.

F. STORRIE (L. IV.G.)

Autumn

Grim Winter's hints are thickly spread
Autumn gales are blowing,
The maple leaves are turning red,
Warmth-loving birds are going.

Though autumn leaves are falling fast
Little birds are waiting,
Every leaf must fall at last
Food for new creating.

E. A. MILLAR (L. IV.G.)

My Dog

My dog's name was Mac. He was a nice dog, but he never seemed to be at home, because he was always running away, but I always succeeded in getting him back.

One day he ran away when the gate had blown open, and I tried to get him back, but couldn't, and he has never returned since. I remember reading in the papers that after a whole year, a dog had come back to its master, but Mac was just a young dog.

A Party

I was invited to a party,
My brother, my sister, and me,
And all the other people too,
But my mother, not she.

When I was at the party,
My brother my sister and me,
And, when we sat down at the table
Oh! we had such a lovely tea.

But when the party ended,
And the people went away
I forgot to say thank you
So that was the end of the day.

HELEN DUNCAN (CLASS L. II.)

The Rain

The rain comes down from out the sky.
Do you ever stop to wonder why?
To wash the slates and clean the street,
And make the gardens fresh and sweet.
To help the farmers grow our food,
So we can grow up strong and good.
These are a few of the reasons why,
The rain comes down from out the sky.

D. J. WORANOFF (L. II. BOYS)

A Little Girl and Her Sister

I am a little girl,
And very fond of toys;
My sister is a big girl,
And very fond of boys.

My sister's fond of Ian,
A great big handsome boy;
But I just like my Teddy,
My great big cuddly toy.

Ian is a nice boy,
He takes Anne to a dance;
I stay at home with Teddy,
With him I have a chance.

"Fiona" (L. II.)

Last Morning at the Hostel

I was wakened partly by the early morning sun coursing over my pillow with unnecessary familiarity, and partly by the sharp patter of rain on the corrugated iron roof overhead. A peculiar combination, but in a Scottish glen anything might happen. I rolled over to look out of the window, and was startled by a loud rip. Oh well, it was the last time I should be using that sleeping bag for a while.

The scene outside was breath-taking in its beauty; the rugged hills with the white streaks of tiny burns cascading down their sides appeared to be cut out of black cardboard against the brilliant morning sky. On the other side, almost overhead, a thick black cloud hung low and threatening, spattering the smooth surface of the river below with its raindrops. The trees looked chastened but beautiful, and each separate blade of grass had its dew or rain-drop.

I was roused from my contemplation by a cheerful voice from the opposite bed prophesying that it would all soon pass. I said rather lamely that I hoped so, and we proceeded to get up, aching all over from our journey up Jock's Road on the previous day. Half an hour later



EXHIBITION OF NEEDLEWORK : JUNE 1947

we were struggling with the stove I felt a primitive desire to kick it, standing there as it was, so smugly, with a grin on its face (represented by the oven door) while we were absolutely famishing with hunger. On looking into the milk jug I received a horrid shock. We had carefully boiled that quart of milk the night before to be fresh for us in the morning, and here was the corpse of a large and loathsome moth floating about in it.

I was dispatched post-haste to the warden's cottage with a jug for some more. She was most profuse in her sympathies, and when I eventually got back the fire was burning, which proves what a long time I must have been. They never would tell me what it was they used to get that fire started, but to this day I suspect it was straw from one of the old paliasses which were "unfit for use."

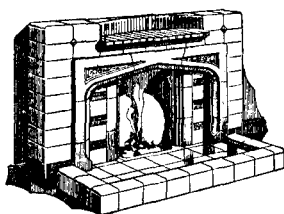
Two hours later we were ready for the road, with our cycles hung all over with bundles and packages tied insecurely with enormous quantities of string. Lunch packets were made up and somehow attached as well, and we decided that we would look rather like White Knights once

we got going. Amid a lot of laughter we rang our bells for a missing companion. She stuck her head out of the window, and informed us that we couldn't possibly go until the stove had been cleaned out, this being rule so-and-so of the S.Y.H.A. We groaned and trooped inside. Never was there brighter fire than the one in that stove; it looked like going on for an hour or more. I was all for pouring water on it, but the others thought that would hardly do. We swept out the hostel again, refolded all the blaukets, scrubbed the tables, made sure we had left nothing, cleaned all the pans again, wiped up the sink, broke some more pieces of the hostel to fill up the wood-shed, had a cobweb hunt, filled up the dust-bin, then gossiped to put in time.

It was 1 p.m. when we left the hostel in a state of extreme and unnatural tidiness. A "day charge" was exacted from us, but we were all in exceptionally good spirits as we set off for home. No doubt all veteran hostellers would have jeered at us, and not without reason. but it was our first experience, and we thoroughly enjoyed it.

A.L.C., V.

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Apt Quotations

Mr H—w—t : " Like thunder booming from afar, or like a lion roaring."

Miss McN—u—gh—on : "... and she had a little curl right in the middle of her forehead."

Mr T—e—s—re :

" At length they all to merry London came,
To merry London, my most kindly nurse,
That to me gave this life's first native source."

Miss L—c—l—y :

"Of clooth-making she hadde such an haunt,
She passed hem of Ypres and of Gaunt."

Mr G—ll—an :

"Then farewell Horace whom I hated so,
Not for thy faults, but mine."

Mr B—i—n :

"The Roman friend of Rome's least-mortal mind,
The friend of Tully."

GEMS FROM THE FORESTRY CAMP—

"That tree isn't looking so *spruce* ; it's *pining* away."

"It's not *larch* enough."

"You're right—it's *fir* too wee."

Tommy was a schoolboy :

Tommy wasn't bright.

Tommy went a-skating

Every other night.

Round the rink just like a bird

Tommy skimmed and sailed ;

But Tommy sat his leavings

And (fancy !) Tommy failed.

FRENCH—

" Sa mine intelligente."

M——— (*translating*) : " His minute intelligence."

Teacher (on Revival of Learning) : " When did scholars begin to study Latin and Greek again ? "

M——— (*sotto voce*) : " The week before the Leavings."

HISTORY—

" With all the money he collected Henry VII. filled up his coppers."

ORDEAL : If a man stayed on the top of a pond he was guilty ; if he was at the foot he was innocent ; the water was boiling.

COMMENTS ON THE 1ST XV.

(by W. Shakespeare).

" They say he made a good end "

—Hamlet : Act IV., Sc. 5

" . . . I saw him fumble."

—King Henry V. : Act II., Sc. 3

" . . . Oberon is passing "

Midsummer Night's Dream : Act III., Sc. 1

" I should kick "

—Comedy of Errors : Act III., Sc.

" Boot, boot "

—King Henry IV., part II. : Act V. Sc. 3

" Well, forward, forward "

Taming of the Shrew : Act IV., Scene 5

" 'Tis ten to one, this play can never please

All that are here."

