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No. 103

DECEMBER 1948

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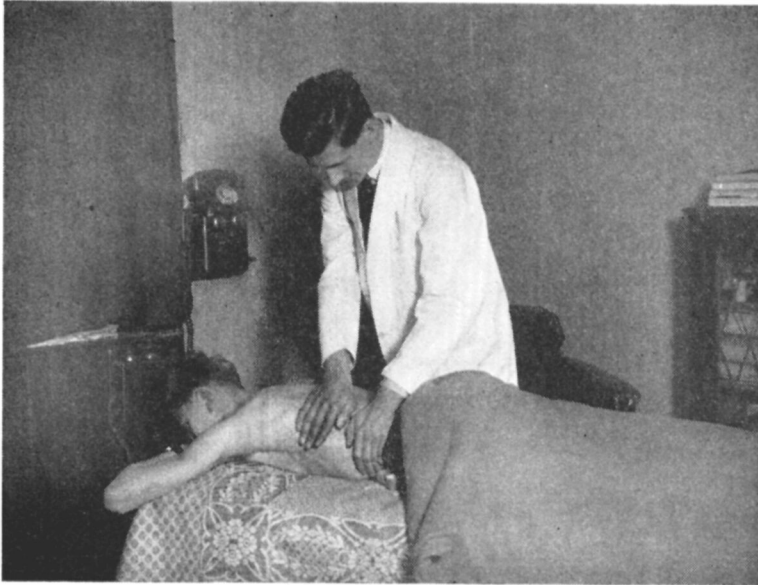
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The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

No. 103]

DECEMBER 1948

[SIXPENCE

Editorial

[T is really remarkable in this world of ours how easy anything looks before we have tried it ourselves. It looks easy to skate, or ride a horse, or write a story, but when we ourselves make an attempt at any of these things for the first time the results are, to say the least of it, disappointing.

And one of the things which looked easiest of all to us was the writing of an Editorial for a magazine. But, you see, we had never tried it. Now that we have tried it, therefore, let us say that our views on the subject have altered considerably. In fact—but we could continue in this strain for quite some time. Let it suffice to say that the job is trickier than we had imagined.

The attitude adopted by the masses towards the Editorial is another rather disheartening side of the question. We are forced to admit that in the past ours has been one of gentle toleration, mingled with a little contempt. We would usually read the editorial through, but only to provide a sort of appetizer for the really interesting portions of the magazine.

But that is all changed now. From this day hence, we are resolved to treat the Editorial with the respect and consideration due to the efforts and brainwork which are of necessity expended on it. Of course, we know we cannot ask you, reader, for a similar modification of your attitude towards the despised Editorial. You see, you haven't tried to write one yet.

But now we must leave the more abstract side of the Editorial and try to find out what,

in fact, is the purpose of it; and we decide that it is to give a brief and general 'résumé' of the recent work and activities of the organisation with which this magazine is connected.

Once again we have assembled in the hall, in the mellow days of early September, to begin the new school year. With an imposing array of successes last year, both in the field of study and of sport, we have a high reputation to maintain. The highlight of the past term was undoubtedly the school's participation in the popular radio programme, "Top of the Form." Mr Lionel Gamlin, our question-master, kept us highly amused during the period of waiting before we went "on the air," and commiserated with us afterwards on our defeat by the boys of Aberdeen Grammar School. Our team of four, although slightly affected by stage-fright, acquitted themselves well.

Once more the school is equipped with its full complement of railings. The gates are now all in place and the presence of the school crest on the main gate greatly enhances its appearance. While we are on the subject of the school's appearance, changes do not apply only to the building's fixtures, but also to the staff and pupils. Regulation dress, in the shape of hats for the girls and ties for the boys, must now be worn.

On behalf of the school we extend a warm welcome to all new members of the staff. In the Art and Needlework department Miss Joan Cuthill has come from Morrison's Academy, Crieff, to take the place of Miss

Davidson, who left to be married; Miss Margaret Hutton, a former pupil, has taken the place of Mrs Todd in the Primary Department. Under the scheme for the exchange of teachers, Miss Brodlie, also of the Primary Department, has gone to the U.S.A. for a year, and in her place we welcome Miss Hagaman, from Tujunga, California. Miss Cruickshank's post has been filled by Mr D. J. Bisset, who has already proved to be an able and popular master. Finally, Mr Ferguson, who left at the end of last year, has been succeeded in the English department by Mr A. R. Duke, who came to us from the Harris Academy. Mr Duke, in the short time he has been with us, has shown himself to be both competent and experienced.

A Merry Christmas, everybody.

NEWS AND NOTES

We regret to record the death of Graeme Anderson. On behalf of the school, we would convey, through this medium, our sympathy with his parents and their family in their bereavement.

We offer our sincere congratulations to Mr Halliday and Mr Vannet. At the Royal Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts in Glasgow, and at the Society of Scottish Artists in Edinburgh, some of Mr Halliday's sculptures have been exhibited. Two works, selected from the latter exhibition by the Arts Council of Great Britain, are to be sent on tour throughout Britain. Mr Halliday has also had four paintings on show in Dundee Art Society's exhibition. Ten pictures by Mr Vannet have been on view in the same exhibition. It is interesting to note that two of these were painted at the Forestry Camp and two at the Cadet Camp.

Once more, we offer our grateful thanks to the Old Girls' Club, for their generous gift of books to the Junior Library. This is just another example of the kindly interest taken in the school by our former pupils. The Liaison Committee, which has been established between the Old Boys and the school to strengthen the bond of common interest, is already proving its worth.

The Literary Societies, both Boys' and Girls', have resumed their meetings again for the year and have already had many interesting evenings. Mr Norman Brown, the noted photographer, kindly consented to deliver his

lecture, "The Charm of the Channel Islands," to the combined societies. We were held entranced by his colourful slides, and by the climax of the evening, which was his motion picture of the "Battle of Flowers." The Societies have a full programme for the season and we are looking forward eagerly to lectures by Mr George Bruce, one of our former teachers; by Mr McIntosh Patrick, the distinguished artist; and by Mr Vannet and Mr G. Ritchie.

Preparations have already begun for the musical evening which is to take place on December 15th.

In the St. Andrews University bursary competition, Donald Sykes gained second place, and has been awarded the Dundee Educational Trust Residential Scholarship along with the Low Memorial Prize.

Derek Jamieson, another of last year's pupils, has won the Patrick Lowson Memorial Scholarship.

Walter Perry has graduated M.D. (London) with distinction, and has been awarded a Rutherford Silver Medal.

Our congratulations to Sydney Hynd, who, in his very first term at Edinburgh University, has gained a place in the Rugby 1st XV.

"H.M.S. Pinafore," which was presented at the close of last year, was a crowning success.

Anne Thomson, who gained the Juliet Lowe Scholarship for International Guiding open to all British Rangers, was one of the two British representatives at a meeting in Switzerland last summer.

Margaret Watson gained the Queen's Guide Award—the highest award obtainable in the Guide movement.

The school, at the end of last year, re-adopted its old custom of holding a Gymnastics Display by senior boys and Junior girls.

Mr Halliday has designed a bronze plaque which will be placed in a suitable position until it can be transferred to a Memorial Building in the reconstructed school.

We have lost the services of Mr McCulloch who has been fireman and caretaker of the Girls' school for the last 26 years. His place has been taken by Mr William Halliday, who also assists in the activities of the Cadet Corps.

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MUSIC NOTES

The Carol Service

With the approach of Christmas, attention and interest begins to focus on the Carol Service, as the chief musical event of the term, and soon the lower corridors will resound to the familiar strains of "Adeste Fideles" and other old Christmas airs, as the various singing classes undergo a period of preliminary preparation.

Following on the pattern of the service of last year, which was so much enjoyed by all, parents and friends will, it is hoped, again join with the school in St. Mary's Church, on Sunday, 19th December, and enjoy an hour's carol singing.

The School Chaplain, Dr. Duncan, will again give the address, while the lessons will be read by Mr. Bain, Mr. Marshall, Mr. More, Mr. A. Eric Larg and R. Chawla (the School captain).

Mr. E. S. Treasure will preside at the organ, and the Senior choir will, in addition to leading the various carols, themselves contribute several items.

A collection will be taken on behalf of the School War Memorial Fund.

School Services

Everyone will be glad to have, once again, the short Carol Services in the School Hall,

which always started off the Christmas holidays, and so, this year, in addition to the service in St. Mary's, we are to have our own particular School services, as of yore, the Juniors in the morning and the Seniors finishing off the last afternoon, before we go on holiday.

Instrumental and Vocal Recital

On many occasions in past years, the Senior pupils have ably demonstrated their musical abilities, but it is some years now since the lower section of the school have had any chance to give an exhibition of their progress in the instrumental side of their musical education, and so, on a date which will be announced later, it is hoped that a short recital of instrumental and vocal music will be given by our younger music students selected from Classes L.II to F.II. The programme will include piano and violin items, while some Junior choirs will also help towards making what, it is hoped, will be an interesting evening for their parents and friends.

Congratulations are extended to the following pupils who were successful in their piano-forte examinations in June:—Ishbel Tough, F.I; Anne Drummond, L.V; Alice Davidson, L.V; and Robert Logan, L.IV.



The Yule Log

“H. M. S. Pinafore”

From the moment the curtain rose on the hardy crew of His Majesty's ship *Pinafore* vigorously sweeping the deck and singing their cheery song, until it finally dropped on the grand finale of a truly excellent performance, we rather wistful onlookers basked in reflected glory.

The cast, indeed, deserved their glory, for they had willingly devoted most of their spare time to making yet another High School opera a great success. The atmosphere throughout was happy because the performers themselves were happy and the spirit in which it was presented ensured the opera's success even had the singing and acting been of a lower standard. These, however, needed no apology, for the voices of principals and chorus alike sounded confidently and clearly through the hall, and the acting was excellent. We listened with pleasure to the songs of Josephine and her lover, and to those of Little Buttercup and Captain Corcoran; we laughed at the amazing conduct of Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B.; we sympathised with the independence of Britannia's mutinous sailors; and we all went home delighted with the singing and

the spectacle, and with a keen sense of pride in our school.

But we must also remember those whom we did not see or hear. There were those ladies of the staff who did the make-up, altered costumes and even, so we believe, encouraged stage-frightened actors and actresses! And, of course, there were the prompters! Theirs was a very important job, although we were very pleased to note that at the actual performances their assistance was seldom called for. Our best thanks are due to Mr. A. J. Millar, Mr. J. G. Cruden, and Mr. D. Robertson, for their untiring energy and organising power; and, last but not least, we thank Mr. Treasure, Miss Coutts and the orchestra for their very important part. The friendly team-spirit apparent in both performers and helpers contributed much to the success of the show.

Yes, we onlookers enjoyed ourselves thoroughly, and can, with clear consciences, offer our heartiest congratulations to the cast and all concerned in launching and steering “H.M.S. Pinafore” and bringing her, with colours flying, safely to port. M. F. B.

LAMENTATIONS OF A SPIRIT IN TORMENT

With tardy feet and shaking knees I climb
The stairs that lead unto a fate that's worse
Than Death itself. But stay—I reach the
door!

My fingers touch the entrance and I'm seized—
Powerless in their grasp, I'm thrown through
portals

Of foul foreboding atmosphere into
An evil and brooding ante-chamber,
Whereto there leaks but slow the happenings
Of outside things.

Now have I been allowed for long enough
To brood upon the evils of my life;
Into the torture room itself I'm led.
There are the instruments of pain themselves.
There stands the torturer—the man we hate—
The Dentist.

CONTRASTS

Up the steps they crawl and quiver,
Into desks they flop and shiver;
No one laughs and no one jests,
For 'tis the morning of the tests.
The rooms themselves have solemn air
Watching to see that all play fair;
The pupils are ready to do their best
On this morning of the test.

Up those same steps they leap and run,
Of each other making fun,
Into rooms which seem to smile
At each laughter-making wile.
Such a change must have a reason;
It's not the weather, nor the season;
It's not the sun's inviting rays,
It's just the start of holidays.

P. M. S., F.V.



Photo. by Norman Brown & Co.

“H.M.S. PINAFORE”

GREAT FLOODS

The grouse shooting in this year 1948 opened with reports of devastation in Haddington and in the County of Berwick, and there was universal anxiety about the inhabitants. I remember that as I gazed at the water pouring down the street of a Lothian village, I recalled Dick Lauder's story of the floods of another August of one hundred and nineteen years ago in the County of Moray. The "Moray Floods" is "prolific of circumstances bordering on the miraculous, but startling as many of the facts may appear, the reader may be assured of their unquestionable accuracy."

I will endeavour, by means of a few extracts, to recreate a scene which is very intimately illustrated by Lauder in his book.

