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# The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

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No. 102]

JUNE 1948

[SIXPENCE

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## Editorial

Every term, as surely as the School Magazine comes into being, it falls to the lot of some person to write an "Editorial." This "Editorial," quite unworthily, occupies the front page, and sometimes extends to the second. It is invariably an attempt to say, in different words, things that have been said a thousand times, and to arouse interest by telling news already stale. One reads it only when one has exhausted the more amusing, more novel, and more informative (in that order) portions of the magazine. Even then, one reads it hastily, with a prayer that it will be brief.

This "Editorial" does not pretend to be any different from the others. It is the usual commonplace attempt to fill the first page. In writing it, we do not hope for your interest, we do not expect your approval, we ask only for your toleration. If anything in it seems original, we beg you will consider it a mere slip of the pen; if anything appears amusing, we implore you to treat it as accidental. Now, to proceed with the functions of an "Editorial."

One is accustomed on this page, in the Summer Term, to read lukewarm congratulations to a very mediocre Form V. on achieving very moderate results in the "Leavings." This year we have a pleasanter, a more stirring task. We very sincerely offer Form V. the School's warm congratulations on some exceptionally good results, surpassing not only our expectations, but even our hopes. We rejoice in their success, almost as heartily as they themselves rejoice.

The staff seems, this term, to be sweeping along from one wave-crest to another of a spate of engagements, so much so, indeed, that we hear that Form IV. Boys are making fantastic bets on "Who'll be next?" and unmarried teachers are followed everywhere by glances expressing shrewd calculation. We convey, through this magazine, our very best wishes to those concerned.

We have proudly announced, term by term, the unsteady, if noisy, steps in the careers of these "spectacular triumphs of twentieth-century building development"—you have it—the huts. Last term we exultantly proclaimed their completion; next term we shall probably intimate their devastation by the elements; meanwhile we have another piece of news. Once again we have Railings! More than that, we have a GATE. True, the railings extend for only a few yards of our boundary, and the gate lies open because there is no point in shutting it. But what matter details like these?

Another year has passed in school, between play and work, a good deal of laughter and a few tears, some happy successes and perhaps some disappointments. Most of its members are looking forward to holidays and a new session. A few are going out, eager for the future, yet a little forlorn at losing the past, from the protection of the old grey building, the stately pillars and the well-known rooms. It is seldom that the school completely loses anyone, and not one can lose the memory of schooldays. So it goes on, with the familiar happenings

measuring out the years, like milestones measuring the distances of a long and happy road—magazines, prize-givings, breaking up and resuming, all taking their allotted parts in the pageant of the School's history. Then, through bad times and good times—but mostly good times—the Old School carries our earnest wish : " *Aeternum sis mansura.* "

### NOTES AND NEWS

Honour has once again come to D.H.S. and this time it comes via the Ranger Company, one of whose members, Anne Thomson, has gained one of the two Juliette Low Scholarships awarded to Britain. These awards are made from the Juliette Low World Friendship Fund, created in memory of the founder of Girl Scouting in U.S.A. as a contribution towards world peace and goodwill.

Anne had first to face a selection board in Edinburgh, where she was chosen from seven Scottish candidates. Then she had a test weekend near London, along with two English, one Welsh and one Ulster Ranger, from whom the final selection of the two British representatives was made. Again Anne emerged triumphant, after surmounting various difficulties which included punting a boat-load of guides across a lake during a treasure hunt.

She and the Ulster Ranger will spend three weeks this summer at the Guide International Chalet, at Adelboden, in Switzerland, along with representatives similarly chosen from about sixteen other countries.

### Mr Ferguson

Mr Ferguson is leaving us, after all too short a stay, to become principal English teacher in Methodist College, Belfast. We wish we could have kept him longer, for he has fitted admirably into the work and life of D.H.S. We have come to know him well and to appreciate his sterling qualities as a man and as a teacher : he, it may be, has learned something from his experience among us, for, whatever our faults, we are a happy and friendly school and where we take we can also give generously.

Coming to us straight from Training College, but with a splendid academic record, he was assigned, for a young teacher, a formidable task—sent in to bat on a rather sticky wicket. But he has played like a veteran and has proved an excellent team-mate.

A brilliant scholar without a trace of pedantry, of powerful intellect but no false pride, holding opinion strongly but without arrogance, rich in kindly humour and in wide human sympathy—such is John Ferguson as we have come to know him.

And while we say goodbye with much regret we find pleasure in his rapid promotion and wish him all happiness and success in his new appointment.

### Miss Davidson

In the Art Department we view Miss Davidson's departure with mixed feelings. During the three years she has been with us she has shown, by her personality and by the high standard of her work, that we are to lose an outstanding member of the staff.

In spite of our loss, however, our best wishes go with Miss Davidson into her new home and into her married life.

### Mrs Todd

Mrs Todd—or Miss Moira Martin, as we still think of her—was no stranger to Dundee High School when she joined the staff four years ago—for she was returning to the school where she had been a pupil. The years which she has spent as a member of the staff have been happy and full of activity—for she has entered fully into all branches of school life, and we remember her work for the Girls' Literary Society and the Junior Girls' Swimming Club. Her little pupils must think gratefully of the hours she has spent encouraging their efforts at the Swimming Baths—and recently—at the time of her wedding—their interest and enthusiasm were ample proof of the affection which they felt for her.

But her activities were not confined solely to school, for as an officer in the Girls' Training Corps she gave much valuable service to the members of her company.

Now as she prepares to leave familiar surroundings and to enter a new stage of her life, the thoughts of her friends will go with her as she journeys to her new home in Victoria, Seychelles.

We hope that the years which lie ahead will hold much happiness for her and her husband—and we look forward to meeting her again when she returns to her native land.

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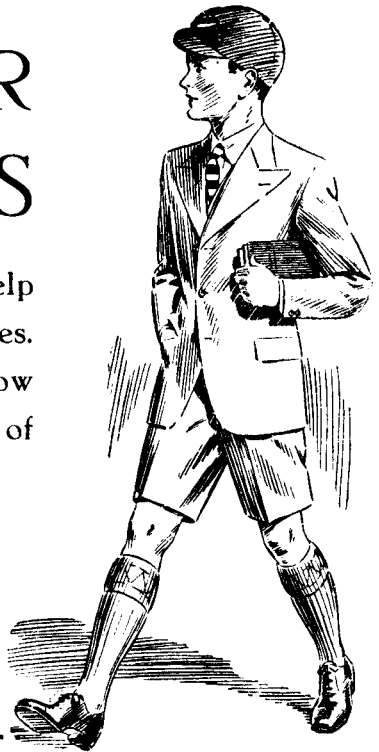
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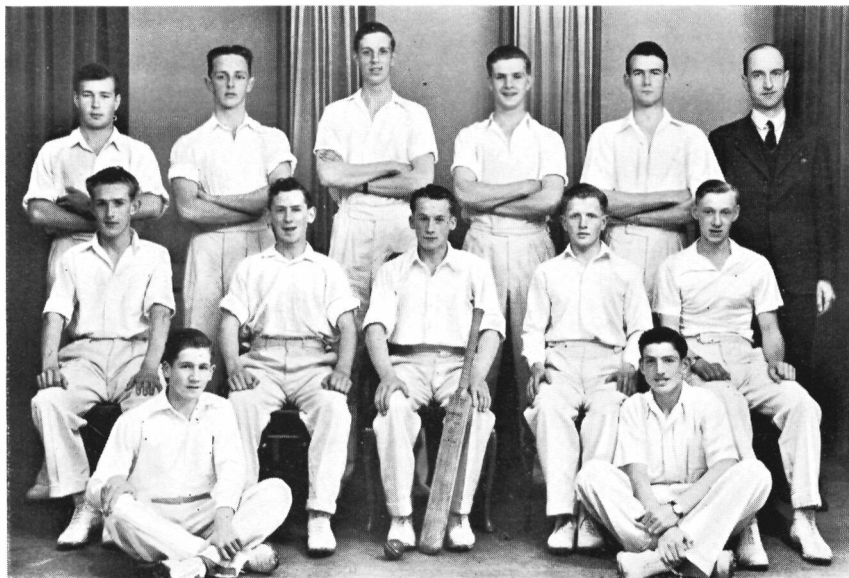
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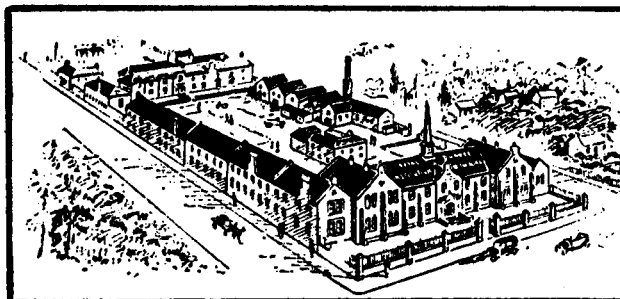
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**Cricket 1st XI.**  
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**Dundee High School**  
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### Miss Cruickshank

Although Miss Cruickshank has been only a year with us, we feel we are parting with a real friend. We shall miss her stimulating presence and her sympathetic co-operation, but we wish her all happiness in her forthcoming marriage. May her "repartee" never grow less!

### Annual Swimming Gala

The Annual Swimming Gala was held on Tuesday, 8th June, in the Dundee Central Baths. Despite the bad weather the public galleries were crowded with parents and pupils. Alex. S. Drummond, Esq., President of the Old Boys' Club, presided, and Mrs Drummond presented the prizes.

The main feature of the gala was probably the keen competition in all events. The standard of the swimming was very high and it was indeed an honour to win. The Girls' Senior Championship was won for the third year in succession by Pamela M. Halley, and the Girls' Junior Championship by Jill N. Burnett. The new Boys' Senior Champion is Ian R. McMahon and the Junior Champion, Peter J. R. Miller, who retained the honour for the second year. The Inter-House Relay Race was won by Airlie House with Aystree House runners-up.

The whole gala was a complete success and thoroughly enjoyed by all. Our thanks are due to Mr and Mrs Drummond for presiding and presenting the prizes, and to the members of the Staff who arranged the gala.

W.J.T.

### The Sports

The unsettled weather of the preceding days led to much speculation—Would Saturday afternoon be dry enough to allow the Sports to go on, as arranged, or would postponement be necessary? Saturday morning came, and to the West the clouds were thick and dark. But as the forenoon wore on and the rain kept off, hopes began to rise, and promptly at 1.15 the starter's pistol cracked and the first race began.

From that time till the final event, the tug-of-war, event followed event in rapid but orderly sequence. Competition was keen and friendly, and in many races the finish was exciting. The heavy track and strong wind from the west did not favour record-breaking, but Hynd's broad jump, in which he set up a new record, though this event was carried out on the preceding Wednesday, should be noted.

