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No. 105

JUNE 1949

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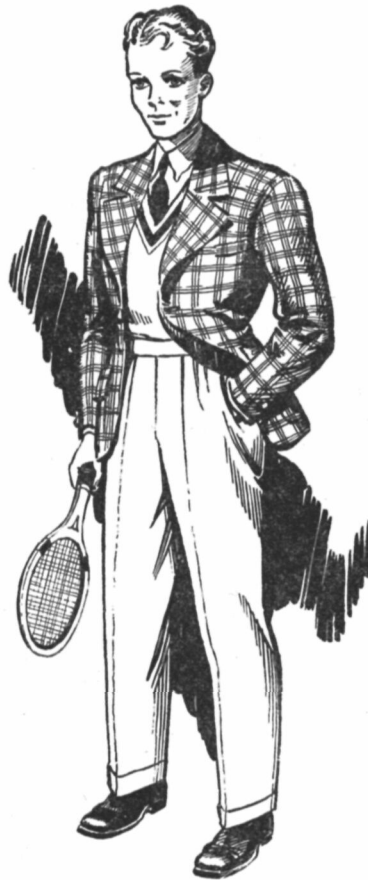
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The Dundee High School MAGAZINE

No. 105]

JUNE 1949

[SIXPENCE

Editorial

With the end of yet another school year drawing near we must again turn our thoughts to the production of the School Magazine and its ever-present attendant, the editorial, and we find ourselves in the rather unpleasant position of having to supply the latter for this edition of the magazine. It must be admitted that many of the proverbs which have been handed down to us from olden days do not wholly apply in modern times, but, in our opinion, the one which has been most thoroughly repudiated is that which says, "You cannot make bricks without straw." On the first page of almost any magazine similar in form to this may be found at least one column of good sound "strawless bricks." We do not deny that a certain amount of "straw" is provided for the writing of an editorial, but it is against the rules to use this until a little later. That lack of material is precisely what makes the composition of an editorial such an unenviable task. Any fool can make a reasonable attempt to write about something, but it is not quite such a simple operation to write about nothing.

We must now utilise the "straw" which is at our disposal, and on reflection we find that the quantity is quite considerable.

Several changes have been made in the staff. On 18th April Mr G. A. D. Ritchie joined the staff of the Primary School, and Mrs I. M. Cameron, B.Sc., has taken over the duties of Miss Coupar temporarily. Three ladies who have given long and loyal service to the school will be retiring at the end of the session. They are Miss J. S. Brown, Miss M. B. Brown and Miss P. Mess. We

wish them a long and happy retirement and pleasant memories of the old school. Miss I. M. McNaughton has been promoted Head of the Preparatory Department and Miss E. G. Yeaman has been appointed as an assistant. Miss A. C. Wright, M.A., will take the place of Miss M. B. Brown, and Miss J. G. Beveridge, at present Head of the Needlework Department in the High School for Girls, Aberdeen, will take the place of Miss Mess. Miss Hagaman will also be leaving us to return to her own school in America.

The outstanding feature of school life this session has been preparation for the Sale of Work to be held on October 22nd, in aid of the Reconstruction Fund. To augment this fund there was the Easter Dance, an innovation which was greatly appreciated by senior pupils, then the Concert of the senior pupils on June 16th and 17th, and after that the Operetta of the junior pupils. We need not mention other activities like the making of tablet, the collecting of books, the solving of competitions, etc.

On Wednesday, June 8th, the War Memorial was unveiled after a service of dedication in St. Mary's Parish Church, a most impressive ceremony which we will never forget.

Sports day was the 4th of June, a glorious day, as regards both weather and achievements, a fitting climax to a very successful year in all branches of sport. The Swimming Gala was held on the 7th, and there too physical prowess of a high standard was displayed.

We wish a good holiday to everyone and the best of luck to those who are leaving.

NEWS AND NOTES

Dr. Fraser Ross, who went out last year to Southern Rhodesia as a Government Medical Officer, is one of a team of four, which has brought to a satisfactory conclusion experiments with a new drug, Miracil D, for the cure of bilharziasis. This disease has been a serious handicap to the development of the region and was previously curable only by lengthy and expensive treatment. The new treatment which has been perfected by the team lasts only five days and the drug is administered in tablet form.

Mr Donald M. Mathers, M.A., one of our most distinguished former pupils, has gained a General B.D. in Old Testament Language and Literature and a Special B.D. with distinction in Systematic Theology at St. Andrews University. He has also been awarded the Johnstone Memorial Silver Medal in Divinity and a Cook and Macfarlan Scholarship.

Congratulations to Donald Sykes who is medallist in the General Greek Class and second in the General Latin Class at St. Andrews.

Once again the Art Department of the School has distinguished itself. Mr Halliday has a piece of Bronze Sculpture and a water-colour in the R.S.A. Exhibition in Edinburgh. The Council of Industrial Design has selected one of his carvings and several of his designs to be photographed and exhibited in this country and abroad as examples of British Craftsmanship. Mr Vannet also has a water-colour, two etchings and a coloured scraper-board drawing in the R.S.A. exhibition.

We are pleased to hear that Sydney Hynd has been awarded a Rugby Half-Blue at Edinburgh University during his first year. Unfortunately he broke an arm in the game against Heriot's F.P.'s in January and as a result has not played in the requisite number of games for a Full-Blue. We also congratulate Robin Doe on his promotion to representative rugby and we look forward to further successes from these two promising young players.

Following two very successful rugby seasons, the Rugby Fixtures for 1949-50 are most attractive and include fixtures for all XV.'s with Trinity College, Glenalmond and Strathallan School. The first XV. will have the opportunity of seeing both the

Internationals at Murrayfield, as they play Boroughmuir and a George Watson's XV. on the mornings of the French and English matches respectively.

The F.P. Golf Team invited the School Team to Barry as their guests.

Congratulations to L. Ferguson on breaking the 22-year-old record for Putting the Weight, and to K. Hogg on winning the Mile Race for the third year in succession.

Some senior pupils of the school visited the Repertory Theatre last term to see a performance of "Oliver Twist."

We notice that the History Department has branched out in a new line of decorative art by adorning the walls of Mr Laird's room with informative historical posters.

A few of the junior pupils of the school assisted in the sale of flags for the Dundee-Orleans Fellowship. In connection with this, several of the senior pupils are visiting Orleans this summer.

The school received a generous gift of sugar from an anonymous donor in Cuba, and chocolate was also received from John Bourough's High School in Burbank, U.S.A.

Form III. girls had an interesting tour of the National Cash Register Factory on the Kingsway.

The boys of Forms V. and VI. have been invited by Dr. Wainwright of U.C.D. to take part in excavations at Ardestie, Monifieth.

Mr Ian G. Kidd has been appointed Assistant Lecturer in Classics at St. Andrews University.

The High School Guides won the Junior Cup at the Biennial Sports held at Dalnacraig on 14th June.

RECONSTRUCTION FUND

SALE OF WORK

A Sale of Work on behalf of the Reconstruction Fund will be held on October 22nd, 1949. 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 Refresh-



Photo by D. & W. Prophet

Back Row—L. T. Smith, W. G. Laird (Pres.), A. G. Robertson
Front Row—A. R. Gunn, G. D. Donaldson (Capt.), J. M. Lamond. *Absent*—L. Blyth



Photo by Norman Brown & Co.

Back Row—J. E. Stark (Capt.), J. Weatherhead, W. B. Gibbs, I. Watson, Lieut. T. Linton (Instructor)
Front Row—W. F. Morrison, J. L. Weatherhead, D. Watson

Boys' Golf Team
Strathcona Shield Winners

Dundee High School
Magazine

ments. 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.

THE SPORTS

It was a glorious summer's day at Dalnacraig on Saturday, 4th June, when the School Sports were held, and this, I believe, was the main factor in their success. Other factors were the splendid organisation, the enthusiasm of the competitors and the support of parents and friends. The most noteworthy feature was the eagerness of the under-eights, who deserve high praise for their efforts. The pipe band deserves great credit, too, for its performance which, at all times enlivening, was sometimes even thrilling.

A new record for Putting the Weight (36 feet $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches) was set up by the Senior Champion, Leonard Ferguson. Other competitors who distinguished themselves were Peter Robertson (Intermediate Champion), Clifford Allan (Junior Champion), and Kenneth Hogg (winner of the Mile). A new departure was the conclusion of the sports with Inter-House Relay Races which may become a permanent feature.

Mr F. S. Young, B.Sc., presided, and prizes were presented by Councillor Miss L. Clunas.

A VISIT TO THE CASH REGISTER FACTORY

On the evening of June 2nd, 25 girls from F.III., with Miss Smith, Miss MacDonell, Mr Laird and Mr Anderson in charge, had the privilege of being shown round the modern factory of the National Cash Register Company. Mr Murray escorted one of the two parties and Mr Allen the other.

In all the departments Mr Murray emphasised the necessity for extreme accuracy in the assembly of the 2,500 parts which go to make a cash register.

We were shown and were much impressed by the treatment and rest rooms for injured employees.

The free time of the workers is amply catered for in the extensive playing fields,

the large canteen, and the numerous social activities.

When we had expressed our approval of all we had seen, a vote of thanks was proposed and we came away with a knowledge of an efficient mass-production plant.

P. A. G. Y.

D.H.S. PHILATELIC SOCIETY.

It is intended to revive this Society next session—meetings to be at 5.15 on Fridays, and membership from boys of the Upper School and L.V.

Any contributions of stamps to form an exchange pool will be gratefully received. It is hoped that parents and others interested will be willing to assist in producing an attractive programme.

W.M.

PENNIES.

Since Easter, 1946, pupils attending gymnastic classes have contributed pennies for a "General Purposes Fund." So successful has this scheme proved, thanks to the efforts of the pupils, that the total sum collected now amounts to £161. The following donations have been made from this fund:—

Five Million Club (1946-47)	£20	0	0
Five Million Club (1947-48)	10	0	0
United Nations' Appeal for Children	20	0	0
Dr. Barnardo's Homes (1947)	5	0	0
Disabled British Sailors ...	4	10	0
Dundee School Children's Holiday Fund (1947) ...	5	0	0
Dr. Barnardo's Homes (1948)	5	0	0
Dundee School Children's Holiday Fund (1948) ...	5	0	0
Five Million Club (1948-49)	10	0	0
Nancy Reoch Memorial Fund	2	2	0
Scottish War Veterans' Garden City Association ...	2	2	0
Dr. Barnardo's Homes (1949)	6	0	0
Dundee School Children's Holiday Fund (1949) ...	5	0	0
	£99	14	0

A VISIT TO THE GASWORKS.

On the last Tuesday of the Spring Term, Form IV were very pleased to spend an afternoon at the gasworks. In rather a mysterious way the roll of Form IV, Science Section, for that event, increased from 44 to over 60, but we were only too ready to welcome the company of Form VI girls, who, by the way, seemed to enjoy and profit by the visit more than the others.

The Gasworks were not quite what we expected, but we were amazed at the cleanliness. True, there was a film of fine coal-dust over the place, and by 4 o'clock one party of boys bore a remarkable resemblance to the Ten Little Nigger Boys, but the aroma that we had always detected, to our disgust, in the Ferry Road—Dock Street area was absent, or perhaps we had become immune to it after our long sojourn in the Chemical Laboratory. At any rate, on leaving the precincts, one young lady had to be assured that the peculiar smell blowing from the Tay was that of fresh air.

The party was divided into groups of ten which were conducted by a supervisor through the works, starting at the machinery for filling the retorts with coal. This part was just too mechanical to understand and we were surprised to note that there was little manual work attached to recharging the retorts and furnaces. (It is rumoured that immediately after the visit a number of boys enrolled their names for future vacancies.)

We had supposed the Hydraulic Main to be a big cylinder, but it turned out to be a long, U-shaped pipe. The Electric Precipitator was something new to us. It is the latest method of removing the very fine oils and tars from the coal-gas. Otherwise the gasworks were just as we expected, and we look forward with confidence to No. 7 question of the Higher Leaving Certificate in Chemistry for 1950 being on the coal-gas industry.

GIRLS VERSUS STAFF HOCKEY

MATCH.

The atmosphere was that of Murrayfield; the crowds swarming through the gate; the sound of Woolworth's frying pans rattling and banging in encouragement; and a busy official directing and upbraiding the small, and not so small, boys.