"Captain Macdonald of Coulnakyle, whose place is situated in the angle between the right bank of the Nethy and the right bank of the Spey, seeing his people tired with their day's work of carrying hay on the evening of the 1st August, desired them to leave off. 'You had better continue as long as you can, sir,' said his overseer to him, 'for ye'll lead nae mair these twa or three days to come.' 'Phoo!' said Captain Macdonald, 'the mercury promises good weather.' 'That may be,' said the man, 'but dinna ye see twa suns i' the sky? Wha ever saw gude wather come aifter sic a fearsome sight as yon?' Next day the mountains forming the horizon far up the Strath, appeared as if they were only a few miles off, and Captain Macdonald fancied he should have to laugh at his wise overseer. But at nine o'clock, the wind shifted to the north, the barometer fell from 29 to 28½, at which point it continued whilst it rained for 42 hours without intermission. The weather on the 5th was more calm and clear and Strathspey was one vast sea, the water not having had time to run off below. 'I am satisfied,' said Captain Macdonald, 'that I might have sailed a fifty-gun ship from the Boat of Bellifurth to the Boat of Garten, a distance of seven or eight miles.' At the Broomhill, the extreme height of the flood above ordinary level was twenty feet where it was about a mile broad. Of Captain Macdonald's farm of 200 acres, 150 were completely ruined by depositions of gravel and sand to the depth of three feet and covered with large trees."

"Extract from register kept at Inverness by Mathew Adam, A.M., Rector of the Inverness Academy—Observations made with a patent rain gauge.

August, 1829.

Tuesday 4.—2½ inches of rain fell here since the evening of Sunday the 2nd inst.

Monday 31.—About 8½ inches of rain fell here during the month.

"The flood was very grand at Dulsie Bridge where the column of water was so confined that it filled the smaller arch altogether and rose, in the great arch, to within 3 feet of the keystone; it was thus no less than forty feet perpendicular above the usual level."

"When the Doctor reached the house about ten o'clock, he found Mr. Suter looking through a telescope at poor Funns and his family. They were huddled together on a spot of ground a few feet square, some 40 or 50 yards below their inundated dwelling. He was sometimes standing and sometimes sitting on a small cask, and, as the beholders fancied, watching with intense anxiety the progress of the flood and trembling for every tree that it brought sweeping past them. His wife, covered with a blanket, sat shivering on a bit of a log, one child on her lap, and a girl of about 17 and a boy of about 12 years of age, leaning against her side. A bottle and a glass on the ground, near the man, gave the spectators, as it had doubtless given him, some degree of comfort. . . . Dreading that they must all be swept off, if not soon relieved, the gentlemen hastened to the offices, and looked anxiously out from the top of the tower for a boat."

"I turned aside to the house of Widow Cameron, who gave me the history of her disasters. 'Oh, sir,' said she, 'ye see, Spey was just in one sea a' the way frae Tullochgorum yonder. I was feared oot o' my judgment for my bairns, and sae I but to be oot o' this wi' them.' 'And how did you escape?' demanded I. 'Oh troth, just upon a brander,' replied Mrs. Cameron. 'A brander!' exclaimed I with astonishment, arising from ignorance that the word was applied to anything other than a Scotch gridiron and thinking that the riding to the moon on a broom, or the sailing in a sieve to Norway, were nothing to this: 'A brander! What do you mean by a brander?' 'Ou, just a bit float: a bit raft I made o' they bit palins an' bits o' mose-fir that waur lyin about.' "What!

and your children too?' exclaimed I. 'Oh, what else!' replied she. 'What could I hae done wi' them else? Nae horse could hae come near huz. It was deep aneuch to drown twa horses.' 'And how did you feather yourself over?' enquired I. 'Troth, sir, I hae nae feathers,' replied Mrs. Cameron very simply; 'I'm no a dewk to soom. But ye see, I sat on my hunkers on the middle o' the brander, wi' my bairns a' aboot me, in a knot; and the wund that was blawin' strong aneuch frae the north just teuk us safe oot to the land.'"

"It is a singular fact that the small birds, of which there was rather an over abundance at Ballindalloch, all left the place after the flood. The lawn trees, too, which had been flooded round the roots, were immediately struck with the chill of autumn, and prematurely assumed variegated livery."

"An, see noo, sir, the hoos is as bare as a barn, an' a' sand an' weet! Oor bit comfortable hoos! We canna leeve ony langer here, that's for certain, an' whaur we're to gang, I'm sure I dinna ken!"

And looking back, Dick Lauder remarks that no legend tells of any of these rivers (Nairn, Findhorn and Spey) having ever before worked ruin so universal or produced misery so extensive.

"Formerly, the rain drops were either evaporated on the hillside, or were sucked up by an arid or a spongy soil, before so many of them could coalesce as to form a rill. But when we consider the number of open cuts made to dry hill pastures—the numerous bogs reclaimed by drainage—and the long lines of roads formed with side drains, back drains and cross conduits, we shall find that of late years the country has been covered with a perfect network of courses to concentrate the raindrops as they fall and to hurry them off in accumulated tribute to the next stream."

Conditions have changed since 1829. Our worldly goods and our resources have both increased manyfold and easy communication soon lessens the fear or terror which follows immediately upon an "Act of Providence." But Captain Macdonald's men might not now be so zealous, and homeless still cry in vain for a house. I greatly fear, too, that no one will have leisure, like Sir Dick Lauder, to travel the Lothians and Borders, from cottage to cottage, collecting the experiences of 1948 flood victims.

W. M.

MY IMPRESSIONS OF DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL

(By an American Teacher)

One of the first things about Dundee High School that impressed me was the wholesome attitude of pride in the institution felt by both the students and the staff. The students seem to realize the value of being educated people. A fine feeling of unity exists among the members of the staff and between the staff and the student body. Parents seem to have confidence in the work of the school. This might simply be termed "good morale."

Dundee High School has historical tradition and background which could not be claimed by any American school. This fact probably accounts for the stability which is evident throughout the school.

The standards of academic achievement are high, yet the school provides fine opportunities for a variety of activities, such as physical training, fine arts, and practical arts as well.

Although teaching at Dundee High School differs from teaching in California in many small ways, the similarities far outnumber the differences. It becomes increasingly evident that educators and schools here and in the United States have common purposes, and that children are basically the same in both countries. I am constantly reminded that we have the same language, a common faith, and democratic ideologies. Where differences exist they are superficial.

It is a great pleasure to be a part of Dundee High School. Being an exchange teacher means as much learning for the teacher as for the students. My experience here will not easily be forgotten.

ESTHER HAGAMAN.

TO A SCHOOL HAT

O crowning glory of Woman,
What words can be used to praise thee?
Dark as the devil art thou:
Yet dost thou demolish vanity.
O creation of a fertile mind,
How decorous and shapely thy form!
Surely thy mother and thy father
Must have been of illustrious descent
(Yea, one even a pudding basin,
The other a tea cosy).

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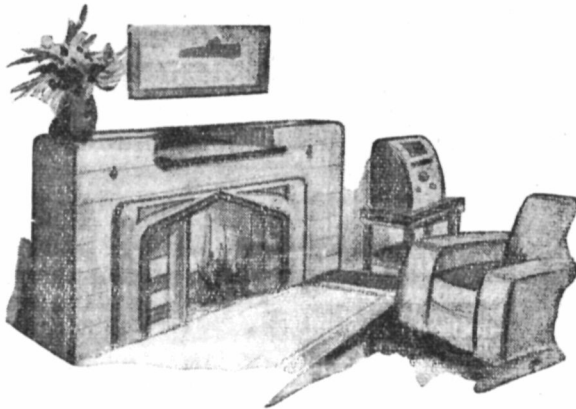
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AN OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS

As we walk along the glistening, frozen, snow-covered street, we see about us gay shop-windows. In one, oranges are piled upon crinkled red paper. Two candles stand among the rosy-cheeked apples, casting shadows on the bunches of grapes. From another shop comes the smell of newly-baked scones, and a little girl runs out of the pastry-cook's, clutching a bag of hot cakes.

A lady, attired in a fur-trimmed crinoline, walks past us, leading a French poodle. She bows to a bewhiskered gentleman in a top hat. He wishes her the season's greetings and walks on. Just then a stage-coach rumbles along and stops in front of Ye Olde Inn. The coachman gets down and blows his horn loudly. A young man jumps out and looks around for someone. Then he spies an old gentleman, and he runs up to him and shakes hands and slaps the old man on the back. More people alight and the coach moves on.

A few minutes later a more splendid private coach draws up in front of a large Victorian house. A liveried footman jumps down and opens the door for an old lady. She is elaborately dressed and we hear the footman say, "Your Grace," as he opens the door. Now we stop to look through a lighted window.

In here a party is in progress and the host is in the act of serving the punch. A pretty young woman is talking to a young man. He is promising to write in her album. Three or four children are playing blind-man's buff in the centre of the room. The hostess is playing the piano and singing a popular song. Mine host calls everyone to attention. The carpet is rolled back and the candelabra is lit. The hostess strikes up the "Blue Danube," and the guests take partners and waltz away the hours.

Back into the street we turn. Snow is falling and an old man is singing, "Holy night, silent night." Then he decides to go home, and shuffles away through the snow.

The watchman comes round, crying, "Twelve o'clock, and all is well."

Our thoughts turn to bed and, as we walk slowly home, we hear the joyous bells tolling the glad tidings of Christmas.

ANNE DRUMMOND, L.V (Girls).

THE SCARECROW

Mr. Brown had two scarecrows. One was very old, but the other was just made. It was stuffed with straw and hay, and had a turnip head. It was very funny indeed. With its old hat it looked quite alive. If you looked from a distance, it would look like a tramp. One day it was to take its place in a big turnip field. All the crows thought it was one of the workers. When the wind came it would blow its arms about. It got very rainy one day, and the scarecrow was very wet.

When it was dry, a blackbird came and made a nest in the pocket of the scarecrow. It was very comfortable.

CAMPBELL MARS, L.III.

A JACOBITE REFUGEE IN 1746

I was on a barren moor on a tract of hills near Loch Awe. I was a fugitive after Culloden, hunted and harassed by the government soldiers. My clothes were in tatters, and I thought I had no chance of escaping, but I was wrong!

I at last reached the coast, but no ship awaited me. No, it wasn't as easy as that. As I wandered in despair along the beach, I saw a cave. I went in to sleep and eat. I still had some mealies left! Having partaken of this little snack (it could not be called a meal), I lay down to sleep. My head hit something hard, and I looked to see what it was—an iron ring, half-hidden in the dust! I pulled, with no effect. I was pulling with all my strength when suddenly there was a click. I fell over backwards! Then I stared down into a dark hole. An old rusty ladder hung from the wall. I climbed down!

A passage wound down and down; I followed it. Overcome by fatigue, I sank down and immediately fell asleep.

The next I knew was that I was in a brilliantly lighted cave, and I was bound hand and foot. Six or seven men, who looked like Frenchmen, were standing round.

One of them, who could speak English, came up to me and said, "Who be ye, to come to the French stronghold? We are raiding England in a week's time, and it is essential you British scum should not know."

As the truth suddenly dawned on me, I said, "Let me get to France and I will pay you twenty pounds." Although I was running away I had plenty of money. What could I

do with it? Everywhere I went I was known as a fugitive.

As the man grunted his assent, I handed him the twenty gold sovereigns.

That night I sailed—to France and *Freedom*.

JAMES D. GIBB, L.V.

THE TEDDY BEAR

I had a lovely little dog.

With him I went to the fair,

When all of a sudden we saw a log

And who do you think was sitting there

But a dear little Teddy Bear?

This was on a very hot day,

When we saw the bear, so sweet.

In a very low voice we heard him say,

"I simply hate the heat."

MARGO ROBERTSON, L.IV (Girls).

GARY'S FIRST GREAT ADVENTURE

Gary was a pigeon who served the Marines in Burma. He was grey with blue markings, and had a cheeky, but intelligent, face.

One day the Marines were separated. One batch was to go on to one side of a mountain, while a second batch was to go to another side. Gary went with the first group. Suddenly a guide came running to them, after they had marched a considerable distance, and told them that the Japs were coming and that they were in grave danger, as the enemy had many more men and guns than they had.

The Marines' leader was dumbfounded. What could he do? Then he thought of Gary. "I believe he could carry a message to the other men and they would be round in time to help beat the Japs. Yes, I'll do it," said the Marine. He then tied a message to Gary's leg and sent him off.

Four hours later the battle began and, thanks to Gary, the Marines emerged victorious. Afterwards Gary was awarded a medal for his bravery.

ANNETTE OWENS, L.IV (Girls).

WINTER

The snow came falling on the ground.

One bright morning I had found

The sledges were going down the hill.

The snow was thick beside the mill.

I get my sledge from out the shed,

While all the birds await being fed.

I get on my sledge and go down the hill,

I reach the bottom and hit the windmill.

HUGH ROBERTSON, L.III.