With the tug-of-war came the rain: it was this, no doubt, which caused one team to be superior to all others—in numbers.

The contests were over. Lord Provost Powrie spoke simply and shortly, and the Lady Provost presented the successful competitors with their prizes. Votes of thanks proposed by Mr Bain brought another successful Sports Day to its end.

Dalnacraig at one o'clock was most pleasant to the eye: it is a credit to the School that at five o'clock it was still neat and tidy.

The little blind god is still busy locally. All good wishes to Mr Vannet and Miss Low.

Congratulations to record-breaker Sydney Hynd.

There was a fine finish to the Mile race.

Kenneth Elliott is medallist in the General Greek Class, St. Andrews.

Some of our senior pupils were privileged to attend a meeting of the Town Council and to be present in court during a trial. We thank those in office for their courtesy in making possible these visits.

The School attended Divine Service in St. Mary's on Sunday, 30th May.

Cadets were inspected by Brigadier Oliver on Friday, 28th May.

Cadets go to camp to Cameron Barracks, Inverness, 3rd—10th July.

The Forestry Camp will be held again at Strathyre, 14th July to 14th August.

Pamela Halley has won the Girls' Senior Swimming Championship for the third time.

Peter Miller has won the Junior Swimming Championship for the second time.

Christine Riddell, Pauline Kay-Butler, and Marion Kirkland are going to Orleans on 6th July.

Robert Constable, Form II., is the youngest official meteorologist in Scotland. He was interviewed during the Children's Hour and gave an interesting account of his hobby of observing and recording the weather.

Henry Jack, M.A. (Edin.), now at Christ's College, Cambridge, has gained a wranglership in Part II. of the Mathematical Tripos.

## Weather

People may think the weather would make a queer hobby, but I find it very interesting. I deal with the weather of the past and present (not forecasting as some people believe, though I wish I could predict the future weather). There are some experts at the Meteorological Office who do that, and, though we sometimes complain when a wet day spoils a picnic or cricket match, still they are often very accurate.

I have been measuring rainfall since August, 1946, though not officially until January 1947. I have also been recording temperatures (maximum and minimum) since March 1946. These, however, are of no use for the official records as the thermometer is not in a "Stevenson Screen."

Perhaps some of you are saying "What in the world is a Stevenson Screen?" and if you saw it you might think it was a meat-safe. To put it briefly, it is just a wooden box standing four feet high with slotted sides to let the air through. My rain gauge, in the centre of the garden, is not very much to look at. Half of it is below ground—the half that holds a bottle into which the rain trickles. The upper half, which is twelve inches above ground, is a cylinder five inches in diameter, fitting closely over the lower cylinder, with a metal tube at the foot through which the rain runs into the bottle.

The rainfall is recorded by pouring the water (usually a small fraction of an inch) into a measuring-glass, from which the amount is read to two decimal places. This is done every morning, and a postcard with the daily readings and monthly total is sent to the Meteorological Office, Edinburgh, every month. It is surprising how much rain is needed to make up an inch. It takes nearly a whole day's heavy rain in this country to reach that amount, though in a severe thunderstorm, of course, the same quantity might fall in an hour or less. The average rainfall near the east coast of Scotland is 28 inches a year. Not very much when you come to think of it that way! Will it cheer us up when we're feeling annoyed by rain day after day to know that at Cherrapunji in Assam forty inches have been known to fall in one day—more than we get in a whole year? Still, I don't suppose that would help us to enjoy a wet summer, would it? I am afraid, if I stayed at

Cherrapunji, I would have to stay at home all day emptying the gauge and measuring the rain, instead of going to school!

Not long ago a young archaeologist, who is also interested in the weather statistics of the district, asked me to write and tell the B.B.C. about my hobby. I did so and the result was that "Auntie Kathleen" asked me to speak about weather recording in Children's Hour. It was a "Tom, Dick and Harry" programme, and Tom asked me questions to which I gave answers. It was a great adventure to speak for these five minutes at the microphone, though I would have been glad of some cooling rain after it!

And now I hope that there will be lots of days in summer when the rain gauge will be empty, and the maximum temperatures will be making new records.

R. CONSTABLE (F. II.)

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## ON WRITING AN ARTICLE FOR THE MAGAZINE

There is always a shortage of articles for school magazines, one never knows why. There are the few people who contribute regularly but there are others who never do. There are many pupils, equipped with pen and paper, and the editor is prepared to be patient, and pleasant.

With some pupils, the reason for this neglect of the magazine is that they take no special pleasure in participating in the school life and only want a good time. They enjoy reading the articles but they never say to themselves, "I must write an article for the magazine," and thereby help to lessen the editor's burden. The editor gives much time to the magazine and it is a voluntary job. I think it only fair that everyone should try to help him and thus not discourage other people from taking on the job. That is not the only reason, however. If you are really fond of the school you should enjoy helping it, and you surely don't want to leave school with the reputation that you were always unwilling to take any responsibility in a school society and unwilling even to try to write an article for the Mag. Every school has its good and bad times, but its fullest existence depends upon the attempts made by its average members to help it.

On the other hand some people never write an article because they have the wrong impression that one has to be very intelligent to do so. They adopt the attitude that, as they are not good at English, they are consequently unable to write an article. They forget that the magazine is written by the school for the school and all its connections. I hope that past contributors will not take offence at that remark! The Magazine does not dispense with articles which are not up to the standard of Lamb and Addison. To these people, therefore, I say take your courage in both hands and write an article for the next issue.

In another category is that section of the school community which says that people would not be interested in what they could write, and therefore they need not waste time and paper. They do not realise that to former pupils who are abroad the magazine may be the only connection with the School and Dundee. They want to know what is happening in School and

in Dundee. Therefore write your article, because there are sure to be other people, although not necessarily of your acquaintance, who are interested in the topic or topics of your article. Your hobbies, your holiday adventures, your impression of a school event or local incident are therefore all of news value and interest to someone somewhere and may be just that home-thought to those abroad which struck the right note in the Magazine.

In the final category are the people who are willing to write an article but are unable to choose any subject on which to write. They continue to put off and when they finally choose a topic they find that they are too late for the forthcoming issue. Then, instead of writing an article and putting it aside until the next time, they just let it lapse. If you are of this kind of disposition, you should try to cure it at all costs. You should write your article and, if you are afraid that you will lose it, hand it in to the people concerned with the Magazine. I feel sure that they would welcome it at any time.

Thus my advice to everyone concerned with the School is to write an article for the Magazine whenever you possibly can. This includes former pupils, since the School is always interested in its pupils, past and present. When you think of all that the School does for you, surely the least you can do for it is to write an article for the Magazine. I hope that, if this is printed, all those who read it will carry out my suggestions.

## A GARDEN IN THE SUN

Never had the garden looked more beautiful.  
I paused a while to gaze on the breathtaking  
loveliness of it all,  
For now clothed in the clearcut vividness of  
summer,  
It danced and breathed a fragrant brilliance  
all its own.  
The sun shone down on the rockery in a blaze  
of glory,  
And merged its dazzling colours in a shimmer-  
ing haze,  
The heavy scent welled up around me and  
drowsed my senses,  
And lulled by the dull monotone of the bees,  
I fell asleep.

F. J.G.

### "MORITURI TE SALUTANT"

The sun was high in the heavens, the birds were singing in the trees whose leaves were swaying gently in the morning wind. A message boy was whistling on his way to work. This was the perfect day! Yet, when one swung jauntily into the High School playground, a strange air of depression hung overhead, and cast a gloomy shadow as if the morning sky was darkened by boding thunder clouds.

Small groups of boys clustered together in quiet corners of the playground. These boys all had one thing in common—a look of profound misery and of mental agony. Their souls were harrowed by the thought of the approaching exam. as if it were a symbol of some evil force entirely out of this world. Some brave boys, of the doomed company, attempted to make jokes, but it was of no avail; the cloak of fear shrouded everything and could not be cast off.

A slight pathetic murmur went up as the master in charge of the exam. crossed to the Hall, the dreaded papers under his arm. He turned momentarily and smiled to the boys who were gazing at him as if in a daze. There was something in that smile that no words can accurately express. It was like a smile of diabolical triumph, which seemed to convey to the fated party a message saying, "You're finished now!" The master disappeared into the Hall and everyone knew that zero hour was close at hand.

When the bell rang, the boys made their way slowly across the road, through the impressive doors and past the little class-room, where they had spent the first years of their school-life, among beads, crayon and plastecine. Well did they remember those days when they had a helpful teacher at their side; but now they were alone. They had to rely solely on their own efforts; there was no escape now; they had to plough their way through the mists of doubt which were swirling in their brains. But even the worst things come to an end! Soon the exam. would be over and they could live again and enjoy the pleasures which life afforded.

With these thoughts in their minds and a slight feeling of encouragement in their hearts, the boys swept courageously into the Hall.

R. F., Form III.

### THE CONTENTED MIND

Contentment may be to the mind of man as the sheen of moonlight on untroubled waters, or as a lazy, spreading growth on stagnant pools.

I stand as the waters of an ocean play gracefully at my feet or beat with the might of ages on rocks of ancient time, and feel that I am merged into the infinite wonder of Time and Space, Power and Beauty. Such is contentment of the mind. I stand on a bridge, and press my hands against its ice-cold stones; the moon rests gently in the still water, save when some mischievous scion of Aeolus wrinkles her lonely face. A friend stands by me; we feel ourselves united by a soul; unity of beauty, and yet each is alone. Contentment at such moments steals upon us. The silence of a hill-top or its sounds of living truth; the wood-notes of a bird; the strains of some great symphony of music stolen in part from Heaven—here is contentment of the spirit. Those great moments when we feel, because we may not escape feeling, that we are part of a lyric, an idyll, an epic of Nature. Humanity and infinite truth—these are sudden glimmerings of starlight—ye clouds of life, thin vapours cannot hide this light—glimmerings of contentment.

Yet man may not always dwell content in the vales of bird-songs. The beauty that we know is as an echo, a shadow. Man knows this. He knows that his heights are but lowly—his mightiest Everest can never out-top the clouds, and the sky is yet beyond. Contentment we may know, but cannot make our own. Thus is Man made great. Let him spend his hours in contentment, but let his years ever strive towards destiny—his destiny, the stars of truth, the planets of beauty inexpressible.

D. A. S. (F.6.)

### THE ENCHANTED MOUNTAIN

The wondrous shadow of a dream  
Fleeting through enchanted air—  
Schiehallion, mystically fair,  
Shines as from another sphere  
Where other radiance may gleam  
Along that shadowed rocky spire;  
Which stands, majestic and austere  
While morning sets the snows afire.