—King Henry VIII., Epilogue

" . . . be argument for a week "

—King Henry IV., part I. : Act II., Sc. 2

A.H. McN , F.v

Music

Music is probably the most elusive of all the arts, and as such it is undoubtedly the most adaptable and the one most suited to complex self-expression. Music is in no way palpable: we can neither touch nor see it. When one looks at a sheet of music, the straggling symbols are apparently meaningless, and cannot be read as one reads any form of literature, although the experienced musician can, by recognising various familiar combinations of these symbols and by some indefinable ability to hear the chords and phrases as a whole in his mind without their actually being played, understand completely and appreciate the music before him, as if it were really being played to him.

Music falls into two classes, the classical and the subjective. Much misuse is made of the term "classical music" by people who use it vaguely to refer to all so-called "good" music. The classical period in music—by far the longer period—includes the polyphonic works of Bach, Handel, and Scarlatti, and also the works of Beethoven, Brahms, Mozart, Wagner, and Chopin. These composers, in their music, have taken some object or idea and have endeavoured through the music to convey the same object or

idea to our minds. The composers of the "subjective group" go a step further: they likewise take some object or idea, but they endeavour to inspire in us the same emotions as they themselves experienced when the object or idea was in their thoughts; and that is the essential difference between the two groups. To the "subjective group" belong the modernists, Debussy, Poulenc, Stravinsky, Liadow, and, in our own country, William Walton and Sir Arnold Bax.

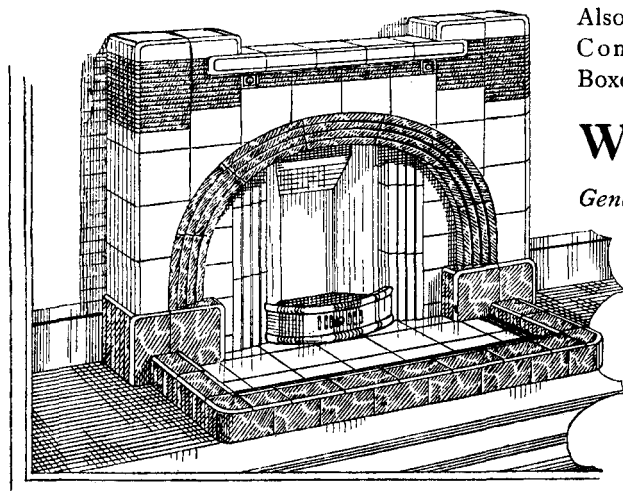
For any listener with average musical intelligence, the works of the composers of classical music should be easy to listen to and appreciate, even although he may not fully understand what the composer is trying to express. On the other hand, subjective music sounds like meaningless jargon to one who does not understand it completely, and who does not realise the composer's purpose. Only with this knowledge can one enjoy the bizarre harmonies and forceful discords of modern music.

One cannot, however, draw a distinction between the two groups, and say one has more merit than the other. Every composer has spoken in his own natural tongue, and being natural always brings some success.

E.G.M. (F.6)

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Cadet Camp

On the morning of Saturday, 28th of June, two boys rose, dressed in their cadet uniforms, and made their way to Dundee West Station. They were to form the guard in charge of kits. Accordingly when they reached the station they took their posts before the guard's van. One by one the others came, staggering up the platform bowed beneath their heavy kits. Some stayed and chatted for a few moments before making their way to school. Between times, to relieve the monotony, the 'vanguard' amused themselves by passing a ball to each other; here let us leave them.

Slowly the boys filled the back playground. The first to arrive had paced up and down wondering if he had come too late or if time had stopped. Here and there groups gathered—"What would camp be like?" "Nissen huts which leaked," "hard beds," "food!!!" Some began to fool around but some were too depressed. At the arrival of the first sergeant the playground became known as the parade square. The Armoury was opened and cadets were issued with rifles. The Sgt./Major then hurried us to the west gate, where puffing out his regimental chest, he called "Markers." To the onlooker there was a fine display of smartness as six cadets marched out to stand before the Sergeant Major. The Company then "formed up" and after "dressing" was handed over to Major Halliday. With the fine impressive figure of the Drum Major leading, the Company marched off to the tune of "Highland Laddie." By Barrack Street and Union Street crowds lined our route of march. West Station was thronged with parents and friends who had gathered to see us off. We climbed aboard the train, doors slammed, whistles blew, we moved off to a chorus of good-byes.

Soon Dundee was left behind and, as there were no corridors, we settled down to the rather dull journey to Perth.

In the Inverness train we had corridors where we could move about and play tricks on each other. The train drew out of the station and was soon, I suppose, passing through grand scenery, but everyone was now too excited to notice it. By one o'clock a comparative silence descended upon the train, our jaws were still moving but no sound issued forth; our mouths were too full. Haversacks had been stuffed with sandwiches—meat sandwiches, fish sand-

wiches, cheese sandwiches, fruit sandwiches, cakes, biscuits. The afternoon wore on and at last the meal was finished. One boy, whose ancestors must have been "Tailors," ate on. He ate other boys' cakes, sweets, cherries. We stared, we marvelled and still he ate. At last we relaxed.

The scenery was magnificent as the train sped by rolling mountains and past blue lochs sparkling in the sunlight. Then we saw the sea and Inverness.

The loading parties got busy transferring kits from the train to waiting trucks while platoons lined up ready to embark on the next stage of the journey.

Our last sight of Inverness was the Clachnacuddin Football Club Ground and here we said farewell to civilization. I was interested in the officer on the motor cycle. He dashed forward past the lorries on the most dangerous bends conceivable, waited and waved us past in order to repeat the process. He obviously desired to end his life. By and by the wind howled through the lorry and all the collars were turned up. I sank into a state of oblivion until we saw the houses of Cromarty. Was this our prison for a week? Not one shop was in sight and the streets were deserted. There was not a living soul. Then we started to climb. The slope was very long and it seemed that we were going to heaven without warning it ceased and we saw the huts of South Sutor Camp.

The good weather was now gone and the mist had come down. It curled round our legs as three Sgt.-Majors split us into two groups for billeting. We paid no attention to them. It was the mist that frightened us. It was on the hills threatening us, and when we saw our huts, there it was on our beds!

We sat down, lost souls in a wilderness. Soon we were shaken out of our torpor by the blowing of "Come to the cook-house door."

We went. Oh! we went. There at the cookhouse door we waited and when we went in two words on a black-board met us. They were "*Jodtospis Dnia*." We looked at the food, and again at the black-board. Slowly we moved onwards until we each received a diminutive portion of *Jodtospis*, then came the tea. A soldier was filling pint mugs until they were half-full. I looked at mine and said, "It's not much." He glowered at me and



SUMMER SNAPSHOTS : 1947

filled my cup to the brim, When tea was over we went to the N.A.A.F.I. We were served with a good meal and soon forgot the taste of our tea. Tea was the last bad meal we got. We had arrived ahead of time and the cooks had been rushed, but as we did not know this, gloom descended upon us. As on all first nights at camp "Lights out" was not followed by silence. Only gradually, as darkness fell, did our billets quieten, until at last the stillness was broken only by an occasional snore or the derisive hoot of an owl from the nearby wood.