AUTUMN

Crisp leaves, red, yellow and russet, cover the narrow footpath. Bare branches interlace above us. The cheeky sparrows are puffed out to quite twice their normal dimensions. It is a sharp, frosty morning, though the sky is blue and a weak autumn sun shines down.

A bend in the lane brings into view a tiny village, nestling at the foot of a low, green hill.

Several boys have lit a bonfire, and the delightful smell of burning leaves fills the nostrils. A soft haze of smoke leaves the fire. Thicker and thicker it grows, until giant tongues of flame burst out, dancing and twisting. Lower, lower, lower they sink until all that is left of the fire's former glory is a heap of smoking ashes.

A little farther along is an orchard. The last of the rosy-cheeked apples are being gathered in. The basket is full, the ladders are taken down, and the merry party wind their way up the road we have just come down. Regretfully we follow them and turn our steps homeward, seeing all along the way signs of approaching winter.

ELNORA MILLAR, L.V (Girls).

THE BLUEBELLS

Have you heard the bluebells ringing

So merrily in the morning?

Have you heard the bluebells ringing,

Just at the break of day?

You can hear them ringing far and near,

But they will soon be dead, I fear,

For when the snow is on the ground,

Not a bluebell shall we hear.

But in the spring, when all is gay,

The bluebells will begin to ring.

They'll ring the happy, livelong day,

Because they're welcoming the spring.

MOIRA HARDY, L.III (Girls).

MY AMBITION

I want to be a doctor and help to cure people of their illnesses, because I know Britain is needing many doctors. I know I will have to work harder than I am doing if I want to be a good doctor. I will have to go to the University. If I pass to be a doctor, I don't want to go to Africa or any places far away from my home-town in Scotland, for I know Scotland is needing doctors as much as any other country.

IAN CROFT, L.III.

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MAY

Once there was a little doll called May,
 And Primrose played with her all day.
 Primrose loved May with all her heart,
 And the two were never far apart.
 May had a pretty blue jacket,
 And for Primrose came a packet
 Of postcards for them both, from the sea.
 And all these postcards came from me.

JANETTE M. N. WEATHERHEAD,
 L.IV (Girls).

SLEDGING

Last winter my father made a lovely sledge.
 As soon as it was made, I was out sledging.
 I was trying to get it to go fast. I was
 rubbing snow and pieces of stone on the
 runners. At last I sat on the sledge and it
 went whizzing down East Hudson Road.

Next day I went up with my sledge, but
 the snow was too deep for sledging. Then
 I had an idea. I got a box and tied it on the
 front of my sledge and gave the sledge a push
 and jumped on. I made a track for other
 sledges, and the road was cleared.

MICHAEL WILSON, L.III.

AUTUMN

The leaves come tumbling down,
 With colours red, yellow and brown,
 And while the wind does strongly blow,
 In, and out, and round they go.
 The farmers are busy now,
 As corn is being laid low.
 The stack-yard echoes to the sound
 As the stacks rise from the ground.

JAMES WILSON, L.III.

IN 1618

Children were as good as gold,
 And always did what they were told.
 You'd never see them climbing trees
 Or playing round a hive of bees,
 Or doing things which modern children do.

ROSEMARY SPREULL, L.IV (Girls).

THE SQUIRREL

The squirrel now is telling us,
 That winter's very near,
 For he is storing up his nuts,
 And has nothing now to fear.

M. DAVIDSON (L. II.)

RODNEY BARR

I went to visit Rodney Barr,
 His father had a super car,
 He took us for a lovely run,
 And we sure had lots of fun.
 While travelling along the country road,
 Out of the hedge appeared a Toad.
 We stopped the car, and Rodney Barr
 Put the Toad into a jar.

MALCOLM DOUGAL (L. II.)

THE SQUIRREL

Tommy Squirrel woke up and gave himself a
 shake. He then decided that he ought to put
 his nose outside to see what the day was like.
 It was quite warm, as he had expected, because
 it was only early Autumn. He popped outside,
 and sat on a branch in the sunshine for some
 time, twitching his ears. An acorn dropped
 on his head, and that reminded him of break-
 fast. He scampered away amongst the trees,
 leaping lightly, nimbly, from branch to branch,
 until he came to a very big oak tree. The
 acorns were there in hundreds. Tommy ate
 up till he was full to bursting. He then
 thought, as it was getting colder in the mornings
 and evenings, that he ought to build a nest.
 He jumped down to the ground and slowly
 walked along. He wondered where he should
 build it.

At last he remembered a very good place.
 It was a hole about 12 feet up the tree. He
 hopped off chuckling merrily. When he got
 there he started work at once. His white
 waistcoat soon became dirty with all the work
 that he did, removing the dead leaves and stuff
 out of the hole. When it was all cleaned, he
 went outside to collect some twigs and dry grass
 with which to weave his drey. He had it finish-
 ed in something like two hours.

When it was all done, he sat back and
 admired his workmanship. After that he had
 some beechnuts and acorns. That night, when
 he was fast asleep, Jack Frost came along.
 He blew cold breaths of air all over the place,
 and when Tommy woke up he felt a bit cold.
 The next night the snow came. Tommy
 shivered as he went to bed. He did not wake
 up next morning, as he had decided to go to
 sleep for the winter.

JAMES MURRAY (L. II.)

MY PUPPY DOG

I have a little puppy dog.
 He has a collar red.
 His little teeth are very sharp,
 And he loves to be fed.
 He chews and chews at everything
 Mum says he is a pest,
 But, of all my playthings,
 I really love him best.

EDWARD H. ADAMS (L. II.)

A VISIT FROM SANTA

When Santa comes at Xmas,
 To visit girls and boys,
 His sledge will be full
 Of lovely games and toys.
 We shall deck the room with holly
 And fairy lights so bright,
 Oh! We shall feel so jolly
 When Santa comes that night.

DAVID KEDDIE (L. II.)

PIRATES

Pirates are very fierce and bold ;
 They capture ships and steal the gold ;
 They capture men and women, too,
 And make them work beside the crew.

MICHAEL DUNLOP (L. II.)

The High School on the Air

On Thursday, 28th October, the High School of Dundee was on the air. The occasion was the first round of a nation-wide "Quiz" contest for Boys' Schools. A team from the High School competed with one from Aberdeen Grammar School, and was defeated. The High School was represented by Gordon Pont (F.I), Sinclair Beaumont (F.III), John Birkbeck (F.IV), and Albert Jacob (F.VI), all of whom did very well. Mr. Laird was one of the judges, Mr. Lionel Gamlin was question-master, and Miss Joan Clark, producer.

Miss Joan Clark comes from the North of England (Merseyside). After being one of the producers in "In Town No-night," the war found her being an important "back-room girl" for the B.B.C.'s nightly "War Report." For the last three years, she has been a producer with the B.B.C. Variety Department,

specialising in "Quiz" programmes. Miss Clark is very fond of travel, and often "discovers" Continental artists for her programmes of light music.

Mr. Lionel Gamlin also comes from the north of England. Educated at Cambridge, he taught English and History for five years in various schools—Bedford, Birkenhead, Dauntsey's and Bryanston. He has been broadcasting for some seventeen years, and has written a book about broadcasting technique called *You're On the Air*.

We should like to record here our appreciation of the work of these two and of all others who helped to make the "Quiz" run smoothly. We congratulate the Aberdeen boys on their success, and wish them good luck in the next round of the contest.



Photo, by courtesy of D. C. Thomson & Co. Ltd.

THE "QUIZ"



Photo, by Norman Brown & Co.

GUIDE CAMP, 1948

The Pheasant

Though the pheasant is one of the commonest game birds in Scotland, and in many other parts of Britain, it is not indigenous to this country. The name appears for the first time in documents dated 1059, but pheasants are generally believed to have been introduced by the Romans. The British pheasant came originally from countries around the eastern and south-eastern parts of the Caspian Sea. The male of the species has no white ring round the neck and in general colour is darker than the birds of the present day.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century, another species was introduced from China, a much paler bird showing a distinct white collar. In a short time the two types freely crossed. Many different kinds have been brought in from time to time and have intermingled till one cannot say definitely to what species the present day pheasant belongs. They have come from Mongolia, Japan, Afghanistan and Persia.

Though naturally monogamous, pheasants in this country have become polygamous, due to the custom of shooting cock birds and leaving a surplus of hens.

During the nesting season, the male birds fight furiously, often to the death.

The nest is just a heap of leaves or dry grass placed under a bush or at a hedge bottom. There are usually eight or ten eggs, but it is not uncommon to find a clutch of thirty or more; this would seem to indicate that several birds, on occasion, share the same nest.

When pheasants are sitting, they have, like many other ground nesting birds, a mysterious power of suppressing their scent. They sit very close; I have stroked one on the nest without flushing her. The cock pheasants take no interest whatever in the eggs or in rearing the chicks. Isolated cases are reported where a cock bird has been seen with a brood. Hens, however, have been known to assume a plumage similar to that of the males, though they usually retain some of the original colouring in patches. The reason for this change in colouring is not definitely known; it may be due to age or disease.

When game preserves are neglected and the pheasants left to fend for themselves,

they generally decrease in numbers and sometimes die off altogether.

To keep stock normal, the eggs must be lifted from the nests and hatched out artificially; either under a farmyard hen or in incubators. Keepers in different parts of the country employ various methods. One of the most popular is to put the eggs under a hen; when the chicks begin to chip the shells, the eggs are put into incubators and hatched out there. The chicks are then dried off for twenty-four hours or so before being put back with the hens. By that time the young birds are strong on their legs and are not so liable to be crushed by the clumsy farmyard fowl.

The young pheasants with their foster parents are taken out, in a barred coop, to the edge of a wood or plantation and reared there. The chicks can get out between the bars, but the hen remains a prisoner. They are fed and watered regularly. Keepers remain on watch during daylight ready to shoot natural enemies on sight. At dusk the young pheasants are shut in the coops. When they are almost full grown, the foster parents are removed and the food supply is gradually cut down. By October, when the shooting season opens, they are almost wild, but usually have not strayed far from the neighbourhood.

Adult pheasants eat almost anything, their bill of fare ranging from bracken fronds to frogs and even adders.

They have many enemies, especially during the nesting season; whole clutches of eggs are often destroyed, and seldom, under natural conditions, do chicks reach maturity. Pheasants make very poor parents, scarcely ever trying to put up a fight when their brood is attacked, and they seem to be indifferent to the fast decreasing numbers of their chicks. Even in maturity, pheasants fall easy victims to their enemies.

One evening, while bird-watching, I saw a hen pheasant fly up from the hedge bottom of the field opposite. Rising heavily to a considerable height, she suddenly collapsed and came toppling down. Almost as she hit the ground, a weasel sprang clear and bolted for cover. I picked up the pheasant, but it

was dead with a small puncture in the neck. Rats, stoats, weasels, hedgehogs and birds of prey can play havoc in a game preserve.

Some time ago I witnessed a fight to the death between two cock pheasants. My wife and I were cycling near Doune when, on rounding a corner, we came on a pair of pheasants fighting in the middle of the road. We stopped; the birds apparently had not seen us, as they continued to fight furiously. After a few minutes, they tumbled into the ditch at the side out of sight. By this time it was obvious that one bird was having a bad time. We remained perfectly still but could see nothing, except occasionally a wing or tail in vigorous action.

Wondering what was happening, I cycled along slowly; one bird made off through the hedge; it took me a few minutes to discover the other cowering under the bank. I picked it up and it made little resistance, appearing to be quite dazed. The back of its head was bare, but the skin was not broken. Before letting it go, I examined it thoroughly, but,

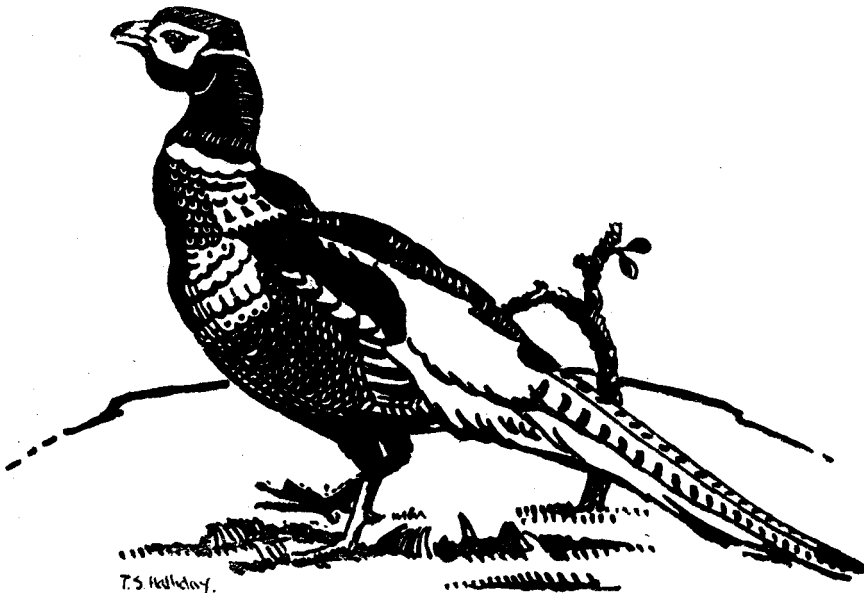
apart from the head, there was nothing the matter; it ran off seemingly refreshed.