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## PRESTANTE DOMINO

With such a motto, it is particularly appropriate that the Dundee High School should feature a Church Service at St. Mary's as a regular event. These services enlarge the meaning and enrich the memory of the High School for all of us. Another such service has taken place and the words of the text vibrate, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." How well the character of Joshua was put before us, how true was its message that we cannot have things both ways—we must be "for" or "against." The sense of dedication in a school service is very real, and as one surveys the varied congregation, the Directors, Parents and Pupils, Teachers and Former Pupils, the Cadets, the Guides and the Rangers, the text comes home with its personal message "as for me and my school, we will serve."

Probably no part of school life remains more vivid than those portions when the teacher laid aside the text book and gave us all not only explanation and comment, but a bit of himself. That was the lesson we never forgot and that is what the school requires of us all—a bit of ourselves. "Me and my school"—each has a part to play!

"With God leading," who can be against us? Only ourselves, and we go back, each to his common task, refreshed and re-invigorated after the re-union at St. Mary's. It is easy at times to feel that one has lost the way and the encouragement of this gathering together can be felt and believed. To realise that in the end, the High School depends upon me, that I alone can help complete the Combined Operation. One has only to contemplate the congregation to realise that there is always a time to associate with the High School. From the toddler through the classes to the head boy reading the lesson, the Staff and Directors, the Parents, the Old Girls and Old Boys—each one of these can think on "me and my school." What a tonic for the pessimism that "there is nothing I can do about it." Dr Duncan not only touches our hearts, he lifts up our courage with a knowledge that each of us has something to give. We shall pass through those varied ages in that congregation but the High School needs that bit of ourselves which we alone can give. We may be proud of our association, honoured by what we, the whole High School community,

have done, humbled that in our service we have not made it more. "As for me"—may we not each examine himself and determine how he will serve? Attendances at St. Mary's are good, we could make them more, and by this and other associations we could get to know one another better! "And my school"—do we know its Directors, its activities, its history, its contacts, as well as we ought? Do we help the Mag. with our article? In the least of these is our chance to prove that the High School begins with "me" in the selfless and service sense of the pronoun.

A. S. DRUMMOND,  
*President, Old Boys' Club.*

## EVENING WITH DUNDEE TOWN COUNCIL

On the evening of Thursday, 3rd June, seven pupils of Forms V. and VI., accompanied by Mr Ferguson, attended the monthly meeting of the Town Council. From the gallery all commanded an excellent view of the proceedings.

Quite a few items were discussed, but the most interesting was the granting or refusal of permission for public picnics on Sundays at Monikie, etc. Those who moved that permission should be withheld (mainly the Moderates) made out that, if picnics were to be allowed, our water supply might be polluted or otherwise endangered; and also that, with the prevalence of the five-day week, people desirous of picnics could choose some other day, rather than have the men on duty at these places working an extra day. Those in favour of permission pointed out that such picnics had been allowed during the war with no ill-effects on the water supply, and that fewer people enjoyed the five-day week than was generally supposed. When a vote was taken, permission was refused by 19 votes to 13 (one member did not vote); but the Lord Provost reopened the discussion and, when the second vote was held, the result remained the same, but the odds were narrowed to 17 votes to 16.

At times throughout the evening the debating became quite heated and somewhat amusing for the spectators. A very enjoyable and educative evening it proved, one not quickly to be forgotten.

## Junior Section

### A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A SQUIRREL

Hmm! Tommy Squirrel woke up! He uncurled his bushy tail and sat up. What was it he had to remember? "Ah, yes, I've to build a nest." He got up and made his breakfast off hazel nuts and after satisfying himself he went out to look for a place in which he could make a nice cosy nest and hoard nuts. He wandered about a little in the wood and soon found a suitable spot up in an old oak tree. He then scurried to and fro bringing twigs and old feathers to put in the little hollow he had found in the oak tree.

In about two hours' time Tommy had nearly finished his nest. His friend Jip Swallow came up and said to Tommy, "Good-bye, dear Tommy, I am migrating now and won't see you till next year. I do hope you'll have not a bad winter this year. But good-bye, I must be off now." "Good-bye, good luck!" shouted Tommy, and Jip flew off. Then Tommy started gathering nuts for his winter store as by now he had finished his nest. By lunch-time he had an ample supply of inviting nuts. They looked so nice that Tommy could not resist having a nibble at one or two.

After lunch Tommy played Hide-and-Seek with one of his friends till bed-time. It began to get chilly so he scampered home and, as he curled up in a ball to go to sleep, he had a satisfied feeling that he had done a good job in building his nest. So Tommy Squirrel spent a night in Dreamland dreaming of Summer months and Jip Swallow coming back again.

ANNETTE OWENS (L. III. G.)

### MY FAVOURITE ANIMAL

My favourite animal is a dog. I like a golden cocker spaniel best. When I was on holiday at Lochinver last summer, I made friends with a lovely spaniel called Sheila. Every time I went to see her, she would come and jump up on me. Once, when I went to take her photo, I told her to sit down, so I put a stick on the ground. She sat down and started to chew it. I focused the camera at three feet. When Sheila put the stick down and looked round, I pressed the release. My snapshot was quite good.

R.P. (L. III.)

### THE HAUNTED HOUSE

One night as I was lying in bed,  
I noticed a skeleton's bony head.  
Peeping round my bedroom door,  
At the pretty gown I wore.

I knew this was a haunted house,  
Because I met a talking mouse.  
He warned me to get out quick,  
For a ghost came round with a walking-stick!

I packed as quickly as I could,  
Then ran and hid in the nearest wood.  
I slept there till the dawn broke through,  
Then wondered what on earth to do.

But I met a friend as I went home,  
And she drove me to an aerodrome.  
From there I went across the sea,  
And landed at this town, Dundee.

KATHLEEN M. RIDGEWAY (L. III. G.)

### CATS

Oh, cats are peculiar things, lordly, refined,  
Mysterious, gracious, supple, lithe, kind,  
They own no man master, they cannot be ruled,  
They ask not a favour, they cannot be schooled,

Descended from tigers, a wild, untamed race,  
Enchanting, elusive, and pictures of grace.  
The black ones, the white ones, the red ones,  
the grey,  
Are all "little angels" for most of the day,

But when the moon gleams, they adjourn to a  
wall,  
And play "Prima Donnas in some famous hall,"  
Braver than lions, and wiser than owls,  
Makers of mischief, creators of yowls!

R.M.R. (F. III.)

### MY PET

My pet is named Sally and is a brindle cairn terrier. Her birthday is on the 16th of November. Last year her mother died at the age of 16. When she sees a rabbit she chases it and sometimes she goes so far down the hole we have to pull her up by the tail. She has never caught one because her legs are too short to run very quickly but she has caught and killed two rats and several mice.

P.C. (L. III.)

“Service is the rent we pay  
for our room on earth”

(“TOC H” MOTTO)

We often hear the rights of man stressed these days with very little said about his obligations, and we can't help feeling that these would come more naturally to us all if more time and thought were spent in earning them through Service.

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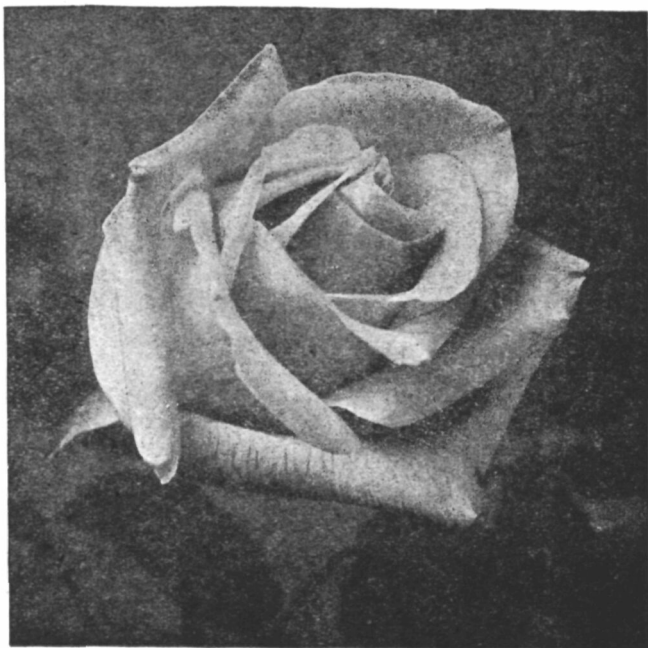
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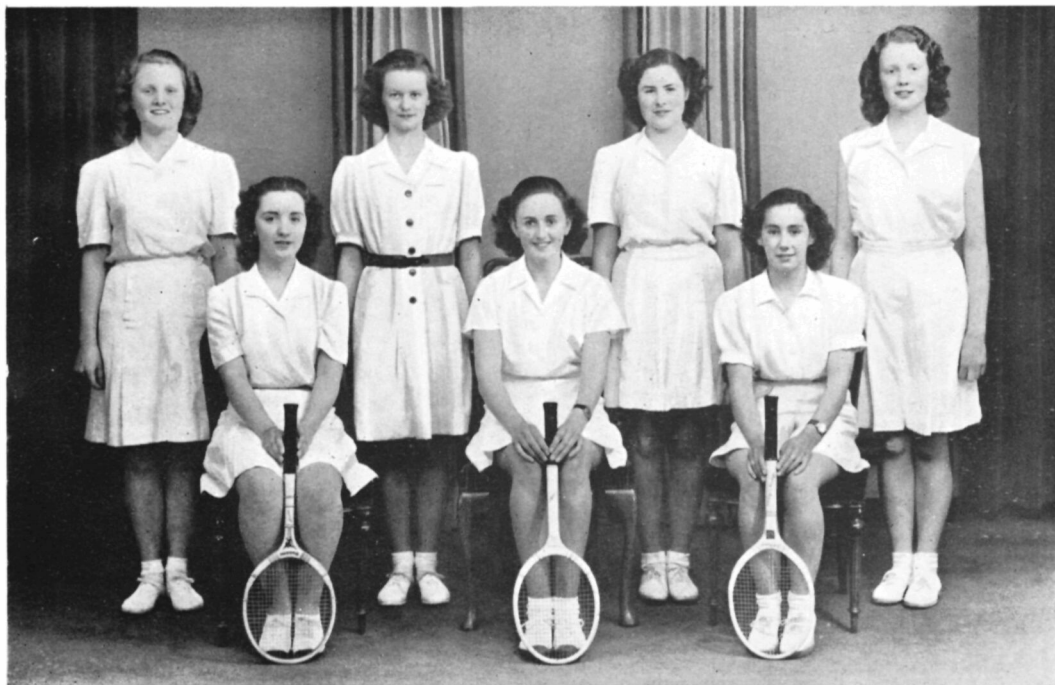
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*Photo. by D. & W. Prophet*

*Standing*—E. Bowman, B. Gray, P. Gibson, M. Patterson.

