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# DUNDEE HIGH SCHOOL



No. 104 — 1949

# MAGAZINE

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# The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

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No. 104]

APRIL 1949

[SIXPENCE

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## Editorial

SPRING has come once again, but this time it brings with it a heavy task for us—the writing of the Editorial. We have awaited the approach of Easter with dread apprehension. Till now we had not realised that the composition of the Editorial rested in the hands of a pupil. In fact, if we had known this, we might have read more of them, but, thinking them merely vehicles for expressing views, which we had previously heard so often in class, we paid them little respect.

Now was the time to remedy this. Feverishly we looked through back numbers to draw inspiration from former Editors, but alas, they were all in the same plight and usually covered the first page, just as we are doing, in lamenting their lot, explaining their ignorance of what they could and ought to say, and consoling themselves that nobody ever read the Editorial anyway.

All this we found most depressing, but at length decided heroically that we should be the first of a new line of Editors. We would not so vex our readers' patience, but would straightway give an account of some of the happenings during the last term.

Perhaps the most unusual event this Easter term was the lack of snow. This prevented the usual lusty snow scenes in front of the Pillars, but the footballers made good use of the dry spell and, we are sure, compensated the school windows for the lack of snowballs. During the prolonged football season the gravel from the playground has gradually been extended on to the pavement and road,

but so far no fatal accident has occurred, though there may have been some harsh words spoken by a passing cyclist, especially when the gravel was accompanied by the ball, as occasionally happens.

This good weather was also appreciated by all true hockey and rugby enthusiasts. The Hockey XI. has missed very few matches, but the day it did the most damage was when the team, while being photographed by a "Bulletin" reporter, broke the "plate." This, however, did not daunt the school photographer, for the team is portrayed as usual farther on in the magazine.

Here we should also like to mention that the school, and especially the Rugby Club, wish to thank Mr Gordon F. Anderson, a former pupil, for the generous gift of three new rugby goal-post uprights.

We were unlucky in the frosty spell's coming immediately after the Christmas vacation, thus leaving our hopes for skating holidays unfulfilled.

In February, our school did not escape the influenza epidemic, which spread throughout the whole country. At one time more than two hundred pupils and eight members of the staff were absent. Whether, in the case of the pupils, these absences were entirely due to 'flu was the cause of much speculation, for just at that time there was a great influx of inspectors into school rousing the usual expectant trepidation among the lower classes. Form V. was by this time quite unaware of either of these minor afflictions, while

Form VI. was superior, aloof, believing they knew all there was to know about inspectors. We may add that we, in conserving our energy for this great work, also found it necessary at this time to stay off a few days.

About the same time another striking incident disturbed the foundations of the school. Some of its leading members, whether from suspicion as to the quality of school coal, or a wish to compare the heating system with that of the ancient Romans, found it necessary to visit the subterranean regions of the school. On once more reaching the daylight they were able to confirm that the coal, whatever its burning strength, had reserved to the full all its blackening qualities. Unfortunately, just at that moment the supreme authority burst into their conference, and, as they had had no permit for this investigation—well, we may leave the rest to our readers' imagination (or memory).

\* \* \* \*

To those who sit, good luck! To all, a pleasant holiday.

## NEWS AND NOTES

The school has just had its triennial inspection. Almost every week this term one has been seeing inspectors in either the Upper or the Lower School.

We are all extremely glad that Miss Coupar is getting on well and are looking forward to having her back with us before long.

We should like to welcome Mrs Aitken who took over from Mrs Vannet earlier this term.

Another new arrival we should like to mention here is the dishwashing machine. This has caused a great stir in the kitchen and the brightly shining surface of the dishes gives further encouragement to diners to finish of the last morsel.

We congratulate Donald Mathers who has gained a Union Fellowship in the Theological College, New York. He sails for America in August for a stay of nine months.

High praise is due, also, to the Cadet Rifle Team and their Instructor, Mr George Linton, for winning the Strathcona Shield. Members of the team were Sergeant Weatherhead, Corporal Gibbs, Corporal Weatherhead, Corporal Watson, Cadet Morrison and Cadet Watson. Corporal Gibbs and Corporal Watson have

been chosen to represent Great Britain in the Inter-Services Shooting Competition.

We hear with pleasure of the appointment of T. Elder Dickson, Esq., M.A., Ph.D., F.R.S.E., to the post of Depute Director of Edinburgh College of Art. He was at one time in the Art Department of Dundee High School.

Dr. William Bell, a former pupil of the High School, has been appointed Head of the Jute Research Department in Jute Industries.

## MUSIC NOTES

### School Concerts

Once again Concerts and Exhibitions loom on the horizon of the Music Department, but, in place of a Gilbert and Sullivan Opera, there will be, this summer, two Concerts by the Upper School pupils, which will be given during the month of June to parents and friends in the Hall of the Girls' School.

There will be a very varied programme, and, in addition to choirs, solo pianists, vocalists, etc., outstanding features will be two plays by the pupils of Miss Rosa MacDougald, a Song Scena by the L.5 Girls, Solo Dances and various other attractive items.

It is hoped that the Concerts will be warmly supported by parents and friends, and that those taking part in the programme will maintain the same high standard set in past years.  
H.S.C.

### Elocution Examination Successes

We congratulate the following pupils, who have acquitted themselves well at the recent examinations of Trinity College, London :

Advanced Senior Grade—

Joan Wood (with merit).

Senior Grade—

Anne Younger (Hons.).

David Duncan (Merit).

Jean Ogilvie (Merit).

Netta Horsburgh (Merit).

Alison Brush (Pass).

Intermediate Grade—

Elspeth Swinton (Hons.).

Junior Grade—

Elizabeth Davidson (Hons.).

Margaret Greenlaw (Merit).

Advanced Prep. Grade—

Michael Duncan (Pass).

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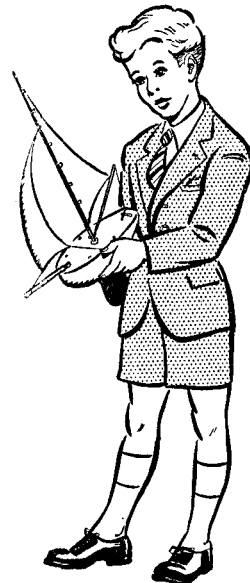
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## DATES TO REMEMBER

- Saturday, June 4th—Sports.  
 Tuesday, June 7th—Swimming Gala  
 Wednesday, June 8th—Dedication of War Memorial.  
 Thursday and Friday, June 16th and 17th—School Concert.  
 Friday, June 24th—Exhibitions of Art and Sewing.  
 Monday and Tuesday, June 27th and 28th—Junior School Play.  
 Wednesday, June 29th—Junior School closes.  
 Thursday, June 30th—Senior School closes.

The proceeds from all School Functions will be given to the War Memorial and Reconstruction Funds.

## RECONSTRUCTION FUND

### Sale of Work

A Sale of Work on behalf of the Reconstruction Fund will be held in the Autumn, on a date to be fixed. Stalls will comprise:—

Work, Woollens, Cake and Candy, Household Goods, Produce and Fruit, Toys, Books for Adults, Books for Juveniles, White Elephant, and in addition there will be Teas, Refreshments and Sideshows.

The Directors of the School will organise the Produce Stall; the Old Boys' Club will run the Household Stall; and the Old Girls' Club will take charge of Teas and Refreshments. The Athletic Union have been asked to take over Sideshows and Toys.

The immediate need is for gifts of goods, materials for working, money and ideas.

Please contact Mr Marshall who will be glad to direct all donations to the appropriate conveners.

## Treasure Hunt

On Saturday, 21st June, 1947, I was at a party. It was a boy called John Fairweather who had asked me, as he and his sister were having a party at their house.

When I arrived at his home, I found that nearly all the other guests had arrived. We started the party with tea, after which we had some games and then a "Treasure Hunt."

There were two prizes, one for the girls and one for the boys. We were all given a piece of paper on which a clue was written. We were then told to look at it and the hunt was on.

Written on my piece of paper were the words, "Go to where the sun reflects on water and walk twenty-seven paces to the north." At first I was dumbfounded at this, but, after thinking for a moment, I realized that, "where the sun reflects on water," must be the pond in the middle of the garden. I hurried there and walked the twenty-seven paces north. This took me to a huge, old oak tree. At the bottom was a small notice saying, "Climb the tree." I climbed about half way up and found another small notice saying, "In the place where the sun is hottest you will find a pail. Take it full of water to the biggest bush." It took me five

minutes to find the hottest place in the sun, but at last I found that it was in the greenhouse. Some of the other boys were ahead of me, because I saw some of them taking buckets to a big bush.

In the green-house I found a tap from which I filled one of the pails near it. It then occurred to me that perhaps the other boys had been going to the wrong place, because, when coming to the party, I had seen another bush which seemed bigger than the one the other boys had been going to.

I then hurried over to the one I had seen before. I was right. Beneath it was a small notice saying, "In a four-wheeled vehicle you will find the treasure." I then thought that the four-wheeled vehicle would be a car and I hurried over to the garage. I hunted for two minutes in the car, but could not find the treasure. Three boys came in and they, too, looked for the treasure. I got out for a minute and tripped over something. It was a small car that a baby could sit in. The treasure was in it and it was a tennis racket—what I had always wanted.

LOW THOMSON, F.I.A.

## Dr. T. S. Murray

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A generation of scholars has passed through the School since Dr. Thomas Smith Murray retired from the Headship of the Science Department in 1933, but his colleagues on the Staff, his pupils, and a host of friends and acquaintances will note his passing with regret.

It is always a matter of pride to a candidate to receive a call to a teaching post in the school wherein he has sat as a pupil, and Murray greatly appreciated the honour of the appointment to his Alma Mater, where he had been a talented pupil in the department, the destinies of which he was to guide forthwith.

His own science master—whom he then succeeded and whom he closely resembled in his outlook on science, his methods of instruction and his genial temperament—has stated that “Tom Murray gave early promise of a distinguished career in science”; and so it proved. Before his twenty-fifth year he had already carried out a considerable measure of chemical research which earned him a doctorate in science of Edinburgh University and a senior assistantship in the Chemistry Department of Aberdeen University, where he continued his original scientific investigations.

It was this flair for probing into the unknown that made his teaching so effective; every classroom experiment, however frequently repeated, was undertaken in a spirit of adventure and with a fervour that was infectious; he insisted that the conclusions therefrom be logically deduced and accurately recorded. During his stay in our School his teaching never lost its freshness. A prodigious reader he kept in constant touch with scientific progress. To him discussion was the very breath of life!

His cast of mind was eminently practical: with him work in the laboratory always took precedence of the classroom lecture: his instruction was always pointed with illustrations from industrial and domestic spheres.

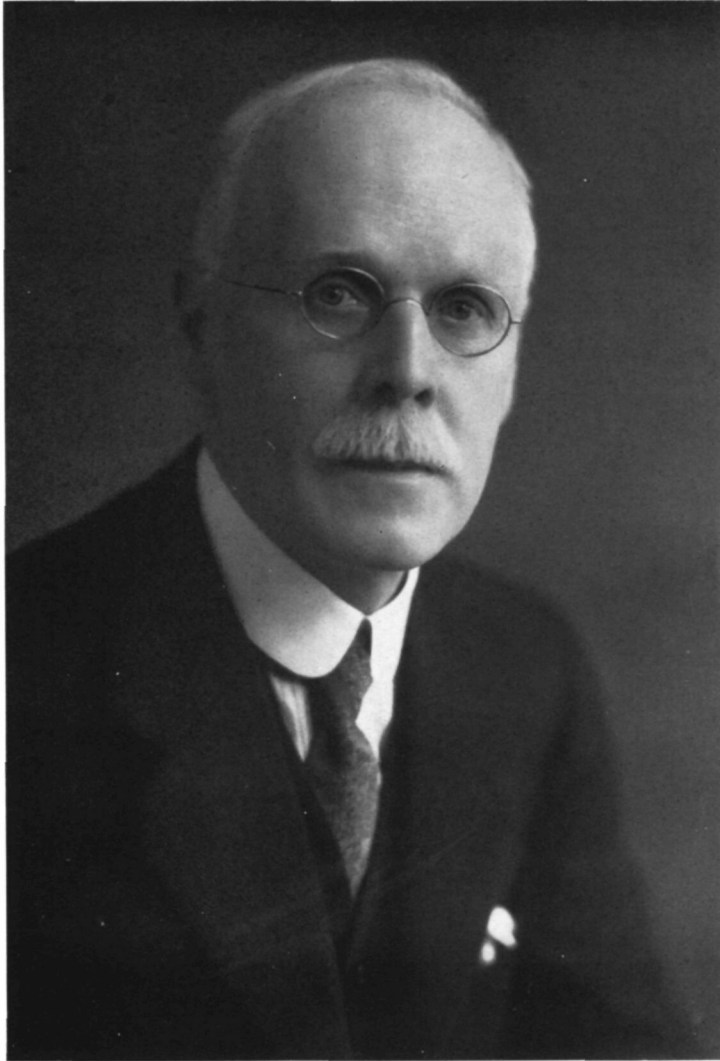
Apart from his academic qualifications, Murray possessed in high degree the qualities so essential for a successful teacher, of patience, perseverance, sympathy with youth and a sense of humour. He was always kindly and considerate in his dealings with pupils and associates. The Science Department has always been permeated with a happy atmosphere and in conversation he often referred to the friendly relationship that existed between his teacher colleagues and himself.

In all that pertained to the School he took a great pride. His years for participation in active field sports had passed prior to his return to Dundee, but, as a younger man, he was a keen mountaineer and, though he yielded to none in his admiration for Scotland's moor and mountain, he liked, during the holidays, to test his climbing skill on some of the famous Alpine peaks. Of these expeditions he had beautiful photographic records. He realised, therefore, how very important it is to keep the body fit as well as the mind. He fully appreciated the importance of organised games in a school curriculum and no one enjoyed the annual Sports Day more heartily.

Former pupils owe him a debt of gratitude for his interest and guidance in the establishment of the Old Boys' Club.

And so we take farewell of Tom Murray, grateful for the splendid service he rendered to our School.

F.G.Y.



**THOMAS S. MURRAY, Esq., D.Sc.,**  
**Science Master 1900-1933**

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

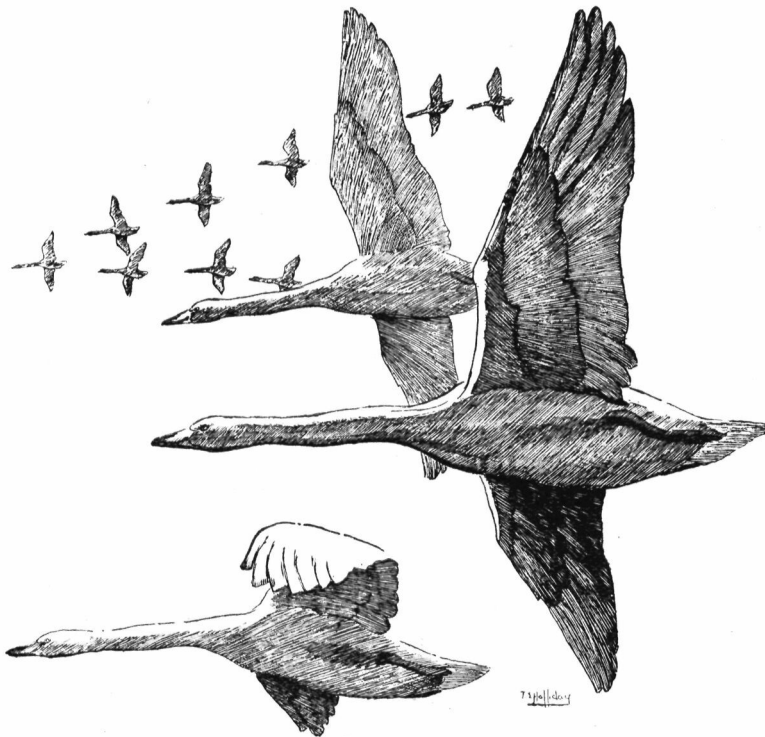
## Bird Migration

Some years before the war a census of British Birds revealed the fact that in summer some 200,000,000 birds are resident in the British Isles, whereas in winter the number increases by about 50,000,000. Imperfect as any census may be, the fact, contrary to general belief, seemed to be established that a considerably greater number of birds resided in this country in winter than in summer. The change over from summer to winter is not clearly marked and often is not complete. Some of our summer visitors frequently remain right through the winter and often northern breeding birds stay in Britain throughout the year, rearing their young in this country.