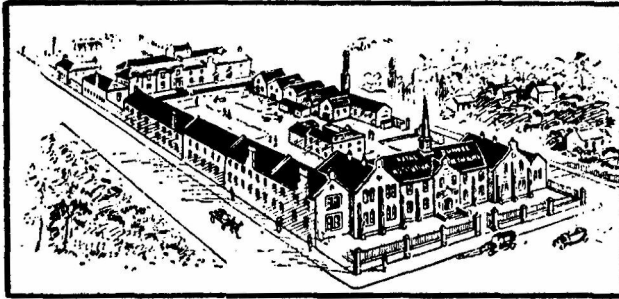
As on all big occasions, the teams were late in taking the field, showing that at least great attention was being paid to dress and general appearance. On leaving the pavilion, the girls looked a bit nervous, the staff a bit tired, but a mighty cheer from the crowd enabled the latter to sum up sufficient energy to proceed to their appointed places. This was the last, as well as the first, piece of positional play. Probably Mr. Stewart's outstanding performance was due to the short distance that he had to walk to reach the goal.

The game was played at a fast pace and Mr. Maclaren, tearing along the touch-line, would be well advised to provide himself with means of transport next year. The girls suggest a bicycle while the staff are inclined to favour a bath chair. Margaret Watson scored two goals, one legitimate which was disallowed by the umpire, the other offside which was allowed by the umpire. The staff were never like scoring, which was probably due to the skill with which the girls marked their "man" and packed their goal whenever danger threatened.

The game ended 1-0 in favour of the girls, a fair result, but, what is more important, everyone enjoyed the fun and the Reconstruction Fund had another uplift.

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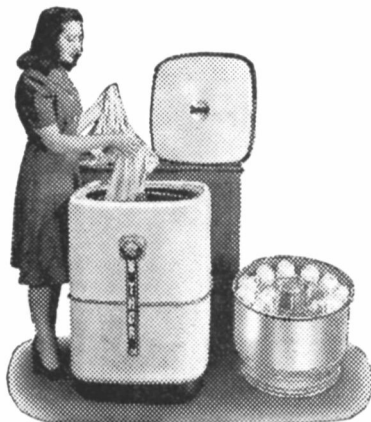
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The War Memorial

On Wednesday, 8th June, the War Memorial was unveiled. The ceremony was divided into two parts. There was first a service of remembrance in Dundee Parish Church (St. Mary's), which was followed by the Unveiling and Dedication at the School. At the service in St. Mary's, which was conducted by the Rev. J. H. Duncan, D.D., we were fortunate in having as preacher an old boy of the school, the Rev. A. M. Davidson, C.B.E., M.C., D.D., K.H.C. Dr. Davidson spoke from the text, "He hath redeemed us from our enemies, for his mercy endureth for ever": as we have been redeemed at a sacrifice of great cost, so the redemption and re-dedication of our own lives is the only hope of the world today, no matter what the cost in personal sacrifice.

At the second part of the service, held in the pillars, after an opening prayer by Dr. Davidson, the names of the fallen were read by the Rector. The memorial was unveiled by the two Senior Prefects, Elizabeth Dick and Roger Chawla, and "The Flowers of the Forest" played by the pipes and drums of the Cadet Corps. After Dr. Duncan had given the prayer of dedication a wreath of white irises and lilac was brought forward by Guide Mamie Donald and Cadet L/C M. Richardson to be laid at the foot of the memorial. Dr. Davidson pronounced the benediction.

The service was attended by Classes Lower II. to Form VI., and the companies of the C.C.F., Guides, and Rangers paraded in uniform. Many relatives of the fallen, friends and Directors of the school were present, and all alike will retain a lasting memory of Dr. Davidson's impressive address, the bearing of the pupils, and the note of solemn dignity which marked the proceedings.

The memorial has been placed on the landing of the stairway opposite the main door of the Boys' School, and catches the eye at once on entrance. It consists of the bronze figure of a boy, set against a background of destruction, and flanked by two plaques bearing the names of those who lost their lives. It is a simple and moving example of the well-known bronze work of Mr T. S. Halliday, our Art Master. The stone work on which it is mounted was given and prepared by Mr H. K. Symington, an old boy of the school. Underneath is placed a desk, made by Mr A. D. Murray, head of the Technical Department, on which rests a vellum book containing the names and details of the fallen. The beautiful illuminated work and script were done by Miss Joan Cuthill, while Miss A. Lickely is responsible for the cover and Mr W. P. Vannet for the frontispiece. The school, past and present, owes a deep debt to these members of the staff whose artistic skill has been employed with such generosity, sympathy, and love in the production of a real "school" memorial, worthy of those who died.

Our thanks are also due to Mr Eric Larg, who arranged the loud speakers so effectively for the ceremony at the school, and to Miss H. F. Falconer, who acted as Secretary to the War Memorial Committee. Miss Falconer knew personally practically all those who gave their lives, and had followed their careers with the eager interest which she shows in all who have been under her care. Her friendship with their relatives, her care, and industry, were the means by which all details were ascertained and their accuracy achieved.

THE END OF THE YEAR AS AN EXCHANGE TEACHER.

Last year at this time I was speculating on how I should feel at the end of a year in a foreign country. It seemed a long time off, but I felt certain that I should be happy to see the year end. With an adventurous attitude I said goodbye to my friends and family and began my 6,000 mile journey to Scotland.

The year has been filled with new and pleasant experiences, and I should be pleased if some miracle would make the year pass less quickly. I have not felt as though I were a foreigner. I shall be happy to see my relatives, old friends and familiar places, but I feel that I have a second home in Dundee, to which I plan to return for a holiday soon.

I could not leave Dundee High School without acknowledging the kindness and help of Mr. Bain, Miss Turnbull and all the members of the staff with whom I have been privileged to work. To the many fine Scots I have met, both in and out of school, I should like to extend my thanks and I can assure them that they will find an ever-open door in California should they come to the United States.

ESTHER HAGAMAN.

FRIENDSHIP.

A friendly smile and kindly word,
The quick response from kindred mind,
Lay bare the gold in every heart
That forms the bond of human kind.

When strangers from remotest lands,
From diverse paths, find common aim,
In guise of other forms they find
The springs of human hopes the same.

The collie knows the shepherd's thought,
We share the swallow's love of home:
The planets, drawn to parent stars,
In Heaven's even concert roam.

What one adores in sunny clime,
Another finds in Arctic snow,
Though creeds abound, yet God's the same
And all His love's perfection know.

C. R. A.

MISS J. S. BROWN

It has become alas, in recent years, an all too common event in June to say farewell to one or other colleague who has decided to leave us in search of pastures new, but we are faced with a much more solemn event this June. One of the staunchest "pillars" of the school, no less a personage than Miss Jeannie Brown, has decided to relinquish her onerous duties, and in retirement to taste the sweet joys of well-earned leisure.

Educated at Madras College, St. Andrews, from which she emerged as Dux Medallist, Miss Brown proceeded to the University of St. Andrews of which she is a graduate. After a short period of teaching in St. Andrews Miss Brown came to the Dundee High School in 1915, and has since devoted herself loyally and whole-heartedly to the service of the school, and to the thoughtful care and training of the children entrusted to her charge.

The High School has been privileged indeed to have been able, for so long, to retain the services of a teacher of the calibre of Miss Brown. Honest and impartial in all her actions, kind and considerate in her dealings with others, Miss Brown has endeavoured to implant in the personalities of her young pupils something of her own quiet dignity and truly Christian outlook. Countless hundreds of former pupils, who have passed through her hands, must remember with grateful thanks how she strove ever to foster all the finer instincts in their nature. But Miss Brown's interest has not been confined within the four walls of a classroom. Many young swimmers of former years now owe their prowess in the swimming pool to the encouragement they had from her in their early attempts, and to-day, the healthy condition of the Swimming Club is in no small measure due to the labours of Miss Brown in promoting among the youthful members of the club a zealous interest in that sport.

Much as we regret that Miss Brown has decided to leave us, we hope that many years of happy activity lie before her, when she will have more time to enjoy the pursuit of the arts in which she is intensely interested. As we say goodbye, we wish her to know that she carries away with her the affectionate regard and admiration of all those pupils and staff alike, whose happy lot it has been, to travel along the pathway of life with such a perfect lady.

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MISS MARY B. BROWN

" And this first summer month which brings
the rose "

* * * *

" The lonely, the lovely, the sea-girt town
With towers on a sun-set sky."

* * * *

As I take pen in hand to write a note of regret at Miss Mary B. Brown's retirement these lines keep drifting into my mind, and my feeling of sorrow at parting with an old friend and colleague is mingled with a sensation of congratulation, almost of envy, that she should be retiring to such a lovely place.

Yes, I think, she goes in June, and what a pity ! What a break with the past ! That gap in the English Department will be difficult to fill. But she's going to St. Andrews . What a fortunate person ! She'll be living a few hundred yards from our Alma Mater which she loves, as do all those who ever sat within her walls. She's exchanging the classroom and its routine for the fresh, yet quaintly hallowed atmosphere of the city of the scarlet gown, with its links and sands and braes. What a fair beckoning prospect ! What a wonderful haven to retire to !

Miss Brown has spent many years in the service of the High School and no one could have worked for her classes with greater devotion or with more painstaking care and thoroughness. She came to the school with an excellent degree and, more important, with a wide general culture and a love for things of the mind, fine literature, music, and pictures. History was her special subject, but she taught with marked ability all the subjects which come within the province of the teacher of English. That her teaching was successful scores of her old pupils will readily testify : the visiting inspectors also noted with approval the excellent results of her work in the classroom.

But the good teacher exerts an influence above and beyond the imparting of knowledge. By her own quiet dignity, her sense of absolute fairness and her ready sympathy and understanding Miss Brown, at all times, set an excellent example to the young people under her charge. She made them realise that, if they wished to be considered ladies and gentlemen, they must act as such.

As a colleague Miss Brown was, in very truth, ideal. She never varied : in her one always found the same equable temper, the

kindly consideration, the friendly and willing co-operation and the determination to share in the hardest tasks of the department : and much hard work has come her way.

She has toiled hard and with success, she has borne the heat of the day and very wisely, though still as capable and energetic as ever, she has decided to retire. Most sincerely we say in parting, " Thank you for all the good work done, for your help and for your friendship ; and all good wishes for what we are sure will prove a very happy retirement in St. Andrews."

L.

MISS MESS

For years Dundee High School has had more than a local reputation for the high standard of its needlework, and the annual exhibition has attracted not only critics and admirers, but on occasion learners as well from the staffs of other institutions. It is difficult to realise that Miss Mess who has built up this reputation for manual skill, neatness, care, finish and taste, is retiring at the end of the present session.

Miss Mess has had almost a life-long connection with the school, of which her father was at one time Treasurer. She came as a pupil when barely five years old, and received all her primary and secondary education here. She then spent two years as a Pupil Assistant in the Needlework Department—an excellent training both in her chosen subject and in methods of teaching. From this apprenticeship she was appointed Assistant in the Needlework Department of Dundee Training College, and during this spell she was back in the High School on two occasions for short periods.

But other and perhaps more stereotyped methods of training were being developed, and Miss Mess made up her mind to gain the highest qualifications possible. She proceeded to the Glasgow and West of Scotland College of Domestic Science, and at the end of her Teacher's training received the rare and coveted mark of " Excellent." From 1919 till 1925 she was on the staff of the Edinburgh College of Domestic Science, and was then appointed to take charge of the Needlework Department of Dundee High School. It was a wise and fortunate choice. Miss Mess has not only maintained but developed the standard and width of the

department's work, and under her guidance a full Leaving Certificate course was organised—though Miss Mess herself is not alone in wondering if that is in the best interest of her subject! She helped with the swimming of the Senior Girls and with the Girls' Swimming Gala for many years. The Guides also are grateful for her long and willing co-operation as a Guide Badge Tester. In all the activities of the school she played an active part.

Not only have Miss Mess's skill and efficiency been given to the school, but her heart is in its associations and its pupils. Old girls return to savour the kindness which those who know her best appreciate most, and High School girls at St. Andrews are always welcome to the hospitality of her new and beautiful home. We wish her a most enjoyable holiday in Canada this autumn, and a long and happy retirement, and would remind her that St. Andrews is only twelve miles from Dundee.

MISS HAGAMAN

Miss Esther Hagaman came from Burbank, California, almost a year ago as exchange teacher in place of Miss Ella Brodrie.

One would expect that she would have found it difficult to "fit in," to feel at home coming from so distant a place. On the contrary—from the beginning Miss Hagaman has been one of ourselves, and we look forward with real regret to her impending departure. As she herself says she is very sad indeed at the thought of leaving Scotland and the friends she has made. When she left America she knew that she would be returning in a year's time—Here, who knows?

We occasionally envy Miss Hagaman. Never in our lives have we been invited to the Garden Party of the General Assembly, or to meet the Queen! Our revenge, of course, will be to visit her in Burbank and insist on meeting celebrities in Hollywood.