*Sitting*—J. Buttars (*Reserve*), D. Duncan (*Capt.*), Y. Cassaday.

**Girls' Tennis Team**

**Dundee High School  
Magazine**

## THE ELFIN FROLIC

Lights in the dark—the elves are out,  
Haunting the wood with their laugh and shout.  
Lightly, daintily, do they dance,  
And their tiny feet go point and prance.

The Fairy Queen sits in state  
Under the arches—far from the gate.  
Around her the fairy maidens stand,  
They wait for the word, then they disband.

Once again they trip a measure,  
And all around look on with pleasure ;  
But a lovely night can't last for ever,  
And to hurry home they now endeavour.

When in the morn the woodman comes,  
He finds a ring and one or two crumbs ;  
He says no more and so is blessed  
By the Fairy Queen and all the rest.

A.D. (L. IV.)

## MAY

Blazing scarlet anemones grow under the shade  
of a giant cherry tree, a veritable sea of fragrant  
pink blossom silhouetted against a blue May  
sky. Kingcups and bluebells grow on the  
margin of a tiny shallow burn which runs merrily  
through the fields, gathering force as it goes,  
till, with a mighty splash and a flurry of white  
foam, it falls into the millpond and turns the  
millwheels.

Among the gnarled branches and innumerable  
new leaves of the oak tree a blackbird whistles,  
and a diligent chaffinch builds her neat, mossy  
nest. It is deep in the fork of two branches,  
well out of the reach of marauding cats.

In the field stands a ragged scarecrow. No  
bird or beast is afraid of him. The little brown  
mice run fearlessly about his ragged coat, and a  
black crow stands on top of his turnip head.  
However, this is not the season for raiding the  
crops, and the green winter wheat is springing  
up. Such is May.

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

## THE SWALLOW'S STORY

One fine, sunny day I woke up to hear a  
rustling and bustling going on. I took my head  
out from under my wing, and flew to a branch  
above our nest. Then I looked down, and saw  
a big deer with antlers coming down between  
the trees. Following him was a smaller one,  
evidently his wife, with big brown eyes. Then  
the big deer said in a voice which humans do  
not understand, "Faline, we must say good-bye  
to the birds to-day. They will be going to  
warmer lands soon." "Yes, Bambi," answered  
Faline. The two disappeared into their home  
nearby, among the ferns.

I flew to waken mother who told me to get  
the little ones up while she found breakfast.  
She was soon back and we had our breakfast of  
flies and insects. Our mother had not found  
many so she said, "We must go to a warmer  
land, children." She flew off to say good-bye  
to Bambi and Faline.

Suddenly we heard a noise which made us  
very, very frightened. I looked down and  
saw—a tabby cat. We saw our mother hopping  
along, never seeing him. We did not dare to  
warn our mother, and she was caught. So we  
decided to go ourselves. It was a long and  
weary journey which I will never forget. We  
lived in the south of Scotland and we flew on, and  
on, and on, all day, and late at night we found  
ourselves above the Atlantic Ocean. We were  
very tired. One by one my brothers and sisters  
dropped down seawards. I flew on and at last  
I fell down, down, down into the night. I  
landed somewhere with a thud, and my brothers  
and sisters crowded round me. I had landed  
on a ship. In the morning we arrived in Africa,  
still on the ship. We flew away from the  
harbour into the fields, happier than we had  
ever been before.

JANETTE WEATHERHEAD (L. III. G.)



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## Boys Will Be Old Boys!

The annual visit of a delegation from the Old Boys' Club to the school was paid on Monday, 7th June, when Mr Bain, the Rector introduced Mr A. S. Drummond, President, Mr A. E. Larg, Vice-President and Mr D. K. R. Lawson to these pupils about to leave school.

Mr Drummond made his appeal as follows. "This is 'D' Day, or perhaps more correctly, 'L.L.D.' Day, for Messrs Larg, Lawson and Drummond, are upon you to arrange for your joining the Old Boys' Club.

But for the School, there couldn't be a Club, and, upon reflection, the chief business of the School is not, as some of you might feel after tests, quarterlies and Highers, to make boys old, but to make Old Boys. Our business is to invite you to make it official and definite by joining the Old Boys' Club.

It is to be conceded that an equally important activity of the School is to make Old Girls, but whether the Girls come after the Boys or vice-versa, is no special affair of this meeting.

How often one hears the remark, "Nobody was interested, or told me, or asked me!" That cannot apply to the Old Boys' Club, for we are interested, we are asking you, we're telling you to join and the best time is now. Let us hope that you'll be telling us to sign you up at once.

This is your finest hour — here is the New World restoring the balance of the Old. There is History somewhere in that remark and that is as it should be, for this is a historic occasion. You have not finished with the High School — rather put it that you have begun with the High School and wherever you are now going, you want to put your High School attitude in proper focus by joining the Old Boys' Club.

The Club is in good heart and health, but these depend upon the conditions and constitution being checked up from time to time by the experts. This is the checking up and the experts are not "we three" but you yourselves, for the Club depends upon you. A certain vocal effort is occasionally expended enquiring as to the state of affairs in Glockamorra which never existed anyway. Equal energy deserves to be given to the question "How are things in Dundee High

School Old Boys' Club?" — a real live being within our midst, and, by our visits to the Lit. and the Shooting Club, revitalised within these very walls. Let me be able to report back that they were never better and you have done us all the honour of making this year's visit a record enrolment. We want the best members — with your aid, we can have them."

Mr Larg then spoke upon the formation and development of the Liaison Committee which, with Mr Marshall as convener, kept the Old Boys fully informed as to School activities and had brought about the visits to the Lit. and to the Shooting Club where the Present Pupils had won a victory. The Old Boys, however, lived in the good hope of doing better next time. The Vice-President stressed that the various Outings, the Smokers, the Annual Dinner were all occasions for re-union which those who joined the club could help to make as young as possible.

Mr D.K.R. Lawson took as his message the idea that the younger members could bring fresh blood to the Club and co-ordinate and extend their efforts. The possibilities in the proposed Athletic Union were indicated and the practical side of the meeting was confirmed by the supply of enrolment forms which had a very large percentage of immediate successes.

The Rector then summed up and dwelt upon the tradition which was the real relationship between a pupil and his school. He commended the energy and sincerity of purpose which was at present evident in the Old Boys' Club and the support and enthusiasm it deserved.

Mr Drummond acknowledged the attention which the audience had given and expressed the thanks of the delegation to Mr Bain for his reception and for giving the Old Boys the courtesy of the Science Lecture Room for the occasion. These visits have in them something of a pilgrimage, a crusade perhaps, maybe a sentimental journey. There is something really moving to pass within those walls again, and the words of school song re-echo with an added significance and an enhanced sincerity "Aeternum sis mansura!"

A.S.D.



"There are some who frequent watering-places . . ." This means that some people go to country taverns where they can get drink to drown their sorrows.

Q. : "Name two firths north of the Moray Firth."

A. : "The Firth of Forth and Forth of Firth."

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Apt quotation—Civil Service English :

"Bloody instructions, which being taught, return to plague the inventor."  
(Macbeth)

---

Miss MacD. :

"Boy, stop running up and down the window with your pencil."

---

Disguised, but still recognisable :

"Paunches Pilot." "General Waighed."

"The Juck of Gloster." "Crisps."

---

Q. : "Who is the Chancellor of the Exchequer?"

A. : "Mr Powrie."

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### SHAKESPEARE'S CAR

"To climb steep hills requires a slow pace at first."—*Henry VIII.*, 1, I.

"Horns do make me mad."—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, 2, V.

"O, how the wheel becomes it."—*Hamlet*, 4, V.

"Whence is that knocking?"—*Macbeth*, 2, II.

"The battery once again."—*Henry V.*, 3, III.

"A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!"  
—*Richard III.*, 5, IV.

---

Up to date?

"Clive now rode up to the gates of Ascot."

## Inside D. H. S.

There is a man—an author—who has written several books. His name is John Gunther. You haven't heard of him? He writes mainly about countries, and some of his titles are: "Inside U.S.A.," "Inside Europe," "Inside Asia." I haven't heard of him writing "Inside Russia"; I suppose Communists do not like the insides of their countries shown to the outside world. A more important omission, however, is the omission of "Inside D.H.S." This omission must be remedied, for D.H.S. cannot be pushed into the background by U.S.A. or any of the others!

The architects of this magnificent building very cleverly arranged that there should be doors, by which to go in and out (perhaps, to please the grammarians, I should have said "in and out by which to go"). These doors have really proved quite an asset to the school, and we shall now enter by the one in the front, beside the pillars.

On entering, we see two glass cases, in which the janitor and the secretary are carefully preserved. Some letters on the door on the right indicate that within it is the rector's lair—the axis round which the whole school revolves. Pupils passing near this, and encountering the atmosphere of authority which surrounds it and hangs over it like a pall, bow their heads in silence and mutter "Absit omen." Those who don't know Latin mutter something else.

Sometimes a different kind of pall hangs over this part of the school—one which has its origin in the Lab. upstairs. You may have heard of a thing called Science. The pupils in this department, I gather, show much initiative, for besides carrying out the prescribed experiment, which is sometimes given a little originality by the addition of a little soap, they carry out small experiments of their own. They study the effect of spilling acid on a marble slab, or of pouring water into people's pockets. They tell me they often obtain a "terrific, violent reaction."

Mathematics is another obscure subject. It was invented by a chap called Pythagoras—no, I think his name was Horace. Other chaps after him came along to make it more complicated. I think the whole thing is a lot of useless nonsense, though we are told that it is just common sense. Consider the facts. Clearly

it is all Horace's fault for inventing it—No! That's wrong. Pythagoras invented it after all. Horace was one of the chaps who came along afterwards and complicated it! Of course, it is only taught as a sideline in D.H.S.

We now come to Classics. There was a man called Horace connected with this too—I think they were cousins. Oh, blessed Virgil! Great Demosthenes! What a glorious thing is the study of Classics! How the writings of these ancients carry us away! What glorious dreams they inspire—or would inspire, if we were not kept awake by an incessant roaring which issues from one of our illustrious teachers—a roaring which could penetrate anything. Indeed, it is quite common to see broken windows in this teacher's room. I don't think he would like me to disclose his identity, so I shall not tell you who he is. You will remain in ignorance. There was one pupil, in bygone days, who, strange to say, was not alive to the beauties of the classics. He left his mark on one of the desks. Here is what he wrote:

"Latin is a dead, dead language,  
As dead as dead can be.  
Latin killed the mighty Romans,  
And now it's killing me."