My wife now drew my attention to the other bird, which had squatted down in the field some twenty yards away. She went over towards it, but it only kept its distance and appeared to be waiting till we moved off to come in and continue the fight.

We went to have another look at the injured bird and, after a search, found it cowering near by in the ditch. It made no struggle when I lifted it, but the eyes seemed to have lost the dazed expression. To all appearances it hadn't any fight left, so we decided to carry it along the road a bit where it would be safe from further attack.

We hadn't gone more than two hundred yards when it suddenly struggled and got one wing clear. I was about to secure the wing when the eyes closed and the head sagged—it was dead.

T. S. H.



COCK PHEASANT

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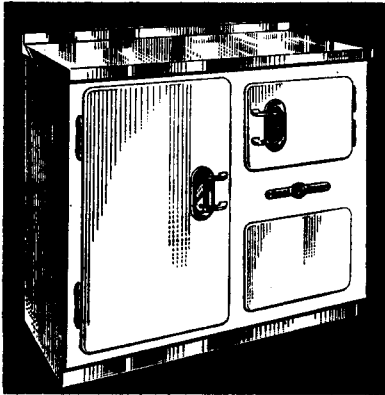
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Ten Days in Paris

I shall not tire the reader with a description of the train journey in England, nor even with that of the boat journey. All I shall say is that the Straits of Dover were as smooth as the River Tay on a fine day, and consequently the crossing was no worse than a crossing in the Fife. As the boat docked at Calais, the railway porters came aboard and we had our first taste of French and our first smell of garlic. After obtaining a porter—by violence—we left the boat and went on to the train, which was on the quay. Standing at the boat was a British soldier, and one or two French gendarmes in resplendent uniforms—evidently waiting for stowaways. We settled down in our carriage and soon the train was on its way to Paris.

Our party consisted of my mother, a friend and myself. Calais showed signs of war damage, and many telegraph poles were not standing, but the fields appeared to be well-groomed and there were many workers in them. Towards twelve o'clock the Customs officer entered the carriage and, after inspecting our passports, left, never to return. Two hours later, we made our way to the dining car, only to find it locked. Using a battering-ram, we forced our way in and had our first French meal. It was, of course, well spiced but very satisfying. Four hours later we were in Gare du Nord, Paris.

A porter was obtained, and we made off along the platform at fifty miles per hour, for the porter was in a hurry. He dashed along the platform with two small suitcases on his barrow, crying, "Vite, allons!" We "vited" behind with the valises. He skidded at the entrance, hurled our belongings into the nearest taxi, and slowly turned round with a benign smile and said, "Service," quietly and slowly. We gave him fifty francs. "Encore une autre." Then we gave him twenty more—the same cry. We next tried ten and five. He then lost his temper, took fifty more from us, returned the thirty-five francs and made off in search of more victims. The taxi then swept us on our way. This was really an experience. After travelling through several streets at a speed of seventy miles per hour, and turning two corners on his steering wheel, he lost all his speed in one second, and we were at the hotel. Our rooms were ready and one actually had a BATH!

That night we went to the Champs-Élysées. It was the first time I had ever been out of Britain, but I felt as if I had never left home, despite the language. We sat for some time over glasses of fruit juice and watched the people go by. Incidentally a car would come every few minutes and mount the pavement. This, however, was so common as to pass unnoticed. Suddenly a car shot out of a side street. It was, of course, perfectly natural in this town of fast drivers. However, here was the trouble: the car was in reverse and a policeman, who was trying to stop it, was flung sideways. The car stopped abruptly and made off down the avenue. The policeman rose, lit a cigarette and disappeared—the incident forgotten.

Next morning we returned to the Champs-Élysées in order to see the Arc-de-Triomphe. This was far higher than I had expected and standing under it was a policeman. I accosted him and asked him a series of questions about the famous arch. He answered them all in a manner which would do credit to a reference library. The shops were filled with beautiful materials and clothes, but everything was extremely dear. However, in the cheap stores, prices were not so great. We made a discovery: it was permissible to take one's own meal to a cafe and eat it there, ordering only a drink. As there was any amount of cooked meats, we bought and made sandwiches and saved money on our meals. Later we ordered only hot water and made our own tea.

One night, while walking, we saw a building, which looked like an eastern mosque, floodlit. The sky was completely black as it was about to rain. The Sacré-Coeur therefore possessed an effect which appeared to be impossible to obtain except by trick photography. We set out to see this building, but we never reached it that night. We stumbled across the main street of Montmartre. It was full of Neon lights, and in the middle there was a carnival running from one end of the avenue to the other. On either side were brightly lit cafés with orchestras and singers. Among the many people were policemen, strolling arm in arm with girls and with cigarettes drooping from their mouths. The noise was almost deafening, and we spent the rest of the evening in this street.

The next day we visited the Louvre to see the wonders of art that were there. It would be very difficult to describe what we saw, but I was so impressed that I returned later in the week to spend a whole day there. On leaving the Louvre we crossed to the Rue de Rivoli. We were now in the end which is patronised by the aristocracy. Finding a quiet café, we sat down and told the waiter to bring us a jug of hot water. When this was done, we began to make our tea and eat our sandwiches. Just then, the manager, a magnificent demi-god, attired in morning wear, swept out of the café. He turned and then stopped and stared. I was in the act of stuffing one pound of meat between two pounds of bread into my mouth. My mother was pouring water through a tea strainer, while our friend added sugar to the cups. The manager saw that this plebeian scene would ruin the prestige of his establishment, for this was a place where one tipped the waiters a hundred francs. His eyes popped out of his head, he gurgled, turned purple and collapsed daintily on the ground. No doubt when he recovered he would see the tea-leaf pie that I left on his saucer, made, of course, with the assistance of his cup.

After this we went down the Rue de Rivoli, where I invested in a *béret* and a bow-tie. With these appendages I was often mistaken by some fellow-traveller for a Frenchman. This conversation was very common.

"Pardonnez-moi, monsieur, où est le métro le plus près d'ici?"

"Pas par là!" I would answer.

"He says that way," my questioner would say rudely.

"Oh! you speak English . . . etc."

Of the three great churches, *Sacré Coeur*, *Notre Dame* and the *Madeleine*, I think the first is the most beautiful. The *Notre Dame*, however, does have the most beautiful stained glass windows. Round from the *Notre Dame*, across the road from the hospital, there was a small ornament shop which we went into to buy some presents. The proprietor had been in Scotland thirty years previously and welcomed us as though we were bosom friends. My mother asked the price of an article, and, when he quoted it, I said, in good Dundee, "Not bad, considering," dropping, of course, the "t" and the "g." Our friend, the manager, beamed on me and said, "Ah! you speak Gaelic, too."

Later on in the day I had my photograph taken on a statue in a Grecian pose with the rest of the stone group. My mother, more ambitious, wanted to be snapped with a policeman or, better still, two. Unfortunately the policeman outside the Luxembourg would not oblige when asked. At last, my mother, in desperation, stopped a policeman and asked the direction to Marseilles. During the harangue that followed, the photograph was taken.

We went to the opera, the comic opera, and an operetta. At the opera the usherette was horrified to see the neck of my shirt open and told me to close it. Unfortunately there was no button. Then she asked for "service," after attempting to obtain my mother's bag and coat, on the plea that they were not allowed in the best seats. I gave her six francs, the equivalent of three halfpence. As she objected, I told her sweetly that I had come to hear the opera and not her. Not understanding English, she returned my money and sent me on my way. During the performance my mother fell asleep. The same scene took place at the comic opera and the operetta. However, I went back to the opera myself to see *Boris Godunov*. My coat was taken from me by force and I was charged twenty francs for its safe keeping. However I avenged myself by giving no "service" and by eating two bananas in the foyer at the interval and leaving the skins behind the door.

On the last day we went to Versailles. It rained the whole day, and in Paris it seemingly does not rain but pours. This afternoon there was a fountain display which was most appropriate. The guide, of course, had to take us round, and every time he said to look "à gauche," I looked to the right, while my mother and friend, who knew no French, looked to the left. We saw all our old friends whom *Dumas* had introduced to us. We also saw the rooms of *Louis XIV* and *Louis XVI*, and of the latter's wife, *Marie Antoinette*.

On the next day we left Paris. The only thing that I regretted was the flea which had caught me several nights previously in *Montmartre*. The stay had been enjoyable and, if possible, I would certainly like to return. The crossing back was as pleasant as the crossing going. This was the end of our pleasant holiday.

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Cadet Camp

One morning, late in June, in the grounds of one of Dundee's most famous and most impressive buildings, a certain company of uniformed boys assembled in readiness to set out for camp. Amidst the rattle of drums, the shrieking of pipes, the tramping of booted feet, the yelping of frightened dogs, and the cries of excited children, the Dundee High School Cadet Company proceeded through streets filled with admiring crowds, to the station, to join the train for Inverness.

They spent a somewhat noisy, but enjoyable journey in the train, and marched from Inverness station to Cameron Barracks, to the same accompaniment of drums, feet, bagpipes, dogs and children. The Perth unit caused a similar noise, in opposition to our own.

About the camp itself, there were no complaints. The food could be eaten; the beds could be slept in; the huts had doors which could be opened and shut; and no rain leaked through the roofs.

There was one serious disturbance, however, which occurred on the first night, or rather, on the morning after, and which caused some annoyance to certain N.C.O.'s who were in the juniors' hut—the hut of those who were spending their first night at a cadet camp. By the time the many small pyjama-clad figures, swinging pillows at each other, had eventually been calmed down, after much effort on the part of the N.C.O.'s, and had condescended to get into their beds, it was one o'clock the next morning. One would have expected them to sleep soundly after that. One would have been very far wrong. At half-past four these boys were up again—playing football! Perhaps you have guessed that the N.C.O.'s did not quite appreciate such early rising, nor will you be surprised to learn that some of these cadets were overcome by sleep at unaccustomed hours the next day!

I think I have already mentioned that the Perth Academy unit shared the camp with us. So did that of Robert Gordon's College. We were very grateful to both these units for the entertaining battles which they acted(?) for us each night, the chief weapons being pillows and

stirrup pumps, although sometimes a bucket of water was emptied over the head of some unwary combatant. We thought it was very decent of them to go to all that trouble and give themselves personal discomfort for our amusement.

Apart from the routine camp training, most of the seniors fired .303s on the open range, and several football matches were played in the afternoons. The company paid a visit to the regimental museum which proved to be intensely interesting.

We also had a ten-mile route march to Culloden Moor which was thoroughly enjoyed by all, in spite of some sore feet. The juniors redeemed themselves in the eyes of the N.C.O.'s on that occasion by their splendid performance.

Colonel Robertson was the inspecting officer at a general inspection and march-past held near the end of the week.

The most important item on the camp programme was the competition for the Platoon Cup, which was judged by the barrack's R.S.M. There was very keen competition, and the results were very close indeed, a very high standard of efficiency and smartness being maintained. The cup was won by No. 4 Platoon, with No. 3 a very close second. The juniors, with a very promising show, came in third. No. 2 also did very well and, although last, they were only a few marks behind the winning platoon in this hard-fought competition. After this, the camp promotions were announced, and the stripes presented by Colonel Robertson.

Many mysterious happenings took place on the last night, which will not be recorded on these pages, for various reasons. Let it be sufficient to mention that, shortly after camp, one officer was to be married.

It is worth noting that the journey home in the train was less noisy than the previous one, many cadets seeming to be overcome by fatigue or sleeping sickness or something of the sort.

Thus ended a very happy and memorable camp, for which we are deeply indebted to the energy and enthusiasm of our officers.

Sgt. W.



16th Century Swot—Thomas Crammer.

Cardinal beaten—he was even hanged!

Tut-tut—Cranmer's Common Book of Prayer.

A fine thing—Henry had a statue of fines erected.

Beauty-to-aid—Mary Queen of Scots escaped from Loch Leven by using her beauty.

Chocolate Soldier?—Bothwell was defeated at Cadbury Hill.

FROM SOME FUTURE DICKENS?

"The highwayman disguised himself and his horse in such a way that, after he had robbed, he could not be distinguished from the horse."

FROM THE SCIENCE DEPARTMENT—

"An ellipse is a circle that has been sat on when it was hot."

MODERN FRENCH—

"Les ânes montaient au moulin."

The years climbed over the mill.