She has added greatly to the gaiety of D.H.S. by causing so many parties to be held, so many motor-runs and picnics. We have all considered it our duty to show her Scotland and have had tremendous pleasure in doing so, especially when our efforts met with such intense appreciation.

One task we have not envied her has been the many speeches she has been called upon

to make, but after all these were usually offset by extremely good lunches, to the accounts of which we listened hungrily. She would not admit that she enjoyed acting on Staff-Night at the Girls' Literary Society, but was frequently reduced to helpless mirth at rehearsals.

One thing I should not forget to mention—her work in teaching Class LIII. boys. She has been most enthusiastic, coping with the difficulties of L.S.D. and British history in the most admirable manner, and refusing to neglect her work despite many enticements. For that, I personally want to thank her very much indeed.

Miss Hagaman has made a place for herself here among us, has shown herself a true friend and companion and will leave a positive blank behind her when she goes.

M. TURNBULL.

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW ABOUT SCOTLAND?

1. Which is the longest river?
2. Where is the oldest university?
3. What two names are given to Aberdeen?
4. What two names are given to Edinburgh?
5. What famous piece of music was written by Mendelssohn when he visited Scotland?
6. (a) The Soutars of "_____" and
(b) The Stewarts of "_____"
7. What part of Scotland belongs to Canada?
8. Which is the nearest Airport to Aberdeen?
9. By whom was John o' Groat's house built?
10. What Scotsman invented the first machine for embroidery?
11. How many clans were there in Scotland at the time of the Union with England?
12. Who or what are the Five Sisters of Kintail?

Answers on page 23

M. Bishop Cadenhead

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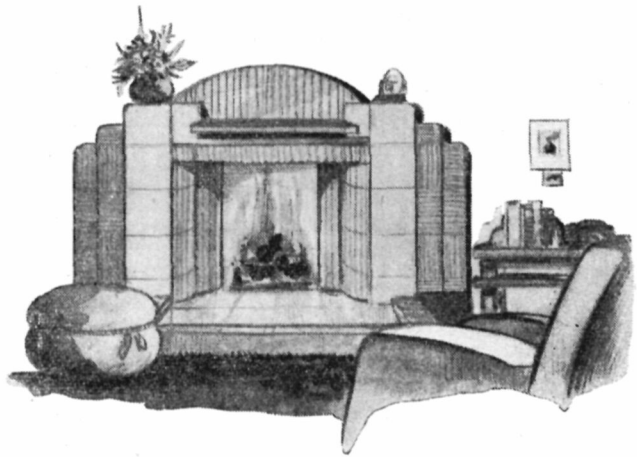
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Russian and the Russians

Those ancient Greeks who sailed through the Black Sea in their frail craft, centuries before Christ, to found new homes in the Crimea, introduced the primitive Russians to wonders unheard of. Not least was the marvel of recording the spoken word in written characters. And to this day the Russian writer uses symbols taught to him by these Greek sailors of old. The Roman conqueror of later times did not enter Russia, and so while Western Europe came to use, in their writings, the alphabet of the Romans, the Russians, in their remote country, were left with their Greek alphabet, to which they added strange new symbols to represent those sounds in their Slav tongue which were foreign to the Greeks. We English speakers have in the middle of our word "pleasure" and at the beginning of the word "shame" the sounds "zh" and "sh" of the Slav voice but the Greeks did not and so the Russians evolved new letters of their own.

In later days, too, Greece was to spread the Christian religion into Russia while Rome did the same for Western Europe and in time, while the Catholics of the western world looked to Rome for guidance and inspiration from the Head of their Church, the Russian adherents of the Greek Orthodox Church turned their eyes to their own Patriarch in nearby Constantinople. And the priests of that Orthodox Church developed their elaborate ritual, and treasured the alphabet the Greeks had begun for them, through many generations of barbarism when invaders passed in waves over the Russian plains and the Russian peasant tried to cling to the soil that gave him his bread.

So it must have been. And even yet to those of us to-day who begin to learn the Russian language, the first impression perhaps is that here we are dealing with a primitive people, with a primitive tongue. They seem to speak in the way our fore-fathers must have done many centuries ago. Where we use combinations of words like "of the father," "to the father," "by the father" to express different ideas, the Russian does the same by using one word, by changing the end-

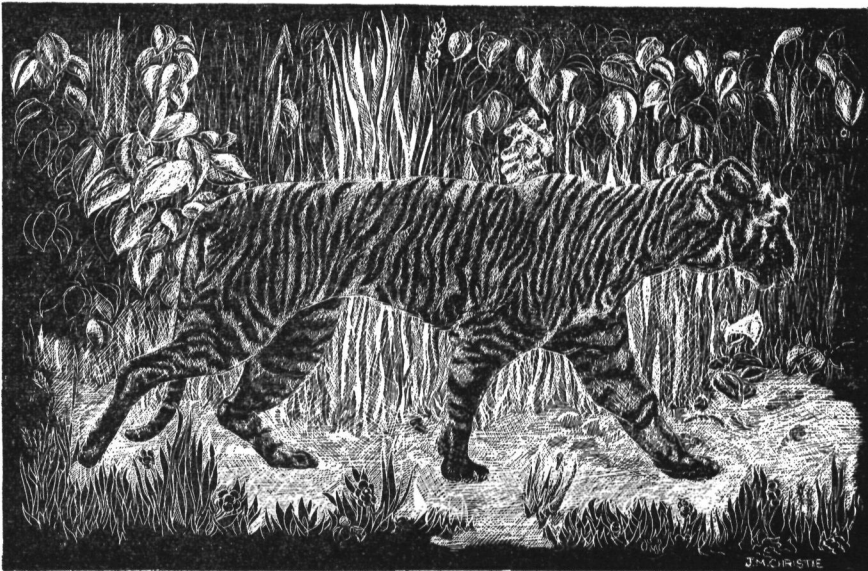
ing of his word for "father," just as the ancient Roman, the early Greek and the Saxon invaders of England did. That is, they still use case endings, including an Instrumental and a Prepositional case. The declension of their nouns and the conjugation of their verbs is, in some ways, more complicated than that of ancient Rome or Greece. We have the impression that the Russians must have been living in isolation for centuries, cut off and remote from that civilisation that brought change after change to the countries of Western Europe, changes that generally led to a great simplification of language.

But no, that isolation has not been complete. As we probe further into this seemingly primitive language, we are surprised at meeting familiar French words, veiled in the lettering of the old Russian alphabet. And the more we probe, the more we meet of these French words until our second impression is gradually formed that these Russians must have learned all they know of modern civilisation from France. They have borrowed French words for the "army," the "theatre," the "tramway," for "music," for "library," and for nearly all the terms of cultured thought. Their names for their ranks in the army, for the various parts and usages of the theatre, their words for "railway carriage," for a "restaurant," for the "waitress" in the restaurant, for a "newspaper," for a "shop," for a "factory"—they are all French. When did they learn all that from France? Then we remember France's past greatness, Napoleon's invasion of Russia, and the alliances between France and Russia with their partitions of Poland, that we read of in our school days. These Russians must have admired and copied all things French far beyond what we British ever did. Yet the abiding Slav tongue, with its ancient Greek letters, remains. It seems to have absorbed its French ideas and made them its own, giving simple French words Slav endings and covering up their foreign origin. The Slav predominates. A newspaper may be a "gazyeta," but the names of the great Russian newspapers

"Izvestia" ("News") and "Pravda" ("Truth") are Slav.

What then do they read and write and think about, those Russians, with their old alphabet, their old-fashioned modes of speech, with their fading veneer of French culture? As we dip into books and decipher the words of Lermontov, of Tolstoy, of Turgenev and of modern Soviet writers, it dawns upon us that the main preoccupation of these countless Russians is their own country and its inhabitants. Russia is a world by itself, and life in Russia is an all-absorbing topic. We open our eyes when we see the quaintly transliterated names of Lord Byron and of Sir Walter Scott. "Walter" is so difficult when the Slav has no sound for "W"! But these are but names. The Russians merely took to the idea of the historical novel, they absorbed the idea, and adapted it and made it their own. What does the plot or story of the novel matter? You can use, they thought, the historical novel to describe life in Russia, life as it is and was, to describe the ways of the people, their troubles, their joys and sorrows. You can use it to tell your fellow Russians, if they need the telling,

of the misery of the Russian peasant under the noble landlord, of the goodness to be found in the simplest of men and of the evils that are of men's making. There is laughter in Russia, and there is music: they have the piano, the "royalye," and the "scribka," the "violin," and their great composers. Yes, just as the summer sun, with its red glow at its rising—and the same word means "red" and "beautiful" in Russian—dispels the winter snows that lie so long in the plains, so the Russian can laugh, at times. But, whether it has been the age-long struggle to wrest a meagre living from the soil, or the vastness of these great plains that stretch on and on into far Siberia, the isolation and the loneliness, there seems to be always a sadness and mysticism in Russian thought, a wondering at the purpose of things and of life, and a fear of the great Unknown. "Sad Demon, spirit of exile, was flying over the sinful earth, and memories of better days passed through his mind," begins one poem by Lermontov. The Russian takes readily to poetry, with its musings, its mystery, its dealing with the abstract and the unknown, just as they love their novel with



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its introspective brooding, on life as they know it. What is foreign and strange is of less interest. Who would want to know of life in England or America, when there is so much to absorb one in the infinite variety of one's own people, one's own country and one's own history? The Poles, for example, to the westward may claim to be Slavs but they are a renegade people. They broke away centuries ago from the parent stock to turn to western ways of writing, of worshipping the God who sends the snows and the harvests, to western ways of living and of thinking. They too are of no account. What does interest the Russian is the contrast between Ivan's way of life in the Ukraine, working in the harvest field with his scythe flashing in the sun, and that of his cousin in "Moskva," that great city that made itself the heart of Russia. And it may be Ivan's is the better life, near to the soil and to the simplicity of nature.

Perhaps, in Western Europe, only the Gael, or the Celt, shares that peculiar sadness we meet in Russian thought, a sadness clinging to memories that go far back, and to imagination that is ever winging its way beyond the present and the material world. The Russian outlook on life seems so different from the practical mentality of the Western European or of the American. Tragedy appears to Russian writers inherent in life, and they apparently derive endless satisfaction from dwelling on its pathos. Is the Slav, or at least the Russian Slav, essentially a sentimentalist? That he is sentimental in his everyday life his language suggests, if only by its intriguing use of the diminutive. Perhaps Latin with its liquid "-ellus" endings affords the only comparison. Even the word "dozhd" for

"rain" is commonly turned into "dozhdik" by adding the diminutive ending. Christian names, and the names of animals, birds and flowers all become more intimate and dear by rendering in the diminutive. "Hekaterina" may be a dignified and beautiful name, but the Russian prefers the caressing short form of "Katya." "Ivan" may be manly, but little Ivan is almost invariably referred to as "Vanya." Barbara (pronounced "Varvara") is shortened to "Barya" and "galka," the "jackdaw," becomes "galchenok." "Brat" is the word for brother, but the Russian prefers to address him as "bratyets"—"my dear brother." Some Russian names like "Sonya" have become popular in the West. So, too, "zaika," the "hare," is usually spoken of affectionately as "zainka" or "zaichik." Is the Slav more akin to the Celt than to the Teuton?

It was a visit to a Russian prisoner of war camp in Germany during the recent war that first turned my thoughts to learning Russian. Well do I remember those gaunt prisoners in ragged clothing standing rigidly to attention at the sight of a British Officer's uniform, their faces unsmiling and inscrutable, and I recall my shock on realising from the slanting eyes around me that the bulk of these Russians were Mongolian. Curiosity prompted the study of their language, but a deeper interest is awakened when it is found that learning that language reveals the very soul of a people, far different in many ways from ourselves, a people, self-absorbed, standing aloof from others, a people in many ways simple, childlike and primitive. And Bolshevism seems to have done little to change them.

C. R. A.

Senior Section

PUNS!

"A pun is the foundation of humour and is therefore the lowest form of wit," says one dictionary, giving an example of paronomasia. Be that as it may, it is a very popular type of witticism. This fact may be noted particularly in D.H.S. where a period never passes without someone making a pun. A master may even condescend, in a lordly fashion, to make a pun—received, of course, with groans or hisses, or, better still, with silent contempt. No one makes mention, however, of the puns, or punsters, of past ages, so, to rectify this sad state of affairs the magazine must be polluted by a few noteworthy examples.

The origin of the pun is doubtful. The earlier form "pundigrion" may be a corruption of the Italian "puntiglio," to quibble. Another version is that the word comes from a Welsh term signifying "equivalent." Some lexicographers trace the word to the Anglo-Saxon "punian" meaning a knocking or tossing about, referring in puns to the liberty taken of tossing a word or expression from one sense to another.