The original was somewhat smudged, but seemed to have "Caesar" at the end of the third line. "Romans" was a conjecture by the brilliant scholar, McL—, and some of his confederates.

English is a disappointing subject. Once you can read, write and speak it, you should be able to drop it. But not so. You see, there were some men, in bygone days, who were absolute out-and-out dunces. They couldn't do Mathematics; they couldn't even make Atomic Bombs. You may know, whether from experience or not, that it is the custom of all dunces to appear as clever as possible in the eyes of their fellowmen. These dunces, then, found a way of appearing terribly clever. They took all the poems that had ever been written, and—Oh, horror!—they classified them. They called some Sonnets, some Epics, some Elegies and all sorts of queer names. Then, when they had done that, they took the actual language, and analysed it. They discovered what they called "figures of speech." They discovered myriads of them. They did lots of other queer

things, just so that the poor schoolboys of later generations would have difficulty in obtaining Leaving Certificates. If there are any such dunces still at large, I advise them to live as far away from school as possible.

There is also a subject called French. It is a language spoken by some European tribe who used to have battles with the English, and who talk a different language, just for spite. A vigorous attempt is being made to teach this tongue, but it is being bravely resisted by the pupils. The same applies to German, although the forces resisting it are fewer in number.

It is time this was being brought to a close, but I fear it is not complete without mentioning the Singing Room. This is where we learn to shout louder than our neighbours and work

inharmoniously together. "H.M.S. Pinafore" is being fitted out here. Some of the rigging is a bit tangled, and a few stays are insecure. The producer wants to sail without "sheets," but this would make navigation difficult. However, if you listen while the rehearsals are in progress, you can hear the creaking timbers, the squeaking pulleys, the songs of the sailors as they go about their work, and the rust being scraped off the anchor.

In closing, I should just like to mention that if any persons have any complaints to make to me, about anything contained in this article, they may proceed with one accord (or as many accords as they like) to my house, where they will be severely dealt with.

J. L. W. (F. V.)

## The World's Smallest Principality

Imagine a small country of wonderful valleys, romantic castles, mountaineering, winter sports, people in native costume, delicious red wine, and you have Liechtenstein. Where is this principality? What else does it offer?

Fürstentum Liechtenstein is to be found on the right bank of the young Rhine between Austria and Switzerland.

The most noticeable characteristic of Liechtensteiners is their friendliness. As I walked along the main street of Vaduz, the capital, I was greeted with a veritable rain of "Grüss Gotts" and "Guten Tags" from every side.

A traveller in this country soon begins to feel self-conscious about his own attire, when he finds that most of the people wear their traditional garb.

The women wear long, full skirts called dirndls, white peasant blouses, crisp lace aprons, black velvet bodices which are laced in front and high bonnets. The children are dressed in the same way as their parents, but prefer to go without shoes during the hot weather.

The men have deer-skin shorts laced up the sides, white shirts, and stockings with green tassels. Their jackets are light green with dark green trimmings and their hats are of the usual Alpine style.

Any excuse is made for a holiday in this principality. I saw the finish of the "Tour de Suisse" which was a cycle race round Switzerland terminating in Liechtenstein. The day of the "Tour de Suisse" was proclaimed a national holiday.

I was lucky enough to be in Vaduz on August 15th, when festivities were held for the Prince's birthday. As soon as darkness fell, the Vaduz Schloss or Castle, which stands with a threatening air on the summit of a lofty peak above the town, was brightly lit by the most magnificent display of fireworks I have ever seen. People from the distant Alpine villages came to celebrate. Franz Josef himself, with his Princess Georgine came down from the Schloss for the occasion, and were on a flower-strewn balcony, which was only a few feet from where I stood. The exhibition ended with a picture of the Prince in fireworks, stretching the length and height of the castle. The scene below was colourful: the people were in full national dress, while their blue and red flag, showing the golden crown, waved above the balcony. The national anthem was sung, three "heils" were shouted for the Prince and Princess, then the celebrations were carried to the numerous "Bier-Gartens."

I. B.

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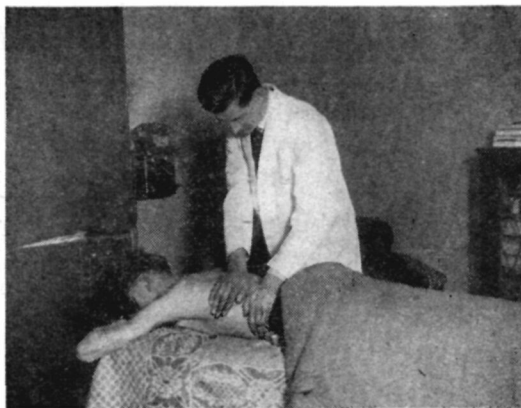


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# Affiliation of D. H. S. Former Pupils' Clubs— Athletic Union

Hitherto the four D. H. S. Former Pupils' Sports Clubs (Hockey, Tennis, Rugby, Cricket) have functioned separately from the Old Boys' and Old Girls' Clubs and from time to time the question of affiliation of all the Clubs has been considered by the Old Boys' Club Executive Committee. Approaches to the Sports Clubs were made but no definite proposals appear to have been formulated or agreed upon. The principal obstacle in the way of affiliation was the understandable reluctance on the part of the Clubs concerned to lose their identity after having been established for so long. When this matter was raised in Committee last February a Sub-Committee was appointed to prepare a scheme which might be acceptable to all parties concerned and the result of the Sub-Committee's findings is contained in a Memorandum which sets out the broad lines on which an Athletic Union might be formed. This Athletic Union, it is believed, solves the problem of maintaining the identity of the various Clubs in the only possible way.

After consultation with the Old Girls' Club Committee, who gave their approval, the Memorandum was circulated to the F. P. Rugby, Hockey, Tennis and Cricket Clubs who were invited to send two delegates each to a meeting on 10th June, to discuss the formation of an Athletic Union along with the representatives from the Old Boys' and Old Girls' Clubs. This meeting duly took place and it was resolved:—

1. That an Athletic Union be formed.
2. That two members of each of the Clubs represented at the meeting should be appointed to form the first Athletic Union Committee which would frame a Constitution and discuss all questions relating to finance, etc.
3. That every Club represented at the meeting should hold a General Meeting, or if necessary a Special General Meeting, within two months, for the purpose of appointing their representatives to the Athletic Union and instructing them as to how far they might commit their Club in matters of finance, etc.

The Memorandum referred to above is rather long for inclusion in these notes but the main points are as follows:—

1. **Status of Clubs.** The Old Boys' and Old Girls' Clubs are to retain their respective titles and continue activities as hitherto. The administration of the individual Sports Clubs will continue as before except that the Athletic Union will deal with most matters of finance and general policy.
2. **Committee.** The Athletic Union Committee will in the first instance consist of two representatives from each of the Clubs concerned.
3. **Membership.** Every Former Pupil of the School wishing to join a Sports Club will primarily require to become a member of either the Old Boys' or Old Girls' Club and will also be a member of the Athletic Union.
4. **Finance.** The Sports Clubs will retain their present accumulated funds but in future it is intended that the Athletic Union will build up a surplus to allow of Capital Expenditure and improvements in facilities which the Sports Clubs individually would never have been in a position to undertake.
5. **Subscriptions.** As in future all male members of the Sports Clubs must be members of the Old Boys' Club, financial support to the Athletic Union will require to be given. The extent of this support will depend upon the requirements of the Athletic Union and upon the decision of the Club members in the future. The effect of the Athletic Union on the Sports Clubs' Subscriptions will probably be very small for the first several years.

Special provisions will require to be formulated by the Athletic Union Committee for a few existing members of the Sports Clubs who are not High School Former Pupils and who cannot, therefore, become members of the Old Boys' and Old Girls' Clubs.

The chief advantage of the scheme, so far as the Old Boys' Club is concerned, will be a steady influx of young members and your Committee is of the opinion that, as a long term policy, the Athletic Union will operate for the general benefit of the School and its Former Pupils.

## Valedictory Reflections

My imminent departure from Dundee High School for the Emerald Isle prompts me to write a few words of farewell to my colleagues and pupils. Pleasant as this task is, it is, nevertheless, tinged with a certain degree of nostalgia.

Although my duration at the school has been a short one, I have, during the last ten months or so, come to regard the "High" with an intimate and perennial affection. Amid the flood of reflections which flows through my mind, I may single out a few, which seem to have left on me an indelible impression.

Naturally, I think pre-eminently of that old, high and narrow class-room (provided, to my annoyance, with three doors!) where all my pedagogy has been performed. I think of sturdy youths and pretty maidens passing to and fro across my floor to the Latin classroom, there to imbibe the spirit of Cæsar and Cicero. I think of the chugging Corporation buses, the fiery, quick-darting Post Office vans and the screeching youngsters of the lower school in the playground, along with the vocal attempts of my colleagues in the adjacent rooms—all of them together producing a sort of syncopated cacophany.

Such has been the background for the inculcation of an appreciation of a Shelleyan lyric or a Keatsian ode. Yet, somehow, in that same little room, so dingy and yet so evocative, the scholars and I have succeeded in forgetting all the rush and bustle of this hard, materialistic age, while we scaled the heights of Parnassus to breathe its rarefied air or returned to the Globe Theatre and held converse with the great Shakespeare himself. Even the dry bones of gram-

matical analysis have afforded us some measure of relief from "the world that is too much with us."

Not merely do I contemplate the classrooms and the school building, generally, with its august and imposing portico. I think of the essential atmosphere of the school, that elusive and indefinable "esprit d' école," produced so mysteriously and inexplicably by the staff and pupils. It is pleasant to recollect the happy spirit of friendliness and freedom for which the "High" is noted. Academic propriety forbids my writing in too familiar terms about the staff. They are a grand team, cheerful but conscientious, having the interests of the pupils at heart.

It is the pupils, however, who primarily make a school, and it is to them I owe most. In teaching them I myself have been taught unforgettable lessons. In particular, I have enjoyed the friendly contacts with them, not only in the classroom but in the somewhat more informal atmosphere of a Literary Society meeting. As I leave, I would like them to think of me not merely as a dominie in a black gown and armed, if necessary, with a leathern strap (cruel instrument of torture!) but as an essential human being who has shared their anxieties, their hopes and aspirations, and has always had a deep-rooted regard and affection for them. I wish all of them well in their academic careers and in their post-school vocations and I hope that, through their efforts in the classroom and on the sports field, the prestige of Dundee High School will grow from strength to strength.

To all my friends in the school I give a hearty God-speed and "au revoir."