HUMAN GEOGRAPHY—

Mr St—t: "That is the factory where cows go in at one end and come out sausages, buttons, glue, etc., at the other."

Pupil: "Please sir, my father went through one of these factories."

MILITARY TACTICS—

Mr V—t: "What is $.303$ expressed as a vulgar fraction?"

R—ch—n: " $.303/1000$."

Mr V: "Is that right, B—ie?"

B—ie: "No, sir. $303/1000$."

Mr V: "That's right. Who teaches you Mathematics?"

B—ie: "Mr G—n, sir."

Mr V: "And you, R—ch—n?"

R—ch—n: "Mrs V—t, sir."

LOCAL KNOWLEDGE—

Teacher: "Name a Loch in Scotland with a castle."

J—b: "Lochnagar."

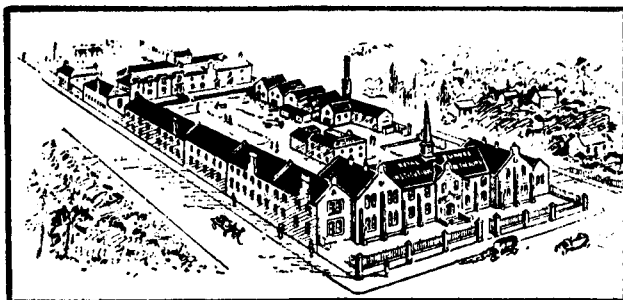
SIGNS OF DEVELOPMENT—

"The word "wine" (*L. vinum*) entered the language at the time of the conversion to Christianity."

"Christianity before the Wesleys' time was almost unheard of in Great Britain, so it is just as well for us that the Wesleys came into the lime-light and saved the situation in time."

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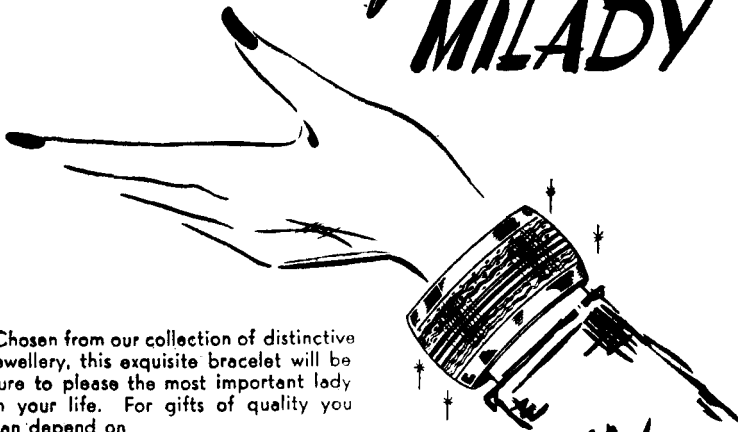
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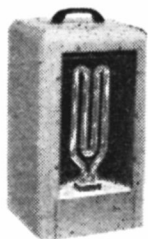
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A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE, ETC.—

“No one would write an essay in Latin on such a subject as a daisy, or a worm, but they would write an essay in Latin on medicine or a human being's intestines.”

“The most important result of the Hampton Court Conference was the authorised aversion of the Bible.”

“A rectangle is a triangle with opposite sides parallel.”

“He killed Julius Cæsar for the good of Rome and not for his own good.”

FROM THE LOWER SCHOOL—

“A bird breathes through its lugs.”

“Nelson was killed by a pea-shooter at the Battle of Trafalgar.”

WHO ARE THE AUTHORS OF THE FOLLOWING QUOTATIONS?

- (a) “Was that the bell?”
 (b) “Traaanslate!”
 (c) “And all the rest of it.”
 (d) “Get settled down!”
 (e) “Now Laddie—”

Use words in sentences to show meaning :

Comedian.

When a person takes ill, someone has to take his place, and you call that person a comedian.

Domestic.

The lion was so domestic that the lion-tamer often spent a night in its cage.

Prophet.

The man who got the car got a prophet.

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 Bellevue Hill,
 Sydney.

1/3/48.

DEAR F.II,

I think this letter will reach you before any of the others do. If so, you can be expecting two postcards and three letters.

I started school three weeks after I arrived. The school is called The Scots College. It is the best school in Sydney as far as sport goes. One of you can tell Miss Cruickshank that I have been able to drop French. I take quite an interesting course—Maths, English, Physics, Chemistry, Geology, Bookkeeping, Art, and Wool-Classing. The other day the new boys got their houses, and I'm in a house called Armstrong, which came into being only two years ago. The selection of sport is very good—cricket, tennis, rowing, basketball, swimming, and the one which I take, boxing. The winter sport is Union Football (Rugby), and I may get a place in one of the teams.

Some days it gets so hot in the classrooms that the teachers teach in their singlets, and the pupils just about fall asleep.

I think that's enough about school, and that you would like to hear about Sydney itself. The town is on the American style, in blocks. Nobody lives within the town; they all live in suburbs. As I'm writing, the rain is just pouring down, but on the fine days we usually go to a beach. Going thirty miles to get to one is nothing; one can drive for sixty miles without leaving the city. Before I started school, I went to Bondi Beach every day with some boys I met. I couldn't take my shirt off, because the sun just streams down on the sand. Just lately there have been a lot of sharks about, owing to the sea being too cold for them, and there have been some nasty deaths.

That's about all I've to say except to ask one or two of the boys to write.

Yours sincerely,

MYER FREDMAN.

My Holiday

MY HOLIDAY

I was very disappointed when I was told that I could not travel to Orleans in July with the High School party, but, as the result of my being left out, I was able to spend a longer and more interesting holiday in France. I received an invitation to spend the month of August with a French family at their country house at Crouy in Loir-et-Cher.

So, on the 1st of August, I set off alone on my first journey out of Scotland. Accompanied by a friend from London, we crossed from Newhaven to Dieppe. Dieppe, I thought, was a lovely place, with its most attractive harbour, fascinating fishermen, and quaint little fishing boats. The town still bears its war scars, and I saw many badly damaged houses, curtains fluttering from windows where there was no glass, and people living in buildings which seemed just ruins. Being a farmer's daughter, I was amused at the very untidy farm steadings I saw from the train window on the journey to Paris!

At the Gare St. Lazare was a young man with a photograph in his hand, eagerly scanning the faces and clothes of all the travellers from the boat train. As I came along, he recognized me at once, and I was immediately whisked off to a lovely flat near the Eiffel Tower. Imagine my consternation when I found that none of the family spoke English! How I longed for someone to tell me what to say. However, I soon understood what was being said, although I could not always join in the conversation.

Next morning, after a bowl of delicious coffee and some black bread, I was taken to see some of the sights of Paris. I do not attempt to describe Paris or what I saw there; my pen is quite inadequate to make any such

literary effort. But I did see Les Invalides, L'Eglise de la Madeleine and the Palais de Chaillot, and I was at the top of the Eiffel Tower.

Wednesday saw me off on the last lap of my journey—again alone—bound for Mer. There I was met by the French girl whose guest I was to be for the rest of my holiday. French motor cars are wonderful, but I took a very dim view of their taxis. We shook and rattled all the five miles to Crouy, but eventually we did arrive, and there, at "La Caillerie," I found a family of most charming people who very quickly made me feel at home.

I settled down to learn to speak French, because no one except Marie-Claire knew any English. The weather was not as good as it might have been, but most days we were able to bathe either in the Loire or the Cosson, and go boating on the lake in the forest. We walked a great deal, but I found the roads very dusty and very rough. The country round Crouy is very beautiful, and the village itself is a charming place. I was most intrigued by the village shoemaker's samples of leather, and all his shoe lasts, and I waited impatiently while he made shoes to fit me. It was so much more exciting than just going into a shop.

Each Sunday the entire household went to Mass at the village church, and, after the bewilderment of my visit, I found the service very fascinating. The food was plentiful and so good, but perhaps more than anything else I enjoyed the lovely crusty bread. The garden produced all kinds of vegetables and fruit, and it was a novel experience for me to go out every morning to fill great baskets with tomatoes to be eaten during the day. The windows of "La Caillerie" intrigued me,



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because they opened inwards instead of outwards as ours do in Scotland.

Near "La Caillerie" was a farm, where they had the most enormous pigs I have ever seen. They roamed around at their own sweet will, and if their dinner was late, what an uproar there was! There were not many cows, but goats everywhere. Harvest was practically finished, but I did see peasants cutting the grain with sickles. The peasant women always seemed to be knitting. I often used to meet them walking along the roads, knitting as they went. There just were not any sheep in that part of the country, and I missed them, somehow. Grapes are grown in the fields, in the same way as raspberries are grown in Angus. Living in the land of the famous Chateaux, we visited a number of them—Blois, Talcy, Amboise, Chevergnny, and Chambord with its 402 rooms. They were all very beautiful. Blois is a lovely town, and we went there several times, either by car with my host or by train.

French railway stations fascinated and terrified me. They just were not like any stations in Scotland. At certain places there was a sort of wooden platform between the railway lines. You stood on the platform till the train came along and stopped, and then it was a case of clambering up as best you could into a carriage. On one occasion I was terribly alarmed at the sight of a Frenchwoman with six small children waiting for a train. The children kept playing around on this tiny space with trains whizzing past on each side of them. I was always most relieved when the train we were waiting for arrived, because I always felt that, if the train passing in front missed me, then the one at my back was sure to hit me!

The French people are very kind, and I was invited to the homes of some of my hostess's friends. One visit in particular I enjoyed. It was to the beautiful chateau of my host's

cousin, and there I was shown a genuine Rembrandt, the treasured possession of a charming Frenchman.

All too quickly the days flew by, and I found myself saying "au revoir" and setting off again for Paris. We came by road, and visited Tours on the way. There was no time for sight-seeing on the homeward journey. Just a night in Paris, and the boat-train at eight o'clock next morning. I much preferred the outward to the return journey, because it means so much longer in the train from Paris to Calais. The country is so flat, that it is not very exciting to watch. And although the French train travelled very quickly, it kept stopping very frequently.

I was travelling alone coming home, but I found my fellow-travellers so very helpful. There was the Hungarian girl, who told me she was returning from Budapest where she had been trying to trace her parents, unheard of since the war. And the German-speaking Swiss who helped me along and shared his lunch-basket with me. He and I sat on the top deck of the Channel steamer on a glorious sunshiny afternoon and watched the white cliffs coming nearer and nearer. It was good to see Britain again.

And then the Customs! My little case tumbled upside down, and my frantic scrambling to get everything pushed in again, while I kept a watchful eye on the rest of my luggage. And the poor perspiring gentleman beside me who anxiously watched sweets being pulled out of his luggage while his watches remained safely hidden! I was most anxious for him!

And then the train again, and London. London looking quite beautiful in the sunshine. Next day the long journey north began, and back I came to rain and floods. It was Scotland: I had had a grand holiday, but I was glad to be home.

A. C. S., F. V.

GUY FAWKES' DAY

The name of Guy Fawkes, who is perhaps best remembered as the only person to enter Parliament with good intentions, is both abhorred and revered by millions of people.

In the first place, he could not have been adored by James. The latter was probably the poor "guy's" worst enemy. But what of harassed housewives, pestered by boys (and girls) for salvage—a worthy cause if the material provided is used for that aforementioned purpose—what opinions do they have of Guy? On the fifth of November, strange to say, a great number of bonfires are to be seen, with remnants of boxes, books and the like, suspiciously like the housewife's salvage.

The newsagent who buys perhaps two boxes of fireworks is pestered by small urchins asking for sixpence worth of "squibs" and squabbling for about ten minutes over the merits of a Catherine Wheel and a Soda Fountain, while more children crowd into the shop, pushing and fighting to reach the tantalizing boxes, and regular customers shout in vain for the 'baccy and papers.

But who can deny the enthusiasm and delight that are shown by children on the fifth? At home, fireworks are brought out time and time again, arranged in order of merit and regarded, joyfully by the children, and with apparent disgust by the adults. No deprecatory words, however, can daunt the young people as they look at the sleek, attractive fireworks. No advice about "waste of money" worries them as they dig into their pockets to purchase yet another rocket.

But we live in changing times. The "standard" of fireworks has improved and they are more numerous, so that queueing, regarded as a "pain in the neck" by so many children, is not necessary. The twenty-five per cent. extra charge on fireworks, which caused schoolboys to strain to the utmost their mathematical powers, this infamous tax, which convinced schoolboys that they were being swindled, has been withdrawn. Twenty-

five fireworks can now be bought at the price of twenty. Truly the world's outlook is brightening! . . .

At last the sky darkens, the night of nights has come. All the young population of the district is gathered in groups in the park. A "guy" has been set alight in one corner, choking smoke being wafted in all directions from the old coat which has been flung on the erection. Sundry bangs can be heard, then a whizz as a rocket soars skywards. All faces are upturned to see it burst, and a series of exclamations follows the appearance of this wonder. The park is a mass of sound and colour. Serpents, Pin Wheels, Volcanoes, Rockets, Flash Bombs, Soda Fountains, Sparklers all contribute to the display.