Spring and autumn are the seasons during which the main migratory movements take place. These mass migrations are seldom seen because they occur for the greater part during the hours of darkness and, as far as is known, at considerable altitudes.

It is only within recent years that any definite details have been gathered about the migration of birds. Research, so far as it has gone, is yet only in its infancy; a great field has still to be covered before anything approaching absolute knowledge can be obtained. In various parts of the world birds are ringed when young, or else they are trapped when migrating, then ringed and released. From those which are recovered some interesting facts come to light. For example, a Cormorant, ringed on the Bass Rock, was picked up off the West African coast. A Pied Flycatcher, ringed during a night migration on the north coast of France, was found dead three days later on the Spanish Frontier, 500 miles distant.

Many of the birds which we see in Britain are on passage. They have stopped for a day or two, probably to rest and feed or because of bad weather. Our Islands form a resting-



WHOOPEE SWANS

place on the long sea passage between Iceland, Scandinavia and Spain.

Such common birds as Starlings migrate in huge flocks, so the birds which nest in our rainpipes and chimneys may not be the same as those which form the hungry hordes of winter. Great numbers of Starlings arrive in this country during autumn from Scandinavia, while birds which spend the summer with us usually travel south. We are familiar on the Tay Estuary with the great skeins of Geese which arrive during October and November and depart in March and April. Occasionally we hear overhead the whistling wings of Swans or the peculiar organ notes of Whoopers. One afternoon recently, in a fog, nine Whooper Swans passed over me, only a few yards from the ground. Evidently these birds had lost their direction as they were flying uncertainly and the leader kept looking from side to side as he passed overhead. The birds kept calling to each other and long after the fog had enveloped them I heard the beating of their wings and their whooping call as they flew around looking for some landmark to put them on their course.

Lighthouses used to take a deadly toll of migrating birds, but nowadays perches are placed all around the light to enable the dazzled birds to alight and rest. It is still a common sight, however, after a big migratory movement, to find in the morning dozens of mangled little bodies on the rocks below.

Hawks and different birds of prey follow migrating flocks and take a heavy toll of the migrants.

The way-finding power of birds is still unexplained. It is impossible to say how a flight of young birds, born in this country, can find its way to winter quarters in the far south. There are no facts available to account for migration. Many theories have been offered, but much research has still to be done. Undoubtedly, in some species, food supply has something to do with it, but other birds will leave a plentiful food supply and travel into areas where suitable food is scarce and indeed will die of starvation rather than return.

T.S.H.

### TRIVIA

Find the cube root of

976379602989073960279630298890

(From "*Young Mathematician's Guide*")

—John Ward, 1707).

A certain Turk went up to Mahomet's Temple to worship and in his way he met a Pilgrim to whom he said, "If ye would pray to Mahomet to grant me success and double the crowns in my pocket I will give you 8." This he found done by a miracle and gave him 8, and proceeding further he met another pilgrim to whom he said the same words. He found the crowns remaining doubled and gave him 8, and going further he met a third pilgrim to whom he said as before and found the crowns he had yet remaining doubled and gave him 8 and then he had nothing. I demand how many crowns he had in his pocket when he met the first pilgrim.

(From a Fair Book used in D.H.S. by John Stewart in 1802).

"Vides ergo quod ex his omnibus probabilior sit mobilitas Terrae quam ejus quies, praesertim in cotidiana revolutione, tanquam terrae maxime propria."—Copernicus.

A blind man said "As to the sun,  
I'll take my Bible oath there's none;  
For if there had been one to show  
They would have shown it long ago."  
How came he such a goose to be?  
Did he not know he couldn't see?  
Not he!

So 5 times 8 were 40 Scots  
Who came from Aberdeen;  
And 5 times 9 were 45,  
Which gave them all the spleen

(From multiplication table in verse of 56 lines  
—Richard Chappell—*Universal Arithmetic*,  
1798).

W.M.



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## British Ski Troops

*Lecture to D.H.S. Cadet Corps, 26th November, 1948.*

When the campaign in Italy had reached a certain stage, it became evident that, sooner or later, an advance would have to be made through mountainous country, where altitude, climatic conditions and the character of the terrain would present special problems to the armies.

When such a stage was reached, roads through the mountains would certainly be available to the main axis of the advance, but to the flanks of such routes there would be great expanses of difficult, almost trackless country, a great deal of it above the snowline in which operations would undoubtedly be necessary to secure the advance. Also there would be the necessity of seizing and holding, well in front of the main advance, dominant heights and mountain masses commanding the roads.

It was evident that, for such operations, specially trained troops, with a very high standard of endurance and intelligence, would be required, for it was realised that, not only would they have to cope with the hazards and difficulties of operations among the snow and the rocks, but that they would certainly find themselves up against, on many occasions, enemy forces who were born mountaineers, men who had not only been trained to mountain warfare, but who had been bred in the mountains.

It was therefore decided that a couple of battalions should be withdrawn from active duty with a view to special training in mountain warfare. Two Scottish battalions were selected, the Lovat Scouts, a unit which already had many ghillies and other mountain-wise Highlanders in its ranks, and the 2nd H.L.I. which had a reputation for being tough.

Since it had been proved that skis were by far the best, and, in some cases, almost the only means of travelling over deep snow, it was intended that those battalions should be trained mainly as ski troops, but since, on occasion, they might be called on to operate below the snowline, instruction in rock-climbing and other aspects of mountaineering would be given.

Before proceeding to training, a very thorough reorganisation of the units was carried out, the standard of physical fitness required being very high, higher than that demanded for Commandos.

Plain physical strength was not sufficient. The fundamental requirements were a high standard of stamina and co-ordination, and the ability to cope with circumstances which demand extreme endurance and fortitude. Such men as did not come up to the required standard were weeded out and their places filled.

Some of the reasons for which men, who, in normal circumstances, would have been rated perfectly fit, were turned down were :—

1. Recent period in hospital.
2. History of chronic ailments.
3. Rheumatic fever in childhood.
4. Old knee injuries.
5. Slightest suspicion, at any time, of any kind of heart weakness.

Men over 27 years of age could only be accepted if this was justified by their record as regards previous experience of mountaineering and ski-ing, or by good athletic background, or if they had been brought up in hill country as ghillies, shepherds, etc.

The training area to which the H.L.I. were sent was in Syria, in the mountains of Lebanon, lying at between 6,000 and 10,000 ft. above sea level. The area was admirably suited for the purpose, presenting a wide variety of snow and weather conditions, and was representative of any of the conditions that were likely to be encountered in Europe, with the exception of forest and glacial formations. Over a hundred miles of country was available, with slopes varying from gentle gradients necessary for preliminary training, up to slopes of 50 degrees where confidence could be developed and established without fear of avalanches. It had the advantage of allowing exercises of considerable magnitude to be undertaken, after comparatively little training, since, in the event of trouble, parties could easily reach the snow-line.

For some time before the decision to send the battalions to the Lebanon for training was taken, experiments in the training of mountain troops had been taking place at the school in that area. Of the 647 of all ranks who had attended the school only 160 qualified as mountaineers. It was in view of this experience that the very high standard of physical and mental fitness was set,

when the battalions were being reorganised. In those experiments it was noticeable that the percentage of officers who were successful was much higher than that of other ranks. This was attributed to the regular routine of games practised at school during adolescence by most of the former.

The period of training for the H.L.I. mountaineer battalion was fixed at six months, and the functions which the troops were to be fitted to fulfil were set out as follows :—

1. Seizing heights dominating main or subsidiary axes.
2. Holding dominant heights.
3. Reconnaissance.
4. Long-range raids.
5. Harassing enemy lines of communication.
6. Protection.
7. Intercommunication between main and subsidiary axes.

In addition a variety of special situations could be envisaged which might call for the use of mountaineer troops, but it was considered that troops, trained and equipped to carry out the rôles already mentioned, would be readily adaptable to any special situations which might arise.

Training was under the direction of experts (with international reputations) in ski-ing and mountaineering, and it was realised that the task of teaching troops to be capable of movement on skis, for operational purposes, differed widely from that of coaching in recreational ski-ing. For military purposes it was not necessary for high-speed technique to be taught, although some students with natural aptitude could be expected to progress far beyond the necessary standards. The main essentials in the teaching of Ski-Units, which would ultimately be self-supporting in the mountains, and therefore manpacking considerable loads, would be steadiness and reliability, which could only be attained by a thorough grounding in the fundamentals of ski technique. The aim of the instruction must be to teach the students to move easily and efficiently in all snow conditions with reasonable speed and the minimum risk of injury in country which, owing to winter or permanent snow conditions, would be inaccessible to ordinary infantry, motor transport or mounted troops.

Incidentally, there is a clear distinction between the two types of warfare in which Ski-troops may be employed,

The first involves operations in relatively flat country which is seasonally covered with snow, the Russian Steppes, for instance. The problem here is to adapt normal military formations to snow conditions, so that they can operate without getting submerged or succumbing to weather conditions. In such circumstances consideration must be given to sledges, snow-shoes, dog-teams and mechanical devices, as well as skis.

The second concerns operations at all times of the year in mountainous country, where small bodies of men are required to operate in difficult country, including steep snow-fields and rocks, to possess the powerful stamina necessary to enable them to cover considerable distances and to carry loads sufficient to make them self-supporting for several days.

While troops trained to undertake operations in the second category would be entirely competent in the first, the converse does not apply. To avoid confusion, troops trained to the much more exacting mountain standard, as were the H.L.I., were referred to as Mountain Troops.

The syllabus of training included the following subjects, all of which were considered essential, mountain and snow tactics, ski technique, mountaineering and rock climbing, snowcraft, bivouacking (including the construction of snow shelters), cooking, man-packing and sledging, snow-shoeing, navigation, woodcraft, weapon-training, signalling (including visual and wireless), demolitions, observation (including use of telescope), ski maintenance, knotting and lashing, first aid and evacuation of casualties.

The equipment of Mountaineer Troops has naturally to be special and extensive. First of all, of course, there were the skis themselves, steel-edged, and built up with laminated wood, well turned up at the points and with well-defined insteps, fitted with special bindings for quick attachment and automatic release in case of accident. With them went the sticks with their round baskets to prevent the points sinking too far into the snow. Clothing included such things as string vests, jerseys and pullovers, scarves, gauntlets, woollen gloves, parkas with fur-trimmed cape, and, of course, ski boots. The main requirements for outer clothing were that it should be wind-proof and wet-repellent rather than absolutely waterproof.

A mountaineer's personal equipment included ski-goggles, ski-wax, blanket-pins, sleeping-bag, pocket-compass and rucksack.

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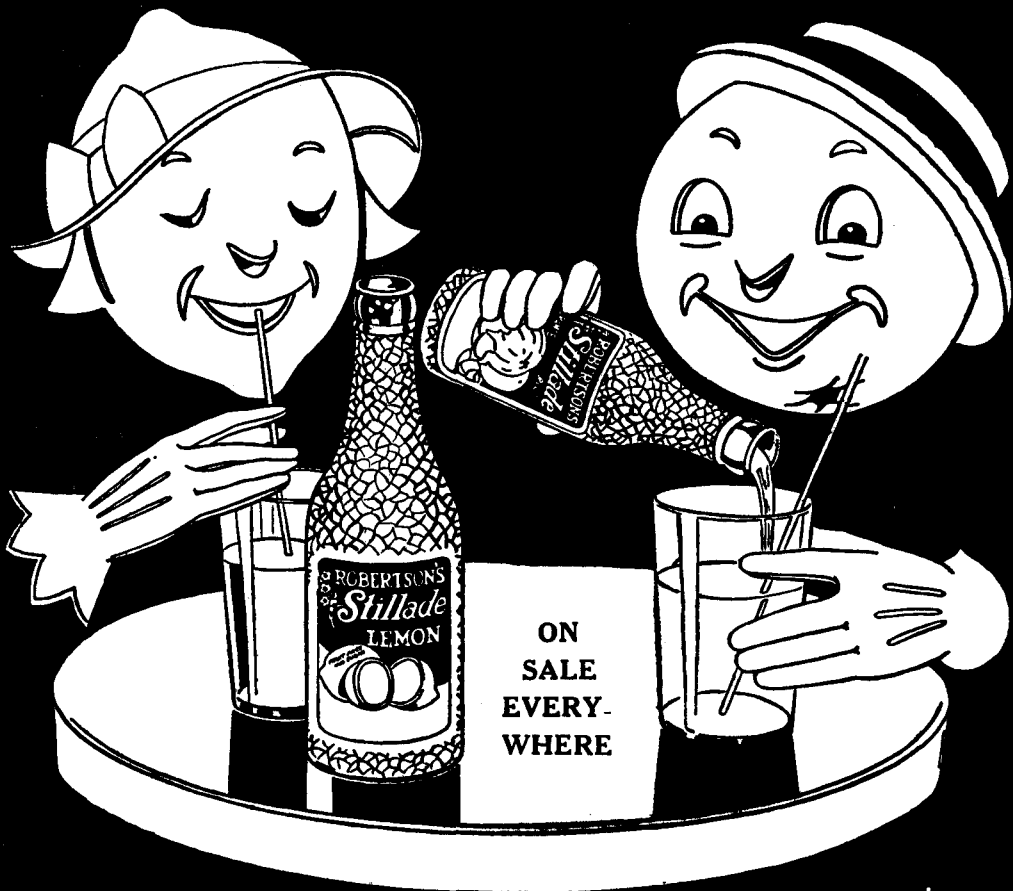
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Section equipment included stoves and containers, snow shovels, stretcher-attachments, medical-case, ski repair outfit, ski tips, and electric torches.

The amount of kit carried by a mountaineer at any time depended, of course, on the task he had in hand. On a six days' patrol, during which the men had to maintain themselves amid the snow without outside supplies of any kind, each man's load, including weapons, ammunition, and six days' rations, might be between fifty and sixty pounds, when he set out. This weight, distributed between the mountaineer's person and his rucksack, would diminish to a certain extent each day, as the expendable part of the load was consumed.

The subject of rations is always important, but with ski troops it calls for very special consideration. During operations ski troops require a ration with an energy value of 5000 calories. This is twenty per cent above the ordinary army ration. Experience has shown, however, that the maximum amount of food men will eat during a period of intense physical exertion is worth about 4000 to 4500 calories. Ski troops on long range patrols therefore almost invariably lose weight, but this is quickly made up again on return to camp and a sufficiently liberal ration.