J. FERGUSON.



*Photo. by D. & W. Prophet*

*Back Row—G. Donaldson, L. Smith, W. Laird (Pres.), R. Gunn, A. Robertson.  
Front Row—M. Lamond, F. Caird (Capt.), R. Mackie.*



*Photo. by Norman Brown & Co.*

**Boys' Golf Team, Session 1947-48  
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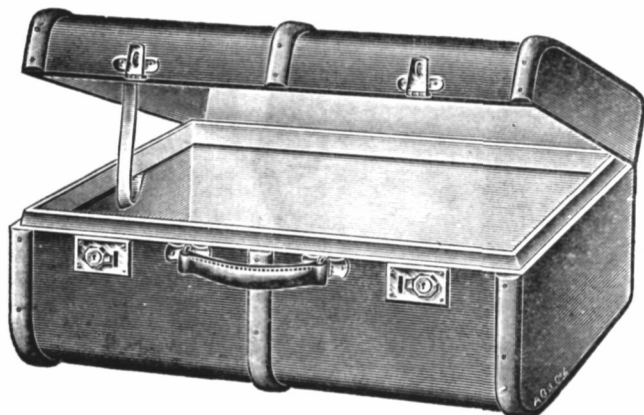
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## Early Memories

How often, when we look back and recollect scenes in our childhood, do we smile indulgently and say, "What a silly little child I was!" And yet, things that are so petty to us now were matters of real concern then—matters of poignant grief or of wonderful gaiety.

My earliest recollection that is at all clear is a very sad one. It was the occasion of my first meeting with the High School, and I think that neither my sister nor I shall ever forget it. I was brought into the classroom, given some grapes, and told to wait there, that Mamma would be back soon. Then the friendly back vanished, and I was alone, for the first time in my life—that is, all except for about ten other wailing children, and an amused but, I should think, slightly exasperated teacher. I did not cry; not, in fact, until all the grapes were gone. When that solace had ended, and it had dawned on my bewildered mind that Mamma had gone away—ah, then the dam burst, and tears and roars resounded through the Infant Department. I steadfastly refused to be comforted, until, at last my sister Anne was brought into the classroom, bored with the whole proceedings, and disgusted with my lack of control. She did not allow me to forget that day for a long time, and even now, if I try, I can experience again that awful feeling of desolation as my mother vanished and I was alone.

Most of my earliest recollections have something to do with the sea, which is not really surprising when you consider that most of my holidays were spent on the coast.

Once we holidayed in a stationary railway carriage. Of course, I was too young then for anyone to think of my helping to dry the dishes; so life was unclouded. That, I think, was the best holiday I ever spent. There were no water taps in the carriage, and what fun it was at nights to parade down to the disused railway station to wash our faces and brush our teeth. It was in August, and there was a huge, yellow harvest moon in the sky that made everything as bright as day. On these nocturnal expeditions we would wear Wellington boots, and burberries over our nightgowns. How well

I remember that nightgown! It was white, with tiny little animals racing all over it, and it invariably reminded me of Shirley Temple and her "Animal Crackers in my Soup" song. And when we were in bed (which consisted of one narrow bunk each) with what fearful pleasure did we lie awake, and tell each other stories in a hoarse whisper, conscious of our breaking laws, and greatly conscious of the thrill of doing so. I remember Anne used to tell a sort of serial of which I was particularly fond. This was about a little boy and his magic frying-pan. Why a frying-pan I never found out, and, though it seems ridiculous now, it seemed completely right then. I forget what stories I told in return, but they must have been rather boring, for Anne usually fell asleep, and I would lie awake, watching the moon through the window, and wondering what would happen if the carriage should suddenly resume its old duties and chug away, carrying us with it.

One day my father pointed out the vague grey outlines of ships slipping down the Moray Firth. That night it was broadcast to all people on holiday to go back to their homes. It was August 1939. We returned by car that night, the grown-ups grave and pre-occupied, and we children, not understanding, sitting in the back of the car, thrilled and anxious with the perils of driving at night. In Aberdeen there was a practice black-out, and it took our father quite a time to thread his way through the unfamiliar streets. It was two in the morning when we arrived home, and when the back door was opened we were found asleep, tired out; but our only regret was that we had not had time to have Anne's birthday party, which had been forgotten in the general rush.

Then followed the hectic days at the beginning of the war, the novelty of the black-out curtains, the hazards of the black-out in the street, the threat of air-raids. I remember how the only bomb that ever fell near announced its arrival by a long shriek as it tore downwards, and from the time the noise began to the time it exploded, Anne was out of her bed, over to mine, and down at the foot of it. I remained at the top, not because I was braver than Anne,

but because I was too dull-witted to realise what it was. When realisation came, I joined her at the foot of the bed, and we lay there shaking till someone came to see if we were all right.

I remember the dull, dragging days of the middle of the war, then the gradual quickening of the tempo until the feverishly gay rejoicings of V.E. Day—then V.J. Day. Any memory after that can scarcely be called early.

It seemed impossible, in the war, that it would ever end ; there was the fear that it would go dragging on and on for ever. But memory has somehow shrunk it until it is just a strange distorted phase whose memory is more vague than that of the years before it ; in fact, as one goes farther back in one's life, the memories become clearer and more vivid. But memory is like that.

J.D. (IV.)

## “ H. M. S. Pinafore ”

On behalf of the Music Department, and the Senior Pupils taking part in the above Opera, I would like to take this opportunity of expressing our most sincere thanks to all who are giving us their time and help, in the many and varied duties connected with the performances.

Our debt to Mr Arthur Millar, and Mr James Cruden grows greater every year, as does our admiration for the time, un-ending patience and care, they so willingly expend, in working such a crowd of raw amateurs up to something resembling an experienced Operatic Company. To them both, we can only say, with heartfelt sincerity, “ Thank you, Gentlemen ! ”

There is a saying that, “ willing hands make light work,” which certainly is quite true as regards the ladies of the High School Staff, whose hands are so willing and ready to help, at all times. It would be very difficult to imagine any school function taking place without their help, so cheerfully and ungrudgingly given, and, in the present instance, they have

taken on the tasks of makers-up, dressers, etc., which are such essential and important parts of any production. We all appreciate their efforts, and thank them for giving up so much of their spare time to us, in our latest venture.

A great deal of the credit for the smooth running of our Opera must be given to our energetic Stage Manager, Mr Douglas Robertson, and our thanks will be most gratefully extended to him, as they will also be, to Mrs Todd and Mr Vannet, our prompters, to Mrs E. D. G. McPherson (Miss May Robertson) our leader in the orchestra, and all the other members of the orchestra, as well as to the programme sellers and ushers.

Might I, in closing, add a very special word of thanks for the thoughtfulness of Mrs Marshall and the ladies who prepare a most welcome and refreshing cup of tea for us hard working adults during the interval.

H.H.C.

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## Relaxations of Form V.

The Leavings are over, and Form V. is, for the first time for years, in a state of blissful inactivity; the minds of the members of this select body are, however, generally occupied with personal trivialities. I was thus engrossed last week as I sauntered into the English room, to find not a class studying the intricacies of Commonwealth Government, but a meeting of Cowburgh Town Council.

The faces of the Councillors seemed familiar to me, dreamy as I was, yet I could not recall their names.

The Mayor, who had the meeting well under control, and was consulting from time to time a silent black-robed figure at his side, called in turn upon the conveners of several committees to state their proposals.

Bailie Bridge of the Education Committee gave a concise speech, and made prompt and relevant replies to all questions. The matter of extending Cowburgh Trades' School was carefully considered but, in view of the cost, Sir J. Jayes suggested that classes should be held on the roof of the building—unfortunately, he was not acquainted with the plan of the edifice, and was unaware of the fact that the roof sloped. Upon this disclosure a large sum of money was immediately voted for the extension of the school.

The dates for the potato holidays were fixed without debate, after the Hon. Mrs Change, who was suffering from a heavy cold and an overdose of self-confidence, had promised that the crop would be ready by that time, and Bailie Bridge had given the assurance that members of all schools—excepting the School for the Blind—could assist in gathering the crop.

One or two words in favour of the proposal, that more time be devoted to the study of Scripture in Schools, were said by the Rev. Horace Smith, and a great many, full of sound and fury signifying nothing, by the authoress of the serial in the Cowburgh Gazette. Violent controversy raged; a counter-proposal that the teaching of Scripture be abolished was made, but after a speech by Bailie Bridge pointing out the outstanding ability of Cowburgh teachers, especially those of McCulloch Memorial School, to give instruction on this subject, the counter-proposal was defeated.

The meeting continued with the business of the Parks and Entertainments Committees. With much scraping of Cadet boots, Mr William Sykes rose to make the proposals of his committee. The plan to demolish the slums on the East side of the river and lay out a park and botanical gardens in its place aroused much heated discussion; as the place of business of an esteemed member of the council was situated there—the Chip Shop of Timothy Snodgrass, Esq.! Mr Snodgrass was obviously deeply grieved that the proposal should have the hearty support of Sir J. Jayes, the convener of the Housing Committee and distinguished patron of the Chip Shop. One sympathetic councillor put forward an amendment that all the buildings excepting this shop be demolished and the park made around Mr Snodgrass's place of business. Owing to the unyielding natures of the other councillors, and the offensive smell of fried fish and vinegar, this amendment was heavily defeated.

It was suggested by Mr Sykes that, as Mr Snodgrass was both a shopkeeper and a poet, he could not do both jobs well and could easily afford to retire from the Fish and Chip Trade and live on the money made by his verses.

Sir J. Jeyes was, however, more understanding and declared that he was sure Mr Snodgrass derived very little income from his literary efforts. Despite one last heart-rending speech from the local poet, explaining that all his inspiration came from chips, the proposal was passed. Luckily, during the discussion of a later proposal it was decided that the aforesaid shop should be re-established in the vicinity of the new dance hall, "Veuxdeville," thereby ensuring a steady flow of business.

The good nature of Sir J. Jeyes was again apparent when, after the proposal to start summer bus trips, he kindly offered to lend four horse-drawn carts to alleviate expenses. There was only one supporter of the amendment—Sir J. Jeyes!

Immediately Sir J. Jeyes, in his capacity of Housing convener, had proposed the appointment of a full-time Sanitary Inspector, the Hon. Mrs Change recommended Mr Horace McKillip for the post. As he had been previously engaged in "Veuxdeville" and on account of this gentleman's shady reputation, the amendment was defeated amid cheers.

Overcome now, by hot air and the droning tones of Miss Beatrice Peggotty, who had risen to represent the Transport Committee, I dozed off.