But slowly the lights die down. The voices one by one fade away, and only the memory of yet another Guy Fawkes' Day remains.

IAN TAYLOR, IV.

THE WEATHER

Dirty days have September,
April, June, and November.
The rain it raineth every day,
From January up to May.
All the rest have thirty-one
And not a blinking gleam of sun.
And if any of them had two and thirty,
They'd be just as wet and twice as dirty!

P. SMITH, V.

GUY FAWKES

They closed him round with a ring of swords,
He who was strong to fight.
They caught him there like a rat in a trap,
And shut him off from the light.
His was the death of a blinded shriek
And an agony-twisted face;
Not for him was the cool, clean sword
And peace in a moonlit place.

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"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."—EMERSON

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Old Boys

The present pupils who see this article will probably think, "Oh, well, some folks like to write articles," and they will be wrong.

If you are a present pupil, just remember how you feel when your English master says, "Now, boys, there will be an essay for next week." Your feelings are too deep for words to do justice to them, but I know these feelings, too.

If my memory serves me well, the master will next give you a subject to write about, or even a choice of subjects. You will know that none of the subjects suggested is any use to you, but you have to make the best of it and choose for yourself the one you dislike least.

Have you ever considered how much worse it really would be if you were told to write an essay on any subject? Perhaps you don't think it would be worse, but really it is.

Your Old Boys' Magazine Committee demanded that I write an article for the "Mag"—about anything. If you have read so far, you will know that my subject is "How difficult it is to write an essay—about anything."

As you trauchle with your school essays, I sympathise with you, and please sympathise with me having to try to meet the demands of the "Mag" Committee.

"My Summer Holiday" is a favourite subject, but, like yourselves, I have really nothing

to tell about my holiday. It was different from yours, because it only lasted four days and yours lasted two months—but you don't really care about that.

"My Dog" is another possible subject, but what can I tell you about my dog that you would like to know? Anyhow he is still only a pup.

"My Hobby" is another title, but there is really very little to say about that, and anyhow you don't know what my hobby is.

"My First Day at School" is so long ago that I've forgotten about it, and "My Last Day at School," though years nearer, is also ancient history. Anyhow who cares if I cried on the first occasion or the last?

There really seems to be nothing to write about and, worst of all, "Mummy" refuses to help me. Perhaps some of you are better off than I am and can persuade your fond parent to give "a little help at home." If so, I would suggest that you start now to compose an article for the "Mag"—about anything. Put it into stock and one day soon, when you have attained the status of an "Old Boy," you will be able to satisfy the demands of the "Mag" Committee with no greater effort than it takes to go home and find the manuscript you have ready against just such an eventuality.

C. C. S.

Ranger Camp

Early on the first Saturday of the holidays, eleven sleepy Rangers, weighed down with kit, met outside the West Station. We tumbled into the Perth train and, on looking over our number, we saw that two Rangers had been too sleepy! However, a kindly father drove them to Perth and our number was complete, apart from our visitor, an American Girl Scout.

We changed trains at Dunblane, and it was here that we met Erna Ballantyne, our Girl Scout. Our journey continued merrily till we reached Oban, where we boarded the *Lochinvar*, which took us to Salen. The steamer was very small, and not very clean, but she was very friendly with her decks crowded with cars and humanity. We were only just out of Oban when it began to rain, but nevertheless we braved the storm and cheered(?) the other passengers with *H.M.S. Pinafore*.

At Salen we unloaded our kit, said farewell to our fellow campers of the 53rd Forfarshire Scout Company, and boarded the cars for our journey to the site. By now, the rain was worse than ever, our curls were out, and our kit was wet. We struggled for two hours with the marquee, and then Miss Maitland, whose land we were camping on, took pity on us and we trekked to her house.

After our tea-cum-supper, we took turns of drying our clothes and bedding at the fire. We made our beds on the floor, though some of the élite had camp beds.

We discovered that there was not to be a church service on Sunday, so the day was spent pitching the tents and getting the rest of our kit dried. Once again we slept in the White House, because the ground was still soaked, but early on Monday morning we went back to camp for our first camp breakfast.

Monday was spent in getting "settled in," but after rest-hour, several energetic Rangers went to Salen.

We were up early on Tuesday and donned our uniforms for our visit to Iona. The bus seated fourteen. It must have been made for us, and, as we drove over the narrow, winding road, we once again sang through our repertoire. At the end of our bus journey, we boarded a small motor boat which sped us over the sea towards the Celtic island. From the sublime to the ridiculous, for our first thought on landing was food! After lunch, which we ate as we sat on some rocks on the beach, we set off to explore the neighbourhood.

We visited the ruins of the nunnery and proceeded to the cathedral and ancient cemetery. Everything was very interesting, but eventually we tore ourselves away, and returned to the village. To our amazement we saw the haversack, which had contained our lunch, floating towards the sea. Luckily two venturesome Rangers clambered over the half-submerged rocks and rescued it. During the journey home, most of us were too tired to sing, so we sat and gossiped, and several fell asleep. We were all shaken from our repose, however, when, with a screeching of brakes, the bus slid to a stop, but too late—we had grazed the side of a lorry which had come blindly round the bend, and it took several minutes to get disentangled. The journey was uneventful after this, but most of us were on tenter-hooks, as we drove along the high, winding road. That night we held our first camp-fire, but it was very chilly and we had to wrap ourselves up well.

Captain motored to Tobermory on Thursday to collect the rations. It was too windy for the boat trip. The lucky Rangers whose names were pulled out of the hat, and who were to accompany Captain by boat, were disappointed.

On Wednesday, some of the more adventurous of our number went in for a first dip after rest-hour, but they did not stay in long!

That evening we had a second camp-fire, Erna's farewell. We presented her with an autographed book of Scottish Cookery. The



boat came very late that day and the mail arrived during camp-fire at nine p.m. !

We bade Erna a fond farewell early on Thursday morning, and Anne Thomson went to the boat with her.

Friday dawned, a sunny day, but the wind was still cold. Nevertheless everyone shone a brilliant red hue after rest-hour.

This was visitors' day. Miss Maitland and the doctor's daughter (an ex-Guide) came to tea. We also had four unexpected visitors : three Scouts and their Scoutmaster. The three Scouts were the reply to a postcard sent to the Scout camp by the five members of the notorious Bell tent. We showed them over camp and then we gave them tea. We had to wait for ours, as there were not enough mugs and plates, and it is not difficult to imagine our feelings as we watched a huge portion of what might have been our tea disappear !

Everyone was taken for a cruise in Miss Maitland's motor boat on Saturday morning, and all had a turn of steering. We cruised right across the channel till we were close to the mainland and the camp had disappeared from view, before returning to Aros.

On Sunday, with a great rush of polishing and brushing, everyone was made presentable, and we set off in groups for church. At the village hall we fell into marching order, and marched to the tiny church. We were all intrigued with the organist who played the harmonium, though we agreed afterwards that it was rather difficult to sing as slowly as we did during this service.

After rest-hour everyone went for a walk. Our group paused at the Aros bridge to watch

the fish playing in the gleaming water below, and then followed the river far up its course, marvelling at its beauty as it splashed in torrents over the jagged rocks.

Our last day at camp was a really lovely, sunny day, which was utilised to the full with sunbathing and a dip for the hardy. The pots that were not to be used again were scoured with sand, all things not required were packed, and the marquee was taken down, together with the wash tent.

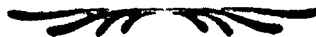
Early to bed, early to rise. " Wakey, wakey " was five a.m., and the camp was struck amidst a terrific wind. Eventually everything was safely stowed away, piled on the lorry, and the 2nd Dundee Rangers left the now forlorn site at Aros.

At the pier we piled into the waiting-room and once again sang through our much extended repertoire. The now familiar *Lochinvar* appeared round the point, only half an hour late. Our kit was stowed aboard and we gazed nostalgically towards land as we pulled away from Mull, our most " adventuresome " camp site.

When we arrived at Oban we made a quick disembarkation, and we were only just in time for the train. We changed at Stirling and, as the train we intended to catch was running late, we decided to wait for the later one, which did not entail another change at Perth. During the wait we cleared both the refreshment rooms !

It was not long before we arrived back in Bonnie Dundee, and, bidding one another " adieu " till school started, we all agreed that our camp had been most successful.

M. P.



Paris

With sixteen other Scots, I left for France at eight o'clock on the sixth of July and arrived in Paris next evening. The rest of the party spent one night there and went on to Orleans next day, but my hostess, Mme. Coeur, and her daughter Françoise, met me at the Gare du Nord and took me straight to their home in the suburbs, where I met M. Coeur and his son, Claude.

Next day, I went with Françoise and her friend, Janine, to visit the Pantheon, a collection of tombs of great Frenchmen. Janine, who was a medical student, took us to see the Faculté de Médecine, where she received a supplementary ration card given to students who had passed their exams.

That day, also, I had my first introduction to the Paris tube. I noticed that many people had tired, lack-lustre eyes and would sit or stand looking at nothing until they arrived at their station. The trains were usually crowded, but I do not think the standing limit of seventy-two in some carriages, was often exceeded. The fare was the same, no matter how far one went and each ticket was used twice, to save paper.

Although so many people travelled by tube, the streets were very busy. Instead of stopping people for speeding, the policemen always seemed to be hurrying them on with their incessant blowing of whistles and waving of batons. I was surprised to see people cycling to work, but I soon saw that a cyclist can outdo even a taxi-driver in worming through traffic jams.

All the time I was in Paris, I had excellent food. We had real meat, not made-up rissoles, twice a day. Only sugar, cheese, coffee, tea, and milk were still rationed. On the other hand, food was very expensive, and people were therefore rationed by lack of money.

The shops selling horse-meat were as busy as the ordinary butchers. That summer was the first since the occupation that there had been milk for adults, and there were always queues outside the dairies when the milk came in. There was, officially, no butter in Paris when I was there, but we had some, from relations in the country, all the time. There was a ration of chocolate for small children, but other sweets were unrationed and very expensive. The bread was brown, in long thin sticks, and although I found it very good, I was assured that it used to be much better.

Although food is expensive, I did not see anyone who looked underfed. Everyone, even in the poorer districts, looked robust although slightly pale, and the children all looked well cared for. The few beggars I saw looked fairly prosperous. I was told that the workers were not so hard hit by the cost of living as the old and the civil servants. At the time of my visit, the results of the exam like our higher leavings were held up as the examiners had been on strike.

On the fourteenth of July we went to watch a firework display. It was in a nearby park and everyone sat on the grass. It was a wonderful show on a very grand scale. Afterwards we watched the people dancing outside the cafés. We saw a dance which was held in the garage of the local fire brigade. I do not know where the fire engines were. Everywhere there were lights, music and people.

I enjoyed visiting the famous tourist spots and shall never forget Notre Dame, the Louvre, Versailles and the Eiffel Tower. But what I remember with most pleasure is the kindness and hospitality of the Coeur family and all their friends.

MARION E. KIRKLAND, VI.

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Old Boys' Club Dinner

The Annual Dinner of the Old Boys' Club was held in the Royal Hotel, Dundee, on Friday, November 26th, when the guest of honour was Mr David W. A. Donald, O.B.E., F.F.A.

Possibly, because of the changing of the date from the customary first Friday in December, attendance was rather smaller than usual; but the sixty-five members who were present had a full and enjoyable evening. Unfortunately, owing to illness, the President, Mr A. Eric Larg, was unable to be present: we were lucky in having as deputy Mr Andrew Mudie, whose deft handling of the chairmanship did much to help the evening's enjoyment.

Among the guests were Rev. Dr J. H. Duncan, and Mr J. A. Aitken of Watsonians, and an apology was read from the Lord Provost, who had a prior engagement.

Mr Mudie, introducing the guest of honour, referred to Mr Donald's distinguished career—in the actuarial world in peace-time, as a specialist staff-officer during the war. But neither war nor figures were the theme Mr Donald chose in proposing the toast of "The School and The Club." Instead, he paid tribute to some of the great masters of the past, who helped to shape his own career as well as so many others.

How fascinating it can be, this turning back of old pages, this dipping into the lucky bag of memory! And what a fruitful source, surely! One by one Mr Donald conjured them up, those mighty figures of our youth—so awe-inspiring then, mellowed now by recollection in tranquillity (if the word be permissible of this day and age). The names and nicknames spring so familiarly to the tongue that, with some sense of shock, one finds oneself using them with the unselfconsciousness of twenty, thirty, forty years ago. How fortunate we were, we think, to have such men as teachers; and then, with that same shock, one looks around and realises that some, at least, of these legendary figures are here—actually here, in our midst; a little greyer, perhaps; a little thinner or stouter

according as individual glandular metabolism has decreed; but unmistakable, linking past and present, legend and reality.