The ration issue for a six days' patrol for eight men included forty-eight packets of biscuits, twenty-four tins of bully beef, six bags of oatmeal, eighteen pounds of sugar, sixty slabs of chocolate, two six-pound tins of cheese, six tins of butter, six tins of dried milk, a three-pound bag of cocoa, a twelve-ounce bag of tea, one tin of Marmite, one bag of salt, and fifty mgs. of Ascorbic Acid.

Bully, biscuits and chocolate were carried individually by each man. The rest was divided up to equalise loads.

As important to mountaineer troops as endurance and skill in the use of skis and weapons is the ability to find their way about among the mountains where landmarks are often obscured or given a different aspect by weather conditions and where tracks do not exist.

In peace time, navigation is little employed by mountaineers. Guides and local inhabitants know their ground intimately and expeditions in bad weather conditions are avoided. Climbers and guides wait for settled weather conditions before setting out and, in finding their way on strange ground, rely on an eye for country and on the guide

book. For military operations, however, bad weather not only cannot be avoided, but must be exploited. Conditions of fog and blizzard provide opportunities to take by surprise positions the capture of which in good visibility would be very formidable undertakings.

Navigation was therefore a subject that received much attention at the school in the Lebanon, and methods were developed for use in low visibility which enabled expeditions, which would never have been contemplated in peace time, to be successfully undertaken. In fine weather, leaders were expected to do the necessary route-finding without reducing the speed of their sections.

It has to be remembered that, among the mountains, it is seldom possible for a skier to travel in a straight line from one point to another. On steep slopes, for instance, repeated traverses will be necessary. Hence accurate estimation of distance is impossible without special methods. Therefore important items of a mountaineer's equipment are maps, protractor, altimeter, compass and measuring line.

Since operations in the snow and at high altitudes call for so much stamina and endurance, it is fundamental that ski troops must conserve energy whenever possible and will therefore avoid steep ascents and descents where a more level route can be found, even if the latter should be considerably longer. For military purposes, the ability to move at a good speed for long distances over comparatively level snow is of the utmost importance.

But, since very often there will be no alternative to steep climbs and swift descents, it is essential that the troops must be capable of overcoming such hazards confidently and with the minimum risk of injury, although laden with a pack weighing up to 60 pounds. To achieve this, all training was based on the snow-plough method of control which, while it makes for slow ski-ing according to racing standards, produces a standard of reliability which could not otherwise be attained in men who are comparatively new to ski-ing.

Arming the ski-trooper presents yet another problem, for he must combine the maximum firing power with the lightest weapon available. After experiments with various types of light automatics and semi-automatic rifles, the Battalion decided to retain their S.M.L.E. and long bayonet, for, in the hands of a well-trained man, it provides a very high and accurate rate of fire. To cover the types of

situation requiring a greater firing power, a special L.M.G. Platoon was formed armed with the ordinary Brens.

The general organisation of the Battalion differed greatly from the normal infantry Battalion and was as follows :

1. Three Rifle Companies—A, B and C. Each Company divided into nine Patrols consisting of an Officer or Sergeant and seven O.R.s. No. 9 Patrol in each Company being Company H.Q.
2. A Support Company, consisting of an L.M.G. Platoon, a Demolition Platoon, a Signals Platoon and a Medical Platoon.
3. H.Q. Company, consisting of motor transport and drivers, base camp staff, and

specialists trained in ski maintenance and repair, and a Q.M.

#### 4. Battalion H.Q.

After we had been training for about five months the general standard of proficiency was so far advanced that it was decided that we were fit for action and, since at that time reinforcements were urgently required in Italy, we found our stay in Syria cut short. Our destination in Italy was the Cassino area where, during that winter, German ski-troops had been operating. However, Cassino we never reached, for, as soon as we landed in Italy, fresh orders turned up, and off we went to Yugoslavia where mountains abounded and our training came into its own. Of our adventures from then on I haven't time now to tell you.

## THE GOLDEN HAMSTER

This is a rodent which, when fully grown, is six to seven inches long. It is a rich golden-brown in colour, and whitish-grey underneath a dark brown collar, which, however, is not quite complete at the back of the neck. The features are squirrel-like and the whole face is dominated by a pair of large, beady, black eyes. A stumpy tail and hind-quarters like the boot of a modern sports car complete the picture, except for its whiskers which are always twitching in a comical way.

The first live Golden Hamsters were discovered in 1930, when a female, with twelve young, was dug out from a burrow near Aleppo, in Syria. No living specimens were found previous to that, but scientists had skeletons of them. All the Golden Hamsters which we know to-day were bred from this one litter and in 1931 introduced into this country by Dr. S. Adler and into America in 1938.

There are several kinds of Hamsters, such as the Giant Hamster, found in Central and South-East Europe, and the Dwarf Hamster, inhabiting Eastern Europe and Asia. These varieties are not domestic pets, but their fur is used for lining coats.

Hamsters, when feeding, pouch their food instead of eating it straight away. They carry it into the nest and store it up. This is a wild instinct to hoard up for the winter. Like some

people, Hamsters never refuse food, but pouch it and eat it at leisure.

Although they have big, beady eyes, Hamsters are short-sighted, and when running about on table tops frequently fall into space with a flop on to the floor. When running along the ground, Hamsters take their time, and that is perhaps one reason why these little animals were nearly extinct. Another reason is that the female Hamsters so dominate the males that the males become henpecked and have to live in a separate cage.

Hamsters are silent pets as a rule, but can surprise the owners by cooing like a dove when courting. This is their mating call, but it is not always of love that they "sing," however. Put your hand into the nest in the day time and you will soon bring it out again. They will also make a noise not unlike swearing, but Hamsters do not bite unless they are disturbed suddenly.

As these little chaps are completely without an offensive odour, they can be kept in any room without embarrassment and are very clean in their habits. Their most amazing trick is to sit up in an odd corner and wash their faces. They lick their paws and then, imitating some human beings, go behind their ears in a comical fashion. They are fascinating pets and are becoming very popular throughout Britain, taking the place of mice, rats and guinea-pigs.

J. W. EMMERSON, F.III.

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## A Submarine Episode

It was four o'clock on a cold winter's morning in the month of January, 1943. Everything was still and quiet inside my cabin, in the Depot Ship of our submarine flotilla.

Partly dressed, I looked with longing at the warm blankets I had just left, and moved a little closer to the electric heater while hauling on my sea boots. By this time, a messenger from the quarter-deck had appeared outside the cabin door with a cup of steaming cocoa which made life considerably brighter. It was one of those many days of war which promise to go on and on without end. Yet, one does not look too far ahead at such times, but simply looks forward to what the next few hours or so will bring. With new-found energy, I strode out of the cabin into the draughty passage of the cabin-flat and made my way for'd, acknowledged the keyboard sentry's salute, and slipped into the Gunnery Office to see if any weather reports or interesting signals were in the signal's file. The weather was going to be dismal, yet this did not damp my spirits. I felt myself becoming brighter and more alive.

Passing the various offices in the torpedo flat, thence through the torpedo passage, I arrived on the well-deck and found that the visibility was practically nil. Successfully avoiding the many objects lying on the well-deck, while the six-ton electric crane loomed ghost-like on my right, I reached the starboard gangway and was soon stepping on board H.M. Submarine "T—." The gangway sentry was there greeting me with a cheery "Good morning, Sir," and salute. Making my way to the bridge, I found the footholds and climbed up the side, alighting on the bridge-deck, which is only a few square feet in a submarine.

There I found the First Lieutenant, the signalman and two engine-telegraphists, all well wrapped up in warm clothing. The First Lieutenant (invariably known in navalese as "Number One"), was checking the gyro repeater with the master down below in the control room. "Ship's head, now—" he was saying, and, as he pored over the compass, the red glow of illumination coming from it gave his face a weird, satanic look. "Ah, good morning, Guns,\*" he said. "You can have a bite to eat when we get under way. Harbour stations,

harbour stations," he then shouted down the control room voicepipe, also, "Close the fore-hatch." "Ship's head, two-two-O degrees," came the report from the control room. Satisfied that the gyro compass was correct, "Number One" then turned to greet the Engineer Officer, who had just emerged from the conning-tower and was standing at attention on the rather congested bridge-deck. "Well, 'Chief', (Engineer Officer's nickname) how are the 'Donkeys'?"

"Main engines ready, engine clutches out; main motors ready, grouped down, Sir," reported the 'Chief', and disappeared down below.

"Captain coming on board, Sir," came the cry from for'd. On looking over the bridge I could see a well-muffled figure approaching the gang-plank, complete with binoculars round his neck. Lieutenant-Commander Fearnought, D.S.O. and Double Bar, D.S.C., Royal Navy,



WELL-DECK OF DEPOT SHIP

was our Captain, and a jovial personality even at that early hour in the morning.

"Well, everybody fit?" was his opening remark.

"Ship ready for sea, Sir, all the crew on board," reported "Number One," standing smartly at attention.

"Very good," said our Commanding Officer, "Let go for'd, let go aft. I think we'll go out ahead. What's the ship's head, 'Number One'?"

Meanwhile, the Captain had his eyes for'd, peering through the morning mist and looking towards the Depot Ship's bridge for the all-clear signal.

"Ship's head, two-four-one, Sir."

From the fore casing (deck) came the casing officer's report, "All gone for'd, Sir," and from aft (stern) came the after casing officer's report, "All gone aft, Sir, after casing secured."

"Fore casing secured," came the report from for'd.

"Port ten," ordered the Captain. "Slow ahead together. By the way 'Number One,' what's for breakfast?"

"Plenty of bacon and eggs, Sir."

"Good. Tell the 'Chef' (cook) I like my bacon crisp and well-done."

"Shall we be diving for 'trim,'† Sir?" enquired 'Number One.' "I'm rather anxious about all those extra stores we have taken on board, also we have got our full complement of torpedoes and gun ammunition."

"We'll dive when we are clear of the harbour and in the estuary whenever the visibility improves."

"Stop together," ordered Fearnought. "In both engine clutches."

After a brief pause came the report from below, "Both engine clutches in, Sir."

"Very good," said the Captain. "Half ahead together, two-three-O revolutions. I think I'll go down below now. 'Number One,' take over."

After a few minutes, I went below, as I also was beginning to feel the pangs of hunger by this time and my appetite had been sharpened by the sea air. I waited, however, until the casing parties had climbed down below via the conning tower, this being the only way down, as

the fore and after hatchways were closed. On reaching the control room, the characteristic aroma of cooking and diesel oil filled my nostrils and the welcome warmth of the atmosphere made life take on a more pleasant aspect.

In the Wardroom (officers' quarters) the breakfast table had a definite appeal and soon we were partaking of a really excellent meal served by the steward.

A Captain's life is interrupted by many calls to duty and before long his presence was required on the bridge as one of our convoys had appeared in the vicinity. After a short interval, the Captain shouted down for his bagpipes and soon we could hear the well-known strains of a stimulating pipe tune filtering down from the bridge. It was the Captain's practice to play his pipes whenever proceeding to sea and the weather was favourable. Naturally, the convoy's presence called for a greeting and it was certainly receiving one. Yes, the camaraderie of the sea is always present. The pipes, having delivered their message of spirited greeting, were duly sent below and carefully put away in their box.

Visibility having improved, the 'trim' dive was carried out without difficulty, the submarine remaining at periscope depth, the Captain at the periscope.

"'Number One', there's a 'Tank Landing Craft on our starboard bow. What about some fun! We'll surface close on her port quarter and make a funny signal, eh?"

Knowing the Captain in this rollicking mood, 'Number One' could not suppress a smile. "What is it to be this time, Sir?"

"Wait and see," was the reply.

Manœuvring the submarine into a favourable position, the Captain ordered, "Stand by to surface." After appropriate reports were made, he ordered, "Surface," and made his way up the conning tower, the signalman following him with his Aldis Lamp (for signalling).

Scrambling up in the rear, I could hear the Captain tell the signalman to make this signal to the poor, innocent Landing Craft, pursuing its steady course. "Good morning, have you any bananas?" I'm sure that the bridge personnel of the Craft got quite a shock at having a submarine shoot up out of the briny so near at hand and make such a remarkable request. Well, a little levity is a valuable thing, even in

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the most trying circumstances. It can be a great morale booster.

This being an inter-patrol exercise—the reason for the submarine being at sea—we were soon in the position ordered by the Captain (Submarines) of the Depot (or Mother) Ship and waited for our target to arrive. Not long after diving, the Officer of the Watch sighted the target—an Aircraft Carrier—and immediately ordered, “Diving Stations.” Now, the following is how a torpedo attack (from ‘dived’) is carried out:—

The Submarine at WATCH DIVING, the Officer of the Watch, keeping a periscope watch, sights a target and immediately informs the Captain, at the same time ordering:

“DIVING STATIONS.”

This brings the whole crew to their action stations and closes up the attack team, consisting of:—

- i. The Captain at the periscope.
- ii. The Navigating Officer on the Plot.
- iii. The “Fruit Machine” Worker (Torpedo Director).
- iv. The Signaller with the Time Strip.
- v. The Bearing Reader.
- vi. The Attack-Log Keeper.
- vii. Asdic and Radar watch keepers.

In the For’ends, the T.I. (Torpedo Gunner’s Mate) and his crew bring the torpedoes to the ‘ready’, blowing up any of the tubes that are not already blown up and charging the Firing-Reservoirs with H.P. air which will be used, eventually, to eject the torpedoes.

Meanwhile, in the control room, the Captain is endeavouring to identify the target. In this case he identifies it to be an “enemy” Aircraft Carrier, escorted by four destroyers.

As soon as the target is close enough to make it possible to range on it through the Range Periscope, the Captain orders:

“START THE ATTACK.”

The Signaller then starts the stop watch and as the Captain passes ranges and bearings of the enemy from the periscope, he notes them against the time on the Time Strip. The Relative Bearings, passed from the periscope, are set on the “Fruit Machine” which passes on the True Bearing to the Plot.

The Navigating Officer on the Plot plots these True Bearings and Ranges, and obtains from them an idea of enemy course and speed.

This he passes on to the Captain and the “Fruit Machine” worker who sets them on the “Fruit Machine.”

The “Fruit Machine” is then able to tell how far off from the Submarine the enemy will pass (Distance of Track—D.O.T.). The Captain endeavours to manoeuvre the Submarine so as to be between 1,000 and 1,500 yards away from the enemy at the moment of firing torpedoes.

During this period the Asdic Operator is endeavouring to count the revolutions of the enemy’s propeller as a very good idea of the enemy’s speed can be obtained thereby.

As soon as the Captain has identified his target, he decides how many torpedoes he intends to fire. In this case, it being an Aircraft Carrier, he decides to fire a Bow Salvo of six torpedoes, and orders:

“STAND BY 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 TUBES.”

On receipt of this order, the T.I. for’d opens the Bow Caps of the tubes and takes the pins out of the Firing Levers, reporting back:

“1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 TUBES READY.”