Reveille sounded and we tumbled out of bed. While we were cleaning billets Lieutenant Howat came round, he asked my neighbour Cpl. Mottashaw if it was true that he played the organ. The answer was "Yes Sir." "Well you may have to play the organ in church." The Lance Corporal was horror struck.

Breakfast followed and although the notice "*Jodtospis Dnia*" was still there the food was well cooked and we fell in for Church Parade feeling much more cheerful. We marched along the country road as though we were taking part in a march past. The sky overhead was cloudless and the waters of the Firth sparkled blue. The mist which had depressed us so much on our arrival had vanished. As we entered Cromarty with our band playing, crowds came out of the houses to see us; we felt like a conquering army.

The Church was a small, unimpressive white building. As we filed into the pews Mottashaw tried to shrink out of sight but suddenly sat up when the organ began to play. One of the officers from camp was at the organ. The Padre entered and we saw a young man in military uniform who seemed fitter to lead a commando raid than to minister unto us.

After the service we formed up on the road in the brilliant sunshine and marched back to camp and to dinner. Dinner was followed by medical inspection. We formed up in a long queue and as our turn came we stripped to the waist then presented ourselves before an elderly, bespectacled gentlemen who turned us round and round, enquired after our health. After that the day was our own.

Space will not permit me to give a detailed account of our activities day by day but several incidents stand out. One was the excellent demonstration (on camouflage), given to us by the army. We nearly all failed to pick out

soldiers some of whom were only twenty-five yards away, even though they kept firing single shots at intervals. At the end of the demonstration the camouflaged soldiers were told to stand up. I shall never forget my surprise when I saw the root of a beech tree suddenly stand upright. The soldier had been fully exposed to our view all the time but he had blended so perfectly with his background that no one had been able to pick him out. In another place a bunch of rushes rose, and behold—a man!

Another incident happened at roll-call one night. The two Dorwards were missing and no one knew anything about them. Suddenly they appeared, out of breath, and marched up to Major Halliday who was looking very stern. Coming swiftly to attention they saluted and L/Cpl. Dorward reported "Sorry we are late, sir; we have been to Nigg and the boatman was drunk." The Dorwards were pardoned.

One afternoon we were allowed to fire a 4.7 inch gun and a Bofers gun. The noise was so terrific that we had to stuff our ears with cotton wool to avoid having our ear drums burst. Then there was our sports meeting which all Cromarty attended. The people of Cromarty put up two silver cups for competition between the cadets from Robert Gordon's College and ourselves. High School won one of the cups and Gordon's won the other. So both schools have left their names to shine in silver in Cromarty.

Now let me come to the evening of the Platoon Cup Competition. Throughout the whole of that day there was a tension in the Platoons. During the afternoon while some Platoons drilled, others polished equipment.

At last the time came. The Company formed up and with everyone at attention and the officers at the salute the Company Flag was unfurled while the pipe band played "Major McLaren." No. 5 started the ball rolling and put up an impressive show. The band came next and brought the whole camp out to see us. I don't know much about it but they made a great impression. Then came the juniors followed by No. 3. Last came No. 4 and they certainly made No. 5 feel anxious. When the adjudicating officer addressed us afterwards and told us the marks he said the only difference between No. 4 and No. 5 was a few question marks. He also said that he was sorry he did not feel himself to be an adequate judge of

piping and drumming but he had been most impressed both by the turn out and by the playing of the band.

On Saturday morning, our day of departure, we woke early after a somewhat disturbed night's rest. All was bustle until we found ourselves crowded into trucks. As we moved off the rain began to fall. This was the first rain since the night of our arrival. The trucks began to leak but our spirits were not damped and at the sight of Clachnacuddin Football Club we raised a cheer. The train was loaded in minutes and we settled down. Soon most of us were asleep. In a very short time, or so it seemed to us, we reached Perth. The train, however, was forty minutes late and there were only three minutes for us to catch the Dundee express. The Company doubled across the platforms and over the bridges, but there was no hope of getting the kits across in time. Eight of us were detailed to remain behind to bring them on with the next train. Transporting and loading left us busy until the train left. As we passed Invergowrie we were all thinking of the amount of food we were going to eat.

The train arrived in Dundee and we unloaded as quickly as possible and waited for the others to come to collect their kits. At last they were nearly all collected and Mr Bain arrived in his car for the remainder. I do not think it is out of place here to thank him. Shouldering my bag I went home, with the camp now a happy memory.

Sgt. J.

Golf Outing

On 14th June, the club held its Annual Golf Outing over Kirriemuir course.

It was encouraging to see such a fine attendance which included many of the younger Old Boys together with the ever-faithful. The best scores were: A. N. S. Smith, 75 (scratch); Frank Patterson 84-10 = 74. Tea was served in the Club House after the competition.

Later the golfers had an enjoyable social evening in the Airlie Arms Hotel, together with others of the Club, who had been visiting Cortachy.

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Visit to Paris and Orleans

Our great adventure began at 8 p.m. on the 1st July. We boarded the train with all the flurry of departure, but soon settled down fairly comfortably for the night. After the interminable journey we pulled into King's Cross where a waiting bus conveyed us to Victoria. There we experienced our first setback—the breakfast, which we had so eagerly anticipated, simply wasn't there. However, quite undaunted, we arrived at Newhaven before long, and passed without difficulty through the customs and on to the Cross-Channel Steamer.

It was a modern French boat, and, while waiting for it to leave, we walked about listening to the excited babble of French tongues. As we approached the French coast it became hotter and hotter and many were obliged to wear sun-glasses. The customs at this side proved a much more exhausting affair, although the French officials, listening to our feeble attempts at French, seemed to take pity on us, and let us through more readily than we had expected.

Then we toiled up the platform to the boat-train and, after heaving our ponderous cases through the carriage doorway, we clambered on to the abnormally high step and, somewhat dazed, sank gratefully on to the hard, rexine seats. Much to our amazement the train proceeded through the streets of Dieppe before it finally made its way into the peaceful "paysage." Now and again we caught a glimpse of high brick country houses surrounded by extensive vineyards, and on approaching Paris, there was an eager dash to the windows to catch the first glimpse of this famous city.

Mme. Peyrot met us at the station and led us to the buses which took us to our hotels. To our disappointment no supper was available for us—or so it appeared; after depositing our cases we were escorted to a delightful cafe nearby where we enjoyed French "cuisine" for the first time. On our return we all flopped thankfully into bed and had a good night's sleep—that is with the exception of E.B. At 4 a.m. she was awakened by a peculiar scraping sound under her bed. Armed with a pillow she switched on the bedlamp and shrank back in horror as the "thing" proceeded to tug at the sheets: now fully awake she realised it was only a mouse and grabbed at the bedside telephone. Eventually she contacted the "conciérge" and,

being unable to remember the French for "a mouse" on the spur of the moment, calmly informed him that there was a rat under her bed. There followed, we believe, quite a pleasant conversation with the "conciérge"!