## ODE ON A RECENT ACQUISITION

By

ALEXANDER DRYDEN AND J. POPE  
(Recently exhumed)

*NOTE—This is a particularly fine example of the work of these two noted poets. A. Dryden (1673-1792), has a broadness of intellect only approached by that of Pope (1809-11), whose flashes of genius are frequently incomprehensible.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Lo ! where around the Ancient pillared hall  
(Which for the flame of Wisdom forms a Pall)  
Where gracious Youth doth never cease to smile ;  
Where ne'er do Scholars grave the time beguile  
With ought but serious study\* ; mark, how there  
The minions of the mighty smith<sup>1</sup> repair ;  
(He who, with strength of arm and heaped fire  
Doth make the sinews of the earth aspire<sup>2</sup>  
To vanquish e'en the mighty sons of men).  
There, at great blocks of heavy granite hewn  
They chip and chip till chips around are strewn ;  
Around them all the little bipeds creep  
Like many Pisces in the finny deep ;<sup>3</sup>  
While swift arise the interwoven Bars  
Only surmounted by Gymnastic Stars.  
No more can they their muscled prowess show  
While chasing rubber balls post-vans below.<sup>4</sup>  
Alas ! alas ! should Youth thus fettered be  
And forced into increased Velocity ?<sup>5</sup>  
Speak Muse ! or I will break my trembling lyre  
And let thee, in its shattered strings, expire.

\* See Notes †

† See Appendix

### APPENDIX (A)

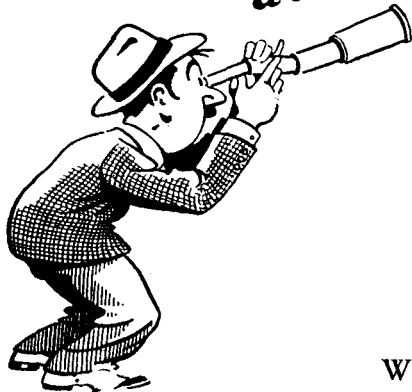
- Notes—1. This may be a reference to T. Justice or Ltd. Phin, friends of the authors.  
2. This is a remarkable example of transferred epithet, personification, poetic imagery and mixed metaphor.  
3. This may be a veiled reference to Episcopalianism drowned in the Tay Bridge Disaster.  
4. As an example of contemporary and topical observation this is quite remarkable.  
5. An example of the broad mind of Dryden. He was, as a boy, very interested in the compression of gas, which he practised (and wrote) in later life.

### APPENDIX (B)

This poem, with its wide poetic imagery, its appreciation of Nature, irregular rhyming and metre, is notable for the accurate and touching picture of school life which it gives.

KATHLEEN S. ANDERSON.

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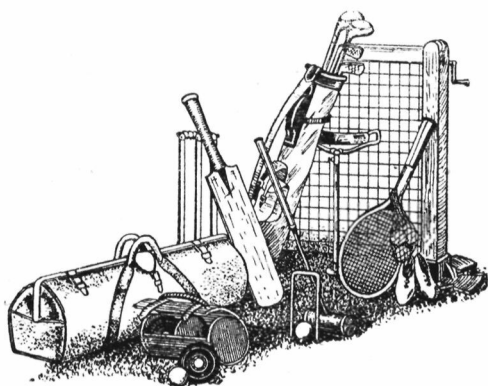
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## SUMMER NIGHT ON THE RIVER

Now from the glare of noon the roof of heaven  
 Fades to a fathomless pool of peaceful blue,  
 Where frail and tired wisps of weary cloud  
 Float towards the sundown blushed with red.  
 To north the hooked spike of distant crags,  
 To south the waving arms of endless trees.  
 The crystal water glimmers, glints, and sparkles  
 With myriads of rubies, pearls and sapphires  
 Losing themselves in the gold of summer sunset,  
 And, by the shore, the pale, thin watercress  
 Is mirrored in the water, green and cold,  
 And hovering and capering by the curving shore,  
 Beneath the shade of dusky, dreary trees,  
 The brilliant dragonfly spreads her fairy wings.  
 A gentle sigh of the weak, wistful wind  
 Fondles a drooping tendril of wan grass ;  
 The water darkens, and reflects the stars  
 Like diamonds dancing o'er a velvet sea.  
 A breathless hush pervades the quiet air,  
 And slowly ghostly shadows do appear  
 As if to savour Nature's slumbrous wine.

E.G.M. (F.6.)

## OLD BOYS' CLUB ANNUAL GOLF OUTING

The Annual Golf outing will be held at Kirriemuir Golf Course at 2.30 p.m. on Saturday, 26th June 1948, when the Stuart Trophy will be competed for. Tea will be supplied in the clubhouse as usual, and the charges will be as follows:— Golf, 2/6 ; Tea, 2/3 ; payable to Green-keeper.

Will all members wishing to attend please notify Mr Eric Larg, Whitehall St., Dundee, as soon as possible, stating their Handicap.

The Committee regrets that it has been impossible to obtain a private bus for the Outing and it will be appreciated if members who are taking private cars will inform Mr Larg as to how many vacant seats are available to other members.

The S.M.T. state that as many duplicate buses as required will be available in the ordinary service to Kirriemuir, and if members wish to hire a car Messrs Valentine Auto Hires, 164 High Street, Lochee can provide taxis for parties up to six persons if application is made shortly.

J. S. ANDERSON  
 Hon. Secretary

## Reports

### Old Girls' Club

We begin what we might term "Our Annual Report" by sending cordial greetings to every member of the Club. May each and all have a happy holiday season. We warmly invite every girl, leaving school, to join our Club forthwith, and thus forge a link with her school days and school friends.

Last November, we had a most successful Re-union Dinner in the Café Val D'or. Over seventy members were present. Our President, Mrs Weatherhead, delighted the whole company with her most interesting and entertaining address on the Housewife's Career.

She told us how she never entered the school doors without a surge of happy memories crowding in upon her. Then, as she watched the present pupils, girls of all types and ages, hurrying out, her dreams of the past changed to thoughts of the future. What careers would they choose, these women of to-morrow? Some of them might take up business careers, some become missionaries, nurses, teachers or doctors, but sooner or later a great many of them would have changed over to the commonest career of all—that of the housewife! Surely it must be an easy job when so many tackle it at short notice, and with little or no training. The usual preliminary to the taking up of this career was a proposal of marriage. No testimonials are asked for; no short leets are chosen; yet no girl would dream of applying for this post—she waits until one is offered.

The housewife's life need not be all drudgery, for it is full of variety and unexpected little happenings, that cheer and brighten the daily round. Her weekly time-table is divided up into periods for various subjects, with the cooking and washing-up periods recurring with monotonous regularity. Yet, who can describe the thrill of turning out a well-baked cake, or a tray of crisp shortbread? Then, why not make the singing period go along with the purely mechanical occupation of washing-up?

Washing, ironing, cleaning, polishing, with intervals of economical stoking in the cold weather, are all necessary items in the weekly time-table; but, while the hands are busy, the imagination can wander at will. The housewife may compose poetry, plan a party, or make a speech, as she carries out her ordinary duties. A period or two of gardening, in the afternoon, give her fresh air and exercise; and shopping expeditions lend an added interest.

In the evening come preparation for next day's menus, needlework, and book-keeping. The whole household revolves round the housewife; and its comfort and happiness depend largely upon her. She must have a vast store of patience, good-humour, sympathy, and a host of other good qualities.

Mrs Weatherhead went on to say how the foundation of such a store was laid in a girl's early years, and was of supreme importance. Real home life, with all its influence for good, can only be preserved by careful and constant planning, by ceaseless and untiring efforts. In the home and in school, young characters, as well as young bodies, are being built up. Let us see, she concluded, that no effort is spared to find those girls of to-day proper nourishment, equipping them with clear-thinking minds, with high ideals of service and of womanhood, so that whether or not they become housewives wherever

they go and whatever they do, they may lead useful, happy lives.

Mrs Lee very warmly expressed our gratitude to Mrs Weatherhead; and afterwards we had an opportunity to chat with one another. Later, a team kept us entertained with "Twenty Questions," Miss Foggie acting as question master. Naturally, the first item to be guessed was the "School Pillars." The happy evening was brought to a close by singing the School Song.

Our Annual General Meeting was held in the School Hall, on 1st April. It was intimated that the Club had lost two specially notable members during the year—Miss Duthie, who was one of the prime movers in the formation of the Club, and Mrs Kinnear, who was its first President. In 1931 the Head Prefect, Tibby Mathers, approached Miss Duthie to ask her advice on the formation of a small club, so that members of the class, then due to leave, might not lose touch with one another. Miss Duthie was enthusiastic, encouraged the idea, and presided over a meeting of the girls concerned. It soon became evident that other people were interested, and it was then decided to call the open meeting at which the present Club was formed.

After the business had been dealt with, we were entertained by members of the School Staff, who performed an amusing little play, "The Daughters of Invention." Then followed tea, during which members had an opportunity for conversation before the meeting closed, in the usual way, with the singing of "Schola Clara."

During the session various officials of the Club have availed themselves of the invitation to attend present pupils' functions. They enjoyed a night at the Literary Society, for example, and attended the Christmas Carol Service. Welcoming such opportunities of taking part in the present life of the School, we hope to send two Officials to the Sports and the Swimming Gala.

We are planning another re-union at the end of the year, which may take the form of a Christmas Party; but fuller intimation about this will be sent to members in due time.

It would help very considerably if members would be good enough to let us know any change of address or designation immediately, so that our lists may be kept up-to-date.

At the Annual General Meeting the following Office-bearers and Executive Committee were elected:

**Hon. President.** Mrs Agnes Savile, M.A., M.D., M.R.C.P., Dublin and London.

**Hon. Vice-Presidents.** Lady Beveridge, M.A., O.B.E.; Miss Hilda Lorimer, B.A., M.A. (Oxon.); Miss Isabel Gray, L.R.A.M.; Miss Jean Anderson, L.L.A.

**President.** Mrs Kemp.

**Vice-Presidents.** Mrs Peter Jackson, Mrs William Luke.

**Hon. Secretaries.** Miss Margot Cosh, 5 Magdalen Place, Dundee. Miss Ella Hutchison, 1 Kingsway West, Dundee.

**Hon. Treasurer.** Miss M.W.S. Johnston, 1 St. John's-wood Terrace, West Park Road, Dundee.

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*Back Row*—Ian S. Stark (Don F. McEwan Prize for Cricket); James S. Whyte (Jane Spiller Prize for Dux of Form III. Boys); Ian R. McMahon (Championship Trophy—Swimming); Kenneth I. M. Hogg (Loveridge Cup—Mile Race); Roderick A. Brown (Urquhart Cup—Champion Shot); Gilbert D. Donaldson (Boase Medal and Pirie Cup—Golf); Kenneth J. Clark (Harold Martin Cup—Champion Athlete of Middle School); Atholl R. Stewart (Polack Gold Medal—Gymnastics, F. II.); William E. Stark (Don F. McEwan Prize for Cricket).