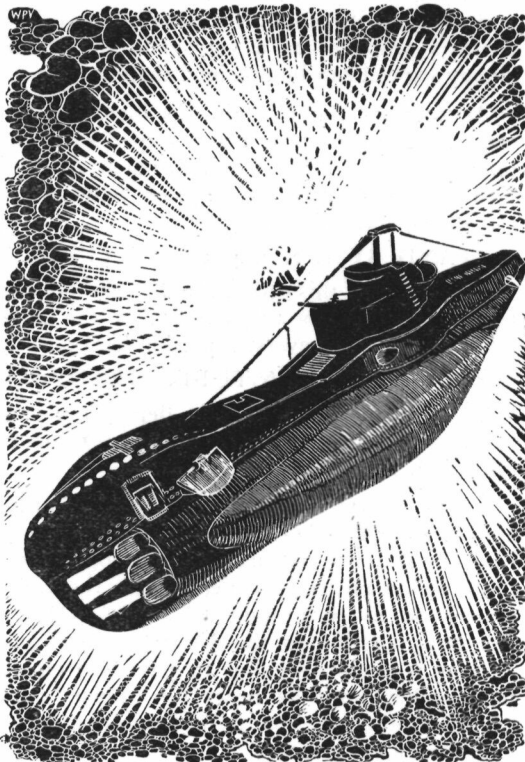
The Captain then orders the depth he wishes to set on the torpedoes, in this case, 18 feet. All is now ready for firing.

As the target gets closer and the Submarine approaches the screen, the Captain switches from the larger to the smaller periscope (which has only low power), and manoeuvres the Submarine so as to present as small an Asdic Target as possible to the Destroyers. If one of them is obviously going to pass very close, he goes deep until he hears its “noise” pass overhead, then he returns to periscope depth to continue the attack.

The Captain must now decide what ‘Spread’ he intends to use. When firing torpedoes, the Submarine remains on a steady course and the ‘Spread’ is obtained by the interval between the firing of the torpedoes and is that interval during which the target moves across the firing line. Depending on the quality of his Ranges and Asdic information, the Captain estimates his likely errors in his estimation of enemy course and speed. From the Spreading Tables, spread in feet/1000 yards, firing ranges are obtained. This ‘Spread’ in feet is set on the Firing Interval Slide Rule against enemy Speed and Length, and a Firing Interval in seconds is obtained,

also, the Point of Aim on the enemy, at which each torpedo is to be fired.

The Director Angle (Aim-Off), is obtained by the "Fruit Machine" from the enemy course and speed and the Track Angle on which the Submarine intends to fire. This Director Angle is set on the periscope, and as the target crosses the line in the centre of the periscope the torpedoes are fired, either by remote control, from the Control Room, or, locally, from the For'ends.



*"Soon there was a terrific explosion which seemed to rip the submarine wide open."*

The first torpedo is fired at the point of aim obtained from the Slide Rule (say, half-a-length ahead), and, after this torpedo has gone, the remainder may be fired entirely by Firing Interval, whilst the Submarine goes deep to avoid the counter-attack.

By knowing the range at which the torpedoes were fired and the spread of the torpedoes, it is possible to estimate the time at which the torpedoes should hit. Loud explosions at the right time indicate hits on the target.

On completion of firing, the Submarine goes deep and "Shuts off" for depth charging, silencing all auxiliary machinery and proceeding as slowly as possible, hoping for the best!

On firing the sixth torpedo in this attack, the Captain remained at periscope depth to watch the tracks of the two practice torpedoes included in the fictitious salvo of six fired. However, he could only see the track of bubbles left by one of them. The other was not to be seen. The Asdic operator soon accounted for the lost "fish" (torpedo) by reporting, "Torpedo H.E.† (noise) approaching from the starboard quarter."

It was "it" all right, as we could hear the angry whirr of its propellers quite distinctly, the noise increasing to a terrifying crescendo! To be depth-charged or to hit some uncharted rock when submerged can be most upsetting, but I cannot think of anything more demoralising than to be savaged by one's own torpedo!

Well, this errant "fish" of ours, travelling at a good thirty knots, passed right along our starboard side, and hit the cable-locker for'd with a mighty bump. As there was a dummy head on the torpedo (not a War Head, with a powerful charge of explosives capable of blowing a huge hole in a ship's side), I am still here to write this tale. The cable locker bore the brunt of this violent attack nobly and with fortitude, and gained "an honourable scar."

The cause of the faulty "fish" was a mechanical failure which jammed the rudders and steered it directly for us. Everyone breathed normally after the bump and said nasty things about "the bolt from the blue."

Not long afterwards, the Captain shouted out, "Shut off for depth-charging," as the Aircraft Carrier's escort—a Destroyer—was going to drop a depth charge near us to get the crew accustomed to this event. Soon there was a terrific explosion which seemed to rip the Submarine wide open, and shook us considerably. The end of the exercise had arrived.

Setting a course for home, we felt rather proud of the fact that we had successfully "torpedoed" the Aircraft Carrier and ourselves as well, and still lived to tell the tale.

*(All characters in this story are fictitious, except myself!)*

W.P.V.

\*Gunnery Officer. †Stability while submerged.  
‡Hydrostatic Ether.



*Photo. by J. D. Brown*

## VESTIBULE OF GIRLS' SCHOOL

Dundee High School  
Magazine

## Senior Section

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### THE MOOR OF BUNRANNOCH

I have seen it in all its moods. At times it is sulky and brooding ; at other times it is openly mischievous and full of fun ; but then there are times when it is friendly and inviting.

This moor sulks just before a storm. The air is dank, and the lowering sky seems to be shutting one in a lonely corner of the world where no one else can intrude. To one side, Loch Rannoch is lying motionless, with a heavy scowl settled on its terrifying face. On the other side, great hills are closing in, casting huge shadows before them, and shutting out the light. In the distance, the "Three Sisters" seem to be standing, hunchbacked, plotting some horrible misdeed. Not a sound pierces the deathly pall of silence which is hovering over the countryside. The very waterfalls on the hillsides seem to be running more slowly, afraid to appear too boisterous.

In contrast to this, the Moor of Bunrannoch can be mischievous. Go for a walk across the Moor on a windy day, and this will soon be brought forcibly to your notice. On such a day, the sky has lifted and the hills have retreated. Fluffy little clouds are racing across the sky, trying in vain to catch each other. The Loch is alive with movement. Huge waves are breaking over each other with much noise and foam. The more adventurous waves are racing on and off the pebbly beach. If you are not careful, they will race up over your feet and then turn tail and flee back into the Loch, only turning round then to jeer, as if to say to you, "Missed again!" As you walk over the moor, the strong wind plays around you like a Labrador dog. One minute it is threatening to make you sit down ; the next, you are compelled to run forward, in preference to being pushed on your face. It pulls at your clothes and tugs at your hair. It makes you feel you can lie back

on it, and just as you are testing it to see if that is possible, it switches direction again, and woe betide you if you have trusted it too far.

The heather aids and abets the wind by producing rabbit-holes and hollows in the ground where they are least expected. Even the animals catch the spirit of the day, and frogs jump around the marshes with a gay abandon, while rabbits play around their warrens, regardless, for a spell, of any danger.

What a sense of well-being you are left with after being out on a playful day like that ! Even more so than on a Summer day. For on a Summer day, the Moor is more sedate and restful. It has lost its mischief, and has grown up into a very charming hostess. The wind, instead of being a hooligan, gently keeps its guests cool by fanning them gently as the sun smiles down on them. The Loch invites these guests to borrow one of the boats pulled up on to the beach and to have a little sail round its deep blue surface which is smiling back at the sun and on which its waves, like the facets of a diamond, are throwing back the sunbeams. The "Three Sisters" are now smiling down on the scene before them, happy to see the brightness and sparkle around them. The hills round about are leaning back now, letting in as much sunlight as possible, and making themselves look so easy to climb. In the distance, Schiehallion, who can never quite lose his dignity, is rearing his noble, snow-capped head into the deep blueness of the sky. Everything is warm and welcoming, and anxious to please.

Despite the fact that this last aspect of the Moor's nature seems by far the most pleasing, the Moor of Bunrannoch is like a child—loveable in all its moods. When one has really made its acquaintance, one is always treated by it as a friend.

NORMA H. MILLAR, F.V.

## A Visit to the Art Galleries

---

My Aunt Esmeralda is notorious for trailing round Art Galleries. But the unfortunate point is that she does not trail alone, but always with some poor friend or member of the family who has to suffer hours of explanation and history of the pictures. The first time I went with her I was too small to understand and I played with a little puppy dog, while my mother suffered the prattle of my Aunt Esmeralda. But now I was older, and, up to last Saturday, I had been dreading the day when she would invite me to go to the new exhibition of paintings which was being held at the local Galleries. The day had come at last. When I reached the door there she was, looking neat and prim in one of her many new hats. We entered. Up the soft-carpeted stair we tiptoed. The place was very quiet and the least whisper sounded like a water tap being turned on at full pressure.

After passing the time of day with the attendant, we went in. All round the walls were hung all sorts of pictures, water colours, oils, etchings, square ones, long ones, and narrow ones.

She started, "Now, this one, here, is a portrait by Rembrandt. He lived in the 17th century you know, and . . ." In this way she carried on all afternoon, and I was getting slightly tired of it when a little urchin came through the doorway. My Aunt did not notice him and continued with the life story of Constable, which was a very dull one. I pity Constable, if he led the life Aunt Esmeralda made him lead. All of a sudden we heard a scraping noise.

Esmeralda swung round and was struck with horror when she saw the little urchin, whom I had seen before, cutting the gilded picture frame round General Moon's portrait. Aunt Esmeralda almost ran across the room.

"Stop that at once," she exclaimed. The boy took no notice, but went on cutting. "Boy!" my aunt screamed. The urchin still paid no attention, but glanced up for a second and then started cutting at the wretched picture frame again. At length, with a sharp, "Give me that knife!" Aunt Esmeralda snatched the knife from the boy's hand. "There!" she said, "Now, will you tell me . . ." but the boy had fled. "Well, I never!" Esmeralda exclaimed with indignation.

At this moment the attendant came in, and, seeing Aunt Esmeralda with a knife in her hand and a pile of wood shavings on the floor, he suspected something was wrong. "What's this?" he said. "I'll have to take your name, Missus."

"What for?" exclaimed Esmeralda. "You don't think that I destroyed the frame, do you?"

"Well, there ain't no one else could have done it."

"This is the last straw," said Esmeralda in a fury.

But the man insisted and she was blamed for the damage. What luck! Perhaps she won't be so keen to go to the Art Galleries another time.

MICHAEL LAURIE, F.III.

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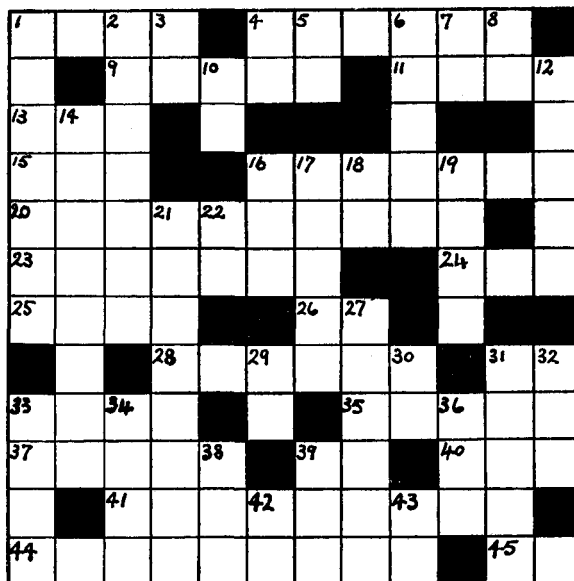
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# Crossword Puzzle

by E. HOOPER and W. ALEXANDER



## ACROSS.

1. Everything is in this stone structure (4).
4. A type of poetic foot (6).
9. To hoard contains an R.C. service which starts indefinitely and ends foolishly (5).
11. We start what everything has (4).
13. London Corporation Transport (ab.) (3).
15. A strong drink (anag.) (3).
16. This famous pupil, although enclosed to start with, finishes with something up his sleeve (7).
20. To fix firmly almost seems to exude light (10).
23. An insect trails the first gardener making him very hard (7).
24. This decays wood (3).
25. A distance which is a thousand (4).
26. Preposition (2).
28. This is not wide, but it swallows a missile. Ruction ensues (6).
31. You in Paris (2).
33. Although this starts with a droop, Galsworthy wrote one (4).
35. These insects are almost smart subjects (5).
37. Proves a man to be in a certain place, containing as it does, a piece of liberty (5).
40. A superior master has eaten metal in its natural state (4).
41. To curse almost starts breezily (9).
44. Obviously a raw recruit, but finishes with an old time powder container (9).
45. Editor (ab.) (2).

## DOWN.

1. Christian name of 16 across (7).
2. Although this word has a late beginning, it is definitely one-sided (7).

3. Consecutive letters in the alphabet (2).
4. Part of the verb "to be" (2).
5. Since (2).
6. Constructed (5).
7. Same as 4 down (2).
8. This in France (2).
10. This preposition is "Thank you" reversed (2).
12. This covering starts off quietly, and contains phonetically, what we should save (5).
14. This R.C. dignitary does not lay it on the table (8).
16. Obviously not betting both ways (3).
17. This artist of speech ends alternatively (5).
18. Definitely a feminine article in France (2).
19. This, when referring to an airman, prefixes nothing (4).
21. Easy to be led starts with the conclusion of a prayer (8).
22. This would be an abbreviation for father if the the first letter were added to the end (2).
27. A French name, plus a pen, deceives the reading public (3).
29. Royal Navy (ab.).
30. There is a masculine quality about this name given to females (5).
31. A numeral (5).
32. Singular of 11 across (3).
33. An abbreviated place of recuperation starts what Caruso did (4).
34. To poke fun at (4).
36. Name for a masculine cat (3).
38. A Christian name we should all know (3).
39. General Post Office (ab.) (3).
42. Plea for quietness (2).
43. House of Representatives is very abrupt (2).

SOLUTION ON PAGE 40

## Description of a Sea Voyage

---

One hot, sunny afternoon in the month of June my father asked me if I should like a sea voyage. I replied that I should like it very much, so my father arranged a trip on board a liner called the "Caronia."

A fortnight later, with all the packing done, we stood waiting for the taxi to take us to the station. The train arrived punctually at our destination and we set out for the harbour to see our ship. She was a beauty. Her slim, silver bows sloped gracefully back to the stern. She had all the facilities of a hotel. On the fore-deck there was a tennis court and a swimming pond for the crew. On the after-deck there was an open-air café and a swimming pond for the passengers. The cabins were beautifully furnished, with thick carpets and central heating. The beds were very comfortable and the stewards were extremely attentive.

Having looked over the ship, we went back to the hotel to get ready for the morrow. Promptly at ten o'clock we boarded the ship and met all our future companions. At ten-thirty a.m. we were ready to sail. The ropes were cast off and the tugs started hauling us out into the deeper river. We were among the crowd on deck who were waving and shouting good-bye to relatives. The ship acknowledged their cheers by three blasts on the siren.

At last the tugs cast off and we were on our way. We were going to America. I quickly made friends with some boys and girls about my own age and we settled down to enjoy ourselves. We bathed often together and played a lot of deck tennis. The first few days were very hot and there was no wind. So we had a very quiet journey. On the third day, about mid-day, a terrific storm arose. My father and sister were very sea-sick, but my mother and I weren't. During the afternoon my special friend and I ventured out into the storm. We didn't go far because of the wind, but we managed to get to the engine-room hatchway. We went down and we were given an interesting lecture on the workings of the engines.

After the lecture we went back to our respective cabins. I then went along to his cabin,

where our friends and ourselves had our headquarters, and we played at cards and monopoly. We did not have a very nice sleep because of the storm, but that soon abated and we got down to swimming and deck tennis. There were all kinds of games organised by the crew, and we went in for most of them. The only thing I was good at was the deck tennis and a small six-a-side football game. There were no prizes and everyone went in for them. By this time my father and sister had got over their seasickness.