We spent the next morning at the "Crédit Lyonnais"—the Paris Bank, and we were quite overwhelmed at the amount of paper money which we received for our cheques. Then we went by "Métro" (the underground) to the "Cité Universitaire" where we had all our meals except breakfast. A very amusing incident occurred here: there is a tradition that no person may enter the dining-hall wearing a hat. Miss F. sailed in gaily (as usual) with an attractive white hat on her head, whereupon all the students yelled and banged their spoons on the table. It was a few moments before Miss F. realised the significance of this, but "once bitten, twice shy."

Among the places we visited in Paris were Notre Dame, the Arc de Triomphe, Les Invalides and the Eiffel Tower. One night we took a leisurely stroll through the Tuileries Gardens, pausing, as we so often did on our excursions, at a small cafe for a "Jus de Fruit," an ice cream soda—or even a beer! In particular we shall never forget sauntering up the broad, tree-lined Champs Elysées, and gazing into the fashionable shops. We were all sorry to leave Paris, but it was not long before our spirits rose at the prospect of what lay ahead.

Orléans was finally reached at midnight on 6th July. In spite of being two hours late, we were heartily welcomed at the "Salle des Fêtes," where we were introduced to our hosts. It was here that we all went our separate ways.

We were certainly fortunate to be in Orléans on 14th July—that is, of course, the day of the National Fête. The whole town was decorated with flags and bunting; there was a procession of French forces, tanks and army trucks, all in full battle array. In the evening, there was a magnificent display of fireworks on the banks of the Loire, and many gathered to watch the tight-rope walker in the city square.

Orléans suffered a great deal from bombing, although it was gratifying to see that the magnificent Cathedral was only slightly damaged. Many of us attended the services there each Sunday.

A.T. returned to Paris for a few days, and

visited the Opera House which greatly impressed her. E.B. went by car to celebrate the fête at St. Benoît. D.D. nearly got drunk and disgraced us all! E.M. (whose capacity for beer was rather surprising) visited Chartres, Fontainebleau and Germigny-des-Prés.

Several trips by bus were organised. One day the whole deputation went to visit the castles at Chambord, Cheverny, and Blois. Some had a picnic at Mareau and bathed for hours in the river.

We were introduced to many relations and friends of the families with whom we stayed, their cordiality, like that of our hosts themselves, was matchless; indeed it was with great regret that we left Orléans, but we hope to return at some future date to those families with whom we have formed so sincere a friendship.

EDEA

Joint Evening Outing with the Old Girls' Club

On 10th September, Kirkmichael was visited by bus and both hotels were required to cater for the 64 members of both Clubs, who supported this function. Here, it is to be recorded, that the attendance of the female species was readier than

the male, but the balance was compensated by the sincere spirit of fellowship enjoyed. The policy of varying the type of re-union offered was happily justified by the fact, that both Summer and Autumn Outings were encouraged by different members, so that between these two events, some 120 members have had an opportunity of meeting, which only these outings provide. The Clubs were indebted to the committee members for their work of organising transport and making the appropriate catering arrangements under the guidance of Mr MacLaren, Vice-President.

Dundee High School Old Girls' Club

At the beginning of September a joint outing was arranged with the Old Boys' Club. This took the form of an evening drive to Kirkmichael. Two bus loads went, and though the weather was dull the company was gay. Excellent fare was provided at the two hotels.

In addition to our own re-union dinner, on 21st November, we are holding a joint dance with the Old Boys' Club, on 9th January 1948, in Kidd's Rooms, and hope for a large turn out.

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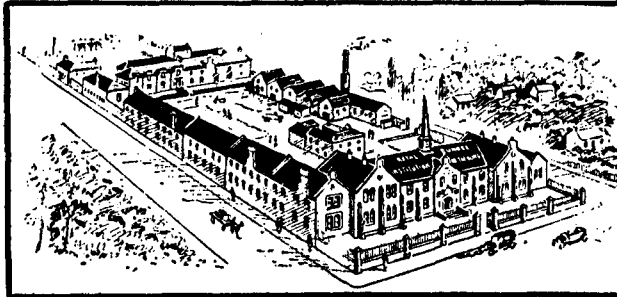
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D.H.S. Old Boys' Summer Outing

That the energy of the Outdoor Committee of the Old Boys' Club is being more fully appreciated by the members, was happily evidenced on the 14th June, when more than forty members, and friends, supported either the Annual Golf Competition over Kirriemuir golf course or visited Cortachy Castle grounds by kind permission of Lord Airlie. It was unfortunate, that the unavoidable postponement of the School Sports brought about a clashing of dates, for many were torn in sentiment and loyalty between the Outing and Dalnacraig. Much may have been due to the beauty and maturity of the gardens for their influence, but there was a sincere spirit of fellowship and re-union about, to which all who attended have since paid tribute. The Airlie Arms Hotel rose splendidly to the occasion of a high tea, after which some of the golfers joined the party. The whole Outing was an unqualified success and congratulations are due to Mr J. C. Anderson, C.A., Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, for his able arrangements and successful solution of the transport problem.

Annual General Meeting

The Seventeenth Annual General Meeting of the Old Boys' Club was held in the Royal Hotel, Dundee, on Friday, 10th October. The notice calling the Meeting was laid on the table and apologies for absence were intimated from Messrs. H. J. Carlton, Thos. McLaren, A. Purdon and R. G. Webster. Reference was made to the loss the Club had sustained in the deaths of W. P. Borland, A. W. Carlisle, Drs. W. Kinnear and D. D. Ritchie. The Treasurer submitted his report and statement on the accounts for the year, and these were unanimously passed and adopted. On the motion of the President, it was further agreed to increase Life Membership Subscription, from £3 3/- to £5 5/-. As they had only been in office since January, it was agreed to re-elect Mr A. S. Drummond as President, and Mr T. MacLaren as Vice-President. Mr Drummond paid tribute to the zeal of the committees and especially to the work of Mr J. S. Anderson, C.A., for his services as Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, whose re-election was accepted with acclamation. Mr Wm. Lawson C.A., was appointed Hon. Auditor, and it was agreed to record the Club's indebtedness to Messrs. Moody, Stuart and

Robertson for their past service. The following were elected to the Executive Committee: Messrs. A. Mudie, Aitken, A. Millar, R. F. Smith and T. Agnew.

The Chairman then informed the Meeting regarding the Stuart Trophy, and the steps that had been taken with regard to the School War Memorial. Suggestions were made as to the form Club activities might take in the ensuing year. The membership as at 31st July, was as follows: Life Members, 299; Ordinary Members, 294; Hon. Member, 1; total, 594. The Meeting closed with a vote of thanks to the Chairman when the formal business was followed by a Smoker, where every opportunity was taken to enjoy the re-union and fellowship which the Old Boys' Club possesses and provides to a unique degree.