Yes, a fascinating business, this *nostalgie de la jeunesse*: yet one that needs a strong salting of wit to tame it to the universal taste. How well Mr Donald balanced on that razor edge! It is so easy to fall into the purely selfish assessment of one's school and schooldays. This narrowness of appraisal Mr Donald triumphantly avoided; and we were left, in the end, with those great figures set into the neat perspective of their time and their tradition.

And there's the point. Their tradition is the school's tradition; the living link between now and then, between then and earlier then. The great men come and dwell their all-too-brief hour, and pass. The school goes on. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*

Mr Ian M. Bain—though inevitably he approached it from the other side, the inside rather than the out—had in effect the same theme in his reply on behalf of the school: the importance of this sense of continuity, without which no school can hope to be great.

It is perhaps the tragedy of this generation that, struggling to achieve a doubtless sincerely-meant levelling-up, all that it in fact achieves is a general levelling down. Mr Bain is well aware of the danger of this tendency in education; but he and the staff and directors depend on all of us for reinforcement in their resistance. That is at least one important function of the Club.

Finally, Mr Bain made an appeal on behalf of the Memorial Fund for the 1939-45 war. This is a worthy cause and commends itself to the generosity of all. We should not be put off by the feeling that one must give largely or not at all. The humblest contribution will be gratefully welcomed.

After the singing of the school song, the toast of "The President" was proposed by Mr

Gordon J. Robbie. Mr Robbie's tribute to Mr Larg's activities both inside and outside the school, on behalf of the school and for wider issues, was a delightful mingling of reminiscence and revelation.

Mr Mudie replied on behalf of Mr Larg.

Finally, Mr James S. Nicoll proposed a vote of thanks to Mr Mudie for so gallantly coming to the rescue at such short notice; a motion warmly applauded by all.

And so to "Auld Lang Syne," the final drifting around to renew old acquaintance, the proleptic raising of glasses to next year's dinner (which, be it noted, it is hoped to restore to the old "first Friday in December").

Another year had gone in.

OLD BOYS

Mr James Randall Philip, O.B.E., K.C., has recently been appointed Sheriff of Renfrew and Argyll. A son of the late Very Rev. Dr. Adam Philip, he was born at Invergowrie and educated at Dundee High School, Edinburgh University and Glasgow University. In 1924 he was admitted to the Faculty of Advocates, and in 1939 was appointed Junior Counsel to the War Office. He served on the Lord Advocate's Committee on Legal Reforms and became a K.C. in 1945. From 1933 to 1945 he was lecturer in Industrial Law at Edinburgh University. Among his publications is a volume on the law relating to motor cars, with special reference to Scotland.

Mr Alexander S. Drummond, 5 Hazel Drive, Dundee, has been appointed Convener of the Nine Incorporated Trades of Dundee, an office which was held by his grandfather over sixty years ago. He succeeds Mr W. S. Goodfellow who has been Convener for the past three years.

A partner in Messrs Henry Drummond & Son, Painters and Decorators, 67 Nethergate, Dundee, Mr Drummond is an ex-Deacon of the Bonnetmakers, President of the National Federation of Master Painters in Scotland, Vice-President of Dundee Rotary Club, and Vice-President of Dundee High School Old Boys' Club.

F.P.s' ATHLETIC UNION

The first meeting of the Athletic Union will be held in the Science Lecture Room of the School on Monday, 17th January 1949, at 6 p.m., to give formal approval to the draft Constitution and Rules and also to appoint Office-bearers. It is hoped that many members of the respective Sports Clubs, and many other Former Pupils will be present at this inaugural meeting.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF D. H. S.

A number of suggestions have been put forward for the improvement of the already high standard of the High School. The principal proposals are that:—

(1) Following up an article by a previous contributor, a regular cribbing class be instituted, presided over by a master in possession of correct copies of all homework, exercises, etc.

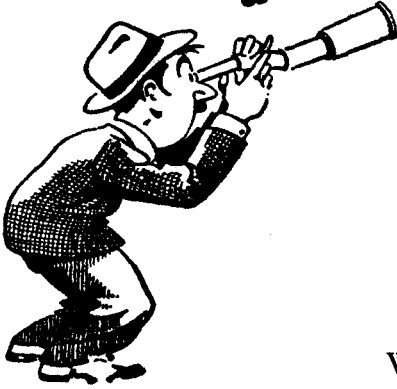
(2) A D.H.S. handbook be compiled, consisting of original and plausible excuses for

- (a) Unpunctuality;
- (b) absence of hats;
- (c) untimely presence in opposite school;
- (d) presence of foreign objects in class.

(3) A committee be set up to provide a Confidential Bureau (in December every year) to which application could be made by those without partners for the School Dance. A specimen application might be as follows:—

Partner (male) required, must be over 5 feet 11 inches. Facial beauty not essential, but blondes preferred. Downfield or District.—B.

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INTERRUPTED VOYAGE

" Suddenly the darkness lifted and I felt myself falling down, down, down until with a jerk I stopped. I looked round and saw that I was in a room full of levers and dials rather like clock faces. In one corner I saw a huge machine like a torpedo. Bending over it was a man dressed in black from head to foot, with masked face. As I landed I must have touched one of the levers for, suddenly, a bell began to ring. He turned round and saw me. With a yell he touched a button and I was wrapped in a net of wire which, when I touched it, gave me an electric shock. The man came over to me and, grabbing me by the back of the neck, threw me into the torpedo. Muttering some unintelligible words, he pressed some more levers and I felt myself flying through the air with a curious ringing sound filling my ears. Then, above the roar of the rocket, I heard someone shout, " For the love of Mike, Albert, turn that alarm off ! "

GORDON J. H. PONT, F.II.

THE CHRISTMAS STORY

A stable bare, nay, but a shed,
 With neither table nor a bed,
 And in a manger lined with straw,
 The Babe the kings and shepherds saw.
 The Wise Men and the children, too,
 Smiled on the maiden robed in blue.
 Her radiant face, her halo bright,
 Shone in the darkness of the night.
 Sleep, Little Child, while angels sing,
 Sleep, while their gladsome voices ring.
 " Rejoice, rejoice, this holy night.
 Rejoice in Christ, the Son of Light."

F.D., IV.

CORRECT DEDUCTION

The wind was moaning around the house. It was December. The omnibus of crime thrillers lay open on the knee of the youth lounging in an armchair in front of a dying fire. Except for a pool of light under a table lamp, the room was in darkness. The only occupant of the room was reconstructing the story aloud.

" The killer was undoubtedly Jakes, but how to prove it? H'mmm! His victim had probably been reflecting on the story he had just read. A crime thriller was found lying open on his knee—the wind must have been whistling around the house to cover up any sound there might have been—the room had been in darkness but for a circle of light from the only light in the room. He was suspecting nothing when . . . "

What was that? A slight scraping from the door.

Whew! He wiped the perspiration from his forehead. Just the cat wanting to be let in.

Just then the door flew open and a knife came whizzing through the air . . .

G. R. G., III.

THE SCRIPTURE UNION

The S. U. is a great thing,
 For anyone who joins.
 The badges cost a shilling ;
 To join you need two coins.
 So, if you're feeling weary,
 And can't find things to do.
 Just join the Scripture Union,
 And fun will leap to you.

G. BELL, F.IA.

High School of Dundee War Memorial Fund

The War Memorial Committee issued an appeal on 31st March last for funds for the School War Memorial which would take the form of a hall or library in the reconstructed school. The staff of the Art Department agreed to prepare an illuminated book, containing details relating to the sixty former pupils of the school who gave their lives in the Second World War. Good progress has been made with the illuminated book, which will be placed under the bronze plaque on a desk which is being made in the Woodwork Department. The bronze plaque, designed by Mr. T. S. Halliday of the Art Department, is nearly completed and it is expected that it will be erected and unveiled about Easter. These will be placed in a temporary site on the middle landing of the stair in the vestibule of the Boys' School, and will be fixed to stone, generously gifted by a D.H.S. Old Boy, in such a way that the whole Memorial can be easily transferred later and permanently lodged in the new hall or library.

Since the appeal was issued in March, advertisements asking for subscriptions have been inserted in *Dundee Advertiser*, *Scotsman*, *Glasgow Herald* and *Aberdeen Free Press*. The result of the appeal has been quite encouraging. A sum of just under £2,000 has

already been received or promised, and the individual subscriptions range from a few shillings to £500. These subscriptions represent, however, a comparatively small number of those to whom the appeal was sent out, and the Committee feel that many have overlooked the matter. From 2,400 appeals sent out, up to date, only 240 subscriptions have been received.

The present pupils of the school have already sent in a donation, and the proceeds of "H.M.S. Pinafore," performed by the pupils in June, were also given to the War Memorial Fund. Further opportunities will be given for the present pupils to contribute.

Those who received a copy of the appeal, and who have not already given a donation, will perhaps be good enough to consider the matter again and send a contribution, however small, to the Honorary Treasurer, Mr. W. E. Crichton, C.A., 93 Commercial Street, Dundee. The Committee feel confident that the response will be very generous.

HELEN F. FALCONER,

Hon. Secy.,

War Memorial Committee.



Centre Panel of
The War Memorial

Dundee High School
Magazine

Reports

Girls' Literary Society Report

With Miss Martin-Brown as president, the society held its first official meeting, a "Hat Night," on October 8th. On October 22nd Form III. held their Class Night, while Form V. delved into classicism for their Form Night on November 5th. A joint meeting with the Boys' Literary Society was held on November 12th for the lecture, "The Charm of the Channel Islands." Miss Coupar lectured on "A Visit to Post-War Poland" on November 19th, while Form IV. held their Class Night on December 3rd. The Musical Evening, on December 15th, completed the term's meetings.

Class representatives for the five senior forms were elected at the beginning of the session as follows:—F. VI., J. Petrie; F. V., E. Paton; F. IV., C. White; F. III., J. Ogilvy; F. II., M. Grey.
K. S. A.

Rugby Report

We are very fortunate to have back at school seven of last year's successful 1st XV., including last year's captain and vice-captain, R. S. W. Chawla and L. Ferguson. Our secretary, W. Kerr, and treasurer, I. J. Macbean, besides being conscientious regarding their clerical and financial duties, have had much experience on the field of play. D. G. Rattray, the other member of committee, is a strong, dangerous forward and, along with I. Macbean, lays the foundation of the pack.

The first game of the season against Aberdeen Grammar School gave a pointer to the performance of the 1st XV. this year. After a listless and uninspiring thirty minutes our boys were down 9-0, but, principally due to the leadership and example of R. S. W. Chawla, we got fifteen minutes of good hard play from them and they eventually won 13-9.

The following week our captain had the misfortune to break a collar-bone and since that time, except for another short spell against Boroughmuir, we have seen a constant repetition of the first-half against Aberdeen Grammar School. A strong, well-drilled Royal High School 1st XV. had a good victory of 12-0 at Dalnacraig, although thanks to K. Booth at full-back, they crossed our line only once. Gordon's College and Melville College both beat us by the odd point, not so much by their superior play as by our lack of effort.

Our good win against Boroughmuir was largely due to the individual play of our vice-captain, L. Ferguson. Against Kelvinside Academy and University College 2nd XV. we were undoubtedly superior and should have won by larger margins. In both these games, away from home, we were very pleased with the hospitality and welcome given by the home teams. The Kelvinside game was played in a Glasgow fog and the many

spectators, including several Former Pupils, could see little of the play.

We appreciate very much the support and interest of Former Pupils as we usually have two or three on the line in Edinburgh, Glasgow and elsewhere. Sydney Hynd, our winger last year, is always interested, and we are pleased to return compliments as Sydney is doing very well with Edinburgh University 1st XV.

Probably our best player this year has been A. MacLean, and we look forward to his greater success. He is a speedy, deceptive runner and his defence is sound. L. Ferguson also shares the honour and he has been a strong, reliable stand-off. His kicking to touch has pulled us out of many a dangerous position and his attack always spells danger for the opposing side.

Our captain, R. S. W. Chawla, has played only one game, but he played it very well and we have missed him not only as a scrum-half but also as a captain. We hope that his injury will soon heal and we look forward to his leading the team again in the near future.

K. Booth has been a useful player, very sure in defence, and J. Knight has played a good attacking game. A. Clark, A. Stewart, A. Christie and K. Hutton have done well in the back division, but they are still young and lack experience. We expect a big improvement in their play during the season.

Except for I. MacBean and G. Rattray, the forwards have disappointed and we have been slow in finding a hard-working and well-knit pack. Their following-up is good, but the scrummaging and line-out play is poor. J. Christie has tried hard and is always there, D. Lemon is probably a discovery as a hooker, and Manders, although small and inexperienced, is coming along nicely. Menzies, McNaughton, Hogg, Gibbs and Kidd are all very enthusiastic and should give us a pleasant surprise soon. Our lion-hearted secretary, W. Kerr, has toiled on behind losing forwards without complaint and we admire his pluck, skill and versatility.