The rest of the voyage was spent quietly, fishing from the deck and swimming. When we arrived in New York we found we were staying in the same hotel as our friends. We enjoyed our stay in New York very much. We used to watch the cars pass as we stood at the top of the sky-scrapers. We watched baseball teams and the professional American tennis players.

All too soon the time for our departure came and we set sail for Great Britain. As the tugs pulled us to the middle of the river we sat thinking of the wonderful time we had spent in New York. We thought of the wonderful cars and shops, of the hotel itself, of the shows and the marvellous food. Soon the tugs cast off and we steamed slowly down the river. We looked back to the city and saw the huge skyscrapers, towering above everything else, rising into the clouds. So vastly different from Britain. However, we were glad at the thought of seeing home again. At last we left the river, and very quickly the land disappeared below the horizon. Our voyage was very quiet, as we were not harassed by any storms. After about four days we were told that land was in sight. We were very pleased to know that we were coming home to Britain, although we had had such a wonderful time.

We were met by a few relatives at the docks, who were anxious to know what had happened. In telling them we probably exaggerated a bit, but we gave them the impression that we had thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

PETER ROBERTSON, F.III.

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## A WINTER MORNING

A certain brightness diffused the otherwise leaden sky, reflecting its glittering brightness on the thin veil of white which covered the landscape. The Garry, which yesterday had gurgled merrily over the stones, now lay frozen, the leaping particles of water caught in their flight and frozen into immobility. The old woman hobbled out of her cottage to the pump, and, finding the water in it frozen, straightened her back and groaned in despair. There was nothing left to do but go to the burn and fill her pail with ice, later to be melted into the precious water. She hobbled back into her cottage. Slowly, silently, the snow began to fall, covering the landscape with shimmering whiteness, and raising the hollows to the level of the moor, forming drifts into which an unwary traveller might fall. The countryside lay white and dormant.

EWAN HOOPER, F.II.

## TRIAL BY ORDEAL

I do not show to advantage in examinations. This was especially true in my Qualifying Examination at Dundee High School. I wrote my name and age at the top of the page. I then underlined them with great care. After this, my mind became, more or less, a blank. When ideas did enter my mind, whether relevant or not, down they went with frenzied haste. Incidentally, two large blots and quite a number of dirty finger marks made their appearance.

For three hours, broken only by an interval of ten minutes, the ordeal continued with no periods of inspiration to break the monotony. Thankful was I when the merciful supervisor announced that time was up, and my well-fingered sheet of foolscap was collected.

D. YEAMAN, F.II.

## TRUTH LIES AT THE BOTTOM

John was looking through an old trunk in the attic one day, when he came across an old chart of the grounds. On it were marked distances, such as, "One hundred and twenty yards to the N.W. of the well" and such things. There were crosses marked with numbers, and the distances from the well. There was one (which was "five hundred and sixty-nine yards N. of the well") marked "Finish Point," and beside it, "One hundred and fifty thousand pounds buried here."

John immediately rushed to his father and asked him where the well was.

"It was where the summer-house is now," was his father's reply.

His son ran to collect his compass and ten-yard string, and then to the summer-house. He started to measure five hundred and sixty-nine yards with his string, in the direction pointed by the compass. At fifty yards he came to a path; at one hundred and sixty-nine yards, a rockery; at five hundred and one yards he had to climb a stile, but at last he had measured out five hundred and seventy yards. He measured one yard back with his eye and carefully marked the spot. He then ran back to the house to tell his father.

"Bring me that chart, please," his father said after he had finished.

John complied with his father's request.

"Look!" and his father burst out laughing. "It says at the bottom, 'Plan of Irrigation and Drainage from Well,' and your one hundred and fifty thousand pounds is the refuse which was buried to fill in a bog!"

"Oh! I didn't look at the bottom!" replied John, rather shamefacedly.

JOHN R. CAMERON, Form I.A.



## OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES . . .

"Elizabeth knew that if she summoned Parliament too often they would try to make her rule as they wanted. But Elizabeth would not be under anybody's heel, and that was one reason why she did not get married."

## A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME—

*Young Friend to Prefect K*——*n*: "Are you a Pre-fab?"

## IMPRESSIONABLE?

*Mr M*——*l (of magnets)*: "Soft iron is susceptible but not retentive—like Form V."

## END OF NOBILITY—

*Inspector*: "Macbeth at the beginning of the play was a very noble man. What was he at the end of the play?"

*Pupil*: "A dead man, Sir."

## PARAGON PARLIAMENT—

*Teacher*: "What was the Model Parliament?"

*Pupil*: "A Parliament in Charles II.'s reign which did exactly as the king pleased."

## SAMPLE OF CULTURE—

*Teacher*: "Give me a sentence showing the use of the word 'prerequisite'."

*Boy in Form II.*: "Foundation Cream is a prerequisite for the use of lipstick."

## UNFORTUNATE SPECTACLES—

"What would be the effect of having no ears?"

"You couldn't wear glasses."

## MATHEMATICS APPLIED—

*Mrs McK*——*to F. III. Girls*: "Now, if any of you are having trouble with your figure, just look here."

## NOT STAINLESS—

"And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,  
With the dew on his brow and the rust on  
his mail."

"Why was the rider's mail rusted?"

"Because he was dead and could not polish it."

## MAIDEN OVER—

"I killed about 40 Incas before they knew what was happening, and then they began to run."

## HOUSING PROBLEM SOLVED—

"Thunder-claps rented the air."

## THE YOUNG IDEA—

"Mummy, that's not a very nice string of beads you're wearing. Miss C—— has a lovely one with diamonds all round. It sparkles in the sunlight."

K. L. II.

## SUBCONSCIOUS DESIRE—

*Mr M*——*(taking over Form IV. from H. M. I.)*: "S—Cram."

## The Pleasure of Sailing

---

"Sailing" to most of the pupils of D.H.S. and to their parents, means nothing more than a twenty to twenty-five minute journey to Newport in the "Fifie." Some of the more fortunate may at some time have sailed to Newburgh, or perhaps even to Perth, in the "Tay Lady." This, however, is not sailing in its real and most enjoyable sense. This is but the rocking horse instead of the horse.

The real sailor is the man who sails in a boat with sails. He goes out for pleasure when the "Fifie" is kept in the harbour because of the stormy weather. His enjoyment comes from feeling the full force of wind and waves and using them to make him happy. He sits by the tiller, watching the spray fly, the white foam bubbling near his gunwale, revelling in the roaring of the wind as it billows out his sails, keeping his eye alert for sudden squalls, easing his boat through them, and once more flying on as carefree as the very waves on which he floats. What does it matter where he goes? A sailing boat is a source of pleasure and not a mere taxi to take one to and fro. The pleasure is in sailing and not in going places. On calmer days what can be more soothing to a business man's mind than a quiet sail? The smooth way in which the boat seems to drift carelessly over the sea and the aroma of his favourite cigar teasing his nostrils must fill him with the peace and rest he requires after his dull business year.

Do not think, however, that sailing is a sport for men and boys only. It is not easy to learn what to do and when to do it, but a little practice goes a long way and women can learn as well as men. Even the most exacting of women could find no fault with the tidiness of a well-

kept boat. On board a sailing boat, whether yacht or twelve foot dinghy, every rope must be coiled with care and put in its proper place. This is essential as everything depends upon quick, correct actions, and if one rope is out of place in an emergency . . .

Sailing for pleasure is not usually dangerous in the slightest, if each person in the boat behaves properly and does exactly what he or she is told to do. Sailing in races is exciting and most enjoyable, but here the crew are not so keen on pleasure as they are on speed. Crazy risks are sometimes taken and a sudden squall at such a time can cause great damage.

So far I have been writing only of the pleasures of sailing in small boats, that is, from twelve to sixteen feet in length. Yachting is another way in which the richer people of this world can enjoy sailing. What could be better for a holiday than a fortnight on board a yacht in the west of Scotland? A steam or motor yacht, however, is to be despised as being merely a glorified tanker whose power is derived from the material things of this world, whereas a sailing yacht, a graceful shape, glides on powered by Nature.

A day on a yacht begins, of course, with that early morning bathe in the clear green water, so refreshing and invigorating that, after it, one is ready and eager for the labours of the day. "Labour! I thought you said the pleasures of sailing," someone is sure to say, but let me remind you that you get nothing out of this life unless you put something into it. Therefore the hard work on board a yacht only serves to increase, if that is possible, the enjoyment of sailing.

After the bathe comes the fun of cooking breakfast and the even greater fun of eating it. Meals cooked by oneself always seem to taste better somehow. The washing up done and everything made secure below, all hands go on deck and leap to their respective positions. The sails are loosened and hoisted. The anchor is heaved up and the chain is stowed away in its locker. Gradually the sails begin to fill, as the light morning breeze catches them and slowly the yacht moves out from her quiet anchorage in a blaze of sunshine which is reflected on all the happy faces of the crew.

The day wears on through all the joys of sailing, the freshness of the morning, the changing scenery, the welcome snack at mid-day, eaten on deck with mugs of steaming cocoa to wash it down, the long sunny afternoon, chunks of cake and mugs of tea at four o'clock, followed by the glorious summer evening. While all these joys are being experienced, let me tell you briefly the occupations of the members of a normal yacht's crew while cruising.

First of all there is the owner, who plans the voyage and all the business side of the cruise. He is probably a retired gentleman with a passion for the sea who spends most of his time on deck with his pipe, drinking in the scenery which in the years ahead will "flash upon that inward eye," when, because of age, he is no longer able to see it in reality.

The paid hand, when he is not scrubbing the deck or polishing the brass work, is usually found at the wheel, deriving his pleasure from being on a ship and controlling her. Beside him is probably the owner's son, learning all he can

about sailing and occasionally taking a "trick at the wheel."

The owner's wife and daughter, after having tidied up the small cabins, are probably on deck knitting and singing quietly, or, if they have a more serious turn of mind, they may have a portable wireless on board which, if tuned in to the Third Programme, will provide a background of the best music in the world.

This then is an average crew, although it must be understood that the crew varies according to the yacht's size.

The yacht has by this time reached another sheltered anchorage and the anchor disappears in a flurry of foam as the yacht comes to rest for the night. While the sails are being lowered and stowed, the women dash below and get busy with pots and pans in the small galley. Very soon the whole ship's company is gathered together in the little cabin, doing full justice to the big meal of the day. Some may linger here in friendly conversation, others may take a quiet walk ashore or pay a visit to nearby village or farmhouse before retiring to their bunks for the night.

Let us leave them here, happy and at peace with all the world.

*"I must down to the seas again, for the call of  
the running tide  
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be  
denied;  
And all I ask is a windy day with the white  
clouds flying,  
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and  
the sea-gulls crying."*

J.A.S.W., F.IV.

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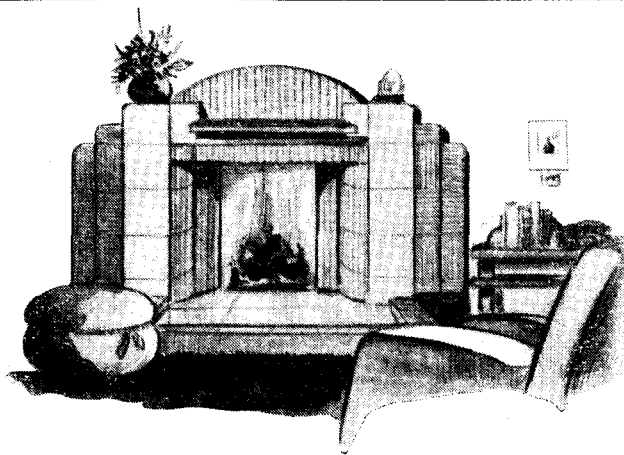
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## Pepping up the Classics

---

Of all the ancient sagas that have been handed down to us from olden times, one of the most romantic and inspiring in my opinion is that of King Arthur and his Knights. Sir Thomas Malory, in his famous book, "Morte d'Arthur," has immortalised the legends of Arthur, but, for some of us, Malory's style leaves something to be desired.

For instance, take as an example that most frequent happening in King Arthur's time—a contest between two armed knights. Here is how Malory would give us it :—

"Then afore him Balan saw come riding out of a castle, a knight, and his horse trapped all red, and himself in the same colour. And so they aventured their spears and came marvellously fast together and they smote other in the shields and bare down horse and man, that they both lay in a swoon. And Balan was the first that rose on foot and drew his sword and went towards him and he arose and went against him but he smote him first and he put up his shield and smote him through the shield and tapped his helm; and so they fought there together till their breaths failed."

Now this, according to the scholars, is grand stuff. They like nothing better than to come home at night after a hard day's work and run through a few hundred pages of it. But to us of the common people, there seems to be something lacking. I can think of no better word to describe the missing quality than that rather loose but nevertheless expressive modern word—oomph! There is not enough dash and fire about Malory's description. To sum it up, Malory wrote in and for the 15th century and

this is the twentieth century. In our modern world, with its flickering figures on the screen and its blaring voices on the radio, we have become accustomed to having events brought right up before us while they are actually happening—in other words, getting them bang in the eye!

So let us now apply this to King Arthur's time, and let us give a 20th century rendering of a joust; just suppose that they had wireless in those ancient days and that one of their commentators was ready at the jousting-place. We might expect something like this :—

"Well, listeners, here we are at the Camelot arena just in time for the big fight of the evening. As well as being a championship joust, there's an international flavour to the contest as our own heavy-weight champion, Sir Chancelot du Fake, is meeting the French champ—Sire Gaillard de Bonbon. Now here's the announcement from the arena so I'll just stop a minute and let you hear it." Then, as our commentator said, the announcement from the arena would be made, giving the particulars of both jousters. "My lords, ladies, gentlemen and serfs, tonight we have a 15-round international jousting match, for the heavyweight championship of Christendom between, on my left, Sire Gaillard de Bonbon, heavyweight champion of France" (mild cheering and a few lilies thrown into the arena), "and on my right, Sir Chancelot du Fake, heavyweight champion of England" (maces and helmets thrown into the air to the accompaniment of terrific cheering).

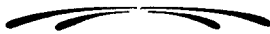
Now our commentator takes the microphone again, "Well, folks, as you have just heard, the big joust to-night is for the heavyweight

championship of Christendom and a great contest it promises to be. Both these boys are fighting fit and rarin' to go. At the weigh-in this morning, in full armour of course, de Bonbon turned the scale at 35 stone and Chancelot at  $33\frac{1}{2}$ , so the Frenchman has a slight advantage in weight. But the Camelot boy packs a pretty lance and if he can just keep out of range of that deadly left battle axe of the Frenchman, I can see the Christendom championship coming to England again. Now here's the referee, Mr M. Merlin, and he's calling the boys over to the middle of the arena. In a moment or two now they'll be going back to their corners and coming out fighting. Yes, Merlin's finished his routine inspection and there goes the trumpet for the first round! Here they come out at each other now, Chancelot on his white charger and the French boy on a coal-black horse with a 'fleur de lis' in its ear. They're charging now and it looks as though—yes! they're both unseated. Bonbon's up though. It looks as though the Camelot boy got the worst of that—but he's up as well and they've gone into a clinch. I'll just hold the microphone out over the arena and you'll hear their breast-plates clashing together. They're separated now again and Merlin's warning Bonbon for using the flat of his battle-

axe. Now both boys are just going carefully, looking for an opening—Chancelot with his text-book guard—visor well down and battle-axe loose but very much at the ready, and the Frenchman with his southpaw stance, i.e., battle-axe in left hand. Now the Frenchman lunges forward at Chancelot, but he's missed him! He's unbalanced by that lunge now and Chancelot lets loose with a straight left to the cuisse, followed by a short jabbing left hook to the breast-plate. Now he's shifted his battle-axe to his right-hand and he's smashed Bonbon right on the visor! Bonbon's down. Merlin's counting now—one-two-three . . . He's out! Yes, a great first-round victory to Chancelot. What a punch! And now Merlin's declaring Chancelot the winner and the Christendom championship is again back in little old England!"