The Dolmetsch Trio

On the afternoon of Tuesday, 11th November, many of the senior pupils and some teachers gathered in the Hall to hear a performance by the Karl Dolmetsch Trio.

First of all Mr Dolmetsch introduced us to many old-world instruments of various shapes and sizes, explained their structure and gave us demonstrations on each of them. By his interesting and lucid explanations Mr Dolmetsch showed how thoroughly he knows his subject, and as he played the different instruments in turn, it was clear he is as much a master of the rebec and the descant viol as he is of the recorder and the viola da gamba. Mr Dolmetsch expressed the hope that all those in the audience who could play the recorder would form a Recorder Band. Who knows? Perhaps that will be the highlight of some future Musical Evening!

With Mr Dolmetsch were Mrs Dolmetsch and Mr Joseph Saxby who played the harpsichord with an enviable dexterity which was particularly noticeable during his solo pieces. Many of us must have noticed, too, as the trio played together, that there is a certain shy beauty about old-world music which our more modern instruments fail to capture. How fresh and different those pieces by Bach, Handel, and Rameau sounded when played in their own natural setting.

Let us hope that the Dolmetsch Trio will once again return to the school in the not too distant future.

E.G.M.

Rome

To men of many generations Rome has been a name pregnant with meaning. To men, scattered in all parts of the known world, impressions and emotions have flowed from that one word.

The Romans looked upon Rome as their centre of government and culture; but more than any modern capital is to men to-day was it their home. Exile from Rome was the extinguishing of light; and joyful the triumphal return from war. In its public-life, in the forum or law-court, the Roman found expression for his thoughts, in its public games for his desire for amusement; even as in his service in the legions abroad he added glory to her name.

To the barbarians, and later to the Greeks, Rome's was a name which spelt (in Greek, literally), strength, and commanded fear. Roman efficiency became, for many years, invincible. Yet such was Roman genius, that to dread succeeded respect; for the mighty instrument of conquest was to become a vast organisation of orderly government. Complete, almost frightening efficiency, upheld by sound laws, made Rome the central power-station of an extensive system. Millions, then, looked to Rome, as to a strict, yet kindly guardian, who had brought peace to a great world.

Rome is gone. A city yet stands, capital of a state which has wandered much over the fields of politics, and still is uncertain of its course; a city yet stands, drawing the faith of a great church towards its believed sanctity; a city yet stands, guarding proudly a few last relics of an ancient capital; but Rome is really vanished into mist—the Rome of former centuries.

Vanished in outward form, indeed, yet in intangible traces, and even in visible form in her laws, something of Rome can never be lost. She saw few of the greatnesses which will make Athens immortal; yet breaths of her spirit have come forth, and will come forth, from generations to whom her name is but a name. What she did, how she did it—what she was in fact—are become part of civilisation.

Names to be added to List of D.H.S. Former Pupils who served during the War

Capt. Alex Y. Adam, R.A.M.C.
F.O. Margaret Amberton (nee Harvey), W.A.A.F.
Lt.-Col. James C. Anderson, O.B.E., R.A.M.C.
Cpl. Eric A. Ballantine, R.A.F.
Capt. Alex. S. Binnie, B.W. (R.H.R.)
Craftsman George M. Cameron, R.E.M.E.
1st Radio Officer Murray A. Chapman, M.N.
A.C. 2 Douglas Crawford, R.A.F.
Sgt. Ian C. Duff, R.A.F.
Bimbashi John S. R. Duncan, Sudan Defence Forces
Capt. James A. Farfor, R.A.M.C.
Major John Graham, Royal Gurkha Rifles
S/Sgt. Charles R. W. Gray, R.E.M.E.
Gnr. William A. Hayens, R.A.
M.S.S. David Jamieson, R.A.S.C.
Flt./Lieut. Douglas Keiller, R.A.F.
Major John Ker, R.A.M.C.
W/O. H. Denis W. Kidney, B.W. (R.H.R.)
Lt. (Q.O.) Charles J. Y. Lawson, R.N.V.R.
Sgt. W. Douglas Leslie, S.A.A.
T./Capt. James M. Row, R.A.
Sub/Lt. (A.) Donald R. McKay, R.N.V.R.—Killed July 1941
Capt. Duncan W. H. McKerchar, R.A.
Cpl. Ian L. McLagan, Commandos
Major Lawrence D. Mudie, R.A.
Trooper Douglas M. Muir, R.A.C.
Cpl. John Muirhead, B.W. (R.H.R.)
Senr. Chaplain Thomas J. T. Nicol, M.C., R.A.Ch.D.
Cpl. Charles Parker, R.A.S.C.
P.O. William B. Pattullo, R.A.F.—Killed Oct. 1940
L.A.C. James N. Phillips, R.A.F.
Coder Gordon Phin, R.N.
Flt./Lieut. Graham S. Ritchie, R.A.F.
S/A. D. Ivan Robertson, R.N.V.R.
Col. W. A. Robertson, C.B.E., M.C., R.A.M.C.—Died March 1942
Lt. John W. Ross, A.D.C.
W./S. Capt. Clement M. Scott, A.D.C.
Capt. J. Greig Sibbald, Paratroop Brigade
Major Thomas Sime, Royal Fusiliers and Pioneer Corps
Lt. R. Ogilvy Smith, R.A.S.C.
Capt. Ronald H. Stewart, B.W. (R.H.R.)
Col.-Sgt. David M. Stibbles, B.W. and R.I.F.
Gnr. J. W. Thomson, R.A.
Major Claude A. Tyndall, I.E.M.E.
Surge./Lt./Cmdr. H. Preston Watson, R.N.
Flt./Lieut. Winifred Watson (nee McNicoll), R.A.F.
L.A.C. James S. Weir, R.A.F.

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To Those about to Join the Old Boys' Club

DO IT NOW!

The annual deputation from the Old Boys' Club, consisting of A. S. Drummond, President, T. H. MacLaren, Vice-President, E. Larg, representing the Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, was received by the Rector and introduced to those about to leave school on Monday, 23rd June. Mr Bain commended the aims and objects of the Old Boys' Club to the sympathetic support of the pupils. The purpose of the visit was explained by Mr Drummond as follows: "Before such a gathering of those in whom there must be more than distinct possibilities, I hesitate, but only for a moment, to bring forward the name of George Bernard Shaw — who never attended the High School anyway!