Aristotle, in "Rhetoric," describes several kinds of puns which he classes among the beauties of good writing.

Numerous examples of puns in Latin can be found in the works of the Roman writer, Martial:

"Sed ista tonstrix, Ammiane, non tondet
non tondet, inquam. Quid igitur facit?
Radit!"

Here the double meaning of "radit," "she shaves and "she fleeces," gives

"But that lady barber, Ammianus, does not shave you.

What then does she do? She 'fleeces' you!"

In old England puns were not unknown even in the pulpit. Shakespeare perpetrates puns on all possible occasions, even in the gravest situations. "Macbeth" furnishes us with a good example. Duncan having been despatched, Lady Macbeth, demanding the daggers from her husband, says:

"I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal

For it must seem their guilt."

That the pronunciation of certain words has changed since Shakespeare's time must be observed. Thus Rome's being pronounced "room" in the sixteenth century leads to

"Now is it Rome indeed and room enough" in "Julius Caesar."

We now come to a scathing comment by the anything-but-frivolous Dr. Johnson. He asserts "a man who would make a pun would pick a pocket." This is too hard. Could this allegation be brought against the gentle Charles Lamb, reputed by Hazlitt to "always make the best pun," against Hook, Tooke and Hood, masters of the art of punning in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, as a condemnation? Even Boswell, making allusion to Dr. Johnson's dislike of puns, ventures his opinion that "a good pun may be admitted among the smaller excellencies of conversation." For which we make a grateful obeisance to Mr. Boswell.

People speak of the ruling passion being strong in death. So it was with Thomas Hood. When, near his end, he said that he was dying out of charity to the undertaker who wished to "urn a lively-Hood."

A contemporary of Hood's, Horne Tooke, must have been more of a wit than a courtier, if it be true that, when George III asked him if he played cards, he replied, "I cannot, your majesty, tell a king from a knave."

Another eighteenth century humorist, Hook, punning on surnames, was challenged by one Dunlop to make a play on his name. "Very easy," was the reply. "Lop off the last syllable and it's done."

This punning on names brings to mind the effort of one anonymous poet who punned on the names of books. It is to be hoped that he was not seriously the worse for it.

"That Homer should a bankrupt be
Is not so very Odd-d'ye-see,

If it be true as I'm instructed,

So Ill-he-had his books conducted."

Punning was evidently not his pigeon.

An example must now be given of a "monstrous, great, quadruplicated pun."

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It is taken from an artist's advertisement:

"Like a grate full of coals, I'll glow,
A great full house to see,
And, if I am not grateful, too,
A great fool I must be."

This perforce must bring this article on puns to a close. To essay more would be to tempt the ever-ready hand of retribution. So, although not a didactic essay, if it has increased the number of "paronomasia admirers," it will have fulfilled its purpose.

IAN TAYLOR, F.IV.

"MISTAKEN IDENTITY."

We watched the door open slowly, inch by inch. We had a glimpse of a tall figure clothed entirely in black with a revolver in his hand. We dodged behind a nearby pew but he had seen us. "Hands up!" he cried and, as he stood under one of the dim lights, we saw his face was masked and so grim was his expression that our hands rose slowly to the domed roof. With his gun in his left hand, he quickly searched our pockets and he seemed surprised to find nothing important.

"Where are the pearls?" he muttered under his breath.

"I don't know," I managed to reply.

"Haven't you got them?" he demanded in the same undertone.

My reply was in the negative. I didn't know what he was talking about. Suddenly from one of the darkest corners came a shout.

"Cut!"

From the shadows came a man with a cigar in his mouth and huge spectacles perched on his nose.

"Where are the pearls?" he also wanted to know.

Before I was able to reply, the door burst open and in rushed two children of about the same age as ourselves.

"Sorry we're late," they cried, "but the set wasn't finished and we had to wait for it."

"Gosh!" exclaimed the man in black in a gentle voice, entirely unsuited to his villainous appearance, "Where have you been? And what are *you* doing here?"

This last question was addressed to us. I was beginning to see daylight. We had somehow got mixed up with a film company who were using the cathedral for a shot in their latest film called "Shot at Dawn." The villain of the piece had mistaken my sister and me for the two young actors who had just come into the cathedral and who were playing the parts of hero and heroine in the film. To make up for the mistake the producer gave us free tickets for the show when it came to our town. My sister and I were very glad that nothing more sinister than the villain of a film had been behind the slowly opening door.

G. J. H. P., F.II.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

Ludwig van Beethoven was born in Bonn in Austria in 1770. He was a great musical genius, and his father, who was a singer and who was very keen on music, helped him, flogging him if he did not manage to play the music he was given. Beethoven senior wished his son to be like Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart and his elder sister, Maria Anna Mozart, who had both been astoundingly clever at music. For this reason, perhaps, the gentleman sent his little son to Vienna to study under Haydn. While there, Beethoven met Mozart, who said, "Pay attention to this youngster, for he will yet make a noise in the world"—and haven't we all enjoyed that noise?

When Beethoven was grown up the French besieged Vienna. Down in a cellar in the town this great composer sat, plugging his ears with cotton-wool, so that the noise made by the enemy's guns might not affect his hearing which was already poor. Unfortunately it did ruin it, and the poor man never again heard his music when played, though he could hear it in his head, and—he continued to compose!

He had always before been amiable except when he took fits of temper; now, however, he became very cross and touchy. He is said to have thrown his soup in the face of his housekeeper if he did not like it. However, we must pity

more than blame this man, for it must have been a dreadful thing to be a composer and see thousands of people enjoying the music which he himself could not hear.

During this same battle, Haydn, who was now an old man, begged to be taken to the piano where he played the Austrian National Anthem to try and drown the noise of the guns. He was unsuccessful in this, and died that night.

When Beethoven died, some years later, in 1827, the crowd that watched his funeral procession was so great that soldiers had to come and clear a way.

So passed away a great man who had continued to compose under the burden of deafness.

Though this great crowd showed how much the people appreciated Beethoven, it is doubtful if any one of them imagined that crowds quite as large would gather more than a century later to hear the works of the same composer played.

ELSPETH SWINTON, F.I.a.

GUIDES!—BE PREPARED!

Cleaners and Guides had long since departed; silence reigned in the now empty school; but in one small corner three P.L.'s sat discussing a forthcoming hike.

As they prepared to leave, an ominous crash echoed through the silent corridors.

"My goodness," giggled P.L. I hysterically, "wouldn't I laugh if we were locked in for the week-end?"

Chuckling inwardly, P.L.F. tripped gaily on, little dreaming of what lay ahead. But, when she reached the foot of the stairs, she stopped dead, as if rooted to the spot. Her eyes glassy with fear, horror and amazement, she gaped incredulously at the heavily bolted door.

Surprised by this unusual silence the other two P.L.'s came flying down the stairs in time to hear her yell frantically, "Hi, you! let me out! Open that door! I want out!" And simultaneously she began to beat the door with her fists.

P.L.'s I. and B. subsided helplessly on the steps, holding their sides as they rocked with laughter. With an effort, they curbed their hilarity, and the seriousness of the occasion dawned upon them.

"Crumbs!" said P.L. I, "We'll starve. I've only got a scone and a half left from my tea."

"Oh, you would think of your stomach!" snapped P.L. F., flaring up. "It would serve you right to be fed on dogs' biscuits for a week."

With one accord, the trio rushed in all directions, rattling doors and banging on windows. But in vain!!! Their only chance of escape was down the fire escape, but they could not leave an unlocked door. P.L.'s I. and B. made use of the fire escape, while P.L. F. stayed behind to lock up. They climbed successfully over one small fence, in the pouring rain, and then suddenly P.L. F., standing behind the door, was summoned by a terrific yell. She rushed out, in time to see P.L. B. suspended in mid-air on a spar of the high fence, while P.L. I. lay on the ground helpless with laughter. Tenderly P.L. B. unhitched herself and went in search of help. Meanwhile P.L. I. tried unsuccessfully to mend the broken fence, while an irate householder rained curses on her defenceless head.

As P.L. F. paced restlessly up and down, like a caged lion, she heard a great hammering at the door and at the same time footsteps, heavy and light, could be heard from the end of the hall. Having admitted an indignant, sodden P.L. I., P.L. F. turned to behold Mr. Stark who had come to release the two remaining prisoners. With several jokes at their expense, Mr. Stark led the way into the welcome fresh air.

Lord Byron was surely right when he said, "Brightest in dungeons, Liberty thou art."

THE LOST THREE.

MY SECRET.

"We ought to be happy and jolly and gay"

Is a motto that should be applied every day:

A smile and a song will help us along
And make people think that nothing is wrong.

So have a kind word for your neighbour
and friend

And life will be beautiful right to the end.

I. H., F.I.

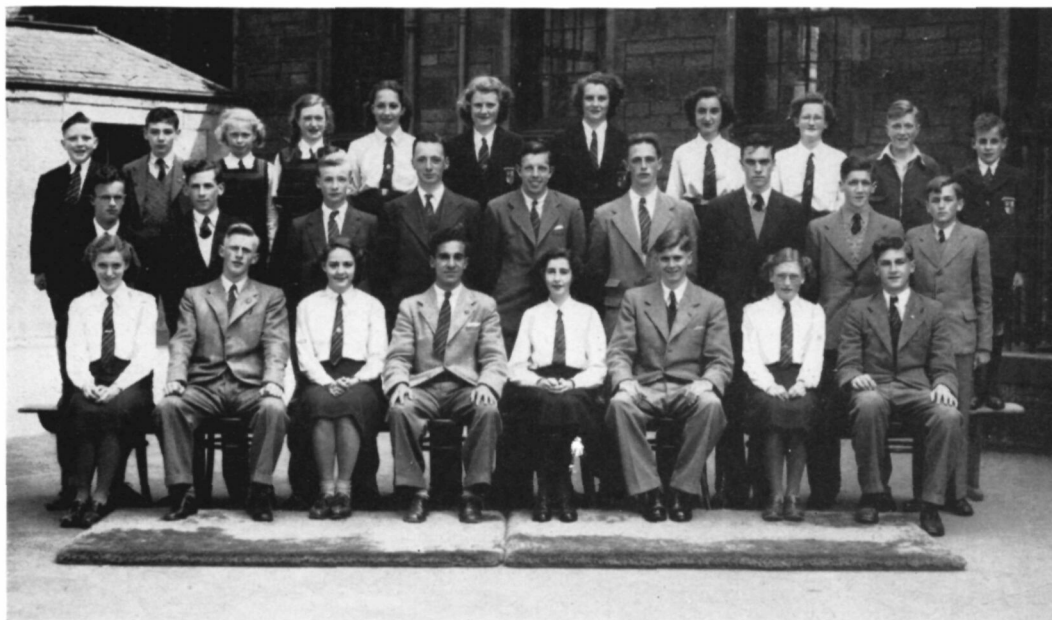


Photo by D. & W. Prophet

Seated (L. to R.)—Anne L. Cameron, Dux (Equal) in English; Henry G. Watson, Dux in Mathematics; Margaret E. Pullar, Dux in Needlework, Swimming Championship Cup; Roger S. W. Chawla, School Dux (Boys), Dux (Equal) in English; Margaret Jones, School Dux (Girls), Dux in French, German and Latin; Kenneth I. M. Hogg, Dux in Science, Loveridge Cup for Mile Race; Anne Haslock, Dux in Art; Alistair D. Christie, Dux in Gymnastics.

2nd Row—David C. Reid, Dux of Form III. Boys; William Kerr, D. McEwan Prize for Cricket; Peter G. C. Robertson, Intermediate Sports Champion; James L. Weatherhead, Champion Shot of Rifle Club; Gilbert D. Donaldson, Pirie Cup and Boase Medal for Golf; Leonard Ferguson, Sports Champion; Ian R. Mahon, Swimming Championship Trophy; Ian S. Stark, D. McEwan Prize for Cricket; Ewan E. Hooper, Leng Trust Silver Medal for Singing.

3rd Row—William F. Morrison, Silver Cup for best shot of 1st Year; Robert J. M. Lister, Junior Swimming Champion; Jill M. Burnett, Junior Swimming Champion; Margaret A. Drummond, Dux of L.V Girls; Isabel J. Ogilvie, Dux (Equal) Form III. Girls; Evelyn Bowman, Girls' Tennis Championship; Sheila M. M. Mackenzie, Dux in Gymnastics; Irene Whitton, Leng Trust Silver Medal for Singing; Joan C. Stirling, Dux (Equal) Form III. Girls; Forbes C. Allan, Junior Sports Champion; Hugh D. Duncan, Dux of L.V Boys.