So there you have it! That is perhaps slightly exaggerated, but at least it gives the idea of the thing. If the Greek and all the other classics were presented in something approaching our 20th century language, perhaps much of the humbug which is spoken about them would cease and more people would actually read some of the fine old stories which they contain.

N. J. MENZIES, F.VI.



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## Junior Section

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### DREAMLAND

One night as I lay sleeping  
 Upon my cosy bed,  
 A little elf came creeping,  
 Around my curly head.  
 I startled him as I sat up.  
 He turned to run away,  
 But then I said, "Oh, little man,  
 Won't you come and stay?"  
 He came a little closer.  
 At length he said, "I will,  
 But first you must take this, my dear,"  
 And handed me a pill.  
 I found myself in Dreamland  
 Before the Fairy Queen.  
 There were dainty fairy dancers,  
 All dancing on the green.  
 KATHLEEN M. RIDGWAY, L.IV.

### IN THE FIRE

Laughing, dancing, spluttering flames,  
 Caves with black rocks high  
 Live in the fire, as we play our games  
 At night all cosy and dry.  
 I gaze into the fire at night  
 And watch the dancing gnomes,  
 Kicking and pointing to left and right.  
 They live in caves as homes—  
 Great red caverns, rocky crags ;  
 Knights on chargers tall  
 Fight for ladies ; gorgeous flags  
 They hang their caves withal.  
 In this great mysterious world,  
 Of gnomes and elves all full,  
 I see a fiery-red fish curled  
 In a wonderful red-gold pool.  
 ANNE DRUMMOND, L.V.

### TREASURE CHEST

The tide came seething up the shore ;  
 A studded cask the bold waves bore.  
 And what was in this massive cask  
 The passers-by would stop to ask.  
 Silk, or jewels, or gold, or lace?  
 Or diamonds locked up in a case?  
 Perhaps it's filled with silver bells,  
 But it might be full of sand and shells.  
 It is very mysterious to the eyes,  
 And what is within is in clever disguise.  
 FIONA VINE, L.V.

### SPRING

As I walked through the woodland  
 One bright and sunny day,  
 I heard some gipsies singing  
 A merry roundelay.  
 Their song seemed full of magic,  
 As it fell upon the ear,  
 A gay and lilting melody,  
 So beautifully clear.  
 I lingered there and listened,  
 And then I, too, did sing,  
 For suddenly I realised,  
 It surely must be spring.  
 RENA SMITH, L.V.

### THE SNOWDROP

Oh, sweet and dainty snowdrop,  
 In your pure and spotless dress,  
 You bring to this dull world of ours  
 A breath of loveliness.  
 How graceful is your shining head,  
 Upon its stem of green !  
 Indeed, in dark, bleak January,  
 No lovelier thing is seen.  
 JOAN T. SMITH, L. IV.

## NICE WHITE MAN

Kurl and Marca were two little African boys who were out in the forest, for the first time in their lives, with the hunters. The two had been walking for three hours through the thick undergrowth and were very tired. The hunters went down to the river to quench their thirst. Suddenly Garko, who was Kurl's father, cried, "Ga, hio!" Everyone looked up in alarm from what he was doing, for this was a warning that a hippopotamus had been seen.

Kurl and Marca broke away from the hunters. In the panic the younger one, Kurl, stumbled in the undergrowth and fell, twisting his leg under him. He tried to stand up, but his leg was very sore. Marca could not carry Kurl, so he would have to fetch help.

Marca tried to find a white man because white men were kind. In his hopes of finding help, Marca wandered farther and farther away from Kurl. He tried shouting, but Kurl was too far away to hear him. Marca was very tired and had lost his way. He sat down and burst into tears.

He must have fallen asleep, because the next thing he was conscious of was a big room, where many people were hurrying around. A man came up to Marca and asked who he was. Marca told the nice white man. Then suddenly he remembered Kurl. He jumped up and said, "I must go find Kurl."

"Who is Kurl?" asked the man, whose name was Jack.

Marca told him, and then Jack said, "I will send people to look for him."

Soon afterwards Kurl came back to Marca, no worse, except for his broken leg, which healed quickly, being carefully tended by the white man.

JEAN S. THOMSON, L. IV.

## SPRINGTIME

When Spring is here—

I want to dress in gold and blue,  
As daffodils and violets do,  
And I would like a coat of brown,  
Like leaf-buds lined with fleecy down.

When Spring is here—

And on a sunny day I pass  
The frisky lambkins in the grass,  
Like them, I'll gaily skip along,  
While listening to the blackbird's song.

DORIS YOUNG, L. V.

## SPRING

One Spring morning, a sight so rare,  
The sun was shining and the world was fair;  
The birds were singing high and low,  
And the children were dancing all aglow.

The squirrels were chasing each other so free,  
After looking for nuts in a hollow tree.  
A dormouse poked his head out for a peep,  
After his long and joyful sleep.

MORAG McLAREN, L. IV.

## THE RAINDROPS' MESSAGE

The silver raindrops patter,  
Upon the earth to-day.  
Tap! tap! Their knock is gentle,  
And this is what they say.

"Oh, little flower, awaken,  
And open wide your door!  
Come out with pretty dresses,  
For Spring is here once more."

DOROTHY M. MANNERS, L. IV.



*Photo. by D. & W. Prophet*

*Back Row*—D. Lemon, I. Ferguson, G. Rattray, N. Kidd, A. McNaughton, I. MacBean, Mr Wood.  
*Middle Row*—J. Knight, A. MacLean, R. Chawla (*Captain*), N. Menzies, A. Stewart.  
*Front Row*—G. Manders, J. Christie, W. Kerr.



*Photo. by D. & W. Prophet*

*Back Row*—A. Lowden, D. Menzies, A. Cathcart, K. Hogg, I. MacMahon, A. Christie, B. Gibbs, R. Millar.  
*Middle Row*—K. Hutton, G. Donaldson, I. White (*Captain*), O. Martin, J. Taylor.  
*Front Row*—I. Watson, J. Cram, R. Stephen, I. Stark.

**Rugby 1st XV.**  
**Rugby 2nd XV.**

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

## Little Ones' Corner

### SPRING FROLICS

"Tap! Tap! Tap! Tap!" Fawn's dainty feet padded in quick succession along the springy turf of a woody glade. Fawn was an animal of the same name, and lived in a shaded covert with his mother, father, brothers and sisters. He was very happy and played the whole day with Pat and Tansy, one of his brothers and one of his sisters. Elder and Pearly were coming of age and did not take part in any frolics.

One sunny day, Fawn awoke before anyone else with an urge for adventures. He began by raiding the pantry, then crept out of the covert, where he beheld a timid buttercup nodding towards him in the early morning breeze. He snorted softly and leapt across the stream, after a refreshing drink.

He sped noiselessly along until he reached a dark gate. He leapt across the obstacle, and made the tapping noise mentioned earlier. The notice on the gate told Fawn he was trespassing, but he did not mind. Soon he came to a large house where many bees were buzzing. He looked round, and saw, to his delight, a beehive. Fawn sprang towards the hive, as he loved honey, and knocked over another hive in the attempt to look through the small hole in the first one. When he felt the bump, he turned round and saw some angry bees ready to attack. Poor Fawn turned and fled. He leapt back over the gate, raced to the stream, and, on reaching it, jumped in and waded through the water.

Bees do not like water, but they delivered Fawn quite a few stings before retreating. When they had gone, he crept home sobbing all the way, and on reaching the covert in the familiar glade crept into the soft fluff of his mother's welcoming breast.

Fawn will leave well alone the next time.

FIONA VINE, L. V.

### SAMMY AND THE SPARROW

Everyone in Primrose Wood was very excited; the five little rabbits, Mound the mole, the Hedgehog and her eight very new babies, and even the flowers, the primroses, the snowdrops, and the nodding daffodils.

Everybody had received a large, white square envelope with a big blob of red sealing-wax on the back. Inside was a card asking them to come to Sammy Squirrel's birthday party.

Was everyone invited? If you had been in the wood then, you would have seen a very sad little sparrow, sitting on the highest twig of a budding elder tree, beside a gurgling stream, looking very sorry for himself.

"Oh dear!" he sighed, "I wish that I weren't so small and weak. Nobody wants me."

The wind laughed gently, and little puffy clouds gambolled across the sky, like the baby lambs in the fields.

A week later, in the squirrel's hole, high up in a tree, Sammy was brushing his furry tail and tying his sister's bow, when the little sparrow, who had not been invited, tapped excitedly on the door with his beak.

"W-watch yourselves," he said breathlessly. "The Sandy Bank is s-slipping down, and your tree is already starting to lean over."

"Oh! Oh!" screamed Sammy, and the family snatched up their nearest belongings and scampered down the trunk of the tree.

Just as they were safe the tree crashed down with a thunderous roar, its roots in the air.

"Thank you, Sparrow," said Sammy.

The Sparrow, happily, flew three times round in a circle, then flew back to his twig on the top of the elder tree.

E. A. MILLAR, L. V.

## Flower Fantasy

Down beneath the brown earth some little bulbs were planted. A Crocus, a Daffodil, a Tulip and a Snowdrop—these four little bulbs talked all day long about the time when they would blossom in the sun above the warm earth.

"I am sure I shall be called first to show my lovely face to the world," said the Daffodil. "My petals will be white, too, I think, for white is the colour of purity."

"Yes, I agree, Sister Daffodil; white is the best colour and we shall be white, too, I am sure," said the proud Tulip.

"We," said the Crocus and the Snowdrop, shall be as our good mother, Nature, makes us. Though, we should like to be white."

"You, white? pure? never!" said the Daffodil and the Tulip, "Why, you will never grow up! You are much too tiny!"

"Yes," whispered the Crocus to the Snowdrop, "I suppose we shall be some dark, sober colour."

"Well, we can but hope. Let us sleep and perhaps we shall grow," replied the shy Snowdrop. The small pair nestled down and fell asleep.

That night a band of tiny elves and fairies might have been seen painting the leaves green and melting the ice on the ponds. They covered the trees with little green buds and sent little white lambs to frisk in the green meadows. A little gnome flew up into the sky and chased

away the snow-clouds. He brought tiny fluffy ones and scattered them freely across the sky. Then, in a beautiful white chariot made of fairy-like clouds, Mother Nature sailed down to earth.

"Which flower shall I raise above ground first?" she said to the elves.

One little fairy came forward and cried, "May two come up, Mother?"

"Perhaps. Whom do you want?" said the graceful lady.

"Crocus and Snowdrop, if you please, Mother."

"Very well, Fairy Joy," and the chariot and the rider disappeared into the blue canopy of the sky.

In the morning, when the bulbs awoke, the Crocus and the Snowdrop felt themselves being tugged upwards.

"Good-bye, good-bye," they cried to the Tulip and the Daffodil.

Up, up, they went until they came out into the bright, gay world. They looked at each other and whispered, "We're white! We're white!"

So Nature triumphed over the proud Tulip and the vain Daffodil, who came out of the earth long after the gentle Crocus and the Snowdrop.

ANNE DRUMMOND, L.V.

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### MY HEN

I have a little hen.  
It says "Cluck, cluck."  
But at my Granny's house  
There is a little duck.

ANDREW BAIN, L.I.b.

### MY KITE

I have a little kite.  
It flies so very high,  
It goes over my house  
Up into the sky.

KENNETH WILKIE, L.I.b.

### THE SUN AND THE MOON

I like the sun.  
It is very bright.  
It rises in the East.  
It is a lovely sight.  
I like the moon.  
It rises in the sky.  
It is white.  
It rises very high.

NORMAN J. SHANKS, L.I.b.

### THE TRACTOR

I have a little tractor.  
It runs along the floor,  
But, if I'm not careful,  
It may run out the door.

BRUCE MCLEOD, L.I.b.

### THE TEDDY BEAR

There was a Teddy Bear, and he was always in  
a hurry and a scurry, and he lived in the zoo,  
and every one liked him and gave him buns  
and cakes and nice things to eat.

NORMAN RAITT, L.I.b.

### JASMINE

Pretty Jasmine, like a star,  
What a lovely flower you are !  
You are so yellow, and so bright,  
Like a star shining at night.

ELAINE WEBSTER, L.I.b. (7 years)

### MY TEDDY BEAR

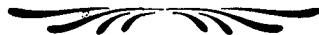
My little Teddy Bear  
Is very, very furry.  
He's very, very funny,  
And he's always in a scurry.

JOAN MACDONALD, L.I.b. (7 years)

### THE STARS

January has such starry nights,  
And the stars are little lights.  
Because they are so very shy,  
God has put them in the sky.

HELEN THOMSON, L.I.b. (6 years)



# Dundee High School Former Pupils' Athletic Union

It is the aim of the Union to improve the present facilities for sport offered by the Former Pupils' Clubs, and in course of time, it is hoped that the Clubs, as well as the individual members themselves, will benefit.

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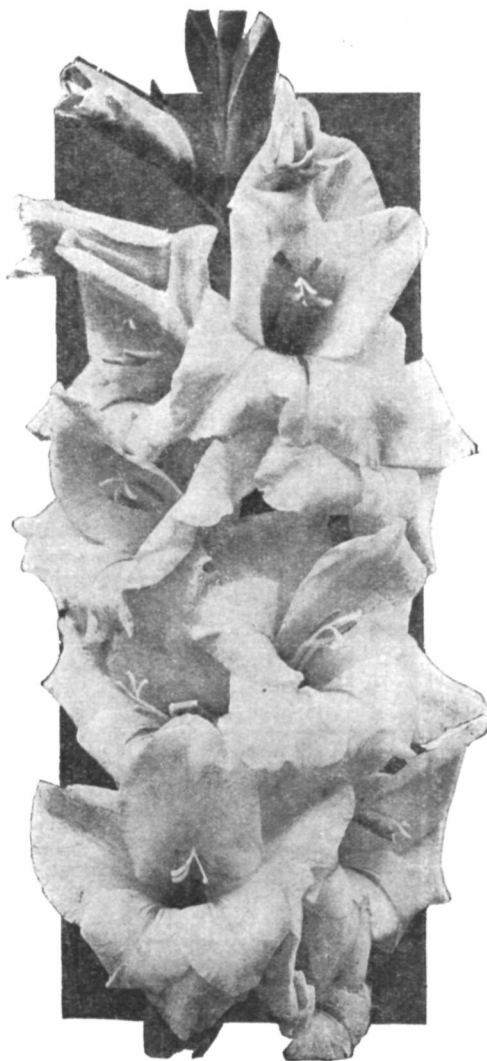
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## D.H.S. F.P. WOMEN'S HOCKEY CLUB

This season the Hockey Club is enjoying more success as a club, but victories on the field are all too few. At the start of play, we recruited eleven members who had just left School, enabling us to field two elevens, but since then we have lost six members to Colleges, both in Dundee and out of town.

The standard of play leaves room for improvement and the weather has often been unfavourable, but enthusiasm retains its high level and the hockey pitches remain in excellent condition. The most notable achievement of the season has been the selection of two of our members for Midlands Teams, and the most important event for the Club, as for all F.P. sports organisations, the formation of the Athletic Union.