He wrote, however, on page 49 of "Everybody's Political What's What?" for those of you who wish to check up on my statements, and also, in pleasant confirmation of the fact, that I consider this meeting so important as to require meticulous preparation on my part—Shaw states, '**Practical Men** know where they are, but not always whither we are going, whereas the **Thinkers**, who know whither we are going, do not always know where we are!' Everyone of you, in this room, is destined to be either a practical man or a thinker — doubtless a combination of both. Certain it is that Life today, is calling urgently for each type. Some of you have come through school with distinction in studies or sport, some have formed the standard or average, some have just come through. Let us realise, as **practical men** where we are — everyone of us is a High School boy! In a few short days, you will all become Dundee High School Old Boys! I ask you, as **thinking men**, to know where you are going by joining the Old Boys' Club! The Club needs and wants you, just as much as you are going to need and want it, to keep in touch with those whom you know, and will learn to know even better, in the fellowship of the Club. Let it be said of our High School, that its greatest lesson was that we taught ourselves to know one another better.

Bernard Shaw also states — further down on page 49 — that it is always necessary to overstate a case startlingly to make people sit up and listen to it. I don't wish you to sit up and listen, I want you to get up and act **now** by joining the Old

Boys' Club. We are reviving, after the restriction of War-time, we now meet regularly and often, and in varied spheres to suit all tastes, and the Lion sits down with the Lamb — and the Rabbit! Against the doubtful wisdom of my presidency, has been set the positive asset of Mr MacLaren as our Vice-President. Not least among the joys we can offer, is the chance of hearing "Mac's" voice calling "Quiet, please!" and we wallow in the luxury of paying no attention. What other body of D.H.S. associations would dare do that?

Subscriptions are £3 3/- for life membership, for which all notices concerning the Club are sent you and all editions of the School Magazine; ordinary members, 5/- annually, and, until the age of 21, this is reduced to 2/6 per annum. Our Secretary is Mr J. C. Anderson, C.A., 11 Panmure Street. With a song in my heart, like a well-known Chancellor in one of the Democracies of Western Europe, and with a heart in my song, I implore, advise, suggest, and invite you to accord, an eternal vote of thanks to Dundee High School by joining your Old Boys' Club."

Mr Larg associated himself with what had been said, and referred to the School's part in local tradition. "The High School, as you all know, has held, for decades past, an unrivalled place in the history of our City. In the numerous documents, Lockit Books and stories written about old Dundee, mention is invariably made of its school in the meadows, which was then called the Dundee Public Seminary. Its foundation was laid when the burgess members of the City decided to build a new street, which was to be named in commemoration of the Electoral Reform Bill. Having been, therefore, a principal school of the City all these years, small wonder that many men, of distinction in affairs, and distinguished in business in the City, were educated within its four walls. So, later were their sons and their sons' sons! To-day, we still remain this important link with the City, and its professional activities and business houses. Many of you here are probably the second, third, or even the fourth generation to pass through the school, and it is up to everyone of you, who holds dear the pride of tradition in your school, not only to retain the privilege of friendships which she has so generously given you, but also to seek the opportunity of gaining, now that you are about to

leave, many new friends amongst the ranks of the Old Boys who left before you.

When I left school — and to clear any doubts in your minds, it was long after Reform Street became such an important thoroughfare — the Old Boys' Club had not been formed. After a few years of discussion, a number of Old Pupils and Masters decided to take the bull by the horn and bring their plans to the knowledge of all Old Boys. They felt that if the School was still to hold its place in our rapidly expanding City, then it was up to every scholar, present and past, to get together and strengthen the bonds. The project was received with great enthusiasm and the Old Boys' Club — so long talked of, became a fact.

Since its inception, and up to 1938, our Annual Dinner was always looked forward to by young and old alike. Old friends who had left the City, and many who had gone abroad, made a special effort to be present on these occasions and I am sure that, had the School not had an Old Boys' Club, many of these early friends would have passed out of our lives.

Mr Drummond has already told you what efforts the committee is making to bring about as many opportunities of meeting one another as can be arranged. Unfortunately, many of our younger members are still serving with the Forces, and no doubt quite a number of you here, in time, will serve also. In my opinion, I therefore think that that is all the stronger a reason why you should all become members of the Old Boys' Club, so that you can be kept in touch with the activities of both the School and the Club. It will enable you, most certainly, to pick up the threads more easily on your return. You have been given a few lines of Bernard Shaw, let me conclude with a similar quotation by D. S. Jordan. 'Wisdom is knowing what to do. Skill is knowing how to do it. Virtue is doing it.' Let your virtue be joining the Old Boys' Club !'

Mr MacLaren, as Vice-President, endorsed the appeals and stressed, that in years to come, those present would look back with solid satisfaction upon their School memories and would enhance them by active association with the Old Boys' Club.

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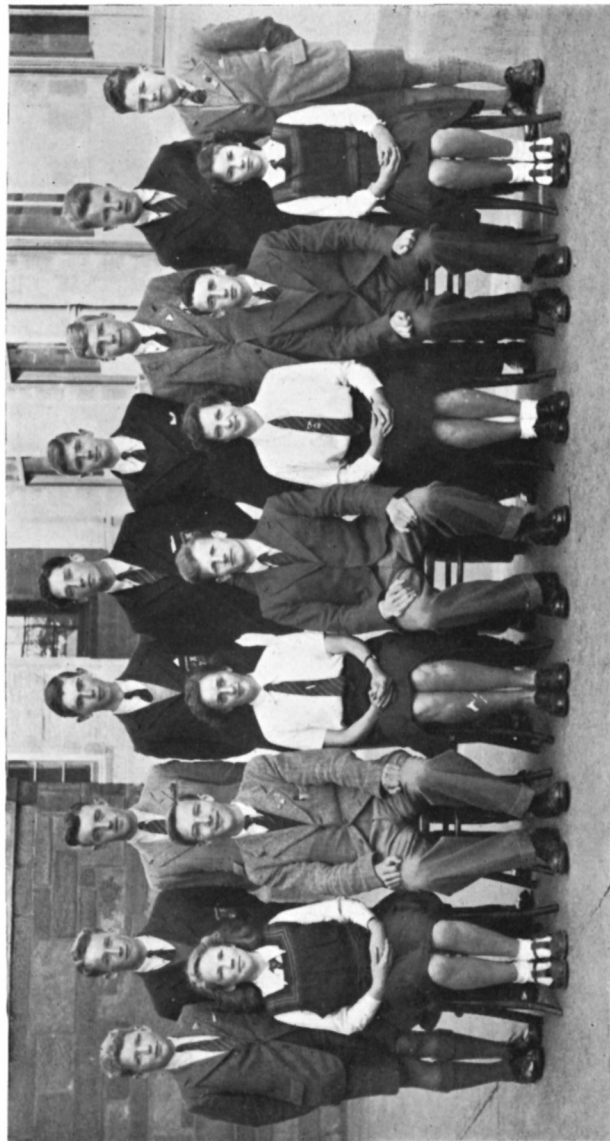
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Back Row (left to right)—Peter J. R. Miller (*Junior Championship Cup—Swimming*); William E. Stark (*Urquhart Cup—Champion Shot*); Thomas L. Buttars (*Ballgall Gold Medal—Dux Gym*); A. Graeme Robertson (*Pirie H'cap Cup—Golf*); Forbes W. Caird (*Boase Medal—Golf*); Kenneth I. M. Hogg (*Loveridge Cup—Mile Race*); Michael J. R. Miller (*Championship Trophy (equal)—Swimming*); Alan W. Lowden (*Aystree Cup—Junior Champion Athlete*); Charles T. Keracher (*Oakley Cup—Best Shot under 14*).