Absent—John R. Stephen, Dux in Gymnastics, Form II. Boys; Aileen M. Paterson, Junior Tennis Championship.

**School Medallists
Session 1948-49**

**Dundee High School
Magazine**

A NIGHT OUT OF DOORS.

When night was falling on the West Coast of Scotland, a small sailing boat was drifting carelessly over the waves in Loch Nell, with the last evening breeze just filling her little white sails. In the stern sat the elder of the two brothers who were the joint owners. The younger brother was in the bow ready to lower the sails. Slowly the boat edged towards the small cove which could just be seen between two bluffs of rock. At last the elder brother, James, nodded to his brother, John, who at once lowered the mainsail and gathered in the jib. The small boat gradually lost her speed and crept forward into the shelter of the bluff. There was a slight crunching sound followed by the thud of feet as John jumped ashore to hold the boat steady while James unshipped the rudder and, having put it under the thwart, climbed out.

Together they pulled her some way up the beach and then proceeded to unload from her all the things they would need for the night. This done, James pushed her back into the water again and moored her in the little cove. John, in the meantime, carried the kit up off the beach, through the trees, into a small clearing that he knew. Once there, he set about pitching the tents before the last rays of the summer sun had sunk beneath the mountains over in Morven.

When James arrived in the clearing both the tents were pitched and the food stored in the smaller. A bump moving around on the wall of the larger showed that John was busy making the beds. James then gathered a small heap of dry sticks, half of which he put in the store tent for the morning, in case it rained, and with the other half, some paper and three matches, he made a fire which lit up the clearing and sent the shadows dancing into the darkened wood.

Once the fire was going well, they prepared their evening meal. This consisted of a tin of tomato soup followed by meat roll and peas and finished with date dumplings eaten in chunks, like cake. Tea was made and drunk in the stillness of that

clearing where one spoke in whispers for fear of disturbing the peacefulness. The pots, mugs and plates were then taken to a pool in the small burn which ran into the cove, where they were thoroughly washed and dried before being put away. The fire was then banked up and the brothers squatted on the ground, with the map between them, to decide where they would go the following day.

At about eleven o'clock they folded it up and prepared for bed. Once there, they lay awake in the light of the dying fire, to listen to, and find a reason for, the various mysterious noises around them.

Near at hand the little burn tinkled softly and unceasingly on. Farther away could be heard a slight roar where it fell over some distant waterfall and near the shore the waves could be heard gently breaking on the beach. One lonely frog croaked, but was not answered, so once more all was quiet. Overhead an owl could be heard mournfully moaning on his high perch. Other sounds reached them from afar, making a melodious, muted murmur of undistinguishable sounds. James turned over and soon the steady breathing of two people came from the tent to mingle in the melody of sounds. They slept.

They awoke about six-thirty and rose immediately to dash down through the trees for a bathe. They came out, dried themselves vigorously and made their breakfast on the newly-lighted fire. They cleaned their dishes once more, put out the fire, and beached the boat. They packed all the kit into her once more and then James repaired the centre board which had been slightly damaged the day before. They pushed her down the beach and climbed in.

Slowly her sails, which John hoisted, filled with the early morning breeze and, with James once more at the tiller, they sailed bravely out, accompanied by the singing of the birds from the little cove above which was the wood where they had spent such a glorious night out of doors.

JOHN WEATHERHEAD.



A Wet "Thrapple."

"The Scottish lords were very loath to wet their feet, but before long they were all drowned."

Portia as Writing Desk.

"Against the better half of Bassanio, Antonio signs the document."

"Oh, Why Left I My Hame?"

"At the battle of Philiphaugh Brutus waged battle too soon and he should not have gone to Philiphaugh."

Suicidal Pact.

"The Solemn League and Covenant was at the time when the Covenanters were trying to be suppressed."

Such a Tragedy.

Margaret (F.II.): "Please, Mr. S---, I've lost my 'MAN'."

"Hempen Homespun."

"Llanos is a plant that grows and produces ropes."

Protective Colouring.

"Black Country is the name given to land worked by natives."

It Depends What You Mean by Black.

"Black Country is the uninhabited region of the north where it is black nearly all winter."

Mental Black-Out.

"What is the locus of a point at a fixed distance from a given straight line?"

"An eclipse."

Terra Firma.

"Astronomy is the best subject on earth," says B---.

Interesting Creatures.

Mr. W---d, annoyed with Form IV.b, and after producing a dirty horrible substance by dropping some HNO_3 on sawdust in a tray, "Now I shall tilt it up and show you to it."

Very Tasty.

"My rabbit is given cabbages, dandy lions or anything green."

Hold Me Back!

"You should hold the puppy's ears back when eating his porridge."

Supersonics.

"In the garden you see small shouts coming up."

LOGIC OF L.IIIb.

"Every dog has a tail. This animal has no tail. Therefore——"

Answer 1—"It has been cut off."

Answer 2—"Someone cut it off."

"In the 12th century no books were printed. This book was produced in the 12th century. Therefore ——"

Answer—"It is a swick."

The Charm of Old Things

In writing on this subject, I would fain follow the example set by Charles Lamb in his essay on "Old China." It would relieve me of many difficulties if I were able to slip unnoticed into another subject with the ease and manner of Elia, and to return to the charm of old things with a few subtle strokes of my mischievous pen, as the concluding paragraph comes to an end. But there are traits and mannerisms even in great people of old, which we must not copy until we ourselves are great. We need not look far into the Greek of Thucydides, the Latin of Cicero, or the English of Shakespeare, to find instances of "bad grammar," yet we must write "good grammar." It is not for us to share their freedom and to break through the cordon of trivial technicalities with which tyrannical grammarians hem us in. But I digress in spite of myself.

Wherein lies the charm of old things? Is it their usefulness or their pecuniary value which charms us? Old and rare

postage stamps or coins may please the collector; old vases and ornaments, however ugly, may please the antique dealer; old music, especially when it is played on the old instruments for which it was written—the recorders, the rebecks, the viols and many others, for whose revival we are indebted to the Dolmetsch family—has a beauty and a sweetness all its own; in short, it is possible to see a large collection of old things in a museum, each of which has a special interest for certain members of the community. But our average individual is "interested in" museums, not "charmed by" them. If this is charm, it is a highly specialised variety.

He is a cold, unfeeling, materialistic wretch, however, in whose heart there is no place for the sentiments evoked by the old things with which he himself has some special connection; whose mind is too much occupied with the facts and figures of the moment to entertain the memories of childhood, aroused by the

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perusal of an old, almost forgotten exercise book, or by the old, vaguely familiar stories in his first reading-book. What of the old Parnassus, inherited from a father, with all the little drawings and remarks round the margins of the page? What of the old Greek Lexicon, on whose flyleaf a grandfather wrote his name when he was a student? How neatly they wrote in these old days! What interesting trains of thought these seemingly ordinary things set in motion! It is consoling to know that we are not the only "children" who waste time drawing on schoolbooks.

But there are other books besides school-books, and these may hold just as much charm and interest between their pages. We may stumble on an old beech-leaf, preserved for many years, which was placed there by a hand which was then as young as is ours which now discovers it. We find a little design, and an inscription: "To — on his 9th birthday, from Auntie —." We recognise our parent's name and the name of our great-aunt, now dead. How like the books we receive, with the same sort of inscription! We hope such customs will never change.

Old photographs, too, are a source of sentimental charm, for the real charm of old things is in their sentimental value. We can follow our own development, through every stage, from infancy to the present day, in our family album. We can see what our parents looked like when they were in their prams. The monetary value of all these things is very low, if it exists at all, but they may be our most treasured possessions.

We see, then, that there are two classes of old things: there are the old things which charm a specialised group, and the old things which fail to charm none but "blocks and stones" and "worse than senseless things." Our Elias may be charmed by the beauties of old china, our Dolmetsches may be charmed by the beauties of old music; our Bentleys may be charmed by the beauties of the ancient classics; but all in common share the charm of their own old personal belongings or inheritances—the charm of old things.

J. L. W., F.VI.

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*Back Row—I. S. Stark, R. S. W. Chawla, W. B. Gray, Mr Bisset (Pres.), L. Ferguson,
 O. J. K. Martin, P. G. C. Robertson*
Front Row—W. J. Riddell, W. R. MacRae, W. Kerr (Captain), I. M. Martin, J. R. Stephen

Girls' Tennis
Cricket 1st XI.

Dundee High School
Magazine

NIGHT OUT.

It was almost dark when we reached the hostel and thankfully shut the door on the howling gale which had battered and buffeted us all the way.

Supper was a welcome meal, and we were prepared to enjoy it, but our desultory conversation finally lapsed into silence as we listened to the moaning of the wind. By this time it was quite dark and, as the electric lighting was temporarily out of order, we lit an oil lamp and by common consent decided to go to bed.

It was the perfect setting for a ghost story. The wind outside had risen to a shriek, and howled down the chimney and around the window. Waves were crashing on the cliffs beneath the house, and all the doors were slamming and boards creaking. We lay awake listening, and trembling for no apparent reason. Suddenly our room-mate sat up in bed and let out an exclamation. I switched on my torch to see what was wrong, and we all saw a dark shape jump from the chair beside her and take refuge in the fireplace. "It was a mouse," she said. "I heard it scraping in my saddle-bag. There's a cake inside, and it must have smelt it."

Our night's peace, if peace it could be called, was rudely shattered. Margaret and I got up and put on our jerseys, collected all the loose eatables lying around the room, and proceeded downstairs. I shall never forget that midnight pilgrimage. It seemed that every board we trod on was loose, and squeaked accordingly. I tripped and fell three steps at the bottom, and all the things I was carrying went flying into the hall. Just then we were startled by an ominous-sounding sneeze from the men's quarters. We stood motionless, but nothing happened, so we went on into the kitchen. We had everything safely stowed when I knocked over a tin mug; it fell with a noise like thunder in the dark. We dropped the girl's cake on the table and bolted back upstairs, regardless of the noise we made.

In the bedroom we found them picking out the mouse in the beam of the torch as it ran round the room. We propped

the door open with a pillow for the animal to run out, but it seemed determined to stay where it was. We chased it with the torch light, threw things at it and shouted at it, but it was no use; it refused to go out that door. At last we gave it up and tried to sleep, comforting ourselves with the thought that there was at least nothing left for it to eat.

Every few minutes we sat up, positive we heard scrapings round about our beds, but found they were mostly imaginary. Somehow the idea of a mouse somewhere in the room dispelled all hope of sleep; eventually I fell into a doze, but the other two maintain to this day that they slept not a wink the whole night, what with mice and the fury of the elements.

NIGHTJAR, F.VI.

DELIGHTS.

Some delight in red of rose,

Some in blue of sky,

But the choicest colour of all, I think,

Is green of spring-tree leaf.

Some delight in hot-house flowers,

Some in nature's wild array,

But the loveliest flower of all, I think,

Is the bud of spring-tree leaf.

To some who know Pacific isles,

Our loveliest blossoms faded seem,

But I maintain and always will

That nothing gives the heart a thrill,

Like bloom of spring-tree leaf.

E. L., F.IV.

THE SEAGULL.

As the sun behind the hill is dying

And darkness creeps upon sea and land,

The cold free gull goes flying, flying

Over the waves and the gleaming sand;

Over the waste of a darkening sea

Crumpled up by the wind's strong hand,

The gull goes sailing, wild and free.

Lonely echoes its distant crying

Over the rocks and the black cliff ledge,

With the vagrant wind at the water's edge

Singing, whispering, sighing.

J. A., F.IV.

ODE (MODERN).

Divine (ahem)
 Chem!
 [Don't scoff;
 That is the way to spell a cough.
 Alas, one cannot spell
 A smell (e.g. H₂S)]
 And sometime, you budding scientists
 We need some more things to rhyme.
 Acetylene,
 Benzene,
 Chlorine,
 Iodine,
 Fit into a scheme.
 Even chlorate of pot.
 Is pretty hot,
 But amphoterics
 Would provoke hysterics,
 And can you find a rhyme for
 p—Hydroxyamphetaminedihydro-
 bromideSKF?
 Because I can't.

K. S. A.

NIGHT AND DAY.

A dark velvet curtain covers the heavens,
 Pierced here and there by a star.
 I hear by my side a soft rustle of leaves,
 And the owl's low "tu-whoo" from afar.
 Darker e'en yet than their background of
 blue,
 Pine trees stand stately and tall,
 And high up in the sky a white crescent
 moon
 Sheds her cold, silver light over all.
 Softly and silently dawn is a-breaking;
 Night maketh room for the day;
 The sun has appeared from behind the
 dark hills
 And is smiling our troubles away.
 FRANCES DONALDSON, F.IV.