The Club wishes to extend a sincere invitation to all hockey players, who will be leaving School in June, to join the F.P. Club. They are assured of a welcome, and we are hopeful that, with their support, the Club will prosper and the teams aspire to the success formerly enjoyed by D.H.S. F.P. Women's Hockey Club.

## F.P. RUGBY CLUB

The F.P. Rugby Club have, up to date, enjoyed a reasonably successful season, and their record to date of 8 matches won, 8 lost, and 2 drawn, is certainly an improvement on last year. Some of the credit for this improvement can be given to R. V. Doe and W. E. Clark, who have made their mark in Club Rugby within a year of leaving school.

Unfortunately, Clark, owing to an injury, will take no further part in the game this season, but his position at full-back has been very adequately filled by K. Booth, another very recent F.P.

The Club is short of playing members and the job of fielding a Second XV. has been a thankless task, particularly for those playing in the team.

The Club looks forward to palmier days and particularly extends a welcome to boys about to leave school.

## ENGLISH INN SIGNS

It is often said that people of Scotland take their pleasures sadly. If we are to count the taking of refreshment in public a pleasure, and using the word refreshment in its proper sense it should be, then we must admit that the places provided for the weary traveller north of the Border are grim and uninviting compared with those in England.

One of the things which must catch the eye of the young explorer awheel for the first time on southern roads by cycle, car or bus, is the English Inn. Whether crowded by jowl in a busy market town, or set, seemingly miles from anywhere, at a main road junction or cross roads, they are usually freshly painted, often of extreme antiquity and all have one thing in common—a large Inn Sign. These signs may be quite elaborate structures standing apart from the house itself or they may be merely a board above the main door. They may be valuable works of art by famous painters or they may be quite crude, but they all present a pictorial allusion to the name of the Inn.

The origin of Inn Signs goes far back into history and it is claimed that "The Bush," which is one of the oldest, was used in Roman times to indicate a place of refreshment. It persists in many forms and combinations, the best known being "The Bull and Bush." Another name of more obvious origin is "The Grapes" which may appear as "The Bunch of Grapes," "The Vine," or "The Vineyard."

The name of an Inn often has a reference to its position such as "The Coach and Horses," which one would expect to find on a main road where in times gone by the stage coach halted. Names like "The Pack Horse" and "The Wool Pack," on the other hand, are to be found in rough hilly places where a packman might hire a horse for a day to take his goods round the isolated farm houses. Sometimes a name presents a problem such as "The Navigators," found on an Inn far from the sea in rural England. The explanation is that the house was frequented by the workmen digging a canal. These men were originally called navigators and their place of refreshment was named after them, but the name was too long for everyday use and the men became known as navvies.

When a word becomes broken down like this in current use it is called a corruption and many of the most interesting Inn Signs are corruptions. Many Inns adopted an heraldic coat of arms for their sign and these are the ones which most often turn into something quite different. For example, there is "The Swan with Two Necks." This is a corruption of the sign of the Vintners' Company, which showed a Swan with two necks cut in its beak. This was a sign that the bird belonged to the Company and not to the King.

Who would guess that the origin of "The Goat and Compasses" was the motto, "God Encompasseth Us," or that "The Cat and Fiddle" was originally named after a Governor of Calais, called Caton le Fidèle.

Scotland has very few of these interesting Inn names, but one of the few is situated not so far from Dundee at the foot of Glenfarg. This is "The Bein Inn," which may be a relic of the Auld Alliance. It is said that Mary Queen of Scots once rested here, and on arriving after the hilly journey from Edinburgh said, "Bien! I rest here."

Here, then, is a little added interest to those who are planning a holiday by road. Look out for the Inn Signs and see if you can guess their origin, and please note, the signs are on the outside of the hostleries, there is no need to enter to pursue these enquiries!

ALEC. ROBERTSON

## MAGIC CARPETS

It was when I was in Persia, during the war, that I began to appreciate, for the first time, the great beauty of the carpets which are made there. The country, itself, is very poor, judging by our standards, and it is therefore all the more surprising that such simple people, as are the weavers of these carpets, should produce such beautiful works of art. There are three main centres where the carpets are produced in Persia, or, as it is now called, Iran; the cities, the villages, and in the tents of the nomadic tribes. It is interesting to note that the quality of the carpet produced by the wandering families

is different from the others as their looms are of necessity transportable, whereas those of the cities and villages are erected in sheds and houses.

It is quite often that a Persian family will spend a whole year weaving one carpet and it is a great event when this is taken to the market to be sold. Little wonder then, that Persian carpets are so expensive.

The sixteenth century was the time of the greatest designs, and those designs have inspired the weavers of this day. It is in the designing of the carpet that the weaver gives free expression to his art and many and varied are the motifs used. We have all seen samples of the tree of life, medallions, birds, vases of flowers, florals, and so on. If we look closely, we are almost sure to discover a flaw in the pattern, for it is said that the weavers, who are Mohammedan, have a belief that it is unlucky to complete a design which is perfect in every respect.

It is in Kerman at the present day that the finest of all carpets are made. It is in these carpets that we find the exquisite balance of design and colour, beautiful draughtmanship and flawless weaving. Some weavers there consider that wool is too coarse a material for their skill and many of the flowers in their designs are woven in silk.

When Marco Polo passed through this town he is reported to have been greatly taken by the beautiful designs on the shawls which were then made there. It is interesting to trace that these shawls later inspired the design of Kashmir, and, getting nearer our own time, the design of Paisley. The famous Paisley pattern can therefore be traced back to the town of Kerman.

Only in Teheran, which is the capital of Iran, can one see a comprehensive selection of all the different types of Persian Carpets, for there they are brought to the bazaars to be sold to the merchants for export to the west. As in our own Harris Tweed industry, the use of natural dyes is gradually being eliminated, and synthetic dyes are now being used in the factories employing one hundred people or more. It is hoped that the individuality and beauty of the Persian Carpet will not be lost by this modern trend.

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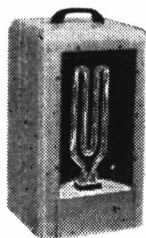
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## The Irish Match

We noticed the stream, the Irishman and I, the first time the convoy groaned and slithered down that twisting, snow-treacherous road in the Ardennes. But, because, at the moment, we were rather ignominiously getting out of the way of Field-Marshal von Rundstedt's Christmas offensive, we had little time to do more than agree that, despite the snow and the ice-heavy deadness of winter, it looked like "trouty water."

It so happened that, late the following March, the fortunes of war took us back that way and into temporary billets not more than a couple of hundred yards from the stream. Once again we exchanged looks. Spring was early on the continent that year; a kindliness of sunshine that had already brought the little wall lizards scuttling out to bask on the stones of the hump-backed bridge from which we leant over to investigate and assess. It glinted on the dancing water and the budding greenery of blackthorn and chestnut. A slow, smooth glide slid round a bend, over a patch of broken water, to a steep-sided pool under a great rock.

"If only," I said, "we had rods!"

"We can get them," said the Irishman, who was the kind who can "organise" anything, any time, anywhere.

I looked, rather doubtfully, at the notices edging the field that bordered the stream. They announced baldly: "Mines Cleared to Ditches Only."

The Irishman scoffed. "They always say that. Doesn't mean a thing." His great hand fell on my shoulder. "Listen, down in the village there's a shop that sells fishing tackle. For a few hundred cigarettes—" He made an expansive gesture. "We'll take the day off tomorrow and make an international match of it. Scotland v. Ireland. A hundred francs, Belgian, to whoever catches the heavier basket. Come on!"

Higher Leavings French had often proved helpful on the continent, but it had taught me little calculated to help in the very technical

business of buying rods, reels, lines, casts and flies. But the Irishman, after 9 months in France distinguished by a stubborn refusal to learn one word of the language, had acquired a facility of gesture that would have made him understood in any country. While I was stumbly paraphrasing "wet fly" as, "*la mouche qui ne reste pas sur l'eau*," he was gargantuanly miming the whole process from A to Z—and getting us what we wanted.

So we came at last to the stream, keeping cautiously close to the river bank just in case those mine warnings should prove to be founded on more than a general sense of caution.

I won the toss and took the first cast. It would be nice to pretend that it was its perfection of execution that made it successful, but scarcely justified by facts. The cast fell on the water like a handful of gravel—and, against all the rules, the tail fly was instantly seized.

Thirty seconds later I was sliding a quarter-pound fish into my haversack and the Irishman was eyeing me with the resentful incredulity of one who has witnessed a rather unfair miracle.

He had a look at the fly that had done the damage—a March Brown—grunted, and wordlessly proceeded to substitute a March Brown for his own tail fly, a Blue Dun. By the time he had made the change, I had landed two more fish—both on a Blue Dun. While he railed against injustice, I pointed out that I was already a penalty goal ahead.

I moved downstream a little, and he made his first cast. Almost at once he hooked a fish that must have been well on towards the pound mark. It broke him almost at once, amidst a scarifying barrage of Gaelic profanity. With gloomy disfavour he began to tie on another fly.

I suppose Fate does things like that occasionally. Certainly it wasn't his day. He hooked and lost three more fish before discovering that the barb of his March Brown had been snapped off; he cracked the point of his rod in essaying a death-or-glory stance to cover a glide that was

obviously fish-full and just as obviously out of reach.

Finally, when I was drifting back to join him again, just as a touch of chill was sharpening the air, I heard a rumble, a crash, a volley of curses, and a sustained Irish ululation that jerked me into a startled trot, envisaging at least a broken limb.

But it was neither leg nor arm that had suffered. He had slipped on an insecure stone near the edge, pitched into the water up to his waist, and, in trying to save himself, shattered the whisky bottle that he was carrying (undisclosed, I may say) in his haversack. The odour of it mingled nostalgically with the dusk-fading Spring scents.

I pulled him out and he stared for a long, bitter moment at the wreckage. Then, abruptly, he began to dismantle his rod. It was capitulation.

"You owe me," I said, "a hundred francs, Belgian."

He looked at me with a certain malevolent respect.

"At a time like this," he growled, raising his eyes to heaven, "you can start worrying about a hundred francs!" He sniffed the last fragrance of the shattered bottle, and sighed. Then he brightened a little. "Tomorrow—" he said. "Tomorrow is also a day. Yes—tomorrow we shall see!"

At four-thirty next morning came the signal to move forward. As we bundled our kit into the jeep, in that heavy-eyed daze of grey incomprehension that goes with disturbed sleep and sudden dawn moves, I saw him glance down towards the stream. A thin dawn mist trailed sluggishly among the trees, and the water looked dour and cold, and uninviting.

He turned and shot me a final look.

"Just wait!" he muttered. "Just wait! There's always Landsdowne Road!"

## SONNET

Mourn not for those you love who die in age;  
Your tears are for yourself—not him who lies  
Wrapped in the serene splendour of the wise—  
Yourself, unconscious of his heritage.  
Fled is the pain, the faithful body's wage,  
Fled is the lack of strength in ears and eyes:  
The body has attained the highest prize,  
The peacefulness that only God can gauge.

But weep until your very soul is white,  
Mourn for the children dead in innocence—  
For lithe young bodies massacred in fight—  
Who never knew the quiet passing hence.  
They treasured not their lives, so small, so  
light,  
And passed, not knowing why they came nor  
whence.

K.S.A.

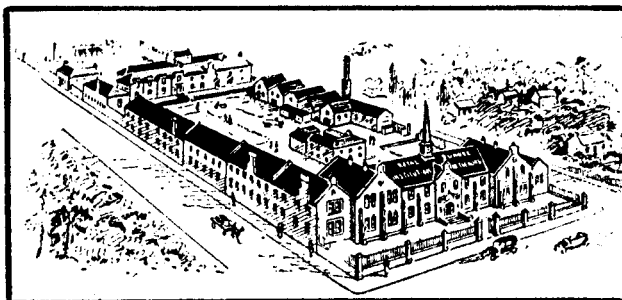
## SPRING SONG

Spring in the air,  
Birds everywhere.  
Streams are flowing,  
Green buds showing.  
Lambs are skipping,  
Seagulls dipping,  
Calling, crying.  
Winter's dying,  
Dying, dying.  
Trees are sighing,  
Sighing, sighing.  
Spring is here.

NATURALIST, F. IV.

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## Reports

### Girls' Literary Society Report

The term's meetings were well begun on January 14th, with an interesting lecture by Mr W. Robertson on "Decorative Fabrics Past and Present." Form VI. Night had to be postponed for a week owing to a large number of absentees, but, when finally held, it was agreed to be the best class night so far. The following week, on February 11th, our exchange teacher, Miss Hagaman, gave an excellent lecture on California. The programme for the rest of the term consists of a lecture by Mr G. Ritchie on "Climbing in Scotland," which is eagerly anticipated, the first efforts of Form II. in the Society, and, of course, Staff Night on March 25th. Altogether the year has been an interesting and frequently amusing one, and talent of many kinds has been displayed.

K S.A.

### Boys' Literary Society Report.

The Society continues to have a very successful session, although at one or two meetings the attendance has been rather disappointing.

Mr Bruce's talk, "The Production of a Radio Programme," on November 26th, was a great success, and fully enjoyed by all who attended it.

At the musical evening much and varied talent was evident, and it was obvious that it was the result of long and careful practice and planning, especially on the part of Miss Martin Brown, who arranged the programme and produced the play.

On January 14th we were given a very interesting and enjoyable talk on "Landscape," by Mr McIntosh Patrick. We were also very pleased to hear Mr Vannet on February 4th on his subject, "A Night Torpedo Attack."

Unfortunately, the Parliamentary Debate had to be postponed, largely because of the 'flu epidemic, but we look forward to holding it at the end of the session, when it is to take the form of a Private Members' Night.

At the time of writing, we are also looking forward to Mr Graham Ritchie's lecture on "Climbing in Scotland," to which the Girls' Society has very kindly invited us.

We are sorry to lose Mr Albert Jacob, one of our Vice-Presidents, who left to join the Army at the beginning of February. We extend our good wishes to him, and wish him every success.

This report would not be complete without due expression of our hearty thanks to our Joint Presidents, Mr Paton and Mr Bisset, who have done such great work amongst us.

J. L. W.

### Rifle Club Report.

The standard of shooting which promised so well at the beginning of the session has been admirably maintained. The attendance and enthusiasm at practice have been very satisfactory.

The senior team took fourth place in the Winter Competition (Colonel Mitchell Challenge Trophy), which was the first place to be gained by a Scottish team. In the junior section of this competition our team was seventh.

The results of the Strathcona Shield Competition are very promising, and it looks as if this may at last come our way. In the first two rounds our score is 1,164, which is 24 points ahead of our nearest rivals, Edinburgh Academy. The team for this competition was as follows:—

J. L. Weatherhead, W. B. Gibbs, I. M. Watson, J. A. S. Weatherhead, D. Watson, and W. Morrison.

Once more, we should like to extend our thanks to Mr Halliday, Mr Stark, and Mr George Linton.

J. L. W.

### Ranger Report.

Two Rangers were asked to help with a Sale of Work in Guide Headquarters. The two deputed to go were I. Armstrong and J. Mackenzie.

We are still keeping in touch with the American Girl Scout, Erna Ballantyne, who was at Camp with us. We compiled an album of Camp photos which was sent to her. In return, we received the most welcome gift of a parcel. The parcel contained amongst other things a packet of fudge and some sugar. With the sugar, Captain Mudie made more fudge and we invited the Guides and Guiders to a "Thinking Day" party. We were honoured by the presence of Mrs Bain, Mrs Robertson (our Local Associates), and Mrs Taggart (our new District Commissioner), who had expressed a wish to visit the companies on that day. The rest of the food in the parcel is being kept for this year's Camp.