Front Row (left to right)—Daphne M. Powrie (*Junior Championship Cup—Swimming*); Francis M. Ripley (*Harold Martin Rose Bowl—Champion Athlete of Middle School*); Doreen W. Duncan (*Championship Cup—Tennis*); Sydney Hynd (*Airlie—Champion Athlete*); Pamela M. Halley (*Championship Cup—Swimming*); James Knight (*Championship Trophy (equal)—Swimming*); Avril W. Donaldson (*Junior Championship Cup—Tennis*).

Reports

Ranger Report

The Ranger Company resumed its meetings on Friday, 7th November with a total of seven very enthusiastic recruits. Of them special congratulations go to Norma Millar who has gained her guide First Class.

At our first Ranger meeting we decided to discontinue the Patrol system and Patricia Millar was elected company treasurer. We also hope to invite a party of Rangers from Orleans to camp with us in July during the week of the Ranger Rally.

H. N. S.

Cadet Report

During the summer the cadet company held a most successful camp at Cromarty. The weather throughout the week was excellent and all cadets benefited greatly both by training and outdoor activities.

On the 10th of November a hearty welcome was extended to our new Hon. Colonel Robertson and to our new cadet Convener Mr Chrystal. On this occasion, Colonel Robertson inspected the company and Mr Chrystal presented the camp badges. The Colonel commented upon the general smartness and efficiency of the company.

This term the company has attended two lectures, one given by Lt. George Linton, an F.P. of the school, and the other by the Rev. Charles Gibson. Lt. Linton's lecture dealt with the training of army snipers and he gave us an account of his training at the sniping school. The Rev. Charles Gibson related to us his experiences as a P.O.W. in Japanese hands. His lecture was illustrated by the display of souvenirs which were of great interest to the company. The company also attended a film show given by the Army Crown Film Unit.

The cadets acknowledge the work of the officers in their unceasing efforts for the benefit of the company. In conclusion it is appropriate to extend a hearty welcome to Mr C. R. Anderson as a new company officer.

C. S. M.

Guide Report

The junior and senior Guide Sports were held at Dalnacraig in June, unfortunately it was raining but the junior guides gained second place in the junior championship and the senior guides were first equal in the senior championship.

The second post-war camp was held at Glenesk in the first week of July and met with great success. The weather was good and everyone enjoyed themselves. There were many distinguished guests including Mr and Mrs Bain, Mr and Mrs Robertson and Major Larg. Our grateful thanks are due to Captain Whytock, Lieutenant Gray, Miss Spruell, Mrs Hammond and Miss Coupar for making it a huge success; also to Mr Robertson and Major Larg for their refreshing gift of ice cream.

The news that Frances Donaldson and ex-guide Norma Millar have attained their first class caused great excitement in the company.

A change of headgear is expected in the near future. The present hats are to be exchanged for berets.

The following were elected Patrol Leaders for session 1947-48.

Frances Donaldson (Blackbird)
Sheena Gibb (Nightingale)
Sheila Gillies (Bantam)
Iseabel Henderson (Robin)
Beatrice Murray (Skylark)
Irene Whitton (Thrush)

The company has met regularly during the term and second and first class have been going on.

We take this opportunity to thank Captain Whytock, Lieutenant Gray, Miss Spruell, Mrs Hammond and Miss Coupar for their untiring interest and help during the term.
I. H.

Boys' Literary Society Report

The Society has welcomed to its joint presidency for the session Mr Ferguson and Mr Stewart.

The attendances of last session have been fully maintained, and enthusiasm and interest are certainly in no way diminished. The eager participation of the younger members in the Society's activities is to be especially noted and commended.

The first meeting was held on 10th October, when Mr Stewart held members' interest by a graphic account of his experience of Radar. The following week, Rev. Harry Andrew, always a popular lecturer, gave in his lantern-lecture 'In the Wake of the War Canoe' a fine, and frequently humorous, account of life as he had known it in Alaska. "Stained Glass" was the subject chosen by Mr T. S. Halliday, D. A., F. R. S. A., for a joint meeting of the Boys' and Girls' Societies on the 24th. His lecture gave many a new appreciation of this form of art. The interest aroused by Forms V and VI Papers' on 7th November was clearly shown by the number of questions which the speakers were asked. The debate of the combined Societies on 14th November resulted in the carrying of the notion, "That the Popularity of Swing Music Denotes a Decline in the Intelligence of the Present Generation" by a large majority. The Hat Night, 21st November, provided the usual variety of questions and opinions.

We look forward to continued support for a balanced programme of lectures, debates and "special" evenings.
D. A. S.

Girls' Literary Society Report

Under the presidency of Miss M. Davidson, the Girls' Literary Society has held four meetings this session, which have been enthusiastically attended by both senior and junior members.

According to tradition, the first meeting was a Hat Night. At this meeting, some heated discussion took place with the younger members taking a whole-hearted part in it.

There were two meetings, attended by both Girls' and Boys' Societies. One was a lecture given by Mr T. S. Halliday on "Stained Glass." The other was a debate—"Classical Musical versus Jazz."

Form V. Class Night took place on 7th November, and, although I am a member of that class I think that the hilarity it caused, showed that it was enjoyed very much by members.

All members are looking forward to the Musical Evening at the end of term and I am sure that on this occasion as on former, the high standard of the Society will be maintained.

S. K. B.

Forestry Camp Report (1947)

During the summer holidays the senior pupils of the school had the chance to have a good holiday and put in some real hard work at the school forestry camp in Strathyre. We were billeted in the village hall and our operations extended up the hills on both sides of the valley. With only two rainy days in six weeks of glorious sunshine everyone became very brown. The work was quite interesting. It consisted chiefly of brashing, that is, cutting the lower branches off the young trees. Many of us became experts at this job.

The day started at 6.30 when we ventured out to wash in cold water and we usually started work at about 9. We finished work at 4 to 4.30 and returned to have a good meal. When lights out came at 10.30 we were quite prepared to sleep soundly. We could go for a swim in the river, and some of us went and swam in Loch Lubnaig, which also provided some fishing. The piano in the village hall received heavy treatment both from swing fans and the classical enthusiasts.

Our thanks must go to Mr Bain, Mr Marshall, Mr Vannet, Mr Anderson, Mr Wood and Mr Murray, all of whom very generously gave up part of their holidays to come and supervise our activities, and also to Mrs Vannet and Jean who provided us regularly with such quantities of food that at times we could not eat it all. Everyone agreed, when the time came to return home, that it had been a most enjoyable holiday.