SONG OF SUMMER.

Blue summer skies,
 Countless flies;
 Pansies and roses,
 Victorian posies;
 Sun in the sky,
 Ever so high;
 Fat little clouds,
 Wrapped in their shrouds
 Of pink, white, and grey,
 Scud on their way:
 While I swing to and fro
 On the grass here below.
 FRANCES DONALDSON, F.IV.

CHILDREN'S HOUR.

"... we end children's hour this evening with a story for the youngest listeners, and here is Auntie Kathleen to tell it to you."

"Hullo, children! Well, this story is called 'The Special Examination.'"

"Once upon a time there was a Leaving Certificate candidate called Lesbia Snigglebotham who went to take a Very Special Examination. This examination had to be very, very neat and tidy. So Lesbia sat down at a desk and very soon the examination began. There was no paper made up into books, only plain loose sheets, but there was a nice big clean piece of blotting paper. Now Lesbia was very clever, and very soon needed some more paper, and then some more, and then some more. And never before had there been such a neat and tidy examination paper.

"But, oh dear! on the very last page, what do you think happened? Yes, something terrible! A great, big, blue-black, naughty blot went 'Blot' right in the middle. But Lesbia, who was a sensible girl, blotted it all with the blotting paper and there was only a little, little mark because the blotting paper was very, very good blotting paper. And at the end Lesbia folded all the sheets of paper inside the blotting paper and gave them in.

"And a few days later the Examiner sent for Lesbia and said to her, 'Lesbia, never, never has there been such a very, very neat examination paper.'

"'Thank you, sir,' said Lesbia.

"'But tell me one thing,' said the Examiner. 'Why did you write it all on pieces of blotting paper and use the writing paper to blot with?'"

"Good night, children, everywhere!"

K.S.A.

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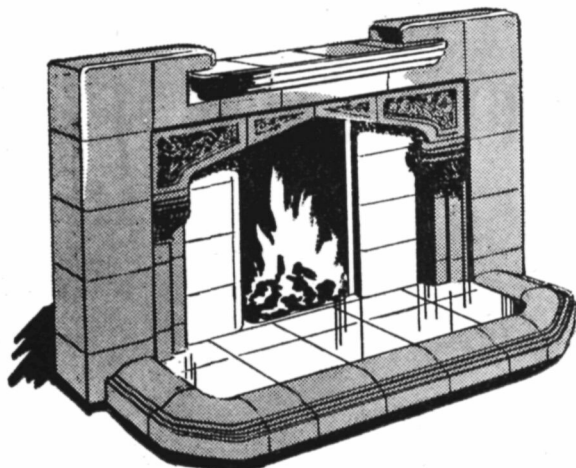
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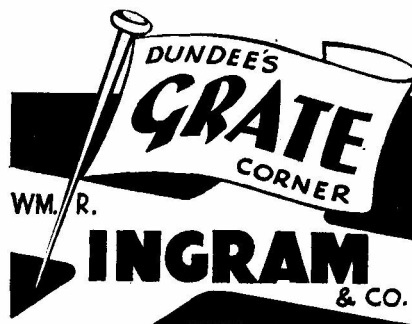
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Junior Section

THE MAGIC OF THE PAST.

How plain our world to-day does seem,
 Compared with past arrays,
 When knights and ladies ruled the day,
 And led the ancient frays:
 When queens upon our ancient thrones
 Sat, proud and regal, too,
 And daring seamen sailed the seas,
 Explored the wide world through:
 When whiskers long became the rule,
 And skirts with hoops were "in,"
 And crinolines did sweep the ground
 And waists were very thin.
 These were the attractions of the past
 Of which we all have read,
 And though we wish that we were there—
 Now, we should all be dead.

ANNE DRUMMOND, L.V.

ONE LOVELY DAY.

One lovely day
 In the month of May,
 When the cock was crowing
 At the break of day,
 The boys and girls
 Went out to play.
 They played on the hill,
 They played in the dell,
 They played in the fields,
 They played on the fell.
 JAMES WRIGHT, L.III.

ROLLING AN EGG.

Rolling an egg down a hill
 Is such great fun,
 Rolling, rolling, without a spill,
 Rolling in the Easter sun.
 When it hits a big fat tree,
 It makes a crack,
 And we all laugh with glee,
 And our hands go smack, smack!
 JAMES HUNTER, L.III.

HOLIDAYS.

When the holidays are here,
 All the boys begin to cheer.
 Of course, some girls begin to sneer,
 When the holidays are here.
 Some boys have lots of fun,
 When they start to run.
 Some boys can't run very fast,
 So they just come in last.
 IAN CROFT, L.III.

THE PUPPY THAT WOULD NOT GET UP.

Said Bertram Dog to Bongo Pup,
 "What about you getting up?
 As it is such a nice day,
 We will go right out to play."
 Bongo groaned, "Oh must," he said,
 "Must I get out of my warm bed?"
 "Of course, you must," said Bertie Dog,
 "Or you'll grow into a lazy hog."
 "It's only ten o'clock," said Bong,
 The answer was, "Rise with a Song."
 "All right," said Bong, the little pup,
 "I suppose I will have to get up."
 Bong rolled slowly out of bed.
 In doing so he bumped his head.
 "Ouch!" he said and gave a groan.
 Bert said, "I will the doctor phone."
 "Oh, please. Oh, please! Don't bring him
 in.
 He gives me horrid medicine,"
 Wailed our wee pup.
 The answer was, "Well, you get up."
 Bertie at last got Bongo up,
 With wails and moans from our wee pup,
 And they soon got out to play
 As it was a nice warm day.

JAMES WILSON, L.III.

THE BABY BIRDS.

A little bullfinch
 On her nest
 Was warming her eggs
 With her feathery chest.
 The eggs went crack!
 So she looked to see.
 There were her babies,
 One, two and three.
 They learned how to fly,
 They learned how to sing,
 They learned how to find their food,
 And that's a handy thing.

CLARE FULLERTON, L.III.

FAIRIES.

I'd love to go to the woodlands gay;
 I'd love to know where the fairies play.
 They skip and dance;
 They jump and prance;
 And that's the way the fairies play.
 WINIFRED M. PATON, L.III.

SLEEP.

When will sleep come and knock at my door?

I'm waiting and waiting for him.

Inside it's dull and dark,

Outside it's grey and dim.

When will sleep come and knock at my door?

With his golden bag of dreams?

I'm sure he's visited everyone else,

Riding on silver moonbeams.

I've tossed and I've turned,

And I've found it a bore.

Ah! who's this a-knocking?

It's sleep at my door!

MONA LINDSAY, L.III.

THE BIRDIE.

A little brown thing with wings; that's me,

And I live in a nest high up in a tree.

I have little babies, one, two and three.

But a little brown thing with wings;

That's me.

MORAG McCRAE, L.III.

MY FLOWER-BED.

I have a little flower-bed,

Under some shady bowers,

Such a nice little flower-bed

With lots and lots of flowers.

There are sweet peas and holly-hocks

Away at the back,

And clarkia and cornflowers;

Nice colours, they don't lack.

There are marigolds and carnations;

They have nice colours, too.

There are also nasturtiums

With such a lovely hue.

In the front, there are some pansies;

They are my favourite flowers, you know.

What a pretty sight to see

My flower-bed all aglow!

M. RITCHIE, L.IIIg.



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8d and 2/3 per packet

VITANUT FLAKES—A delicious breakfast food. Children love them. Made from nut kernals, dates and honey.

1/8 and 4/2 per tin

BISMEAL—Energen breakfast food. High in protein.

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PEANUT BUTTER—Can be used in place of butter or for cooking.

1/6 and 2/6

SLIPPERY ELM FOOD—A proved remedy for Gastric or DUODENAL Ulcers.

2/-, 2/3 and 2/6 per tin

EMPROTE—Rich in protein. The food for Muscle, Brain and Nerve.

1/10 and 3/6 per tin

P.R. COFFEE—A pure coffee. Guaranteed free from any adulteration.

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A SIXTEENTH CENTURY PLAY.

It is 1590. We enter the Globe Theatre, London. A play is in progress. It is about an old, rather haughty gentleman wending his way through a wood. The trees are very peculiar because they are held up by men who think themselves hidden.

A call-boy dressed in a red, green, blue and yellow coat comes on to the stage. In his hand is a white placard on which is printed "Storm."

We see the bewhiskered gentleman pacing backwards and forwards, humming sullenly to himself and cursing the weather. Suddenly there is a crash. He has slipped against a tree, but the man who holds it up involuntarily moves and the gentleman falls with a resounding crash upon the floor. Red-faced, he rises and continues his interrupted act.

All of a sudden two actors dressed as thieves rush in. The gentleman is relieved of his purse and valuables, but does not struggle because his moustache would probably slip out of place.

The molesters leave this forlorn man bound and gagged. The call-boy comes on again with a placard which reads "The End."

HECTOR CHAWLA, L.V.

FAIRIES.

The fairies are peeping out of the grass,
But they will come out before much time
will pass,

Dancing so lightly here and there,
Fair of face, and light as air.
Here and there they dance for hours,
Down the dells, and through the bowers,
Dancing so sprightly, each pretty fay,
There they will dance till break of day,
Pixies, goblins, fairies and elves,
Some dance together, some by them-
selves,

Till the sun rises over the world.
Then you'll find each fairy in a flower
curled.

MOIRA HARDY, L.III.

SEASONS' GREETINGS.

The birds are on the wing—its Spring.
How joyfully they sing
Great songs of joy
To every little girl and boy!
Summer is a joyous season,
The best time of the year,
When birds sing with happy reason
And pretty flowers appear.
When autumnal winds are near,
The branches shake with fear,
And the leaves tumble to the ground,
Whirling round and round.
Winter winds will blow,
And bring the ice and snow,
Bringing Christmas cheer
And a Happy New Year.

WENDY SCOTT, L.IV.

How much do you know about Scotland?

Answers.

1. The River Tay.
2. St. Andrews.
3. "The Granite City," "The Silver City by the Sea."
4. "Auld Reekie," "The Athens of the North."
5. Fingal's Cave.
6. (a) Selkirk (b) Appin.
7. The Esplanade at Edinburgh Castle.
8. Dyce.
9. John de Groat, a native of Holland.
10. John Duncan of Glasgow (in 1804).
11. Fifty-one clans.
12. Mountains in Argyll.

VIOLET WOOD, F.IIa.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS

Place Names:—43 correct entries.

1. Alan W. Butterfield, F IV.
2. Hazel Butterfield, F I.G.
3. Ronald W. Pringle, L IV.

Crossword:—No correct entry.

1. W. R. MacRae, F IV.
2. Alan W. Butterfield, F IV.
3. P. F. Marshall, F V.

Christian Names, etc.:—10 correct entries.

1. Douglas Hume, L V.B.

Little One's Corner

THE BLUE POOL.

The little pink shellfish turned lazily over, basking in the warm rays of the summer sun. The water of the pool was warm and it was very pleasant lying on the hot sand while the blue waters rippled above. The 'sea-anemones' tentacles floated gently, their pink tones harmonising with the blue sky, the brown rocks and the multi-coloured seaweeds.

Suddenly, a dark shadow loomed across the face of the sun, obscuring the cheerful beams. A childish voice rang out. Then something slid into the waters with a faint splash—something white—something floating—a—oh no!—alas!—a shrimping-net. Nearer, nearer it slipped. The tiny shellfish was petrified. Alas! the poor thing was caught in the meshes of the net. Up, up, he was drawn. Suddenly he fell. Down to the warm, golden sand he fell gently. Trembling,

Tiny, the shellfish, crept into a cool crevice in the rocks.

Soon the shade and quiet of the cool cave affected his frightened nerves, soothing and comforting him. When he had somewhat recovered he stole out into the sunshine, earnestly hoping that his friends had not noticed his fear. But none had seen him.

Tiny lay down once more on the warm sand while the sun shone again on to the shellfish. A very pretty sea-anemone which had been sleeping awoke.

"Has anything happened, Tiny?" she asked.

"No, at least not much," replied Tiny.

"O, tell me!"

So Tiny told of his adventure in the waters of the Blue Pool.

ANNE DRUMMOND, L.V.

"MY PET."

I have a little dog, whose name is Spot. I called him Spot, because he is white with black spots. I have trained him to do many tricks. Spot is also very clever. In fact, he is so clever, he once saved my father's gold watch. It happened like this:—

Late one night, when all the household was sleeping, two burglars stole into the house, up the stairs, and into my father's bedroom. Both my parents were sound asleep, so the men crept stealthily across the floor till they came to a table, on which lay father's gold watch. Spot was curled up on the floor sleeping, but the vibration of the floor boards wakened him and, in a flash, he was on the leading man. His companion got such a fright

that he staggered back and tripped over a chair on which lay my father's clothes. The noise awoke my father who was out of bed in a second.