Congratulations are due to M. Whyte on the successful completion of her pre-enrolment Test; also to K. Anderson, who has gained her "Handy-woman" Badge.

Preparations are under way for a party of Rangers and Guiders from Dundee to visit Switzerland under the leadership of Miss Herald. Those chosen to go from our Company are: K. Anderson, J. Mackenzie, H. Roberts, and N. Millar. The Camp site for the rest of the Company has not yet been decided on.

It is to be noted that we now have a Senior Ranger. This session N. Millar was elected.

It is difficult to express adequately our gratitude to Captain Mudie for her kindness, guidance and understanding. We can only say that we are deeply indebted to her.

N. N. M.

### Guide Report.

The Shield for the autumn term was worthily won by the Blackbird Patrol.

The present term has not seen a great deal of unusual activity, partly due to the influenza epidemic; nevertheless the ordinary work has gone on

in the normal happy fashion. The Juniors are particularly enthusiastic and show great promise of things to come. Fifteen Guides are working for their First Class Badge, while three Senior Guides have obtained the "Little House" Emblem as a stage in their progress towards the possible Queen's Guides Award.

On February 18th the Rangers invited us to a party which we all thoroughly enjoyed. The County Commissioner, Mrs Taggart, and our Local Associates, Mrs Bain and Mrs Robertson, came to the party.

Our grateful thanks are due to our Guiders, who have helped and encouraged us in our work.

I. H. H.

### Cadet Report.

During the winter term the Senior Company has continued with its preparations for the coming Certificate "A" Examination, which is to be held early in May. The instruction, which includes drill, map-reading, musketry, and Bren gun training, is all given by our own officers. The Junior contingent are making satisfactory progress under their N.C.O.'s with the object of eventually joining the Senior ranks.

A new interesting item in the training programme is an eight week Artillery Course held at Douglas Street, which is being attended by seven senior N.C.O.'s under the command of Lt. Vannet. This is the first opportunity the cadets have had of gaining practical experience in handling the "25 Pounder" field gun. We are confident that soon we will be able to produce a smart and efficient gun crew.

On January 28th the Unit visited the special demonstration at Bell Street in connection with the Territorial Army Recruiting Campaign.

Another feature in our varied programme is to be a display of training films which the Company will attend. These films should prove a great help to the cadets, especially to the Certificate "A" candidates.

A word of praise is due to Cpl. Gibbs and Cdt. Stewart, who have been on a Physical Training Course in England. Mention should also be made here of Sgt. White's recent promotion to the rank of C.Q.M.S.

Cadets are now looking forward to the Summer Term when their theoretical work can be put into practice at Dalnacraig.

C. S. M.

### Rugby Report.

Another successful season draws to a close, and thoughts have already turned to Highers, cricket and other things. The Weather Clerk has been particularly kind to us this year, and very few games have been cancelled. Unfortunately, one was our encounter with the former pupils, and another with our old rivals and friends Aberdeen Grammar School.

The 1st XV. has suffered defeat this season, usually by an odd point, but in no game was it outclassed. Its failings were largely due to the destructive tactics of the opposition, as in every

match our policy has been to play an open game. Our strength lay immediately behind the scrum and the Chawla, Ferguson, McLean and Knight combination could rise to great heights.

The 2nd XV. has matured under White's captaincy, and has suffered only one defeat, by the odd point again, since Christmas. Perhaps their finest hour was defeating a University College XV. which later, with few changes, drew with our first XV. There are some good players in this team and we congratulate Martin, Hutton, and Stephen for their performance and enthusiasm.

The 3rd XV. which inevitably receives the least attention and interest, has shown a fine spirit throughout the season and Ross Gunn has done a fine job. The Junior Teams are full of enthusiasts, which promises well for the years to come. We have fully maintained the rugby tradition of the school, and we trust that we can continue to hold our own against some of the best school sides.

With regret we say farewell to some of our corner stones, boys who have played a prominent part in High School rugby during the last three years. We wish them the best of luck and may the comradeship that we have enjoyed on the rugby field bring us together again.

We express our grateful thanks to Mr Wood for his invaluable help to the 1st XV. and to those members of the staff who have helped to make the season a success.

Caps have been awarded to: R. Chawla, L. Ferguson, A. McLean, I. MacBean, W. Kerr, J. Christie, J. Knight, and G. Rattray.

Results are given below.

#### 1st XV.

|         |                         |     | F.        | A. |
|---------|-------------------------|-----|-----------|----|
| Nov. 20 | Hillhead High School    | (h) | 14        | 10 |
| 27      | Morrison's Academy      | (h) | 8         | 0  |
| Dec. 4  | Perth Academy           | (h) | 5         | 3  |
| 11      | Madras College          | (a) | 12        | 6  |
| Jan. 8  | D.H.S.F.P. XV.          | (h) | Cancelled |    |
| 15      | Madras College          | (h) | 6         | 5  |
| 22      | Boroughmuir School      | (a) | 11        | 12 |
| 29      | Robert Gordon's College | (a) | 5         | 3  |
| Feb. 5  | Aberdeen Grammar School | (h) | Cancelled |    |
| 12      | Perth Academy           | (a) | 5         | 12 |
| 19      | Strathallan School      | (a) | 0         | 3  |
| 23      | U.C.D.                  | (h) | 3         | 3  |
| Mar. 2  | Morgan Academy          | (a) | 6         | 8  |

#### 2nd XV.

|         |                            |     | F.        | A. |
|---------|----------------------------|-----|-----------|----|
| Nov. 20 | Bell-Baxter School 1st XV. | (h) | 3         | 5  |
| 27      | Morrison's Academy         | (a) | Cancelled |    |
| Dec. 4  | Perth Academy              | (a) | 8         | 3  |
| 11      | Aberdeen Grammar School    | (a) | 11        | 3  |
| 18      | Morgan Academy             | (h) | 0         | 5  |
| Jan. 8  | Harris Academy 1st XV.     | (a) | Cancelled |    |
| 15      | Morgan Academy             | (a) | 10        | 0  |
| 22      | U.C.D.                     | (h) | 6         | 3  |
| 29      | Aberdeen Grammar School    | (h) | 8         | 3  |
| Feb. 12 | Perth Academy              | (h) | 9         | 6  |
| 26      | Robert Gordon's College    | (h) | 0         | 3  |



*Photo. by D. & W. Prophet*

*Back Row—J. Dunn, S. Mackenzie, J. Petrie, A. Buttars, I. Fergusson, M. Wilson.  
Front Row—E. Bowman, H. Johnston, P. Gibson (Captain), E. Latto, I. Henderson.*



*Photo. by D. & W. Prophet*

*Back Row—E. Robertson, C. Mackenzie, N. Horsburgh, M. Kirkland, S. Bisset, I. Whitton.  
Front Row—I. Dick, A. Heron, G. Sharp (Captain), M. Baird, M. Watson.*

**Hockey 1st XI.  
Hockey 2nd XI.**

**Dundee High School  
Magazine**

**3rd XV.**

|         |                         |         | F.        | A. |
|---------|-------------------------|---------|-----------|----|
| Nov. 20 | Bell-Baxter School      |         |           |    |
|         | 2nd XV.                 | (h)     | 9         | 8  |
| 27      | Morrison's Academy      | - (h)   | 8         | 9  |
| Dec. 4  | Perth Academy           | - - (h) | 36        | 0  |
| 11      | Aberdeen Grammar School | (a)     | 0         | 21 |
| 18      | Morgan Academy          | - - (a) | 3         | 3  |
| Jan. 8  | Harris Academy 2nd XV.  | (h)     | Cancelled |    |
| 15      | Morgan Academy          | - - (h) | 32        | 0  |
| 22      | Madras College 2nd XV.  | (a)     | 3         | 0  |
| 29      | Aberdeen Grammar School | (h)     | 9         | 16 |
| Feb. 5  | Morgan Academy          | - - (a) | Cancelled |    |
| 12      | Perth Academy           | - - (a) | 17        | 0  |
| 19      | Strathallan School      | - - (a) | 5         | 3  |
| 26      | Robert Gordon's College | (h)     | 3         | 11 |

**Under 15½ XV.**

|         |                    |         | F.        | A. |
|---------|--------------------|---------|-----------|----|
| Nov. 27 | Morrison's Academy | - (a)   | Cancelled |    |
| Jan. 29 | Bell-Baxter School | - - (a) | 0         | 6  |

**Form II.**

|         |                |         | F. | A. |
|---------|----------------|---------|----|----|
| Jan. 15 | Morgan Academy | - - (a) | 21 | 0  |
| 22      | Harris Academy | - - (a) | 0  | 20 |
| Feb. 12 | Harris Academy | - - (h) | 8  | 22 |
| 19      | Morgan Academy | - - (h) | 24 | 3  |

**Form I.**

|         |                    |           | F. | A. |
|---------|--------------------|-----------|----|----|
| Nov. 20 | Perth Academy      | - - - (a) | 51 | 3  |
| 27      | Harris Academy "B" | - (h)     | 17 | 3  |
| Dec. 4  | Morgan Academy "B" | - (h)     | 15 | 0  |
| 11      | Harris Academy     | - - (h)   | 12 | 10 |
| 18      | Perth Academy      | - - - (h) | 5  | 0  |
| Jan. 15 | Morgan Academy     | - - (a)   | 0  | 0  |
| 22      | Harris Academy     | - - (h)   | 14 | 3  |
| Feb. 12 | Harris Academy     | - - (a)   | 5  | 6  |
| 19      | Morgan Academy "B" | - (h)     | 26 | 6  |
| 26      | Harris Academy     | - - - (h) | 8  | 0  |

**L. 5.**

|         |                |         | F.        | A. |
|---------|----------------|---------|-----------|----|
| Nov. 27 | Morgan Academy | - - (a) | 0         | 0  |
| Dec. 11 | Harris Academy | - - (a) | 0         | 6  |
| Jan. 15 | Morgan Academy | - - (h) | 12        | 6  |
| 22      | Harris Academy | - - (h) | 3         | 0  |
| Feb. 5  | Morgan Academy | - - (a) | Cancelled |    |
| 19      | Harris Academy | - - (a) | 10        | 3  |

**Hockey Report.**

This season the hockey teams have found fortune in the weather—if not so much in the result of their efforts. However, we still have a few fixtures left in which to avenge ourselves. We are proud to be able to record that Sheila Mackenzie has been chosen to play right wing for the Junior Midlands team.

On March 19th a party will see the International match against England at Murrayfield where they will certainly pick up some valuable hints.

We should like to thank Miss Spreull and Miss May Smith, who willingly take on the unenviable task of umpiring our matches on their Saturday mornings, and we always gratefully appreciate Miss Whytock's help and encouraging advice.

Match results:

**1st XI.**

|         |                    |           | F. | A. |
|---------|--------------------|-----------|----|----|
| Nov. 6  | Morgan Academy     | - - (h)   | 1  | 2  |
| 13      | Bell-Baxter        | - - - (a) | 0  | 2  |
| 20      | Harris Academy     | - - - (h) | 4  | 0  |
| Dec. 4  | Morrison's Academy | - (h)     | 0  | 1  |
| Jan. 15 | Grove Academy      | - - - (a) | 0  | 0  |
| 22      | Harris Academy     | - - - (a) | 2  | 3  |
| 29      | Bell-Baxter        | - - - (h) | 3  | 3  |
| Feb. 12 | Morgan Academy     | - - (a)   | 3  | 4  |
| 19      | Madras Academy     | - - (a)   | 1  | 0  |

**2nd XI.**

|         |                    |           | F. | A. |
|---------|--------------------|-----------|----|----|
| Nov. 6  | Morgan Academy     | - - (h)   | 2  | 2  |
| 13      | Bell-Baxter        | - - - (a) | 1  | 4  |
| 20      | Harris Academy     | - - - (a) | 7  | 0  |
| Dec. 4  | Morrison's Academy | - (h)     | 3  | 0  |
| Jan. 22 | Harris Academy     | - - - (h) | 6  | 3  |
| 29      | Bell-Baxter        | - - - (h) | 0  | 4  |
| Feb. 12 | Morgan Academy     | - - (a)   | 1  | 3  |

**3rd XI.**

|         |                              |           | F. | A. |
|---------|------------------------------|-----------|----|----|
| Oct. 23 | Morgan Academy               | - - (h)   | 2  | 5  |
| Nov. 13 | Bell-Baxter                  | - - - (h) | 1  | 4  |
| 20      | Harris Academy               | - - - (h) | 6  | 1  |
| Dec. 4  | Grove Academy                | - - - (h) | 8  | 0  |
| Jan. 15 | Seymour Lodge Nursing School | (h)       | 3  | 0  |
| 22      | Morgan Academy               | - - (a)   | 2  | 6  |
| 29      | Bell-Baxter                  | - - - (a) | 3  | 7  |

**4th XI.**

|         |                |         | F. | A. |
|---------|----------------|---------|----|----|
| Oct. 23 | Morgan Academy | - - (h) | 0  | 0  |
| Nov. 13 | Harris Academy | - - (a) | 1  | 0  |
| Jan. 22 | Morgan Academy | - - (a) | 0  | 0  |

**2nd Year XI.**

|         |                |           | F. | A. |
|---------|----------------|-----------|----|----|
| Nov. 20 | Grove Academy  | - - - (a) | 1  | 4  |
| Feb. 26 | Harris Academy | - - - (h) | 5  | 1  |

M. G. W.

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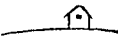
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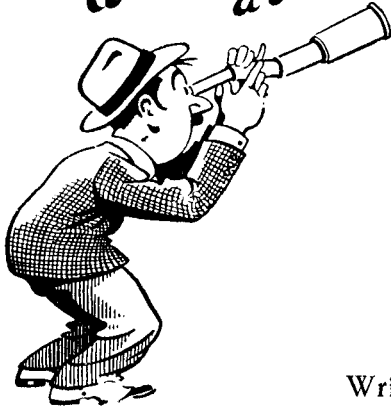
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28th February 1949

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| 3 Periodic Contributions      |   |     |   |      |        |      |
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| Carol Service 1948 -          |   | 35  | 4 | 0    |        |      |
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| Magazine - -                  |   | 10  | 0 | 0    |        |      |
| B.B.C. Top Form Quiz          |   | 7   | 8 | 0    |        |      |
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| Present Pupils' Box -         | - | -   | - | -    | 33     | 3 5  |
|                               |   |     |   |      |        |      |
|                               |   |     |   |      | £1,127 | 9 3  |
| Income Tax Recovered -        | - | -   | - | -    | 50     | 11 0 |
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|                               |   |     |   |      | £1,178 | 0 3  |
| Expenses of Appeal -          | - | -   | - | -    | 10     | 6 3  |
|                               |   |     |   |      |        |      |
|                               |   |     |   |      | £1,167 | 14 0 |
|                               |   |     |   |      |        |      |
| Net Total Received -          | - | -   | - | -    | £1,167 | 14 0 |
| Further Annuities Promised    | - | -   | - | -    | 508    | 2 0  |
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|                               |   |     |   |      | £1,675 | 16 0 |
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40. More
41. Blaspheme
44. Greenhorn
45. Ed.

## DOWN

1. William
2. Lateral
3. L. M.
4. Is
5. As
6. Built
7. Is
8. Ce
10. At
12. Sheet
14. Cardinal
16. Win
17. Actor
18. La
19. Aero
21. Amenable
22. Da
27. Nom
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32. Use
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