*Second Row*—W. Eric Tewsley (Leng Silver Medal—Singing); Sheena M. B. Gibb (Leng Silver Medal—Singing); Yvonne Cassaday (Tennis Champion); Margaret D. White (Jane Spiller Prize for Dux of Form III. Girls); Charles R. V. Doe (Ballingall Gold Medal—Dux Gym.); Lindsay Mitchell (Championship Cup—Dux Gym.); Peter Robertson (Aystree Cup—Junior Champion Athlete); Peter Miller (Junior Swimming Champion).

*Third Row*—Andrew G. Robertson (Dux—Technical); Catriona McIntosh (Dux—Art)—equal; Derek Jamieson (Dux—Maths. and Science); Fay M. Swinton (School Dux—Girls); Donald A. Sykes (School Dux—Boys and Dux—English, French, Latin, Greek); Agnes M. Bowman (Dux—German); Sydney Hynd (Airlie Cup—Champion Athlete); Pamela M. Halley (Swimming Champion).

*Front Row*—John R. Cameron (Walter Polack Prize for Dux of L. V. Boys); Elizabeth H. T. Thomson (John MacLennan Prize for Dux of L. V. Girls); Jill M. Burnett (Junior Swimming Champion); Aileen V. Paterson (Junior Tennis Champion); Derek M. Watson (Oakley Cup—Best Shot 1st Year).

*Absent*—Ronald J. B. Irons (Dux—Art)—equal.

**School Medallists**  
**Session 1947-48**

**Dundee High School**  
**Magazine**



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The following have joined the Club since June 1947.  
Mrs J. Frain Bell, The Birches, West Park.

Miss Jean R. Bett, Invertay, 29 Ferry Road, Monifieth.

Margaret J. Cook, 21 Carlogie Road, Carnoustie.

Anne Chawla, Woodlyn, Perth Road.

Mary E. Cruden, 24 Parkthorne Road, Clapham Park, London.

Miss M. Davidson, 133 Ferry Road, Dundee.

Diane Edwards, Ardene, Frederick Street, Downfield.

Nancy Fyffe, Eildonhurst, Ninewells.

Audrey Giles, St. Aidan's Manse, Broughty Ferry.

Eva W. Grady, 9 Kerrington Crescent, Barnhill.

Heather Grewar, 306 Blackness Road.

Anne E. Henderson, 31 Albany Terrace.

Elizabeth M. Hutton, 4 Burn Street, Downfield.

Eunice G. Kellie, Westlea, 43 Grove Road, W. Ferry.

Sarah W. Kinnear, 363 Brook Street, Broughty Ferry.

Muriel Low, Ferncroft, Barnhill.

Kathleen Winifred Lumsden, 20 Park Crescent, Finchley, London, N.3.

Lena M. McBean, 86 Forfar Road.

Isobel J. B. Mackay, Panmure Golf Club, Barry.

Betty W. Milne, 25 Murray Street.

Margaret P. H. Mitchell, Clifton Bank, Cupar Road, East Newport.

Edith L. Nicoll, 111 Byron Crescent.

Jean Ogilvy, Glendevon, 236 Strathmartine Road.

Doreen Patterson, 69 Clepington Road.

Katharine M. Preston, 2 Alton Terrace, West Ferry.

Edith M. Ramsay, 81 Clepington Road.

Isabel S. Reaper, The Barony Manse, Kirriemuir.

Katherine M. Rodger, 3 Struan Place, East Newport.

Joan M. Ross, Dunira, West Newport.

Kathleen Scott, 19 Kerrington Crescent, Barnhill.

Rae P. Stockwell, Beach Tree, Holly Road, Wilmslow.

Dorothy Thomson, 21 Abbotsford Place.

Ella Thompson, 21 Abbotsford Place.

Clementina L. Wallace, 3 Bingham Terrace.

W. A. Hazel Wilson, 56 Mains Drive.

We announce with pleasure the following marriages :—

Dr. Isma Begbie to Mr Martin Fearn.

Miss Jenny J. Ferguson to Mr Joseph Stewart.

Miss Margaret Gordon to Mr Alec Robertson.

Miss Moira Martin to Dr. Charles H. Todd.

Miss Audrey Napier to Mr J. C. Jamieson.

Dr. Pauline Quig, to Dr. D. F. Robertson.

Miss Phyllis Rollo to Mr Norman Milne.

Miss Effie Spreull to Mr John Johnston.

Miss Janet Swan to G. M. Smellie.

We record with regret the deaths of :—

Miss A. Duthie, 3 Hillview, Newport.

Mrs Kinnear, B.A., J.P., 17a Roseangle.

Miss I. A. C. MacGregor, L.L.A., 18 Brandon Terrace, Edinburgh.

### Ranger Report

Meetings have been held as usual this term. Two of them have been held out of doors, when the recruits were taught how to pitch tents and erect flagpoles.

On Friday, 21st May, a joint meeting was held with the Guides.

On Friday, 28th May, 4 Rangers went up to Dalnacraig to provide tea for the officers who were inspecting the Cadet Company.

Camp this year is to be held at Mull, from 3rd to 13th July. There is also the County Camp, which is being held during Ranger Week at Clova; it is hoped that the French Rangers, and a few of us, will manage to go.

The Company would like to congratulate, most heartily, Anne Thomson, who has been chosen as one of the two British Winners of the Juliette Low Scholarship award. The award is in the form of money, and Anne will get all her expenses paid and pocket-money for her own use.

At the Ranger concert, which was held in the Hall at the close of last term, we made over £20. At the beginning of this term, the choir of Rangers and Guides took part in another concert. This concert was held in the Gilfillan Church Hall, in aid of the Lord Mayor's Aid the Children Fund.

We had a most interesting lecture from Miss Lickley on "Design and Colour," with illustrations, which taught us all about colour and how colour should be used.

In conclusion, we should like to thank Captain Mudie for her help and advice during the past term.

P. A. R. M.

### Guide Report

In the Easter term the shield was won by the Robin Patrol.

This term has not been marked by any unusual activities.

When the usual badge tests were over prospective 1st and 2nd Class Guides started to work in earnest.

On the 23rd and 24th April, the Senior Guides helped the programme of a variety concert by producing a play and singing choral items. This was in aid of the United Nations Appeal Fund. The Guides are grateful to Lieut. Gray and Mrs Hammond for their invaluable assistance, without which, the concert would not have been such a great success.

Miss Coupar kindly lectured on First-Aid to the prospective 1st Class Guides.

An expedition to Craighill Grounds supervised by Miss Spreull and Mrs Hammond had to be cancelled because of the bad weather conditions.

At the School Church Service, on the 30th May, the Guides marched smartly, in charge of Mrs Hammond, into St. Mary's. Now, in June, all thoughts are on the annual camp to be held at Glen Quiech, from the 5th to 12th July.

Captain Whytock has been missed greatly during her absence through illness, but we hope she will soon be back with us.

Once again, on behalf of the Company, I should like to thank Captain Whytock, Lieutenant Gray, Miss Spreull and Mrs Hammond, for their unstinting help and unending patience during the past year, and to hope that next year will be as happy and successful as this one has been.

ISEABAL H. HENDERSON.

### Tennis Club Report

The Tennis Team has again had quite a successful season, despite very limited practice due to bad weather. So far, we have played Grove, Madras and Morgan. We won two of these matches, and the third, with Morgan, was unfinished. We are looking forward to several other matches.

This year's team consists of D. Duncan and E. Bowman, P. Gibson and G. Cassaday, M. Paterson and B. Gray. Reserves are J. Buttars and H. Johnstone.

Once again, the sun shone gloriously for us on Victoria Day, when the American Tournament was, as always, a great success. It was won by E. Bowman and C. Gray.

The Junior Cup was won this year by Aileen Paterson and the final for the Senior Cup has not yet been played.

Finally, our thanks go to Miss Whytock, for her never-failing interest in our activities, to Miss Foggie, for her invaluable advice and assistance, and to Miss Spreull who has carried out the duties of Secretary.

D. W. D.

### D.H.S. Golf Club Report 1948

This year the golf team has played seven games, of which we have won five, lost one and drawn one. We lost to Grove Academy at Monifieth and drew with Madras College at St. Andrews.

As usual, competition for the School Trophies has been very keen and has produced some good golf. The Boase Medal was won by Gilbert D. Donaldson with a round of 81; runner-up was Forbes Caird with 83. In the final round for the Pirie Cup, Gilbert D. Donaldson beat Ross Mackie four and three.

The standard of play this year has been very high and with the help of our president, Mr Laird, and under the leadership of Forbes Caird we have had a most enjoyable and successful season.

G.D.D. (Secy.).

### Cricket Club Report for Season 1948

The following officials were appointed for season 1948 :-

|                     |     |     |                 |
|---------------------|-----|-----|-----------------|
| <i>Captain</i>      | ..  | ... | W. E. Stark     |
| <i>Vice-Captain</i> | ... | ... | W. Kerr         |
| <i>Secretary</i>    | ... | ... | W. J. Thomson   |
| <i>Treasurer</i>    | ... | ... | O. J. K. Martin |

We have been very fortunate this year in having available nine boys who played for the 1st XI. last year and they, naturally, have formed the nucleus of this year's side.

The season, so far, has been favoured by really good weather and so far only one 1st XI. game has had to be cancelled.

The 1st XI. this year is a good, sound team and has played well throughout the season. Mention should be made of the fielding which has been very keen in every game played so far. The batting of the side is good and the bowling, though not of such high standard as the batting and fielding, has improved. The 2nd XI. has played well as a team and has several promising players who should be ready to step up into the 1st XI. next season.

Our thanks are due to Mr Stewart, Mr Stark and Mr McLaren, for their continued interest and guidance, and to the other members of the staff who have given freely of their time to umpire our matches.

Caps for season 1948 have been awarded to R. Doe, L. Ferguson, O. Martin, I. Stark and W. Stark.

W. J. T.

### D.H.S. Cadet Report

This has been a very busy term with the Company. For several weeks after Easter, the boys were in training for Cert. A. The result of the examination, held on 23rd of May, was most gratifying. Out of a total of 42 candidates 37 passed.

The outstanding event of the year was the general inspection of the Company by Brigadier J. A. Oliver. The Company, on this occasion, maintained the high standard which is usually associated with this event.

On Sunday, 30th of May, we held our Annual Church Parade in St. Mary's, when all ranks acquitted themselves well.

The band must be congratulated on their fine performance at both parades.

And now for camp, the preparations for which are in the final stages. We are looking forward to good weather and an enjoyable week.

Thanks must be given to all the officers of the Company for their continual efforts for the boys.

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