But the burglars were even quicker; they were out of the room in a flash. They tore down the stair, but the first man slipped on the mat which was at the foot of the stair. The other man tripped over him and landed on the floor, but both men were soon on their feet. They opened the door and were then met by two policemen who had been told to come by my mother who had phoned them. The very next day my father went down to the goldsmith and got him to make a badge which Spot wears to this very day.

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THE WOLF.

The wolf returned home looking very tired and very, very hungry. "I have had another poor day, my dear," he said to his wife, "The three little pigs have built brick houses, the sheep are too well watched, and all the butcher has to offer these days is a few rusty tins and this old sheep skin."

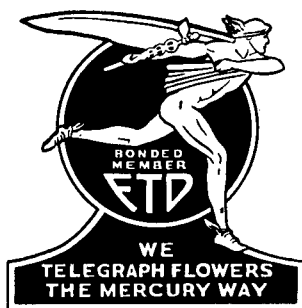
He put on his slippers, lit his pipe and slumped into his favourite chair. He sat there for some time, his gaze fixed in turn on a picture of fat sheep grazing in a lovely, green pasture and on his three thin children sleeping in the corner.

Suddenly he awoke from his reverie. "I have a plan," he shouted. "To-morrow we shall have mutton chops for lunch."

Next morning Mr. Wolf was up early and, while his wife sewed the old sheep-skin round his body, the saliva ran from his mouth in anticipation of the fat sheep in the lovely green pasture.

Soon he was on the edge of the field and, while the innocent lambs wandered in search of the fresher grass, Mr. Wolf made his way to the centre of the field. He was in no hurry and every few yards he pretended to eat the grass. All the time he was picking out the tenderest mutton.

There was a sudden barking of dogs, a shouting of men, and, when last seen, Mr. Wolf was seventh up the ramp into the sheep-waggon bound for market.



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A Visit to the Docks

Tom and Mary had an uncle who was a captain. He was retired, but he still took a great interest in shipping. One day, the children asked him to show them round the docks. He agreed, and away they went in their car. Soon they were there and, putting the car in a park nearby, off they went.

The first boat they saw was a dredger, unloading sand into a lorry. They watched this for a while and Tom remarked that he would like to be the skipper of a dredger when he grew up.

Then Uncle Jim told them to hurry up or they would not see the rest of the ships. So they moved on to the next ship which was a tanker. She had huge pipes hanging over her side, fixed to rafts which kept the pipes above the surface of the water. On the deck the captain was shouting orders to the men.

The next ship they visited was a meat-ship from the Argentine. She looked pretty fast, so Uncle Jim asked one of the workers how fast she could go. The man replied, "25 knots, Sir, and a fast 'un at that." Uncle Jim thanked the man for his information.

On they went, until they came to the dry-dock. There was a ship in for the repair of her propeller. The welders were busy underneath with their welding-guns wearing down the steel to make it become smooth. Up the sides there were painters,

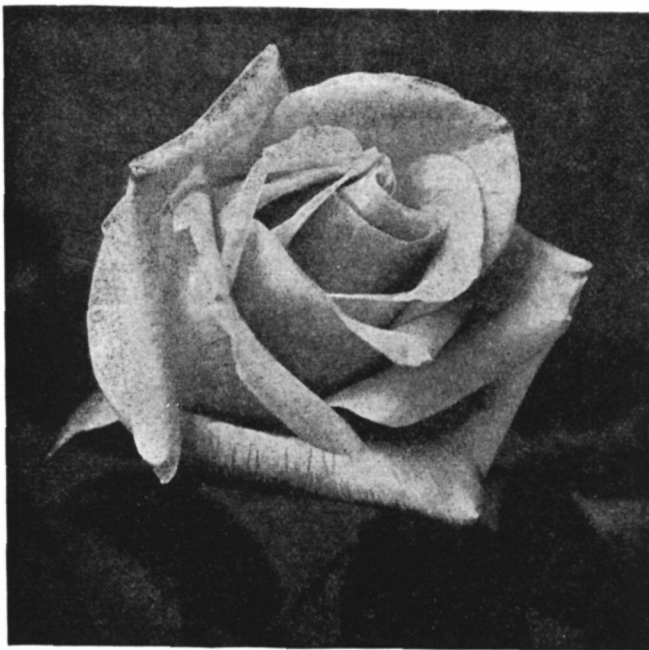
swinging from dizzy heights in bo'suns' chairs, busy painting the ship's side.

They watched this for a long time until Uncle Jim said, "Look, I see a destroyer, and I think it is on show." They ran over to see, and, sure enough, it was on show. "Gosh, isn't she a beauty?" said Tom. "Look at her guns," said Mary. "What kind are they, Uncle?" asked Tom. "They are 4-inch guns, Tom. That means that they fire 4-inch shells." They decided to go aboard, so on they went. The first thing they saw was a little doorway with a notice beside it, saying, "Please, come down here." They went down and soon found themselves in the engine-room. The engineer showed them round. They saw the clocks from which he gets his orders, such as "Full ahead," "Half ahead," "Full astern," "Half astern." The children got rather tired with this, so Uncle Jim said they could go up on deck for a breath of fresh air.

Soon Uncle Jim came up, and Tom said he wanted to see the fish-dock. So they went there. They saw small motor-boats, big motor-boats, big fishing boats, little fishing-boats, and many others. They were enjoying it very much when Uncle Jim looked at his watch and said that it was time to go home. They went to the car-park, got into the car, and drove off home, very pleased with their Visit to the Docks.

JAMES MURRAY, L.II.

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A NEST.

I know a bird with five baby birds.
The nest is in a hedge near my house.

DAVID WOOD, L.Ib (age 6).

HOLIDAYS.

I am going to Elie for my summer holiday. I like playing at the sands and climbing on the rocks.

MARTIN ALLEN, L.Ib (age 6).

THE CARAVAN.

I go out to my caravan on Saturday and Sunday, and last week-end, on Monday, I was on a tractor all day.

IAN DUFF, L.Ib (age 7).

DADDY FORGETS.

One day in May Daddy forgot his gloves and hat.

So there—

Now, what do you think of that?

KENNETH STEWART, L.Ib (age 6).

THE FARM.

I think that a farm is a nice place.
In it there is a hay-barn.

The farmer has a jolly face.

He has lots of trees

And he keeps some bees.

NORMAN J. SHANKS, L.Ib (age 6).

FLOWERS IN OUR CLASSROOM.

Our classroom is nice with flowers. Here are their names:—bluebells, tulips, lily of the valley, narcissus, lilac. They are very nice.

A. D. WOOD, L.Ib (age 6).

MR. AND MRS. FROG.

Mrs. Frog was very happy. She now had a lot of baby tadpoles. They swam all over the pond.

One day they found they had two back legs. The next day they found they had front legs as well.

Soon they began to hop about.

NORMAN RAITT, L.Ib (age 7).

A LETTER TO HAVANA.

Boys' High School,
Dundee,
18th May, 1949,

Dear Friends,

Thank you very much indeed for the pound of sugar which you sent me. My mother appreciated your gesture of kindness with special relish, as sugar has been rather scarce these days. It was a very unexpected surprise and also a very pleasant one. When my mother received the sugar she decided to make a fruit-cake with it. The cake turned out delicious which goes to show that West Indian sugar is of a very high standard. It was very thoughtful of you to send it, as my mother's supply was rather short.

Thanking you for your kindness.

I am,

Yours sincerely,

JAMES MURRAY, L.II.

Boys' High School,
Dundee,

18th May, 1949.

Dear Friends in Havana,

Thank you very much for the kind gift of sugar. My mother has decided to keep it for making jam. What a surprise I got when two of our big boys came in, carrying a parcel which contained the sugar! Another surprise that I had was when I opened the "Evening Telegraph" and saw the headline, which read, "Sweets off the Ration."

Again thanking you for your great kindness,

I am,

Yours sincerely,

DAVID G. HENDERSON,
L.II.

Old Girls' Club

The Club held its seventeenth annual general meeting in the Boys' School on Tuesday, 29th March. Mrs. Kemp, the retiring president, occupied the chair.

Mrs. Kemp thanked the retiring honorary secretary, Miss Margaret Cosh, for the valuable service she had rendered during her four years in office, and presented her with a petit-point powder bowl on the occasion of her impending marriage to the Rev. Adam Jack, B.D. We wish them both every happiness in the future.

The following office-bearers and members of committee were elected:—

Hon. President—Mrs. Peter Jackson.

Hon. Vice-Presidents—

Mrs. Wm. Luke. Mrs. Lyon.

Hon. Secretaries—

Miss E. Hutcheson, 1 Kingsway, West.
Miss M. Hutton, 4 Burn Street, Downfield.

Hon. Treasurer—

Miss M. W. S. Johnston, 1 St. Johnswood Ter.,
West Park Road.

Executive Committee—

Mrs. Kemp (ex-officio), Miss Whytock (ex officio), Mrs. Drummond, Mrs. Bowman, Mrs. Carlton, Miss D. Foggie, Miss D. Jackson, Miss S. Richardson, Miss N. Whitton, Miss S. Kinnear, Miss M. Rattray, Mrs. McPherson, Mrs. Raitt, Mrs. Prophet, Miss A. Henderson, Miss C. Riddell, Mrs. A. T. Millar.

Last November we held a most enjoyable re-union in Keiller's Restaurant. It took the form of a military whist drive and about eighty members attended. In view of the proposed school bazaar, at which members of the club will probably be helping, a Friday at the end of November appears to be a convenient date for our next re-union, which will likely be run on similar lines. A fuller intimation of this will be sent to members in due time.

We warmly invite all girls leaving school in June to join the club, and also ask all members to notify us of any change of address or designation, so that lists may be kept up to date.

The following new members have joined the Club since June, 1948:

Helena A. Blair, 14 Bingham Terrace,
Milton Road, Edinburgh.

Anne Bruce, 15 Reres Road, Broughty
Ferry.

Jean H. Buttars, 153 Arbroath Road.

Pauline Kay Butler, Greystones, Broughty
Ferry.

Sheila Carlton, 1 Oakwood Terrace, West
Park Road.

Margaret C. Crawford, Uplands, Moni-
feth.

Muriel Crawford, Wracs, Birkhill.

June H. Deas, 2 Kerr Street, East
Newport.

Miss M. Dryburgh, Craigowan, Broughty
Ferry.

Anne H. Dunn, 5 Airlie Place.

Joyce I. P. Fairweather, 346 Blackness
Road.

J. Bettina Gall, 28 Hamilton Street,
Barnhill.

Sheila S. Gilchrist, Ardgye, Birkhill.

Betty Gray, Whitehouse, Marchfield Road.

Kathleen Husband, B.L., 8 Cardross
Street.

Miss McDonnell, Dundee High School.

Catriona McIntosh, 2 Bingham Terrace.

Aileen Marshall, 92 Forfar Road.

Margaret L. Meston, 7 Linden Avenue,
East Newport.

Winifred R. Nicoll, Bingham Terrace.

Margaret J. Paterson, Dunvegan, Arn-
hall Drive.

Margaret Philip, 40 Farington Street.



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Christine R. S. Riddell, 12 Lethnot Street,
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Anne Boyd Scott, 1 Fort Street.

Mrs. Stobie, 65 Pitkerro Road.

Fay Swinton, Conway, Westfield Terrace,
Newport.

Isobel Symington, 4 Wedderburn Street.

Anne Thomson, 335 Clepington Road.

We record with pleasure the marriages
of the following Members:—

Dr. Janet S. Conn to Dr. H. Trevor
Newton Sears.

Miss Marjorie Davidson to Dr. John
Malcolm.

Miss Margaret Wallace to J. Hally,
Peterden.

(Any omissions should be notified to
either of the Secretaries.)

We regret the Club has lost six of its
members by death:—

Miss Vida Jarvis, Wemyss Cottage,
Tayport.

Mrs. John Johnston, Loftyknowe, Brechin.

Mrs. Wm. Lee, 1 West Somerville Place,
Dundee (our oldest member).

Mrs. Wm. Spalding, South Manse,
Mennuir, Brechin.

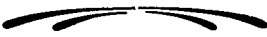
Miss P. K. Stratton, 17a Roseangle,
Dundee.

Miss A. Wighton, 82 Grove Road, West
Ferry.

ANNUAL SHOOTING COMPETITION

It is regretted that the Annual Shooting
Competition, P.P.'s versus O.B.'s, arranged
for 29th April, had to be cancelled owing to
other school and O.B.'s activities. It is
hoped, however, to arrange for a match to be
held sometime in October or November and
members wishing to attend will be notified
in due course.