The 2nd XV. has played well under the captaincy of I. White but, unfortunately, their fixtures have been scarce so far. R. Gunn has an enthusiastic 3rd XV., and the Junior XV.s have also done well, Form I. and Lv. having very good sides. We compliment all the boys on turning out so readily to matches and practices and in particular we appreciate the enthusiasm of fifty boys who appeared at Dalnacraig on the very wet and dismal Saturday morning on the mid-term holiday.

Finally, we thank the members of the staff who have given their time freely and willingly to assist us and, in particular, Mr. Maclaren and Mr. Wood, whose enthusiasm and energy, along with a sound knowledge of the game, have spurred us to greater efforts. Mr. Maclaren's

experience and his work with the younger boys have been much appreciated and Mr Smart has developed into a fine referee, considering that he came to us with little knowledge of the game.

The results of the fixtures are given below.

		Points	
		F	A
1st XV.			
Sept. 18—Aberdeen Grammar School	(A)	13	9
Oct. 2—Royal High School	(H)	0	12
„ 9—Robert Gordon's College	(H)	5	6
„ 16—Boroughmuir School	(H)	16	3
„ 23—Melville College	(A)	5	6
„ 27—University College, Dundee	(A)	9	0
Nov. 6—Kelvinside Academy	(A)	11	0
„ 13—Morgan Academy	(H)	0	0

2nd XV.			
Sept. 18—Harris Academy 1st XV.	(H)	5	21
Oct. 2—Morgan Academy	(H)	17	0
„ 9—Robert Gordon's College	(A)	Cancelled	
Nov. 13—Morgan Academy	(A)	3	5

3rd XV.			
Sept. 18—Harris Academy	(A)	6	10
Oct. 2—Morgan Academy	(A)	9	6
„ 9—Robert Gordon's College	(A)	Cancelled	
„ 23—Madras College 2nd XV.	(H)	9	8
Nov. 6—Bell-Baxter School 2nd XV.	(H)	9	8

Under 15½ XV.			
Oct. 2—Bell-Baxter School	(H)	0	23

Form II			
Sept. 18—Morgan Academy	(H)	12	6
Oct. 23—Harris Academy	(A)	0	30
Nov. 6—Morgan Academy	(A)	6	6
„ 13—Harris Academy	(H)	3	11

Form I.			
Sept. 18—Morgan Academy	(A)	0	3
Oct. 9—Harris Academy	(H)	3	6
„ 16—Morgan Academy "B"	(A)	9	0
„ 23—Morgan Academy	(H)	12	10
Nov. 6—Harris Academy	(H)	6	5

Lower V.			
Oct. 23—Morgan Academy	(H)	11	9
Nov. 13—Harris Academy	(H)	9	9

Ranger Report

The Ranger Company has improved this term. The patrol system was reinstated as there were seven recruits, and three P.L.'s. N. Millar, M. Pullar, K. Anderson, and a Company Treasurer, I Armstrong, were elected.

The most notable event of the term was the winning of the Senior Championship Cup (for the ninth time) at the Guide Swimming Gala. Earlier in the term the company was invited by the Sea Rangers to visit "John Williams VI," missionary ship, and to attend a church parade. A joint meeting with the Sea Rangers was also held, at Guide Headquarters, when Ann Thompson lectured on her visit to Switzerland as one of the two representatives of British Rangers. Another

enjoyable evening to which the Rangers were invited was a Hallowe'en Party given by the D.H.S. Guides.

Three representatives of the company are to attend a B.B.C. conference in Victoria Art Galleries, and arrangements are under way to adopt a hospital cot.

As usual, much gratitude is due to Miss Mudie for her painstaking interest and patience as our captain.

K. S. A.

Cadet Report.

The Company is already well under way with the training programme, and it is encouraging to see the enthusiastic spirit with which the senior cadets are tackling the Cert. "A." This term the Platoon N.C.O.'s are being given more opportunity to give practical instruction to their respective platoons, and it is to be hoped that they will continue to work in the efficient manner in which they have already begun.

The Company enrolment for the session has reached a very satisfactory total of 143. We welcome the junior recruits and hope that they will settle down to their new training under the expert guidance of Lt. Vannet and his N.C.O.'s. It is gratifying to note that several senior members of the school have joined the Company and are now putting in some hard work to try to attain the high standard of the "veterans."

In future all school Cadet Companies and Junior Training Corps are to unite to make the newly-formed Combined Cadet Force, and the D.H.S. Cadets will come into closer contact with their fellow companies which include Perth Academy, Dollar, Strathallan, Glenalmond, etc. The C.C.F. will be recognised by the Military Authorities as a pre-training for officers for the three services.

Cadets, on joining the Services, will be put into special training units. They will then enter W.O.S.B.E. and, as vacancies arise, go forward to O.C.T.U. for special training. The progress of a cadet, of course, depends entirely on his own efficiency.

We have attended very interesting demonstrations of the "Artillery at Work," given to us by the members of the T.A. at the headquarters in Douglas Street.

The following promotions were made during the year.

Sergt. Rattray to C.S.M.
Cpl. White to Sergeant.
Cpl. McNaughton to Sergeant.
Cadet Manders to Corporal.
Cadet Ripley to Lance/Corporal.
Cadet Watson to Lance/Corporal.

Our thanks are due as usual to Major Halliday and his officers who devote so much time and energy to our training and welfare. We are also indebted to C.S.M. Halliday for all his good work to ensure the smooth running of the company.

C. S. M.

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D.H.S. Old Boys' Club Annual General Meeting.

The Eighteenth Annual General Meeting of the Old Boys' Club was held in the Royal Hotel, on Friday, 8th October, when Mr A. Eric Larg was elected President, and Mr. Andrew Mudie Vice-President.

Mr. Alex. Drummond, the retiring President, thanked the members of the Committee for their enthusiastic support and the President, in reply, intimated that in consideration of the valuable and unique services given by Mr. Drummond, the Committee had proposed that he be elected an Hon. Vice-President.

The re-election of Mr. J. C. Anderson, C.A., our very able and efficient Hon. Secretary, was once again approved with unanimity, and Mr. Wm. Lawson, C.A., was re-appointed Hon. Auditor. The following members were elected to the committee:—Dr. A. S. Davie and Messrs Robert McIntosh, Cyril Marr, W. C. Marshall, W. Stark, D. Logie and Alex. Robertson. The President informed the meeting that the Annual Dinner, at which Mr. David Donald was to be the guest of honour, would be held in the Royal Hotel on Friday, the 26th November, at 7 p.m. He also intimated that it was proposed to hold the Annual Combined Re-Union Dance with the Old Girl's Club some time in February, and arrangements have now been made to hold it in Grays' Room, Perth Road, on Tuesday, 8th February.

At the conclusion of the meeting the members adjourned for coffee and sandwiches, and the remainder of the evening was spent in a very enjoyable and informal re-union.

Boys' Literary Society Report

The Society held its first meeting, which took the form of a Hat Night, on 15th October. This proved an excellent start to what looks like being one of the Society's most successful sessions. It was very gratifying to notice on this occasion, as well as at a Debate on Forms V. and VI. Night which followed, that the younger members, as well as the older ones, were not afraid to give voice to their ideas and opinions.

The only visiting lecturer we have had, so far, is Mr Norman Brown, who addressed the combined Societies on "The Charm of the Channel Islands." This interesting lecture was illustrated with many colourful lantern slides. Mr Brown also showed a unique film of the "Battle of the Flowers."

The Mock Election, on the 19th November, was the best attended meeting the Society has held for several years. There were five candidates, representing the Scottish Nationalist, Conservative, Liberal, Socialist, and Communist parties. Each candidate addressed the Society in turn and then, after some heckling, the voting took place. The result was:—

Mr Weatherhead (Liberal)	-	-	31	votes
Mr Shepherd (Scottish Nationalist)	-	-	25	"
Mr Birkbeck (Conservative)	-	-	14	"
Mr Menzies (Socialist)	-	-	11	"
Mr Jacob (Communist)	-	-	3	"

At the time of writing we are looking forward eagerly to the talk on "The B. B. C.," which Mr George Bruce is to deliver on the 26th November.

Preparations are in full swing for the Musical Evening, which takes place on the 15th December.

The Society is very grateful to Mr Paton and to Mr Bisset, who have accepted the posts of Joint Presidents, and who have contributed so much to the success of the meetings.
J. L. W.

Hockey Report

Hockey this year appears to have bright prospects. Although the 1st and 2nd XI's have only played three matches so far, their fixture lists have no spaces, and we are determined to turn every match to good account. The 1st XI. has four of last year's team in its number, and is quickly becoming well co-ordinated in its new shape. The 2nd XI. has shown its worth by remaining undefeated up to date. There is promise, too, in the 3rd and 4th XI.'s of a good season.

Match results:—

1st ELEVEN.			
		F.	A.
F.P.s	2	5
Madras (H)	(cancelled)		
Grove (H)	1	2
Perth (H)	5	0
2nd ELEVEN.			
		F.	A.
F.P.s	1	1
Madras (A)	(cancelled)		
Grove (H)	3	1
Perth (H)	1	0

Miss Whytock, Miss Spreull and Miss May Smith have been untiring in their efforts to make a good team out of us, and we should like to thank them here for their active encouragement.

M. G. W.

Forestry Camp Report

This year's forestry camp was again held in the Village Hall at Strathyre. Although the weather was not so favourable as it had been last year, and as a consequence a greater proportion of our time was spent weeding the nurseries, we all enjoyed ourselves very much.

The work was interesting and healthy, and often, to reach the scene of operations, it was necessary to climb several hundred feet up some of the hills, or to sit in the back of a lorry which jolted over some of the uneven roads.

The free time was spent in various ways. Some fished, some swam, some climbed and some hired rowing-boats on Loch Lubnaig, which is about a mile from the village. Sometimes a rather primitive-looking cricket match was played in front of the Hall.

We had two masters with us each week, and we should like to thank Mr Bain, Mr Marshall, Mr Murray, Mr Anderson and Mr Vannet for giving up part of their holidays for this purpose. We are also very indebted to Mrs Vannet and to the various other members of the kitchen staff who cooked such excellent meals for us.

J. L. W.

Guide Report

At the Annual Guide Church Service in June, the six Patrol Leaders formed the Colour Party, a great honour for the Company.

Last term the shield was won by the Skylark Patrol.

The Guide Camp was held at Glen Ouiech and was a great success, marred only by strong winds.

The Patrol Leaders for session 1948-49 are as follows:—

Bantam Patrol—S. Gillies.
 Blackbird Patrol—F. Donaldson.
 Bluetit Patrol—P. Thomas.
 Nightingale Patrol—S. Gibb.
 Robin Patrol—I. Henderson.
 Skylark Patrol—B. Murray.
 Swallow Patrol—I. Ogilvie.
 Thrush Patrol—I. Whitton.

A large number of recruits joined the Company in September and show great promise for the future.

The Second-Class Guides are preparing for their First-Class Badge, and six of the Senior Guides are working for their Queen's Guide Award.

The following Senior Guides qualified for their First-Class Badge in June:—S. Gibb, I. Henderson, J. Mackenzie, B. Murray, P. Thomas, I. Whitton.

At the Guide Gala, held on October 15th in the Central Baths, the Guides took first place in the Junior Championship.

Miss Coutts, Miss Coupar, Miss Hagaman and the Rangers were very welcome guests at the Hallowe'en Party, held on the 23rd October.

We should like to thank Captain Whytock, Lieutenant Gray, Miss Spreull and Mrs. Hammond, on behalf of the Company, for their help and enthusiasm throughout the term.

I. H. H.

Rifle Club Report

The Rifle Club has commenced what promises to be a very successful session. There are several good shots among both the juniors and the seniors, and we are hoping for very good results in the coming competitions.

The practices for the seniors are held, as usual, on Friday evenings, and for the juniors on Monday evenings. At these practices, great enthusiasm is evident both among those who are actually in the team, and among the others who have not quite made it.

We hope to have shot off the Winter Competition, and the first round of the Strathcona Shield by Christmas.

We are very grateful to Mr Stark and Mr George Linton who are training the team, and to Mr Halliday who has taken over the duties of Treasurer for us.

J.L.W.

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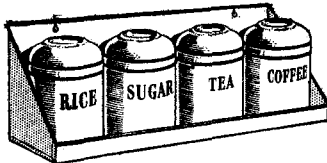
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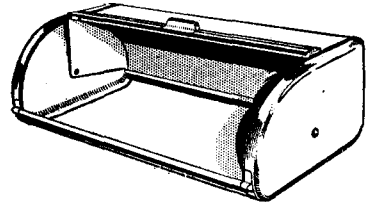
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