C. E. E.

Hockey Report

The 1st XI. again has a full fixture list and this year anticipate seeing two international matches. We have five of last year's players with us, and although results have not been spectacular our co-operation as a team has improved and we hope for better results.

The 2nd XI is a promising team, and the junior XI's should provide good material for the future.

Results of Matches played :—

1st XI.		F	A
Arbroath High School (A)	- -	2	2
Madras Academy (A)	- -	3	3
Grove Academy (H)	- -	3	3
Morgan Academy (A)	- -	2	6
Perth Academy (A)	- -	1	1
Harris Academy (H)	- -	2	2
2nd XI.		F	A
Arbroath High School (A)	- -	3	2
Grove Academy (H)	- -	4	2
Morgan Academy (A)	- -	2	3
Perth Academy (A)	- -	2	3
Harris Academy (H)	- -	2	0

The Midlands are to have a Junior XI. for the first time since the war. Six of the 1st XI. have been selected to play at the trials on November 29th, at Dalnacraig. We wish them all success.

We take this opportunity of thanking Miss Whytock, Miss Spreull and other members of the staff for their encouragement and help at matches and practices.

A. M. T.

Rugby Club Report

This season's fixture lists for 1st, 2nd and 3rd XV.'s are very full and strenuous; this is particularly so in the case of the 1st XV. Many keen and hard fought games have been played and results are very gratifying.

To date the 1st XV. is undefeated while the 2nd and 3rd XV.'s have each lost one game. These successes are due, in large measure, to the keen enthusiasm of the players among whom competition for places in the XV.'s has been more marked than at any time since pre-war days.

Thanks are due to Mr McLaren and Mr Wood for their willing help and interest in coaching the XV.'s. Both have given freely of their time on which many extra calls were made at the beginning of the season when the emphasis was on training and team building. We are indebted to Messrs Wardlaw and Smart and other members of the Staff for their assistance in refereeing and supervising home and away games. To Mr Ford grateful thanks are also due for his kindness in refereeing our 1st XV. home matches.

The junior teams representing Forms I., II., III., and L.V. are doing very well and it is to be hoped that the successes of a season so well begun will continue.

Throughout the School there is a marked enthusiasm which it is hoped will be maintained throughout the season.

Results :—

1st XV.		F	A
Sept. 20	Aberdeen Grammar (H)	- -	3 0
" 27	Boroughmuir (H)	- -	3 0
Oct. 4	Royal High School (A)	- -	3 0
" 11	Robert Gordon's College (A)	- -	0 0
" 25	Hillhead (A)	- -	9 3
" 29	U.C.D. 2nd XV. (H)	- -	36 0
Nov. 8	Madras (H)	- -	33 3
" 15	Morgan Academy (A)	- -	6 0
" 22	Edinburgh Varsity 2nd XV. (A)	- -	8 5
2nd XV.		F	A
Sept. 20	Harris Academy 1st XV. (A)	- -	6 3
Oct. 11	Robert Gordon's (H)	- -	11 3
" 25	Morgan Academy (H)	- -	22 6
Nov. 8	Kelvinside Academy 1st XV. (H)	- -	8 12
" 15	Morgan Academy (H)	- -	12 0
" 22	Bellbaxter 1st XV. (H)	- -	28 0
3rd XV.		F	A
Sept. 20	Harris Academy (H)	- -	5 0
Oct. 4	Morgan Academy (A)	- -	8 8
" 11	Robert Gordons (H)	- -	8 9
" 25	Morgan Academy (A)	- -	13 6
Nov. 15	Madras College 2nd XV. (A)	- -	0 0
" 22	Bellbaxter 2nd XV. (A)	- -	9 8

D. M. J., Secretary

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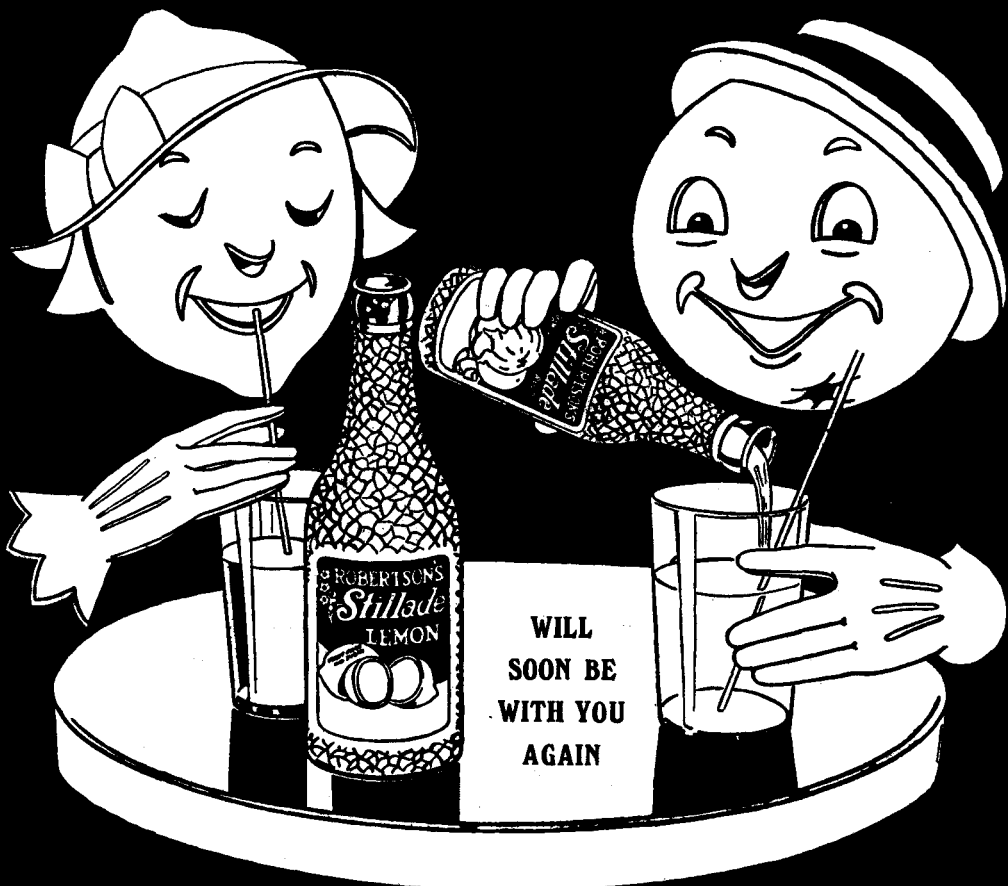
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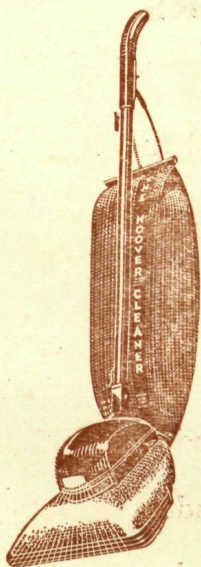
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