It is hoped in the near future, provided
sufficient members are interested, to com-
mence an O.B.'s Shooting Club. In the
meantime, any O.B. wishing to test his skill
on the range should get in touch with Mr
Stark who has kindly offered his services as
coach every Monday and Friday evening
after September.



Obituary

The "Old Girls' Club" has lost its oldest member by the death of Mrs William Lee, née Ann Clark, on 22nd April, 1949. She was in her 95th year.

Mrs Lee, her sister and four brothers were pupils of the school from 1860 to 1868, in the days when the school had no rector, but when each master was head of his department. In 1877 she married Mr William Lee, who was also a former pupil of the High School. During her long life she never lost her interest in the old school. Mrs Lee is survived by three sons, all of whom have had distinguished careers in engineering, and by her daughter, Miss Edith Lee, who is a Director of the High School and who has played an active part in the Women Citizens' Association and the Soroptomists.

We are sorry to learn of the death of Mr David McGavin on 10th March, 1949, at Chase Farm Hospital, Enfield, Middlesex, one week before his 86th birthday.

Mr McGavin was the son of Mr David McGavin of the Hawkhill and was born in Dundee on 17th March, 1863. He married Miss Margaret Meldrum, a daughter of Captain Robert Meldrum of Tayport, on 5th January, 1898.

He was fond of recounting many quaint and amusing stories of Dundee and its worthies in the days of his youth, and, even after more than half a century in London, his heart was still in "Bonnie Dundee."

Mr McGavin played for D.H.S.F.P. Rugby Club at its inception.

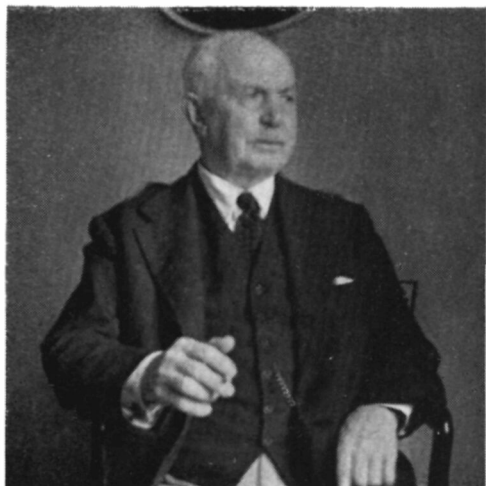
We regret also to learn of the death of Mr George O. Anderson on 26th March, 1949, at Ardlui, Invergowrie, at the age of 85. Mr Anderson also played for D.H.S.F.P. Rugby Club, which he joined in 1881.

Fourth son of the late Mr William Anderson, contractor and builder, Mr Anderson was associated with his father in business. Buddon Ness lighthouses, the foundations of the first Tay Bridge, King's Cross Hospital, and the building of Dundee Corporation Gas Works, were some of the firm's contracts. Mr Anderson and his father were keen cyclists and were responsible for laying Dundee's first cycle track.

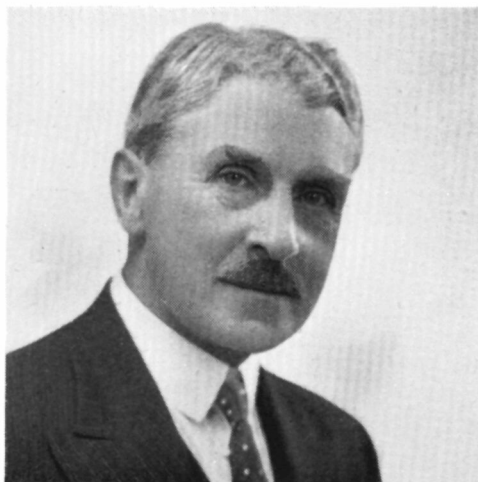
Another Old Boy, Dr. Daniel Durward Brown, Little Ward, Cranleigh, Surrey, died on 13th March, 1949, in his 84th year. Dr. Brown obtained his M.D. degree at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, and was for a time on the medical staff at Dundee Royal Infirmary. He then took up practice at Sunderland and later at Harrogate. After a successful medical career, he spent his retirement at Cowden, in Kent, and latterly at Cranleigh.

He was the youngest son of the late Mr James Brown, Kilnburn Place, Newport, a well-known builder and contractor, who was largely responsible for the transformation of Newport from a straggling village into a smart and well-equipped burgh.

Dr. Brown is survived by his wife, a son in Kenya and a daughter.



Mr DAVID McGAVIN



Dr. D. DURWARD BROWN



Mr and Mrs G. O. ANDERSON

**Dundee High School
Magazine**

Reports

Cadet Report.

The Company is nearing the end of its summer programme during which the parades are held at Dalnacraig. The Cert. "A" Examination, which was held on the 29th of May, terminated a successful season's work. It was gratifying to see that every one of the 29 Part I. candidates passed and out of the 12 students for the second Part only two failed.

On June 8th the Company paraded for the Memorial Dedication Service which took place in the Parish Church of St. Mary's. This was followed by the unveiling of the new War Memorial in school, at which we provided a guard of honour picked from senior N.C.O.'s.

The Company paraded for the General Annual Inspection and March Past on Friday, 10th of June, at Dalnacraig.

Camp this year will be at Gailies, in Ayrshire, during the first week of our holidays, from the 2nd of July until the 9th of July. Reports from various sources suggest that this year's camp should surpass those of former years. General O'Connor, who is an Army Commander in Britain, broke his journey north expressly to visit Mr Bain and Major Halliday, as he wishes as many of us as possible to attend camp. This visit by General O'Connor is a very high compliment, and it is the duty of every one of us to maintain the fine name of the High School Cadets.

We have pleasure in intimating three promotions this term, namely:

L/Cpl. D. Menzies to Cpl.

L/Cpl. B. Gray to Cpl.

L/Cpl. D. Lemon to Cpl.

The Band this year has again been practising hard under the watchful eye of "Pipie" and the results of these practices were shown at the Sports.

Once again we should like to thank Major Halliday and his officers for their untiring help with the training of the Company, as it is only through their careful guidance that our unit can run smoothly. We should also like to take this opportunity of thanking Lt. George Linton for so kindly giving of his time for the purpose of instructing our Shooting Team and for the way in which he has generally helped us throughout the session. C.S.M. Halliday, our A.A.I., is another person to whom our thanks are due for the hard work he puts in behind the scenes. This is a job which is too readily forgotten by cadets, but is nevertheless an important item in the organisation of the Company.

C. S. M.

Rifle Club Report.

We have not had much activity in the Rifle Club this term, as cricket has required much of our time, but the Junior team has distinguished itself by gaining second place in the Spring Competition—losing by only one point, to Dysart H.G. Juniors.

We anticipate keen competition for the Urquhart and Oakley Cups which are to be shot off in the near future.

J. L. W.

Tennis Club Report.

The tennis team this term has already played four very enjoyable matches and has the satisfaction of remaining undefeated.

We should like to take this opportunity to thank Miss Foggie and Miss Spreull for their invaluable assistance and encouragement.

Matches—

May 7—Harris Academy (a)	-	5	4
14—Grove Academy (h)	-	6	1 (2 draws)
21—Madras College (h)	-	6	0 (3 draws)
28—Grove Academy (h)	-	6	0 (3 draws)

L. D. P. G.

Cricket Club Report.

With the start of the summer term the cricket club got into action once again and much enthusiasm has been shown, especially by the younger club members. This has been noticeable not only in matches, but also in the numbers that have turned out for practice. These practices have been very helpful and some promising bowlers and batsmen have been discovered.

As usual we are running two elevens, but up till now the 1st XI. have not been too successful, only winning two matches out of eight. On one or two occasions, however, games have been narrowly lost owing to the fact that all matches have been played with a time limit. The 2nd XI. have been more successful winning four games out of six.

We wish to thank Mr Bisset, Mr McLaren and Mr Stark for giving so freely of their time to coach the teams and to umpire the matches.

First XI.—

Apr. 29—Morgan Academy (Home)	
For 47 7 wks. Against 49 8 wks. Lost	
30—Aberdeen Grammar School (Home)	
For 45. Against 86 6 wks. Lost	
May 6—Harris Academy (Home)	Cancelled
7—Perth Academy (Home)	
For 26 9 wks. Against 40 5 wks. Lost	
14—Madras College (Home)	
For 56 6 wks. Against 35 all out. Won	
20—Harris Academy (Away)	
For 37. Against 45 4 wks. Lost	
21—Bell-Baxter School (Away)	
For 37 all out. Against 51 all out. Lost	
27—Grove Academy (Home)	
For 76 5 wks. Against 69 all out. Won	
28—Madras College (Away)	
For 31 all out. Against 40 5 wks. Lost	

Second XI.—

Apr. 29—Morgan Academy (Away)	
For 56 6 wks. Against 70 4 wks. Draw	
May 6—Harris Academy (Away)	Cancelled
7—Perth Academy (Away)	
For 87 all out. Against 122 2 wks. Lost	
20—Harris Academy (Home)	
For 22 all out. Against 19 all out. Won	
21—Bell-Baxter School (Home)	
For 47 all out. Against 20 all out. Won	
27—Grove Academy (Away)	
For 53 all out. Against 31 all out. Won	
28—Madras College (Home)	
For 96 8 wks. Against 31 all out. Won	

Guide Report.

Last term the Shield was won by the Skylark Patrol.

The Guide Camp is to be held at Crail this year from the 1st July until the 12th July. Owing to the increased size of the Company, it will not be possible to take the whole Company to Camp altogether. The Senior Guides will go for the twelve days, but one section of the Junior Guides will go to camp the first six days and the remainder the second six days.

The prospective First Class Guides are working hard for their badge test which will be held in Guide Headquarters towards the end of June.

The three Senior Guides who have been working for their "Queen's Guide Award" are progressing favourably.

Patrol Leader Beatrice Murray has been selected as one of two Guides to represent Dundee at an International Guide Camp in Sweden.

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

I.H.H.

Ranger Report.

This term three new recruits have joined the company. They are J. Archer, E. Bridge, and E. Chalmers. Five others have passed their Pre-enrolment Test, namely, J. Anderson, H. Cruden, J. Mackenzie, M. Roberts and C. White. Work for the Ranger Service Star is also progressing.

On the 13th and 27th May parties of Rangers attended week-end camps at Duntrune.

On June 10th the Guide Sports were again held at Dalnacraig.

There was a Guide Church Parade in St. Mary's Church on the 12th June.

This year's camp has still to be settled. There has been some difficulty over the number of Rangers who will attend camp, as there has been doubt about the number going to Orleans.

Our American Girl Scout friend, Erna Ballantyne, has very kindly sent us some "American Girl" magazines. This magazine is the equivalent of our "Ranger" magazine. Some of our company are now corresponding with Scouts in Erna's troop.

Another session is drawing to a close and once more we take this opportunity of extending our grateful thanks to Captain Mudie for her help and guidance during the year.

N.H.M.

Golf Club Report.

The golf team this year is the best the school has had for some time, being almost completely composed of members of last year's team. So far, in our inter-school matches, we are undefeated, having won all our games by decisive margins. On 14th June the Old Boys' Golf Club invited the School Golf Club to a match at Barry. The game resulted in a draw, 3-3, and we all enjoyed ourselves immensely, thanks to the Old Boys.

Gilbert D. Donaldson won the Boase Medal with a round of 85, and Graeme Robertson and Murray Lamond were joint runners-up. The Pirie Cup Competition is not yet finished, but many close matches have already been played and there are prospects of a thrilling final.

Thanks are once again due to our President, Mr. Laird, for his interest and encouragement.

J.M.L.

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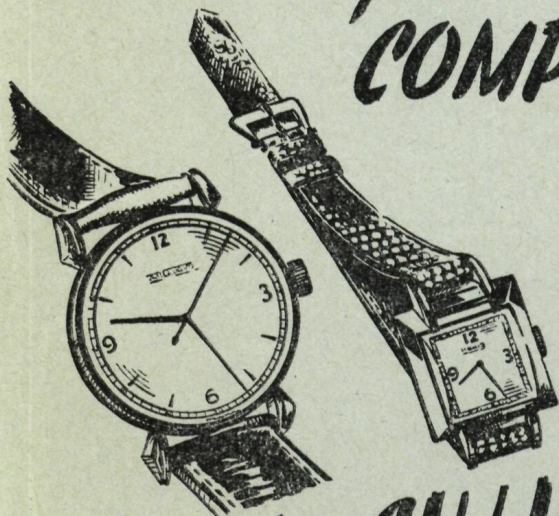
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